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THE

Metropolitan,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Education, Literature,

And General Information.

Edited by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen.

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To our Patrons.

When we assumed the editorial duties of the *Metropolitan,* we were not insensible to the difficulties and the responsibilities of our position. To the superficial observer it might appear an easy task to conduct a Catholic periodical, inasmuch as *matériel* is so abundant, and data and doctrines so well established, that we could not fail to blend the *utile* with the *dulce,* without any danger of misleading our readers on important facts, much less of perverting their faith by inconsistent doctrines. Upon these important points, Catholic Literature must ever be sane. The rules, however, that govern the Catholic editor, must detract somewhat from the power of mere entertainment. He cannot join that class of writers, whose whole aim is to please the popular whim at the sacrifice of principles, much less those who seek to give zest to their pages by playing upon and stimulating the passions, especially of the young, who are most seduced by such literature. Least of all can he join with that ignoble school, which, for some unworthy motive, incites men to fly at each other's throats, and sacrifice as enemies those whose only fault is honest difference of opinion. The arts of the demagogue are not for him; the promotion of virtue, the interests of religion, the diffusion of morality, is the platform on which he stands; honor is his guide and truth his shield in every vicissitude, and these he must maintain and display whether popular or unpopular.

In view of these facts, it must be conceded that the Catholic editor has greater difficulties to encounter than most members of the literary fraternity. He may be a learned theologian, a profound logician, philosopher, scholar and historian, yet his labor is comparatively lost; the great majority will not read what the learned man writes. His articles are too profound; too abstruse, too metaphysical. Our current literature, he would be told, must be light, must be for the mass of readers, yet, nine chances out of ten, that if the editor should attempt to address such, he would be pronounced incompetent for his calling by the very individuals, who assume to sit in judgment on his labors. Amidst the various opinions that may be entertained as to the method of conducting a Catholic periodical, we have adopted that course which to us seems best calculated to secure the object for which our Magazine was undertaken. We have endeavored to render the work not merely a periodical of religious knowledge, but a religious periodical of general knowledge; our aim has been to provide articles on general subjects, written in a Catholic tone, and breathing a Catholic spirit. We have labored, by blending the moral with the religious, the useful with the attractive, to accommodate ourselves to all. How far we have succeeded, we leave to a discriminating public to determine. It is true we have not escaped the pen of criticism, but while there may be a few, whose good opinion we have failed to conciliate, it affords us no small gratification to know, that the spirit and character of the work have met with general approval, and gained the approbation of those whose opinion is worthy of the highest consideration. It affords us, moreover, much additional gratification to know, that the work during the last year has acquired an increased circulation.

For this success we are indebted less to our own efforts than to the generous exertions of the friends and patrons of the work, and to those who have so ably contributed to its pages. Among the latter we are proud to rank many of the ablest Catholic writers in the country; and others, who, though not within the pale of the Church, yet full of enlightened liberality, of expanded views, and of national principles, have at times lent us the aid of their gifted pens. To patrons, to contributors, and to the conductors of the press, we tender our grateful acknowledgments, for the friendly aid and encouragement they have extended to the work.

While we are grateful for the past, we are encouraged to look with hope to the future. The cause in which we are engaged is not our own: it is the common cause of Catholicity. The Church, year after year, is assuming a more prominent position before the people of this country, and developing more widely her resources. With this development, her enemies become more active, and their hostility more determined. A work, therefore, designed to promote the interests of the one, and frustrate the machinations of the other, cannot be an object of indifference to the Catholic community. We can only assure our readers that the future of the Metropolitan, so far as our humble exertions extend, shall not disappoint their expectations; and as they have deemed the work heretofore worthy of their support, we shall use our best endeavors to render it more so. There is abundant Catholic talent in the country; we shall do our part to bring it into active exercise,—it is the duty of the reading Catholic community to acknowledge, to sustain, and encourage it. Let us then, respectively, do what devolves upon us, as publishers, editors, contributors, and public, and henceforth Catholic literature will be in the ascendant.

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THE

Metropolitan.

Vol. III. FEBRUARY, 1855. No. 1.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

There are in the history of the Church few pages more interesting than those which will be devoted to this admirable society. It is known among us chiefly from the fact, that we have learned from time to time, that our bishops, struggling with their difficulties, have received bountiful aid from it. How few, however, know whence its resources are derived, what funds are those thus given for our benefit. Hitherto the Catholics in the United States have done little to aid the treasury of the Association and so facilitate the Catholic missions throughout the world, but as an effort is now making to organize the association among us, we deem it not inopportune to give some account of the origin, progress and achievements of an association honored with so many special marks of favor by the Sovereign Pontiff.

Speaking of the treasuries of monarchs, a king said: "Gold is, in its last analysis, the sweat of the poor and the blood of the brave." But though the great mission fund of Catholicity is the contribution of the poor and lowly, it is not sweat or blood, it is the spontaneous offering of faithful millions, it is the widow's mite multiplied like the widow's oil.

A woman, without rank, wealth or position in society, was the foundress of this gigantic missionary association, and also of the devotion so widely spread under the name of the Living Rosary; two monuments which will ever remain a proof of her peity, zeal for the salvation of souls, love of Mary, and intense feeling for the glorious privilege of the Communion of Saints.

The origin of the Association may be traced to two impulses given to the missionary cause by the zeal of the Catholics of France; one by Bishop du Bourg, of New Orleans, in this country, in favor of the church of Louisiana; the other by the Seminary of the Foreign Missions, at Paris, in favor of the missions of Asia.

The Dominicans and Franciscans had, in the middle ages, begun the missions in Asia. The Jesuits, at the period of the Reformation, renewed them not only in Asia, but also in Africa and America, every where attended and accompanied by the earlier orders. The Seminary of the Foreign Missions at Paris, a creation of the Society of Jesus, contributed powerfully to the missions in India, China and Canada. By these bodies, the various missions had acquired great development when, in the middle of the eighteenth century, infidelity under the name of philosophy made open war on religion in France. The Society of Jesus first sank under its blows, and the missions, missions to which it had drawn public sympathy and interest by the Lettres Edifiantes et Curienses, sank with those who had created them. The other orders and the Seminary of the Foreign Missions felt the blow severely. The spirit which had evoked the missions, produced laborers for the vineyard, drawn resources from high and low, and protection from every prince, was gone. In twenty years Christianity itself was overthrown in France, religion proscribed, and war desolated the face of Europe, preventing any attempt to restore the old missions or found others.

When the fatal day of Waterloo closed the long series of wars and opened a period of peace destined to continue uninterrupted for a generation, the attention of the Catholic world was again drawn to the missions among the heathen. The Seminary of the Foreign Missions was crippled in its resources, and though a new life had been given to many distant bodies of Christians by priests whom France, in her hour of madness, had driven from her shores, still these were gradually sinking beneath their labors, and a new organization was needed.

A glance at the state of the foreign missions at that epoch may not be amiss. In America, the missions among the Indians, where tribes had been converted and civilized, were stationary; those of Canada and Louisiana had ceased with the peace of 1763, when Catholic France surrendered those colonies; those of the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, created mostly by the Society of Jesus, fell with the body which had created them, and lay strewn around, fair indeed, like the ruins of Palmyra, but ruins still, while the distracted political state of these countries seemed to prevent any effort to restore the missions. — Such was the state of America.

In Asia, we find the Chinese missions a martyr still quivering beneath the butcher's hand. A frightful persecution raged; bishop, priest and people were cut down, schools suppressed, chapels destroyed. Anam was scarcely in a better state; Menhmenh already announced his fearful war on Christianity. India, under the British yoke, had almost forgotten the labors of a Xavier and his successors, and nothing but penal laws against religion had, by their very cruelty, maintained its fervor in Ceylon. The few laborers of the orders of Mount Carmel, St. Francis and St. Philip Neri in vain struggled with the exigencies of India. No Catholic missionary trod the soil of Persia, and if a few still lingered in the domains of the Sultan of Ipsamboul, the Grecian war and their defenceless state deprived them of all courage.

In the whole continent of Africa, in the wide spread islands of Oceanica, scarce a mission existed; no where could be found the crowds of neophytes gathered around the mission cross beneath the tropical sun. Idolatry still ruled with the faith of Islam over all these vast realms.

Such was the position of the world at the time, when suddenly two calls for aid arise. The Bishop of New Orleans, William du Bourg, when forced to accept the burden of that diocese, which embraced all the western valley of the Mississippi, hastened, in 1815, to seek aid in his native land. There was no longer in Europe powerful kings, wealthy clergy or liberal nobility to whom the missionary of the distant shore might appeal for means of continuing his labors. Du Bourg appeals to the poor. A good widow of Lyons whom he had known in this country responds to his call. She founds a society to aid the cause of Catholicity in

Louisiana; a franc is the annual subscription; numbers soon joined it, and the Bishop began to hope for certain periodical assistance. Still the progress of the little society was slow; obstacles of many kinds arose and impeded its amplification.

Meanwhile the Seminary of the Foreign Missions appealed to the people of France for succor. That institution felt that the times had changed. Beholding the societies formed by the lower classes in England and America, chiefly of the Methodist and Baptist denominations, it invited the Catholics of France to adopt the same plan of a petty but regular contribution from all who could afford it. The plan was not taken up; it remained a project; none of the clergy or prelates dared attempt to initiate the work; but where all shrunk back, a woman full of faith, and therefore of power, came forward, attempted the task, and succeeded—how completely we shall soon see.

Encouraged by the success of the Louisiana society, she resolved to form a similar one for the missions of Asia, which had especially excited her sympathy. In one year its receipts amounted to 2,000 francs, and the number of associates was about a thousand.

Such was the impulse given by these two associations that, on the arrival of the Vicar General of New Orleans, it was proposed to extend the original society, when, providentially, the plan of an association, not for one mission, but all, was proposed. Great as the undertaking seemed, previous success justified the attempt. Twelve of those who had shown most interest in the cause of the missions were invited to meet on the 3d of May, 1822.

The meeting began by an invocation of the Holy Ghost; and then, after an address on the suffering state of Catholicity in America, the priest who had depicted it proposed the establishment of a great association in favor of the Catholic missions in both hemispheres. The plan was unanimously adopted, and a committee of three appointed to organize it. Thus was founded, on the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, a Society destined to bear the heralds of the cross throughout the world.

The plan of the Society once established, it made its appeal to the faith of France; to aid the Catholic missionaries scattered over the wide world, it asked five centimes (about a cent) a week, and an "Our Father and a Hail Mary" every day. Who could refuse so small a boon to the struggling herald of the faith? Thousands soon joined the Association, which at once absorbed the two previous ones; one in every ten, each week, received the contributions of the other nine, and paid them with his own to one of the chiefs of ten groups like his own, who thus received each week the alms of a hundred associates. Ten more like him formed a division, one of whom received weekly the collections of each hundred and poured them into the treasury of the Association in his diocese.

The Association was now in operation at Lyons. It soon spread to the neighboring dioceses, and before the end of the year was generally established throughout France, every where welcomed and encouraged by the clergy and bishops.

The collections of the first year, chiefly in the diocese of Lyons, amounted to 22,915 francs, nearly five thousand dollars, enough in itself to justify its continuation. It was divided between the missions of the East, Kentucky and Louisiana.

To encourage others to join and keep alive the fervor of those already enlisted, they resolved to publish annals of their labors; not pompous reports, with names of officers, protectors and patrons, but simply what had done such service in the preceding century to the mission cause, letters of missionaries themselves. A pamphlet of 48 pages was the first issue; others soon followed, and as soon as issued a copy was sent to each chief of the decade.

The next step was to obtain the approbation of the Holy See. It was not refused. Pius VII, on the 15th of March, 1823, granted to the members a plenary indulgence on the 3d of May, the natal day of the Association, on the 3d of December, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, and once a month at the choice of each.

The Prince de Croy, Grand Almoner of France, Archbishop of Rouen, was the President of the Association, and from his rank and position became a guarantee of its due government to the pious in foreign countries. Belgium, allied to France by religion and faith, sent its first contribution in 1826.* Sardinia and the other Italian States, Switzerland and even Turkey offered their mite in the ensuing year.† Germany joined it in 1828 and also America represented at first by the little island of Martinique,‡ as Africa was by Isle Bourbon in 1830.§ Three years subsequent to this period Ireland and our own republic sent their first aid to the treasury of the Association.

This aid was, however, chiefly incidental; the Association was established in 1836 only in France and Belgium. Of 729,867 francs, the total amount collected in that year, 650,000 were contributed by France and 50,000 by Belgium. Now, however, the wide diffusion of the Annals, the report of the good effected, induced the prelates in other countries to establish it in due form, and Italy, Germany, England, above all Ireland began to pour in a steadily increasing fund. The Annals now appeared regularly not only in French, but also in English, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and Flemish.

Such is still the position of this Society, established now in France, Belgium, Ireland, England, Italy, Switzerland, Bavaria and Prussia; and the amount contributed at the present time exceeds a million of dollars annually. Our country has as yet done little, and no general effort to organize circles has been successfully adopted.

Having thus traced its development, we now turn to cast a glance at the good which it has effected.

It claims no honor, no glory, ascribing all to God and the Church, to the Sovereign Pontiffs, to the Congregation of the Propaganda, to the Bishops, to the Religious orders and missionary priests. Still what in their modesty they do not claim, we must in justice award. To the efforts of the Association is due a wide spread interest in the mission cause, vocations without number to the apostolate, resources for carrying on old missions and founding new ones, such as had seldom, if ever, been witnessed, and we may add the rise of several new missionary bodies or congregations of priests. It would be impossible to enumerate the heathens converted, churches built, and even the new vicariates and bishoprics erected in consequence of its labors. Like Ignatius calling upon Xavier, it has drawn many a young man from the path of worldly ambition and sent him to the distant shores of the heathen to live as a saint and often die as a martyr. In the volumes of the Annals we find precious letters of Borie, Perboyre, Imbert, Andrew, Epalle, Bachelot, all of whom laid down their lives in defence of the Catholic faith.

When the Association began its labors, the missions of the Levant were, as we have said, almost extinct; not half a dozen priests were to be found in the Turkish realm; Persia was entirely destitute; Hindostan was occupied only by a few zealous Carmelites and Oratorians; Anam had a well organized native clergy indeed,

* Ann. Prop. ii 235. † Ann. Prop. iii 97. ‡ Id. 390. § Id. iv 613.

but a persecution was at hand. In China a persecution even unto death had just ceased, after having swept away the schools and more than half the clergy. In America the Indian missions were well nigh extinct, and the necessity of meeting the religious wants of the European immigrants or the scattered Catholics in the land almost destroyed all hopes of attempting to convert the red man, although the zealous bishops and clergy in the west made every effort. In Africa and Oceanica scarce a mission existed.

The mission at Babylon, in Anam and China; then in India, at Algiers and the Sandwich Islands were aided by considerable sums before the close of 1826. In the following years the Association seconded and supported the efforts of the various missionary bodies, the Society of the Foreign Missions, Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, the Redemptorists, Passionists, the Marists, the House of Picpus or Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, the Oblates of Turin and Marseilles, the Society of the Sacred Heart of Mary, many of them new associations of missionaries for special fields, others old orders filled with a new fervor began their missionary labors in every clime. Funds to carry them to their posts were no longer needed, the treasury of the Association afforded not only this but aid to maintain them. Aroused by the news of the labors and trials of devoted missionaries, of the wants of long forsaken bodies of Christians, young men entered various orders and congregations. Other missionary societies, such as the Leopoldine and the Holy Childhood arose, and an impulse was given to the missions such as had not been seen for the last three centuries.

In the United States we see the dioceses multiplied year by year, and every bishop acknowledging his indebtedness to the Association. Our Indian missions have advanced gradually and steadily in spite of all opposition. In South America, too, missions have been formed and carried on till crushed by the liberal governments. Throughout the Turkish dominions the Catholics of every rite have been supplied with missionary schools and books. The former Hindoo missions have been revived, and the faith is steadily advancing, having triumphed over the schism and heresy of some and the idolatry of others. In Anam and China persecution cut down many of the missionaries, but in the latter country French intervention obtained toleration, and now by the zeal of men whom martyrdom could not deter, the Church in Anam and China is more flourishing than ever. Missions have been begun in Corea, Tartary, Thibet, and in all are gradually advancing. Africa is no longer deserted; the missionary of the cross is now to be found throughout the Barbary States, at Madagascar, in Egypt, Nubia and even Abyssinia; Senegambia and Guinea have native priests.

But it is especially in Oceanica that the heralds of Catholicity have triumphed. Australia has now a regular hierarchy, a numerous clergy, with missions among the natives. Melanesia has its prosperous missions; New Zealand also. At Otaheite and the Sandwich Islands the converts to Catholicity underwent a fearful persecution, not from the native Malays, not from the Mohammedans, but from men who have ever the word toleration on their lips, men who, as if to insult heaven itself, talk on, and on, and on, about the persecutions of Popery, but are in conduct Neros and Dioclesians of persecution. The men who would deprive us, Catholics, here of our civil rights, who would, as the New York Times boasts, reduce us to the state to which their ancestors reduced the Irish Catholics, who would confiscate our property, make our religion high treason, murder our priests, close our colleges and schools—who would do all this in the name of freedom, who did it in Hawaii—failed to drive from their faith a little band of South Sea

Islanders. Catholicity triumphed, and has steadily advanced—the only hope for time or eternity of the wretched natives who have, from the establishment of Protestant influence, decreased and diminished in numbers so fearfully that their speedy disappearance is soon expected!

The present income of the Association is about a million of dollars annually, and each yearly volume of the Annals shows how this fund is distributed among the various missions of the world. It must, however, be a matter of regret to us to see that while such a vast amount has been afforded to the missions in the United States so little has been done to extend it among us. We can now easily, by proper organization, begin to repay in some sort the advances made, and in our turn aid the more destitute missions in other lands.

The multiplied indulgences which the Holy See has lavished on all who contribute to it by their alms, or in case of extreme poverty by their earnest prayers alone, are enough to make it one of the daily thoughts of the devout. They are such as seldom granted, amounting to nothing less than a plenary indulgence every month and on the 3d of May and 3d of December, together with partial indulgences every day.

The manner of instituting it in any new locality is very simple. If a clergyman wishes to take the initiative steps, he may from the pulpit announce and explain it, then invite all who wish to subscribe to enroll themselves according to the neighborhood in which they reside; or he may take up first one part of his parish and ask such as would be ready to undertake to get nine additional members to join. These latter will be chiefs of the decades. When these are obtained, each should be furnished with a book to enroll the names of his decade, and he at once proceeds to get nine other names on his book. The clergyman will then take up another section, and so on till he has gone through his whole parish. When he has done this, he forms the chiefs of ten into groups of ten to suit their location, and chooses one of these chiefs of ten to receive the money of the other nine. Then on every Saturday, for instance, each chief of ten collects nine cents and on Sunday meets the others and pays over ten cents to the one appointed by the clergyman, and the one appointed hands over a dollar to his pastor. The clergyman, at stated times, transmits all that he receives to the general Propagation fund of the diocese and receives as many copies of each number of the Annals* as he has decades. On receiving the Annals he distributes them to the chief of each decade, by whom they are read and handed in rotation to others of his decade to read, after which they are returned to him for preservation.

Every year several copies should be bound and put in the parish library, of which they will form by no means an uninteresting part, for it must not be supposed that these letters want interest even for worldly people or those who are not Catholics. No book published in England or America for years has been more read than Huc's Travels in Tartary, and yet they are drawn from the Annals of the Propagation of the Faith. For descriptions of country, manners and customs, especially of Asia, Africa and Oceanica, there is no more reliable source. The writer of this, after hunting for hours through English works to find historical notices of China, Anam and Oceanica, has found in a moment all that he needed in these universal Annals. S.

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* The English Edition of the Annals is printed and published bi-monthly, by Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, for the benefit of the Institution. They have also been appointed agents for circulating the Annals in the United States and British Provinces.—In addition to the English, the French, German and Spanish are sent regularly to the different Dioceses, as soon as they are received from Europe. The English Annals are sold at 12½ cents a number, for the benefit of the Institution. Apart from the meritorious object for which they are published, they constitute in themselves a miscellany of interesting, useful and instructive reading, and their dissemination is calculated to do great service to the cause of Catholicity in this country.

THE CATHOLIC VIEW OF CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

The past year has witnessed in our midst, at once the birth and triumph of a powerful secret organization, having a two-fold object, political and religious. Political in its bearing upon aliens, seeking here the enjoyment of liberty—religious in its intervention in the relations of man to his Creator. Whatever may be its political objects, veiled as they are in odious secrecy, we have the most certain evidences that its main object is the same as that in which Voltaire and his associates zealously embarked and impotently failed, to destroy the Church of Christ. It is in vain that the leaders claim for it a purely political character, since we know that its very existence depends upon its anti-popery elements. The old Native American party, being purely political, failed. The success of the present fearful organization, whose name is too unclassical to be written in the pure pages of the Metropolitan, is due entirely to the religious bigotry and anti-Catholic prejudices which a large portion of the American people inherited from their English ancestors, and which are not the natives of this land of enlightened liberty. These intolerant principles are aiming at a control of the public sentiment in this country, at the very moment that an enlightened public opinion is hooting them out of England. To accomplish its dark Voltairean conspiracy as a purely political measure, this new party pretend to attack Catholics only in their relations to the State, and for this purpose are now mainly endeavoring to cast suspicion upon their loyalty to the Constitution. This is the present phase of the old warfare of darkness against light, of error against truth, of Satan against God. Under these circumstances I have thought it good to write a short chapter on the Catholic view of civil government.

In the first place, *one* great principle has always been the basis or ground-work of the views maintained by the Catholic doctors and theologians in all ages as to the origin and nature of civil power, viz. that all legitimate power on earth emanates from the omnipotence of God, as the sovereign lord and ruler of the universe. To deny this great principle of the divine origin of civil power, would be to deny the very existence of God, to repudiate the law of nature, and to reject the authority of sacred Scripture.

It would be a denial of the existence of God, because the moment that God ceased to be the *only* eternal, self-existent, necessary and omnipotent being, He would also have ceased to be God. If any one of his perfections were shared in by any other being, He would cease to be God. There is no intermediate being between the Creator and the creature—there is no mingling of the two. All else than himself is the work of his hand, which he was free to create or not, and if choosing to create, to create in such manner and with such gifts, faculties and powers as it might please his supreme wisdom to bestow. Thus they derive every thing they possess from Him. He can annihilate them after their creation, and every instant of their existence is an exercise of His creative power. The same hand that creates, imposes upon the creature the law of its nature. The angels are bound by the laws which they received at the moment of their creation, and faith teaches us the terrible consequences of a single violation of those laws. The planets are compelled to move forever in the majestic curves in which Omnipotence first propelled them, at the moment that He said *fiat lux*. The members of the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms are His subjects; for the smallest leaf in our gardens, that unfolds itself to the genial dews and sun, faithfully copies its original and beautiful pattern that God planted in paradise. The voice of all nature proclaims a God, the origin of all things. Man alone would mar the harmony of this universal homage if our proposition were untrue. If then any creature possessed a faculty or power, not derived from God, but independent of Him, that creature would share in His attributes, and would be God, which at once destroys the very idea of a God, which is unity. In contrast with this view, are the vain and impious assumptions of the modern demagogue, in the effort to seduce the people from their allegiance to God, by transferring to them an absolute, independent and underived power, not subordinate to God and his law. To admit these reckless and blasphemous assumptions, that power resides *a priori* in the people, would be to usurp for the people what can only belong to God, to set up the people in opposition to God, and in fact to worship a People-God, instead of the only true and living God. Such indeed is the present unhappy tendency of the world. In such a warfare, the Church, ever true to her divine mission, espouses the cause of Him whose spotless spouse she is, and to whom belong all power and majesty and glory for ever.

To deny the divine origin of civil power would be to repudiate the law of nature. Society is indispensable to man—such is his nature. But civil government is equally necessary for the preservation of society. The necessity for civil government grows out of the law of nature. No man can reject the authority of all civil governments without canvassing the destruction of society, which would be a crime against the law of nature. That man was destined by the law of his nature for society, is clearly demonstrable from his wants, his tendencies, his faculties. Why is man alone gifted with the peculiar and preëminently excellent gift of language, unless it be to communicate with his fellow man socially? These arguments, with many others to the same points, are learnedly and brilliantly sustained and enforced by St. Thomas Aquinas, who quotes the words of Solomon in Ecclesiastes—"It is better, therefore, that two should be together than alone: for they have the advantage of their society." But if men lived together in society without civil governments enforcing what is right and restraining what is wrong, society itself would be destroyed by disorder and anarchy. Every man would be his own ruler; the strong would oppress the weak, the vicious would oppose the virtuous, and there would be no one to provide for the commonwealth. But on the contrary "Order is Heaven's first law." Thus we cannot sustain the idea of society, without advocating, as necessary for its preservation, civil or political power. The theory of Rousseau, Hobbes and other philosophers, who assert that sovereignty resides *a priori* in the multitude, without receiving it from, and holding it in subjection to, God, and that society is the result of a pact or contract express or implied, cannot be sustained. It is of the essence of a pact, or contract, that it should be voluntary; that the parties entering into it, or to be bound by it, should be under no duress or necessity, but rather that they should be free to accept or reject it. But this is not true in regard to man and society. The foregoing considerations prove that man is not free to elect between society and no society. If we study man in all his wants and his faculties, if we accept the experience of all nations in all ages, and consult the common opinion of all mankind, which, being the *communis sensus naturæ*, affords an infallible criterion of truth, we must conclude that society is the result of man's nature, and not of his free will. If from experience we know that man cannot escape from society, that it is the necessary state of his being, that he is forced *nolens volens* to submit to its authority, how can it be said that society is the creature of man's free choice? Besides, when, where, and by whom was this social compact entered into? Where are the evidences, where the historical monuments of this great event? We have the record of man's creation, of his fall and punishment, of the crimes of the human family and their punishment by the flood, of their dispersion at Babel, and we have the ever blessed memorials of redemption. But no record, no monument, attests the existence of a social compact, a fact, which, if it existed, would be identified with every movement, every right and every duty of mankind. Who were the voters—how could they have been assembled together? Unless all the human family freely entered into this compact, it would not be binding upon all. But is it at all supposable that all men, especially women, children and servants, could have been consulted or could have given a consent, either express or implied? Yet all these are equally bound. Is it asserted that these gave their assent by proxies? Then we ask, where is the evidence of this important fact? The simple and primitive condition of mankind at the time when society was first formed, excludes the possibility of such a fact. Besides if men had even gone through the forms of such a contract, that would not abrogate the law of nature, which must have been prior to any such transaction. Examine the various powers enjoyed by society, and the conclusion is inevitable that society must derive its origin from the law of nature and not from the convention of men. Take for instance the single power of life and death, which society exercises, in certain cases. This power cannot be the concession of man, because man does not possess the right of disposing of his own or of the lives of others. Such a power could only have been derived from a higher source. If then society, and therefore civil government, are prescribed to men by the law of nature, and God is the author of the law of nature, then society and civil government come from God and derive from Him all their powers and prerogatives.

To deny the divine origin of power would be to reject the authority of sacred Scripture. Thus writes St. Paul in the 13th chapter of the epistle to the Romans, "Omnes anima potestatibus sublimioribus subdita est; *non est enim potestas nisi a Deo.* Quæ autem sunt, a Deo ordinatæ sunt. Itaque qui resistat potestati, Dei ordinatione resistit. Qui autem resistunt, ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt." Let every soul be subject to the higher powers: *for there is no power but from God:* and those that are, are ordained of God. And he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase themselves damnation. These words of St. Paul set forth the doctrine clearly and forcibly. "Be subject, therefore, to every human creature for God's sake, whether to the king," &c. "Thou wouldst not have any power against me, unless it were given thee from above." "By me kings reign and decree just things." These authorities are not understood in the Church as applicable to monarchy or any other form of government in particular, but as referring to the principle of civil government in general, in all its various forms. These, and innumerable other texts from the sacred writings, but especially those remarkable words quoted above from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, have formed the basis of Catholic teachings by the doctors and theologians from the days of St. Paul to our own. Thus St. Augustin, St. Anselm, St. John Chrysostom, St. Thomas Aquinas, the angelic doctor, and all the Catholic writers on public law, have sustained the divine origin of civil power. Nor is this view mere opinion or theory, it is the teaching of the universal Church by authority of God. It is an article of faith that the civil power by which mankind are governed in society is from God, and as such we are bound to obey it. On this point there is no room for a Catholic to doubt.

But reason itself, without the aid of revelation, would teach us these important truths; for the doctrine of the divine origin of power is most conformable to right reason and true philosophy. If this power come not from God, it must then reside *a priori* in man. But among equal men, what right has one of their number to rule over the others? Yet there must be such a rule somewhere. Superiority of physical strength cannot confer the right to govern, because upon such a title the strongest animal would be the successful claimant over man, which would be absurd. Even if the contest for the power were confined to men, for which in this view there would be no authority, the government would never be established; because whenever one stronger than the reigning sovereign should assert his right, he would upon the same title be authorized to assume the reins of government until another still stronger than he should present himself. Superior intellect does not of itself confer power, because, though it may have its influence, it can confer no rights: besides, the difficulty of finding some one who is entitled to decide this question of intellectual superiority, would again reöpen the whole question and leave society without a government. It cannot be riches that confers the right to govern, because there is no rational connection between riches and sovereignty, and metal has no relation to right and wrong. The tenure of riches is precarious, that of power must in this hypothesis be equally so, which would leave society to perish from disorder and revolution. The same reasons would upset any other adventitious claim. The theory of a pact, or contract, has already been disposed of, and there now remains but God alone for true philosophy to receive as the Sovereign Lord of the universe, and the only author of power and dominion on earth.

That the interests of society and the happiness of our race are promoted by this view, must be manifest to the most casual observer. The duty of fidelity to the government that derives its powers from God, and uses them for the protection and happiness of society, must result as a necessary consequence of this doctrine. This duty is binding upon the consciences of all men. And when we consider that the Church leaves society free as to *forms* of government, and recognizes the divine origin of civil power under all the various forms that society may establish, we will then understand how Catholics are the most loyal and faithful people, whether living under monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, or, better than all, that free and beautiful system of mixed constitutional government, which prevails, with some variations, in England and America, the genus of which, together with the Common Law, we inherited from the good old Catholic times, when reigned an Alfred and an Edward the Confessor. This doctrine, as I am about to explain it, according to the doctors of the Church, is also not only consistent with human freedom, but the only firm and unfailing basis upon which freedom can be securely planted.

That all power is from God is clearly revealed in the sacred writings. The Church so receives it and defines it as an article of faith, binding upon the consciences of her children. But the question as to the manner, in which God transmits or communicates power, to society, is one upon which the Church has made no definition. All are at liberty to adopt one side or the other of this great philosophical question. That God communicates power immediately to kings and magistrates, and that these rule *jure divino,* is the theory of the friends of arbitrary power and the divine right of kings. On this side are kings Henry, James, and

Charles, with their theologians, prime ministers, and other co-laborers in the cause of arbitrary power. That God, on the contrary, deposits all power on earth with the multitude, the people, and through this channel communicates or transmits it to kings, presidents, consuls, tribunes, legislators and other magistrates, is the doctrine of the advocates of human freedom and true popular sovereignty. On this basis were all the Catholic governments of Europe founded, and on this side of the question are arrayed the great doctors and public writers of the Church from the earliest ages.

The current of Catholic authority is clearly on the side of the direct communication of power from God to the people, and from the people to the magistrates of their choice. To prove this, it will only be necessary to quote the names of the most illustrious Catholic writers in various ages.

St. Augustin in his dialogue on Free Will makes Augustin ask, "If the people are serious and temperate; and if, moreover, they have such a concern for the public good that each one would prefer the public interest to his own, is it not true that it would be advisable to enact that such a people should choose their own authorities for the administration of their affairs?" Evodius answers: "Certainly." Though the controversy as to the direct or indirect transmission of power, was not the question mooted by St. Augustin in his dialogue, yet it is clear from the foregoing passage that had the discussion been started in his day with the same earnestness that subsequently characterized it, he would have raised his voice unequivocally on the side of the indirect transmission of power to magistrates, i. e. through the people.

St. Thomas Aquinas, whose authority has been so universally and ardently followed for six hundred years, that he is recognized as the Angel of the Schools, in the first chapter of the first book De Regimine Principium, uses these words, "There ought then to be *in every multitude* some governing power."

Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the most illustrious names in the Church, espouses the cause of popular sovereignty under God, in the most direct and uneqivocal terms. After proving that civil power comes from God, Bellarmine writes, "In the second place, observe, that this power resides immediately, as in its subject, in all the multitude, for it is by divine right. The divine right has not given this power to any man in particular, for it has given it to the multitude; besides, the positive law being taken away, there is no reason why one should rule more than another among a great number of equal men; therefore power belongs to the whole multitude." Again, the same great writer says, "Observe, in the fourth place, that particular forms of government are by the law of nations, and not by divine law, since it depends on the consent of the multitude to place over themselves a king, consul, or other magistrates, as is clear; and, for a legitimate reason, they can change royalty into aristocracy, or into democracy, or *vice versa,* as it was done at Rome." Nothing could be more consonant to the principles upon which common government was founded, than these views of Cardinal Bellarmine.

Suarez, a Jesuit, whose work *De Legibus,* is used as a text book by the legal profession in Europe, supports the same view in these words: "Herein the common opinion seems to be, that God, inasmuch as he is the author of nature, gives the power; so that men are, so to speak, the matter and subject capable of this power; while God gives the form by giving the power." Again, "In the second place, it follows from what has been said, that the civil power, whenever it is found in a man or a prince, has emanated according to usual and legitimate law, *from the people and the community, either directly or remotely, and that it cannot* *otherwise be justly possessed.*" This same Jesuit Father defended these enlightened views against King James of England, and published a work in reply to the king, addressed to the kings and princes of the Christian world, in which he maintained his theory of popular sovereignty under God.

The illustrious name of Mariano, another Jesuit, is on the same side. When, in the conference between King Charles and Lord Baltimore, the question discussed was the selection of a name for the colony then about to be planted along the Chesapeake Bay, the name of Mariana was first proposed in compliment to the Queen, Henrietta Maria, but was indignantly rejected, because "that was also the name of a Spanish Jesuit, who wrote against kings." This anecdote does not appear in any of our histories of Maryland; it is drawn from an unpublished MS. in the library of a literary gentleman at Washington.

Father Concina, who wrote at Rome about the year 1768, after stating what is understood by the theory of the immediate transmission of power from God to rulers, goes on to say in his work on Theology: "In support of the *opposite* opinion, many answer, *certainly with more probability and truth*, that, in reality, all power proceeds from God, but that it is not delegated to any particular individual directly, unless by consent of civil society. That this power is not vested directly in any individual but in the entire collection of men, is what St. Thomas expressly teaches, followed by Dominic Soto, and by Covarruvias. The reason of this is evident, for as all men are born free in regard to civil society, no one having civil power over another, since this power exists not in any of them in a fixed manner, it follows, therefore, that it is vested in the whole collection of men."

Father Billuart, who flourished in the time of Louis XIV, when the arrogant assumption, *I am the State*, was announced, and when royalty was in its zenith, dared in such an age to write as follows: "I maintain, in the first place, that legislative power belongs to the community, or to its representative:" and again, "from which it is evident that all power comes from God, as the Apostle says in his epistle to the Romans, chap. xiii. This power resides in the community directly and by natural right, but in kings and other rulers merely indirectly and by human right," &c.

If it were necessary, many other illustrious names might be invoked to prove that such is the received Catholic view of civil government. Suarez himself says, that the opinion of Bellarmine, which we have above stated, is the received and ancient opinion in the Church. Rome has never questioned it, the Catholic world maintains it, and the Catholic governments are thus constituted.

A concise summary of this view of civil government, as maintained by Catholic writers, may be given thus: All power is from God. Therefore, civil government is invested with a power from God. God confers this power on the community at large, the people, and through them it is transmitted to civil magistrates. The people have a right to give a direction to this power, or determine the form it shall assume, and to decide whether they will be governed by kings, consuls, tribunes, presidents, or other magistrates. That when this is lawfully established, all forms of government are equally legitimate and binding on conscience, but that the people, "*for a legitimate reason*, can change royalty into aristocracy, or into democracy, or *vice versa*." Whether the power is placed in the hands of Catholic, pagan, infidel, heretical or excommunicated princes or magistrates, it is equally in all these cases from God, and binding on the consciences of the faithful. In the language of St. Thomas, "the faith of Christ does not exempt the faithful from the obligation of obeying the secular powers."

Whatever may be the wicked extremes to which the modern demagogue endeavors to seduce the people, it is certain from the most casual reading of our Declaration of Independence, that this glorious republic of ours has been founded upon the same principles which have been so ably advocated by St. Thomas and Catholic divines from his day to our own. Our fathers, when about "to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station, *to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle* them," declared that men "*are endowed by their Creator* with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." "Appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world," and "with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence," they proclaimed the thirteen colonies to be Free and Independent States.

Struck with these remarkable passages, Balmes, a Spanish priest, one of the most learned and philosophical writers that the Church has produced in modern times, pronounces the following high eulogium upon our country: "If we attentively consider the points of difference between the Revolution of the United States and that of France, we shall find that one of the principal points of difference consists in this, that the American revolution was essentially democratic, that of France essentially impious. In the manifestoes by which the former was inaugurated, the name of God, of Providence, is every where seen; the men engaged in the perilous enterprise of shaking off the yoke of Great Britain, far from blaspheming the Almighty, invoke his assistance, convinced that the cause of independence was the cause of reason and of justice." C.

POLITICAL RELIGIONISM.

"*We are, eminently, a religious people.*"

There is, probably, not one among our readers but has seen in print, a thousand times, the phrase we have just quoted. No two of them, it is likely, will trace it to the same source, and for the obvious reason, that it is to be found every where. It is common property, among the reviews, the magazines, and the penny-newspapers. It may be heard on Sundays and week-days, in church, in Congress and lecture-room—in discourses scientific and literary, sacred and profane. We cannot, for the life of us, say exactly how we came by it, ourselves. We may have found it in a President's Message, an undergraduate's speech, or a Thanksgiving proclamation. Perhaps we owe it to Peter Parley's Geography, or one of Theodore Parker's "higher law" sermons. But let it have been taken whence it may, we are quite sure that it is firmly believed by a large portion of our countrymen—especially at the North—and that the fact which it assumes is generally regarded as a legitimate set-off to the many short-comings of the nation. In our deliberate judgment, however, there is no truth in it, and we look upon its confident and constant reïteration as a grievous, public ill. In saying this, we have no idea that we can escape misrepresentation and misconstruction. The greater the delusion, the greater the risk of such consequences in assailing it. Nevertheless, there must be some difference, both in fact and principle, between piety, as an individual excellence, and the assumption of it, as a national vanity. To lift the veil of the one is by no means to invade the sanctity of the other, and it is hardly worth while to concern ourselves about the opinions of people, who cannot understand or will not acknowledge the distinction.

As to that part of righteousness which consists in humility, it is presumed that our national pretensions may be easily settled. There may be doubts as to the brightness of our light, but we cannot possibly be suspected of any desire to put it under a bushel. If our left hand is ignorant of what our right hand does, it must systematically avoid the ordinary sources of information. Not to hear the trumpets we are perpetually sounding before us, it is necessary to keep carefully away from the synagogues and the street corners. Feeling conscious of the degree in which we possess the quality which exalteth a nation, we have no scruple in letting it be seen that we are exalted. "We are an eminently religious people"—though we say it who should not, and we do not care how soon the rest of mankind are edified by knowing it.

But what do they say of us—these Publicans whom we thank Heaven, so constantly, that we are not like? They do not appear to be dazzled, as they should be, by the effulgence of our goodness. They do not find that we keep faith with them, the better, for it, or indeed reduce it to much practical effect among ourselves. Let any iniquity be started, that is profitable, and we are sure, men say, to keep up in pursuit of it with the most abandoned national sinners. Our instinct for a bargain, tempts us (if we believe the world) to tread more frequently than any others of the children of men, the dark, uncertain line, where the region of the tenth commandment is united to the dominions of the eighth. For generous confidence in contracting debts, and indignant repugnance to paying them, when inconvenient, the civilized globe surrenders the palm to us. Upon our reckless disregard of human life (and especially of the lives of other people) when there is question of gain, there is no check, our critics tell us, in our faith, our feelings or our laws. When we talk of philanthropy, they point us to the Indian nations, bought out with beads and burned out with whiskey; to the slave ships built and equipped in our proudest harbors, and the goods manufactured, knowingly, for the slave-marts, in the very centre of our most sanctimonious communities. When we discourse of morality, they remind us of the gold hunting murders in California, the stock-jobbing forgeries in New York, and the consecrated polygamy of Utah: they ask if our eyes can be shut to the fraudulent bankruptcies every where—to the explosions of banks and the flights of cashiers, which the newspapers every day detail—to the elaborate knavery so commonly successful in trade as to be above the necessity of concealment or excuse. Is there beneath the sun—they bid us answer—one Christian land besides our own, where men could so transgress and thrive, or where such things could happen and produce so transitory an impression, or be received with an indifference so near akin to toleration? We are republicans, they tell us, and struggle manfully, some of us, for the salutary doctrine, that the worst and most foolish of men is at least as good as the wisest and best—yet can we deny that money and place are worshipped among us with more abject servility than rank and royalty elsewhere? Who is there, bold enough to dispute the glory and supremacy of wealth all over our land—no matter how ill gotten, ill kept, or ill spent?

When we are taken by a stranger to our national capital, and he asks us whether we see any reflection of our national purity there; can we answer, with truth, that we do? In the discussions of our legislators, the intrigues of our so called "great statesmen;" the motives and measures of our rulers; our policy at home or abroad; do we see any signs that signify national righteousness? And yet, unless our representative system be a failure, and the theory on which it is based a falsehood, the ruler chosen must be, in the main, the type of the people who choose him. "*Bobissimus*," the elect, says Carlyle, in his quaint way, is but "*Bobus*," the elector, in the superlative degree. The kind is altogether the same, so far as principle is concerned, whatever the case may be as to capacity. Can our readers call to mind a solitary project among the great American schemes for territorial expansion, already consummated or now projected, which owes its origin, in their conscientious judgment, to mere patriotism or honesty or pure statesmanship? Will not impartial history detail hereafter—what every intelligent citizen even now understands—the personal interests—the political aims and intrigues—the individual or corporate speculations—the lust of plunder, notoriety and power—which were and are at the bottom of every plan of annexation or revolution, with which we have disturbed the peace or would pour out the blood of other nations, while degrading the civilization of our own? When we appropriated Texas, invaded Mexico, sent Lopez to Cuba, or bombarded Greytown *(gesta Romanorum!)*—when we would stir up Italy, republicanise Spain, set France on fire, and let loose Kossuth and Saunders on devoted Austria—letters, speeches and all—answer us, reader, we earnestly beseech you—was it or is it because of our being "an eminently religious people?" Which of the twain does "Young America" represent—law or gospel?

It is no answer to all or any of this, to say that the world has done like things since time began, and that the very nations which marshal these facts and queries, for our condemnation, now, will find records of the same import through all of their own history. Even if the truth be so—it does not touch the question. In the first place—it is the American doctrine, that we govern ourselves, while the rest of the world are governed by others. Their vices and short-comings therefore, belong to their rulers—ours are our own. They suffer, because kings go mad—we, for our own insanity. Their history, with the shame it brings, was made and acted for them; we are the authors of both shame and story for ourselves. If we have the pride of self-government, we must have its responsibilities. But, besides this—the inquiry is not, whether we are as good as other people, but whether we are better than all. Our theory, our faith, our boast is, that we are above the rest of the world—that we are more enlightened, more civilized, more free, more moral, more pure, more religious. If we fail in establishing the whole of this, we fail altogether—for this is the point and the essence of our pretensions and the only matter in dispute. It is superiority that we contend for, not equality, and it is superiority that we must make out, or beat an ignominious retreat. Our history, our institutions, our principles, have made a poor business of it, if we are only no worse than the unblest gentiles!

Assuming then that these reflections have done something towards demolishing the unworthy fabric of our national Pharisaism, an inquiry suggests itself as to the cause or foundation of it. Whence does it come? What does it mean? We regard the whole of it as neither more nor less than a well preserved legacy from the Puritans of the colonial age—the stalwart worthies of the Mayflower's time, who glorified themselves and their Maker together, perpetually coupling "the Lord and his Saints." Time, trade and lucre—the growth of numbers and of civilization—the cankers of luxury and pride—have sadly wasted the loftier and nobler qualities which made the Puritan a hero in history. But his spiritual stiff-neckedness and his Pharisaical temper have come down to his descendants unchanged, and the heart of the nation which he assisted in founding still beats, as his did, with the arrogance which humbles itself only to be exalted. As ostentatious in forms as he was, without the earnestness which dignified his errors, we have compromised for the absence of practical righteousness as a nation by the most scrupulous devotion to all its machinery. Except Scotland—where a man walks the streets on Sunday, as if the free air were iniquity and the sun-light mortal sin—there is no nation more scrupulous than we, in reverence to the externals of that day. Public recreation, even social intercourse, on "the Sabbath," we set our faces solemnly against. Conventions meet, where divines, doctors and politicians rival each other in attempts to flatter the public taste for its Judaical observance, and men are socially and politically proscribed for refusing to make themselves miserable one day in seven. And all this is started, prosecuted, elevated into a dogma, by a society which sets apart six days for Mammon as religiously as the one day for Heaven, and whose devotion to each is precisely in the same proportion.

Coupled naturally enough with our national Sabbatarianism and springing from the same source, is the display of our regard for "the reverend clergy." Of course nothing can be further from the purpose or desire of those who conduct this Magazine, or more foreign to the objects of the work itself, than a diminution of the respect and confidence which is due to the most sacred of human callings. In its place, it is one of the most conservative and commendable of social tributes—at once a duty, a merit and a public good. But it has its sphere like all other virtues, and when carried beyond that may grow into an abuse and a great harm. This, it strikes us, is conspicuously the case throughout our country. The clergy are dragged into every arena and mixed up with every public movement. They open and close all sorts of meetings upon all sorts of subjects, sandwiching all manner of speeches and resolutions between two prayers. Congress will intrigue and quarrel over a chaplain as over a messenger or a doorkeeper. Not a plaster for chilblains, or a wash for pimples, but is recommended by a doctor of divinity—not a volume of bad poems, published by "a Lady," but is endorsed by a professor of theology or at least a deacon or a presiding elder. A Polish Count who is about to give to the press a learned treatise on the salt mines of Wicklitzka, (subscriptions payable in advance) has always at least a dozen certificates from the highest clerical authority, setting forth his competency for the task, his sufferings for his country, and his blood connexion with the Poniatowskis. There is not a word of caricature in this—not an iota—it is an every day thing. And what is the result of it? It is that the Protestant clergy are forced and erected into a separate and distinct class—separate and distinct not merely in their official functions and peculiar duties, as the Catholic priesthood (whom no one thinks of inviting to ride, even on horseback, in a procession) but in all things and for all purposes. They are made a civil and political power—an element not merely of society, but, distinctively, of the State. They have all the privileges of sinners and the inviolability of saints. They can take part in secular affairs, of all sorts, as laymen, and fall back, when they please, on their prestige and immunities as clergymen.

It is the fashion of Protestant writers to dilate upon the extent to which Catholic countries are "priest-ridden." Omitting the States of the Church, where the case of course is exceptional, we do not believe that there is a nation in Christendom where the clergy exercise as much real and substantial power as in the United States. And when we say power, we do not mean that which attaches itself in a greater or less degree, every where, to the priesthood, as such; we do not mean the influence of a pastor over his flock—of a counsellor over those who need counsel—of a physician over the sick whose wounds he heals. All this, the legitimate and safe and holy influence of the Ministers of God, we recognize and reverence, as must every man, of heart or mind, who has seen its blessings fall happily on others, even if he has not been cheered by them himself. But the power to which we allude is quite another thing from this. It is a power over the practical conduct of public and common affairs—a power, uncontrolled too, save by that public opinion which the clergy themselves, more than any other class, create and rule, and which therefore, as to them, affords but a nominal restraint. Take away from the abolition-party the support of "the evangelical pulpit," and where would its force be? In what would consist the strength of the temperance movement, as a public and political engine, if the countenance of the clergy were withdrawn from it? How much vigor would be left in the "Know-Nothing" organization, if the suffrages and support of the churches were to fall away from it?

Can a rational mind require any further demonstration of the inordinate influence upon which we are commenting, than that afforded by the memorials which were presented to Congress when the Nebraska bill was pending? The reader cannot fail to remember the protests as well as the petitions, signed by thousands of clergymen, in their official names and character, expressly assuming to speak by the appointment and authority of God, and thundering the terrors of his wrath against all who might dare to advocate the measure they denounced. A decent respect for the intelligence of Congress and for representative government in general requires us to assume that there was not a man of ordinary position, in either House, who did not fully comprehend how unclerical and unbecoming such proceedings were—how utterly at war with every legitimate principle of our political system. Not a man who could perceive any thing, but must have clearly seen that it was the boldest and most obvious attempt ever made by an ecclesiastical body, in a republican government, to usurp dominion over the constituted authorities, and enforce the dogmas of a sect or a party, as divine commandments. And yet how many, in either Chamber, dared to meet the aggression as it should have been met, or to brave the religious organization which gave it countenance? Of the large numbers who must have entertained decided and intelligent convictions on the subject, how many ventured to express them? Did any of the "standard bearers" of this party or that; the "old men eloquent;" the "sages," &c. &c.—as the newspapers are wont to call the leading politicians—did any of these stand up in their places, to vindicate in a broad, manly and statesman-like way, the dignity of the civil goverment? It was easy enough to distinguish between the recognized rights of the memorialists, as individuals and citizens, and the prerogative they were reckless enough to claim as a distinct and authoritative class. Yet, except for the purposes of personal defence or in the spirit of personal recrimination, was there any attempt to draw or to enforce that obvious distinction, save in the most tender and deprecatory way? There were elderly and most influential gentlemen in Congress, who had made speeches—the superficial measurement of which defies triangulation—upon the defects and enormities, civil and especially religious, of all the nations of Europe. There were at hand distinguished advocates of "the great American doctrine," that we have the inalienable right to be born, married and buried as we please, all the world over, and that any thing which contravenes this republican principle or denies its applicability to any man with an American passport, is sheer king-craft and priest-craft, the offspring of the dark ages and the Spanish Inquisition! Did any of these voluminous orators bring their "awfu' knowledge o' history," to bear on the three thousand parsons? Not a man of them, of course—and why? Because it is popular to bully Spain, write Hulseman letters to Austria and lampoon the Emperor of the French, on the one hand—while on the other, no man who desires or expects to be President of the United States (as all the leading and not a few of the led politicians do) can afford to risk the displeasure of "the religious public" at home. The dark ages have no votes, and the House of Hapsburg has none, but the Nebraska-hating memorialists are the masters of many. They held their peace therefore most devoutly—the great statesmen and the small—because they knew that they dwelt among "an eminently religious people," and that their silence—though in fact sheer cowardice and dereliction of duty—would be set down as becoming reverence and have its influence at the polls accordingly.

The same dread of offending the religious sensibilities of the public will explain the toleration, indeed the general and dangerous encouragement, which is extended among us to the class of doctrines commonly called "isms." In any other free country these would, for the most part, be at once laughed into a corner. In England, Punch would finish the best of them, in a week, with a wood-cut. Here, they not only enlist the support of numerous disciples, but are received, by the public generally, with a respectful consideration, which puts them at once beyond the reach of any effective appeal to the popular sense of the ridiculous. How does this happen? Not, it must be confessed, because of any national predisposition of ours to respect mere secular opinions. The organ of veneration, except for things sacred or supposed to be sacred, makes no part of our national phrenology. It happens, because every "ism" has a fraction of theology in it. Almost every one of them is gotten up by a sect or a sect's leaders, or is baited with a text of Scripture. They are discussed and advocated, generally, before assemblages in the meeting-houses, and there is scarcely one that does not profess to involve some new and original view of the moral, religious, and psychological nature of man. An odor of sanctity is thus given to them, which inclines the public nostrils reverentially upwards. The doctrine may be a humbug, a nuisance, or a treason, and its advocates selfish schemers or pestilent fanatics, yet the *soi disant* religious ingredient makes both witches and cauldron respectable. Men are afraid to say what they think, lest they be supposed by their neighbors to think more than they say. They are chary of calling a charlatan by his right name, lest they be suspected of regarding every thing sacred as charlatanism. They feel bound to respect, or to treat with respect, every solemn mountebank, for the mere reason that he is solemn —just as Mr. Carlyle insists that every man is a hero who is in earnest, whether he be highwayman or prophet—Dick Turpin or Joe Smith! We see the consequences of this, every day. The most important public interests are jeoparded and the opinions and political action of large masses of the people absolutely swayed by sham philanthropists, pseudo reformers, and place-hunting or speculating theologasters. How large a space such people and their doctrines have filled in the political history of the last ten years, and how distinctly their power has grown to be recognized as a sign in our political zodiac, no intelligent reader can need to be informed.

Now, all these things and many others like them which it were easy enough to indicate, are commonly regarded as evidences of a religious predisposition on the part of our people, and are supposed to reflect great credit upon the national character. We regard them, on the contrary, as serious evils, in themselves, and as any thing but reputable in what they signify. They indicate a false tone of morals, and a sentimentality, in regard to religion, which is incompatible with genuine and healthy sensibility. In making our visible observances rigid, formal and essential, we have passed far into the region of national hypocrisy and vain glory. The abundance of our faith in our own surpassing righteousness, has made us careless of good works and blind to our many bad ones. Submission to considerations ostensibly religious, in the conduct of affairs that are purely secular, has dragged Christianity into the dust of a thousand unworthy conflicts and sullied its purity by the contact of sordid motives. The recognition of clerical authority, in matters utterly unclerical, has often annihilated the distance between the pulpit and the hustings, making religion political instead of rendering politics religious. Under encouragements so manifold, cant has become a despot, with no limited rule. Thought, speech, and action, have fallen under a censorship—often despised and resisted, it is true, but always vigilant, arrogant and formidable notwithstanding.

As a matter of course we have not discussed the questions here presented, for the mere sake of proclaiming and justifying our own views, or diminishing the patriotic self-satisfaction of our neighbors. The subject is one which is not by any means merely speculative. From the absurd assumption that this is a peculiarly religious people, the practical deduction is every day drawn, that religion must enter, of necessity, and should, of right, enter into all the phases of our national life. It is for the sake of exposing this pernicious fallacy that we have endeavored to dispel a few agreeable illusions. We have sought to make it clear that this nation is not more righteous than other nations, because, conceding this, our fellow citizens must concede that there is no more reason or rational pretext, here than elsewhere, for mingling religious considerations with the motives of political action. If there be any demonstration in history of the evils of a connexion between Church and State, it does not less demonstrate the evils of a similar connexion between the political elements which represent the State, in a republic, and the religious elements which, in a country of free opinions, represent or are substituted for a Church. It is the thing and not the name which is dangerous. It is quite the same, whether a hierarchy control a monarch or clerical influence direct and rule our suffrages. The same bad consequences must flow every where from the same bad causes, and this must be true of us as of the rest of mankind, seeing that not all the republicanism in the world can subvert the despotism of a logical necessity.

But there is a consideration to which we have not yet alluded, which gives double force to all that has been said. It is—that the religion of which we boast so much, as a national characteristic, is sectarian, even more than it is political. We are told that this is "a Protestant country," quite as often as we hear of its eminent religiousness, and in the same connexion. Priestcraft is only held to be dangerous, when it is "Romish," and the Catholic religion is the only form of worship, Christian or Mormon, which may not be trusted with the school-book and the ballot-box—the hustings and the tribune. If any of our readers should be disposed to think that we put this proposition rather strongly, let them figure to themselves the effect upon the nation at large, had a Catholic Bishop and his clergy presented the identical Nebraska Protest, *verbatim*, to Congress, which went there with the signatures of three thousand Protestant Ministers. What founts of type would have been exhausted, to head the telegraphic reports with capital letters and notes of admiration! "Papal audacity!" "Unwarrantable interference!" "Clerical usurpation!" &c. &c. What a luxury of indulgence there would have been for the *odium theologicum!* How the national cravat would have whitened with devout rage, and the national countenance have elongated itself for the crisis!

Suppose again—to go a little farther back—that the Catholic Church instead of the Methodist Society, had divided itself into the "Church North," and the "Church South," upon a question of public policy, involving the guaranties of the constitution and the horrors of disunion. Suppose that the one division had proclaimed its inability to hold communion with the other—though professing the same dogmas of faith—because that other was not willing to rebel against the organic law of the land, and to denounce the society which upheld it. Would such things have been tolerated? And if—after separating from each other, upon a local, sectional, political question, such as that of slavery—the two branches of the Catholic Church had fallen at loggerheads, about their temporalities, and in their quarrels and litigation had developed the fact that they had accumulated hundreds of thousands of dollars, in their "book-concerns" and other concerns, which they could not divide without hatred, malice and law-suits—what would have been the limits of the clamor! What should we not have heard of the scarlet abominations of Babylon! A squabble, about a grave-yard, cannot take place between a Catholic priest and a committee of his congregation, without crowding the press with comments upon "the grasping spirit of the Popish priesthood." We observe that in New York they contemplate legislation, to meet the incursions of that spirit. It is strange that the Methodist controversy and the Presbyterian quarrels—the High Church pretensions and the Low Church rebellions—should never have suggested the pacifying interposition of the law. There is but one solution of the difficulty—the obvious one—that what is called the national religious spirit is chiefly political sectarianism, and what men boast of, as the sanctified operation of that spirit in public affairs, is for the most part but devout intolerance.

There are other tests, which prove the same thing with equal certainty. Any review or newspaper in the land might safely have published the savage article of the Edinburg Review on the miracles of Prince Hohenlohe. No one but a Catholic would have thought it other than a good thing, or have dreamed that it contained aught unchristian or uncharitable. Yet where is the journal that would have dared—that would now dare—to publish such strictures as Sydney Smith's on Methodism and Missions? The Canon of St. Paul's was not a whit more bitter than his fellow reviewer. Each dissected his subject with a free knife—the one not more freely than the other. How comes it that the publication of the one class of articles would swell the smallest subscription list in this country, while that of the other class would beggar the largest? Not surely because of an indisposition to see religious subjects approached irreverently, for the irreverence is equal in the two cases—but because nothing is held to be irreverent, which only applies Billingsgate to "Popery." A leading American Magazine—probably the best supported periodical in the world—can venture to make a sectarian and partisan sketch of Rome and its ecclesiastical system and observances, one of its most prominent articles, continued from number to number, with wood-cuts multiplied. If Macauley's Review of Ranke's History of the Popes had been offered to the same periodical,—with all its eloquence, its genius, and its Protestantism besides—an insertion could not have been had for it, with the large, grand, catholic thought and expression that are in it. Where would a man turn for a neutral periodical, in America, upon which he could rely for the publication without blot or erasure, of such essays as those of Stephens on the Jesuit-founders and the Port Royalists? The very foundations of the press would quiver with wrath, if a literary journal here were to put forth a counterpart of Talfourd's Essay on Modern Improvements, with its temperate and admirable commentaries on the Bible Society and religious education! Yet all these works appeared in a Protestant country—under the eyes of a Protestant establishment. They came alike from churchmen and dissenters, and they appeared in periodicals certainly not un-protestant. That they could not appear here—in a land of religious equality—under the auspices of a free press—must signify something. What that something is, we leave to the conclusions of the reader if he be not content with ours. Should he find that it is the consequence of our being "an eminently religious people," we should be glad to know what his expectations would be from a commonwealth of sinners. X.

THE DISCUSSION ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Every Catholic knows from his catechism, that, in consequence of the fall of our first parents in eating the forbidden fruit, all their descendants, the whole race of man, are disgraced. Every one comes into the world with the stain of original sin upon his soul, which makes him unholy, an object in some degree of God's displeasure, unfit to enter heaven, and subject to Satan, except in as far as God's mercy vouchsafes to give extraordinary protection against him. This stain is ordinarily washed out from the soul by the sacrament of Baptism, which purifies us from sin, makes us Christians, children of God, and heirs of heaven. With regard to two persons, the Prophet Jeremias, and St. John the Baptist, we are informed by sacred Scripture, that God was pleased to purify them from this original sin, and make them holy, before they were born to the light of day. (Jeremias i, 5; St. Luke i, 15.) But both of these were for a while in sin; from the time when they were first conceived in the womb, until the time when God vouchsafed to sanctify them; so that these are instances of sanctification in the womb, but not of Immaculate Conception. When we say of our Blessed Lady that she was conceived Immaculate, we mean that she was never, for a single instant, defiled by original sin: that God, before creating her, had decreed that she should be exempt from this common stain of man: that Satan cannot boast that she was ever under his dominion in any manner, and that God, in looking over her whole existence, sees in it nothing whatsoever that is not pure and agreeable in His eyes. Her Immaculate Conception *is her exemption from original sin.*

This exemption is the great truth which has lately been solemnly declared an article of Catholic Faith, revealed by God, and held by His Church from the beginning. In a recent number of the Metropolitan, was given a solution of some of the difficulties that might naturally be suggested to a Catholic with regard to such a declaration: it is our purpose in this article to give an outline of the history of the subject, since it was first called in question, in the first half of the twelfth century.

Before that period, we are not aware of any Catholic's having argued against it. It is not, indeed, very often that we find it explicitly spoken of at all: but it is clearly implied in the language used, not only in the writings of individual Fathers, but in the acts of Councils, and in the public prayers of the Mass, and the Divine Office in various churches. The Blessed Virgin is often spoken of as *perfectly pure, free from all defilement, immaculate, exempt from the common stain, &c.* Explicitly, too, it is asserted by some; while others speak of it as a thing which they believe in common with other Catholics around them, although they do not feel warranted to pronounce it absolutely certain.

It may surprise those who are not acquainted with the fact, to learn that the first distinct expression of disbelief of this point, that is come down to us, is from that devout client of the Blessed Virgin, the illustrious St. Bernard. When the clergy of Lyons, a city always remarkable for devotion to the Mother of God,—as is testified in our own day by its venerable sanctuary and pilgrimage, Notre Dame de Fourvieres,—had introduced into their church the festival of the Conception of our Lady, St. Bernard wrote to them a letter, finding fault with this proceeding. It is No. 174 among his epistles. The direct object of his censure, was their establishing this new festival without asking the approbation of the Church of Rome: but one reason why he censured it, was because it seemed to be an approval of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, a doctrine which he feared was opposed to other Catholic truths. He takes care, however, to avow that his dissent was only a doubt, not a certain conclusion, and that he was open to correction, if he should find sufficient reason to accept the doctrine. "We wonder very much," he writes, "that some of you should have thought proper in these days, to change the most perfect color, by introducing a new festival, which is unknown to the Rites of the Church, not sanctioned by reason, nor recommended by ancient tradition." Farther on he says: "If you thought this ought to be done, you should have first consulted the authority of the Apostolic See, and not followed, so hurriedly and unadvisedly, the thoughtless recommendation of a few inexperienced heads. I had indeed heard before of others committing this error, but I affected not to know it, because I was unwilling to be severe towards a devotion that came from simplicity of heart and love for the Blessed Virgin. But when the same false devotion is seen among the learned, and in an illustrious and noble church, of which I am a child in an especial manner, I am afraid that I could not remain silent without doing a grievous wrong even to yourselves. What I have said, however, must be received without prejudice to such as may understand the matter better than I do; and above all do I submit this and every thing else of the kind that I have said, to the authority and examination of the Church of Rome, being ready to correct it according to her judgment, if I learn differently."

The festival, however, continued to be observed, and various other churches successively adopted it. The readiness with which the clergy and the people received it in every part of Europe, without any other remonstrance that we know of, is a strong indication of the common belief in this privilege of Mary. It is true, there was not a necessary connection between celebrating the Conception and believing that the Conception was absolutely immaculate. For they who said that she was conceived in sin, maintained that she had been sanctified immediately or very soon after being conceived; and they might consistently observe the feast, in honor of that early sanctification, and also because her Conception was the beginning of her blessed life, so full of God's graces to her, and of His mercies to us. But although the festival might be celebrated by those who did not believe the doctrine, yet there is no doubt that those who did believe it were the most zealous for its celebration, and that the rapid extension of it was chiefly owing to the desire the faithful had of expressing their admiration for this glorious privilege of our Lady. St. Bernard's letter shows that he regarded the introducing of the feast as equivalent to a profession of belief in the Immaculate Conception.

St. Bernard died A. D. 1153. About a hundred years after his death, we meet with an express theological argument on the subject, in a regular course of theology. It is the great St. Thomas of Aquin who introduces it in the third part of his Summa, question 27, art. 2. He is examining the question, "Whether the Blessed Virgin was sanctified before her animation?"—*Utrum Beata Virgo fuerit sanctificata ante animationem?* He argues that she was not: First, because sanctification, as he uses the word in this place, means a cleansing from original sin by means of grace, and grace pertains only to a rational creature; she could not therefore be sanctified before she was animated with a rational soul capable of receiving grace. Secondly, because only a rational creature is susceptible of guilt, and therefore, previous to the infusion of the rational soul, the offspring is not subject to guilt. So far, whatever may be the precise error that St. Thomas is combating, his argument is not at all against our doctrine. For in upholding the Immaculate Conception, we not only grant, but we must maintain that neither before nor after animation was Mary sanctified, in the sense of being cleansed from original sin:—*sanctificatio de qua loquimur non est nisi emundatio a peccato originali:*—because this doctrine asserts that she never was defiled with that sin, and of course she could not be cleansed from a stain which was never on her. The Immaculate Conception, then, is not the direct object against which St. Thomas reasons in this article. But indirectly he very clearly expresses his disbelief of it, by going on to give an argument which, if unanswerable, would show this doctrine to be contrary to revealed truth. "And thus," he goes on immediately to say, "in whatsoever way the Blessed Virgin should have been sanctified before animation, she never would have incurred the stain of original sin, and so she would not have needed the redemption and salvation which is through Christ, of whom it is said, St. Matt. i, 21, 'He shall save His people from their sins.' But this is wrong, to hold that Christ is not the Saviour of all men, as is said, I Tim. iv."

Farther on in the same article, he repeats this argument in answer to a difficulty that he had proposed to himself. He had quoted a passage from St. Anselm, who says, in his book De Conceptu Virginali, cap. 18: "It was right the Blessed Virgin should be resplendent with the greatest purity that can be imagined after that of God:"—but her purity would have been greater, if she had never been stained with sin. St. Thomas replies: "If the soul of the Virgin had never been defiled by the contagion of original sin, this would derogate from Christ's dignity as universal Saviour of all. And therefore, after Christ, who, being universal Saviour, had no need of being saved, the purity of the Blessed Virgin was the greatest possible." He agrees with St. Anselm that it was suitable for the Holy Mother of God to enjoy the highest degree of purity that was possible, but thinks that the purity of total exemption from original sin was impossible, because it would seem to make the Blessed Virgin independent of our Saviour and not indebted to His sufferings for her holiness.

Our sketch must advance by strides. Just about the same time that St. Thomas died, which was A. D. 1274, was born another distinguished theologian, the one who, in the opinion of some, has come nearest to being regarded as a rival of the saint in his profound acquaintance with the queen of sciences. It is John Duns Scotus, commonly said to have been a native of Duns in Scotland. He entered the order of St. Francis, studied at Oxford, and professed theology first in that university, and afterwards at Paris and Cologne. He died A. D. 1308, at the age of thirty-five years, or according to others only thirty. As St. Thomas had introduced the question of the Immaculate Conception into his course of theology, Scotus followed his example. But whereas the former had concluded that sound theology contradicted the popular belief, the latter maintained that this belief was in perfect harmony with the other truths of divine revelation: and he successfully retorted the saint's reasoning against the doctrine, into a strong argument in its favor. He said that Mary's total exemption from original sin, was not a privilege that she had a right to of herself, independently of the merits of her Divine Son, but was a fruit of those same merits: that our Saviour in purchasing this privilege for her, had applied to her the fruits of His sufferings more abundantly than to any one else: and that she was under greater obligations to Him than any one else was, because it is a greater favor to be perfectly protected against an enemy, than to be rescued after one has been seized and injured: and he argued that the very perfection of our Saviour's character as Redeemer, which St. Thomas was justly solicitous to maintain, seemed to require that He should redeem some one in a perfect manner;—which He did by purchasing of His Eternal Father that His blessed Mother should never be under the dominion of the enemy—that Mary should never be in original sin.

Scotus' argument is to be found in his Commentary on the Books of Sentences of the venerable Peter Lombard. This work was a common text book in the schools of theology, and in explaining it to the students, Scotus took occasion to treat this question, where the Master of Sentences speaks of the conception of our Lord, in the Third Book, distinction 3d, question 1st.

The modesty or even hesitation with which he draws his conclusion, might lead one to suppose that he was not himself satisfied with the soundness of his reasoning. He says: "God could have effected that she should never be in original sin; He could also have effected that she should be for some time in sin, and be purified from it in the last instant of that time. . . . . . Which of these things, that are all shown to be possible, was actually done, God knows; but if it be not repugnant to the authority of the Church, nor to the authority of Scripture, that seems most likely to be true, which it is most glorious to attribute to Mary." *Videtur probabile quod excellentius est attribuere Mariæ.* But observe that he does not hesitate about the soundness of his answer to St. Thomas' objection. The saint had said that the Blessed Virgin *could not* have been exempt from original sin: Scotus concludes with confidence that God *could* have exempted her. Whether there was in Scripture or Tradition sufficient evidence that He had done so, was another question, which Scotus did not at this time examine; and it is only of this second question that he speaks with hesitation.

But what he had done was of the very first importance. The voice of tradition was sufficiently clear to dispose Catholic minds to look on the doctrine as a revealed truth, and most probably it would never have been disputed, except that theologians were afraid they saw in it something derogatory to the character of universal Saviour in Christ, or contradictory to the dogma of the fall of man in Adam. So that when Scotus demonstrated that the Immaculate Conception was not liable to these objections, he removed the chief and almost the only impediment to its acceptance as a divine truth. St. Thomas himself, in his answer to St. Anselm which we have quoted, seems to admit that this purity of total exemption from sin ought to be attributed to the Mother of God, if it were not impossible. That Scotus adopted the belief is seen afterwards in his explanation of the 18th distinction of the same Third Boqk of Sentences. "The Blessed Virgin Mother of God," he writes, "was never actually an enemy, by reason of actual sin, nor by reason of original sin: but she would have been, had she not been preserved." And when he repeated at Paris these same lectures on Peter Lombard which he had first given at Oxford, on coming to the passage which he had quoted before, he left out the clause: "if it be not repugnant to the authority of the Church nor to the authority of Scripture." It would appear that in the interval he had satisfied himself that there was nothing in the sacred writings nor in tradition to contradict this belief.

We must not be understood as asserting that Scotus was the first to prove that this privilege of Mary was not inconsistent with the other doctrines of the Church. It is fair to suppose that many persons before him had seen the defect in St. Thomas' argument, and that most of the theologians who examined the question at all, either did answer it, or at least suspended their judgment as not being satisfied that it was unanswerable. Whether any of them have left writings that show how they treated it, we are not aware: but it would be an interesting, and, we believe, a useful inquiry, if some one who has the necessary works within his reach, would examine the theologians, the chroniclers and preachers of the day, to see in what manner they spoke of the subject during this period. But the service that Scotus rendered to the truth was important, because he stated the argument so clearly and strongly; and because he so effectually drew the attention of the schools to a question, in which, perhaps, they had not before taken any particular interest, and to the simplest and most forcible manner of removing the chief objection to the truth.

The applause of the greatest theologians confirmed the soundness of Scotus' reasoning. At Paris he was invited, by direction of the Pope, to hold a public disputation on the subject, in the presence of the University and of the Apostolic Legates. He obeyed, and to quote Cavellus who relates it: "With such acuteness, such perspicuity in his solutions, and such skill in argumentation did he refute all the objections brought against him, and, supported as he was by Mary's help, with such weight of argument, with so many and so powerful reasons did he establish his pious opinion with regard to Mary's conception, that he brought that illustrious faculty, mother of universities, to adopt his view; and to do him honor, she decorated him with the title of Doctor Subtilis.

Natalis Alexander in his History of the Church, speaking of Duns Scotus, (sec. xiv, cap. 5), thinks that the evidence of such a disputation having been held at Paris, is not reliable. But Cardinal Lambertini, afterwards Pope Benedict XIV, who is yet more esteemed than Alexander for soundness of judgment in questions of history, relates it as resting on good authority. See his work on the Feasts of the Blessed Virgin, cap. xv, de Conceptione.

But this is a secondary matter. There is no doubt that the question became a more common one in the schools, and that the arguments in support of the doctrine found favor with the great majority. As however the Church had not spoken, they who were not convinced by the reasoning of Scotus, felt themselves at liberty to follow the teaching of St. Thomas. They were comparatively few. It would not have been strange if they had been more numerous; nor can we wonder that the Friars of St. Dominic were conspicuous among them. St. Thomas of Aquin was a Dominican. He was not only the brightest ornament of that order, but in the whole Church he is commonly acknowledged as the great master of theological science. His marvellous genius, together with his heroic virtues, especially his more than mortal purity, have won for him the title of the Angelical Doctor. It is not surprising therefore that some theologians, and particularly those of his own religious family, should adhere most reverently to his teaching; and even if they were unable to answer their opponents, should still believe that he was not likely to be mistaken, and that their embarrassment, if they met any, ought to be ascribed rather to their own deficiency, than to the unsoundness of a doctrine which they had received from him.

Indeed, when we reflect on the estimation in which the saint is held for accuracy and profoundness of his theological discussions, it seems to us that the very fact of so many Catholics differing from him on this point, and of so many more hesitating at least to agree with him, shows that there must have been a considerable preponderance of authority and reason on the other side. It is the case of the king, who could not get his courtiers to give a decision, in a dispute about a game between himself and one of them. He called at length on a person of integrity who had just entered, and had not heard the discussion, and he replied with confidence: "Your majesty is certainly in the wrong: for if it were really a doubtful point, all would have decided in your favor." The reputation of St. Thomas for learning and for holiness, would have inclined the great majority of Catholics to think that he must be right, if the voice of tradition and of reason had not sounded to them too strong to be disregarded.

Neither must we imagine that the Dominicans all in a body adopted the view of St. Thomas, as if carried away by a blind spirit of party. There were learned and pious members of the order who held the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and earnestly deprecated the false zeal of such among their brethren as imagined that to admit the possibility of Mary's total exemption from original sin, was to throw a slur on the memory of the saint and the glory of their order. An instance of that false zeal has been recorded, that took place in the year 1387. A member of the Dominican Order, John de Montesono, a professor in the University of Paris, incurred the censure of the sacred faculty by teaching his scholars various false doctrines, chiefly in philosophy; but among them, the extravagant proposition that—to assert the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin was to commit an express error against faith. When he denied this privilege to Mary in his public sermons, it was regarded as an act of scandal; and the Bishop and clergy judged it proper not only to condemn his preaching, but to do it in such a manner as would repair as far as possible in the eyes of the faithful the injury done to the honor of our Lady. Juvenal de Ursinis, Archbishop of Rheims, who was born the year after the occurrence, gives the following account of it in his life of Charles VI of France: "At that time lived a certain doctor of theology, of the order of Friar Preachers, called Master John de Montesono, who was regarded as an eminent man and a good ecclesiastic, and who preached often. This man in his preaching openly said and asserted that the glorious Virgin Mary, Mother of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, was conceived in original sin. When this became known to the Bishop of Paris, he summoned many of the eminent among the clergy, both seculars and regulars and of the mendicant orders, to consider it. The question being discussed in his palace, it was concluded that the proposition of the said Master in Theology was to be and ought to be condemned. Wherefore they made a procession with general supplications to the church of the Blessed Virgin Mary, where the Bishop, robed in pontificals, condemned the said proposition, with the most solemn rite." The same author tells us that at Rouen another Dominican doctor publicly affirmed the same proposition from the pulpit; and that the rashness of these men excited a great deal of prejudice among the people, and loud clamors against all the members of the order.

John de Montesono appealed to the Pope, but afterwards shrunk from the examination of his case, and withdrew secretly into Aragon, his native country. The difficulty did not end with his departure. The prejudice against the whole order of which he was a member, was unhappily confirmed by the indiscretion of the Master General. He attempted to shield John from the censure that he had incurred, and forbade the Dominicans belonging to the University to sign the decree against him. In consequence of their refusal to subscribe, they were debarred the privileges of the schools; to the discredit of the order, and the great loss of the University itself; for they were among its brightest ornaments and most useful members. It was the more lamentable, because many of them really agreed with the University in sentiment, although obedience hindered them from expressing their sentiments officially by subscribing the decree against their brother in religion. After some time a reconciliation was effected, by the good offices of a man whose name is familiar both in books of learning and in books of devotion, the pious Gerson. Natalis Alexander, himself a zealous Dominican, tells us that many of his brethren in religion, both then and afterwards, held the pious belief of the Immaculate Conception, and sincerely advocated it; and he particularly avows his own hearty assent to it, and his resolution to uphold it and advance it whenever occasion offers.

In the year 1439 the Council of Basle published a decree declaring the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception to be in conformity with Catholic faith, right reason and the Sacred Scripture, and one which all Catholics are bound to embrace and forbidden to dispute. This decree is of no authority in the Church, because the Council was at that time only a schismatical assembly, and its acts were never approved by the Pope. It had been regularly convoked by Pope Martin V, and legitimately opened in 1431, the first year of the pontificate of Eugene IV. Afterwards the Pope transferred the Council to Ferrara; but some of the bishops denied his power to do so; and they persisted in holding their sessions and styling themselves a General Council of the Catholic Church, although they were only twelve in number. The chief actors afterwards begged pardon for their conduct and were reconciled to the Church.

But although the decree has no intrinsic authority, because the assembly that made it, were not those teachers of the Church whom our Saviour promised to be with, to enlighten them by His Spirit and guard them from error; yet it is of value as a testimony of what was the common belief of Catholics at that period.

The testimony is the stronger, because this schismatical Council labored to make itself popular, pretending to represent the body of the Church in opposition to the arbitrary authority of the Pontiff. They wanted to admit the Hussites to a new discussion after the Pope had given a final condemnation of their errors; they uttered loud complaints against various measures of the Holy See, which they thought were displeasing to local churches; they admitted priests to vote in definitions of Articles of Faith, and in general they tried to make themselves acceptable to the numerical majority. Their other pretended definitions of faith were such as served to justify their proceedings against the Pontiff. They declared that a General Council was superior to the Pope; that a Council once legitimately opened could not be transferred without its own consent; that whoever denied these propositions was a heretic. It is not then uncharitable to assume that they would have gone out of their way to define this one single doctrine, that had no connection with their other business, if they had not known that it was in accordance with the common belief of the faithful, and with the teaching of the most reliable theologians. In the legitimate Council transferred to Ferrara and afterwards to Florence, the all-absorbing business was the reunion of the Greeks to the Catholic Church; and the subject of the Immaculate Conception was not brought under consideration.

The first decrees that the Popes ever published on the subject, were made by Sixtus IV, who ruled the Church from A. D. 1471 till A. D. 1484. He was son of a fisherman near Savona, and named Della Rovere. He had entered the Order of St. Francis, and had been a zealous advocate of the Immaculate Conception, having written a treatise on the subject before he was elected Pope. In 1476 he published a constitution, granting indulgences to those who should devoutly recite, or assist while others recited the Mass and Office of the Conception on the feast and during its octave. He does not speak explicitly of the doctrine, but says: "We judge it worthy or rather obligatory, to invite all the faithful of Christ to offer thanks and praises to Almighty God, for the wonderful Conception of the Immaculate Virgin." Probably this decree furnished occasion for new discussions on the subject, for five years later we find another Dominican at Ferrara, maintaining almost the same propositions for which John de Montesono had been censured at Paris a hundred years before. In a public disputation before the Duke Hercules d'Este, and afterwards in a printed tract, he declared that it was unlawful to assert Mary's exemption from original sin or even to assist at the sermons of those who preached the doctrine. He entered also into an examination of the Mass and Office which Sixtus had published for the festival, and maintained that there was nothing in them to contradict what he had said. At the same time however, he submitted his opinions to the judgment of the Holy See.

And now for the first time, that Holy See thought proper to interpose; not to decide the question, but to prevent the sins that might be committed by the advocates of either side. It was very slow to do even this much. For the Church is a mother filled with the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and therefore replete with wisdom and piety. When she declares a thing to be true, or when she commands a thing to be done, she requires a child-like submission to her authority; but she avoids multiplying commandments and decisions without necessity. She is a true lover of liberty, and likes to leave her children free, except where she sees that freedom will do them harm, or restriction will be manifestly a favor to them. And even when she finds it necessary to limit their freedom, she is careful not to do so more than the case requires. She is as chary in enacting new laws as human institutions are in the bestowal of their favors. This spirit of forbearance is strikingly manifested in all her conduct with regard to our present subject. During three hundred years she would not interfere at all, because she saw no evil that demanded her interference. An error about this privilege of our Lady, on one side or on the other, did not involve any consequence that would hinder men from loving God and saving their souls. If angry feelings had sometimes been excited between the disputants, it ordinarily belonged to the bishops and other local authorities to remedy such disorders, and Rome would not take the matter out of their hands without necessity. That necessity had in her judgment arisen now. The dispute seems to have grown warmer, and perhaps extended farther; at all events it now involved a decree of the Supreme Pontiff, and a portion of the liturgy which he had published for the entire Church: and Sixtus IV, in A. D. 1483, published his constitution *Grave nimis*, which we will treat of in our next.

A. C. U.

THE USE OF REASON.

"To all that breathe the air of heaven
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull:
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And winged the timorous hare with speed:
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove
She plumed the warbling world of love:
To man she gave in that proud hour
The boon of intellectual power."

Thus modern poesy reads the sweet music of the Teian bard in praise of reason. The boon of intellectual power!—far above all price and excelling every other gift. The proud mark that distinguishes humanity, giving strength to weakness, clothing as with an armor, whose unfailing temper can turn aside every hostile weapon, whose brightness may flash its terror into the eyes of all that rise against its possessor and force them to bow before his superior prowess. With it he can tame the lordly lion and defend himself against the cruel and blood-thirsty propensities of the prowling panther. With it he can outstrip the eagle in swiftness and make the various parts of creation subserve his interest and increase his power. The trackless regions of the air present no obstacle that can impede his daring flight; he sails along the wide expanse without dread, flies away from mortal sight and between the heavens and the earth seems to exercise a monarchical authority on all around him. The secrets of Nature throw back their unwieldy portals to the "open sesame" of his mind. In his regard the fabled sacks of Ulysses seem to borrow the semblance of truth. With form erect and countenance indicating superiority he scans the earth and the heavens, and whether he probes the hidden wonders of the former or roams amidst the countless worlds that roll their luminous globes in the latter, he sees nothing that can elude his understanding or defy the powers of his soul. The habitation, in which he dwells, submits to his analysis and brings its multiplied treasures to supply his wants or contribute to his enjoyment. The very elements own the force of his reason and, whether for good or for evil, lend him their powerful influences. What an exalted station does he not occupy? How sublime is his portion on the earth! Nothing that breathes, lives or exists can escape the penetrating acumen that ennobles his soul; all is manifested to his view; all is grasped by the giant nature, that lifts him far above every thing that surrounds him. But this is the barrier he must not pass. So far light and conviction may accompany his steps, so far may he trace his power and claim authority. Beyond the limits of mortality it is not allowed him to travel with reason for his ruler. As long as the truths of another and better world are not to be examined, reason is a good guide; as soon as it approaches these limits, its light is eclipsed, its power palsied, the brightness and acuteness of its perception dimmed and lost. Its empire is limited with mortality; its sway ends with the universe; its sceptre is resigned to religion when it extends its march beyond this perishable existence. So sings the poet: so reason itself teaches.

> "Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
> To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
> Is reason to the soul: and as on high
> Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
> Nor light us here, so reason's glimmering ray
> Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
> But guide us upward to a better day.
> And as those mighty tapers disappear,
> When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
> So pale grows reason at religion's sight,
> So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light."

However though its reign be limited by this world and its wonders, and ceases as soon as it comes to religion, it still attends us, even in that elevated sphere. The mysteries that are there presented to our consideration, the astonishing phenomena, that defy the scrutiny of sense and bid us bow in humble submission before truths that we cannot measure, are not opposed to reason, nor do they destroy any truth that right reason acknowledges. They are beyond, above its power, it is true; they are too high for its search, but the reason of this is that they are infinite and man's intellect is finite. It is no wonder then that before truths of this nature reason holds its peace and becomes a respectful listener. Such should always be the case; we should listen and learn, not examine and be confounded: we should be humble and fear, that the majesty of the subject might not overwhelm us with its brightness and blast us into utter darkness. For it is the word of Divine Wisdom: "The searcher of majesty shall be oppressed with glory."

Elated by the grand prospects presented by the operations of human reason and intoxicated by the giddy elevation to which they are raised, some think that such an excellent gift could not be bestowed upon man to be used only in a limited manner. From the consideration of the world, which they can almost fathom, as not altogether beyond the power of the soul, they argue that every thing proposed to man must be subjected to the influence of reason. To know that it is proposed and that it is not contradictory of any one truth, on which reason has set her seal of approbation, must certainly be conceded; but to understand how it is, to comprehend it in all its minute parts and be able to explain every thing regarding it, especially in religious matters, no one ought for a moment to suspect to be man's province. Reason deals with facts, not with the manner or cause of those facts. Let it tell, if it can, the *how* or *wherefore* of the simplest natural phenomenon, describe to us *how* and *why* an acorn becomes an oak, *how* and *why* ideas start up in our mind, it may then claim a right to do the same in the truths of religion. But as long as it is ignorant in those, and finds all the subtlety of its inquiries baffled even in its own dominion, it is not to be expected that those which belong to a superior authority can be brought within its power. The most that natural reason can do in regard of religious mysteries is to illustrate them by comparisons drawn from its own resources, to satisfy the mind that they are real revelations and no imposition and then humbly bow down in adoration before them. Vainly would it endeavor to comprehend them: vainly would it strive to see the invisible, to search the unsearchable, to describe the ineffable. Human language is too deficient, human penetration too limited, human sight too dim, human intellect too narrow to embrace the mysterious wonders revealed to us through religion. The child that endeavored to measure the sea with a shell is a fit emblem of man's efforts to understand "the length and breadth, the height and depth" of the Infinite and His wondrous works. Stretched too far and too long, the narrow partition that separates reason from insanity would be broken down and darkness and vacancy, as sad and daily experience proves, would be the merited punishment of the rash adventurer. Even in the fables of the Pagans, the rash Semele, when favored with the vision of the beauty and godlike majesty of her immortal lover, trembled aghast, overpowered by the effulgence that beamed from his eyes and sank to the ground a blackened and putrid corse. What other termination could be divined for such a sacrilegious desire? "None ever saw God and lived:" and yet proud reason would fain comprehend His infinite perfections, would fain subject to its own slender capacity the immeasurable grandeur, that elevates the Creator above his creature! Foolish, insensate wish! That Being, proud mortal, whom you would bring down to a level with yourself, or rather whom you wish to make your inferior, smiles at your futile efforts to reach His throne. Far beyond the outermost limits of your contemplation He reigns Supreme Master of the Universe, and haughty and aspiring as you are, you must stand an unwilling slave to His high behests, ever ready to execute His will, if you have not the humility to bow before Him. He is no tyrant indeed; but "He gives not His glory to another." He is no cruel master, who stands with ever-uplifted scourge over his unhappy victim, unmindful of the clanking iron that daily pierces the heart and steals away the enjoyment of life. He is master, it is true, but kind and benignant, ever ready to comfort the miserable, always prompt to succor the needy and give new zest to the enjoyments of the happy. But as Monarch of the universe and Lord of creation, He exacts His rights of all His subjects and these rights are, an humble submission to His power, the adoration of His perfections, and a love for His beneficence and amiability.

What an inexplicable mystery is man! Elevated above the rest of creation, he either strives to soar beyond the sphere allotted for the exercise of his faculties, or foolishly despairing of his exaltation, he grovels like the unclean animal in the mire of his own imaginings. He searches for joy and pleasure every where else, but where he may find it. Nitimur in vetitum, we may sing with the Venusinian bard, we strive after what is forbidden and too truly is this abuse exemplified in all his pursuits but in none more so than in the reasoning faculties. Ever since that fatal moment when our common mother stretched forth her hand to the fatal tree, "whose taste brought death into the world with all our woes," he seems to have been continually stretching his hand to every forbidden pursuit. Nature and the working of her mysterious laws are not enough to satisfy the curiosity that is continually itching for the knowledge of good and evil. It is perhaps the punishment as well as the consequence of this abuse of reason, that evil preponderates, and what will be the result? Alas! the crowds of once bright intellects, that are daily carried into the numerous insane asylums throughout our beloved country, give us a melancholy answer. Of how many may we say with the poet,

> "With a spirit tempered like a god's
> He was sent blindfold upon a path of light,
> And turned aside and perished! Oh! how poor
> Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
> Like the adventurous bird, that hath outflown
> His strength, upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
> A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
> Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest."

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Written after meeting a young and beautiful Member of the Order in the Hotel Dieu of Paris.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
  Where fever never burns nor hearts are riven?
That soothing smile, those accents ever bland,
  Say, were they born of earth, or caught from heaven?

Art thou some seraph-minister of grace,
  Whose glorious mission in the skies had birth?
An angel sure in bearing, form, and face,
  All but thy tears—and they belong to earth.

Oh, ne'er did beauty, in its loftiest pride,
  A splendor boast that may compare with thine;
Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside,
  Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine.

A woman, filled with all a woman's fears,
  Yet strong to wrestle with earth's wildest woe;
A thing of softest smiles and tenderest tears,
  That once would tremble did a breeze but blow.

Leaving, perchance, some gay, and happy home,
  Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath,
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
  And pierce the haunts of Pestilence and Death.

For ever gliding with a noiseless tread,
  As loth to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest;
To smooth the pillow, raise the drooping head,
  And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast.

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Or, in each calmer interval of pain,
  The Christian's hope and promised boon to show;
And, when all human anodynes are vain,
  To nerve the bosom for its final throe.

To lead the thoughts from harrowing scenes like this,
  To that blessed shore where sin and sorrow cease;
To imp the flagging soul for realms of bliss,
  And bid the world-worn wanderer part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God and man,
  No narrow aims thy cherished cares control,
Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can,
  To heal the body, and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need;
  No matter what the suppliant's claim may be;
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed;
  To know he suffers is enough for thee.

Not e'en from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold,
  Whose Master bled a sinful world to save;
Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold,
  'Tis thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave;

To note the anguish of despairing crime,
  Lash the wild scorpions of the soul within;
Those writhings fierce, those agonies sublime,
  That seem from conscience half their force to win:

Then stand before the dark demoniac's sight,—
  The cup of healing in thy gentle hand;—
A woman, strengthened with an angel's might,
  The storm of pain and passion to command.

To calm the throbbings of his fevered brow;
  Cool his parched lips, his bleeding wounds to bind;
And, with deep faith, before the Cross to bow
  For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it *is* given: thy softliest whispered word
  There falls like oil on a tempestuous sea,
Hard as his heart may seem, there's yet a chord
  Once touched, his ravings all are stilled by thee.

I see thee stand and mark that wondrous change,
  With more than mortal triumph in thine eye;
Then blessed and blessing, turn with tears to range
  Where other claimants on thy pity lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,
  A willing slave, where'er the wretched call;
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
  Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all.

Performing humblest offices of love
  For such as know no human love beside,
Still on thy healing way in mercy move,
  Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide!

All peace to thee and thy devoted band,
  Vowed to earth's gloomy "family of pain;"
Whose worth could e'en the' unwilling awe command
  Of blood-stained men who owned no other claim.

Long may ye live the cherished badge to wear,
  Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen;
To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,
  And be the angels ye have ever been.

GENERAL VIEW OF ROME.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

Shortly after the occupation of Rome by the French, in 1849, the Countess de la Rochère alarmed for the fate of her brother, who had received a severe wound at the siege, repaired to the Eternal City to pay him those attentions so much required by the sick in a foreign land. Happily he was soon out of danger, and the lady, thus freed from all apprehension, was now at full liberty to see and hear every thing that rendered Rome so particularly interesting at that period. She made the most of her peculiar advantages; visited every thing worth seeing, and gained much reliable information from sources accessible to few.

The result of her observations, published in a book entitled "Rome, or Recollections of the French Expeditions in 1848 and 1849," has been received with much favor in France. Though not quite free from the sentimentality in which some ladies are so fond of indulging, the work is written in such a candid, simple, unassuming style, and withal is so full of interesting matter on an interesting subject, that in our opinion it fully deserves all the popularity it enjoys. We have read the book ourselves with such satisfaction, that desirous of imparting to our readers some of the pleasure and all the information derived from its perusal, we have taken the pains to translate, in our own humble way, all those parts of the work which we thought likely to attract their attention. In fact we are so well pleased generally with the manner in which she describes her sight-seeing expeditions among the wonders of Rome, that we would give the work in full if we did not fear that some of her chapters might be considered important only to the French people, and not a few to contain information readily attainable from other sources. To avoid, however, any air of incompleteness resulting from this retrenchment, we did not omit any circumstance necessary to render her meaning and allusions perfectly intelligible. This could be the more easily managed, as the work is cast in the shape of letters to a young friend in France. Without further preface, we take the liberty of introducing to the readers of the Metropolitan

THE FRENCH IN ROME;

By the Countess de la Rochère.

CHAPTER I.

The Journey—Civita Vecchia—Advance of the French on Rome—Check of the 30th of April—Castel-di-Guido—Agriculture—The French Cavalier—Near Rome.

On board the Montezuma, 15th July, 1849.

. . . . . Yonder I see Civita Vecchia with its crenelated towers and fortifications, capable, it is said, of offering no great resistance. The captain says, however, they would have cost our brave soldiers much precious time when they appeared before the place on the 25th of April, if the garrison had been resolved to oppose their entrance. "They received us," said he, (he had been an eye-witness,) "if not with the enthusiasm spoken of in some journals of the period, at least without repugnance. They uttered no *viva*, no disapproving cry; pronouncing neither for the Pope nor for the republic." This apparent indifference is said to be easily explained when one gets acquainted with the character of the Italians, who often carry prudence to an excess. Besides, the French government had then pronounced with so little explicitness on the object of the expedition, that the inhabitants of Civita Vecchia thought it more prudent to abstain from any demonstration whatever, than to compromise themselves with either party.

But, as I write, they are casting anchor in the roadstead, for the port is too narrow to admit our vessel. The captain, ever kind and attentive, assigns me a boat. A few minutes more and my foot shall press the soil of Italy!

Civita Vecchia.

You could never divine where I am tracing these lines. I am seated at the foot of the great throne in the grand hall of the old palace of the Popes, which your uncle has made his temporary residence. He has so obligingly insisted on my acceptance of his hospitality, that I cannot refuse to occupy, for a few hours, the beautiful apartment he has placed at my disposal. He assures me that my brother's wound is not dangerous, and I have returned thanks for this favor in the church of the Capuchins where I heard mass. Hymns of sweet harmony accompanied by the deep tones of the organ soothed the soul to recollection and prayer. A brilliant crowd filled the building, for this is Sunday, and contrary to what you see in France, the men were as numerous as the women. The greater part of the latter had their heads covered with a veil of lace, falling gracefully over the shoulders. The others wore bonnets two years at least behind our French fashions, which, however, was no injury to their beauty. At four o'clock we assisted at the Te Deum chanted in the cathedral in thanksgiving for the reëstablishment of the temporal power of our Holy Father.

It was in this palace, where the Popes were accustomed to pass two or three months every summer, that General Oudinot established himself for the few days he remained at Civita Vecchia before marching on Rome. It was here he received the deputies sent him on the part of the Triumvirs* and declared his resolution to enter immediately, with or without their permission, the walls of the capital of the Christian world. All the information which the Commander-in-chief of the French army had received since his arrival in the Ecclesiastical States should determine him, conformably with his instructions, to proceed to Rome without delay. "Of all things, General," wrote the Duke d'Harcourt, the French ambassador, "it is important that you should hasten your march to Rome: your sudden and unexpected arrival has astonished and terrified: it is a situation to profit by. If you leave the malignants at Rome time to recover from their first terror, they will prepare means of resistance and be the cause of bloodshed, which should if possible be avoided. At Gaëta they would wish us to be passive agents, not mediators. We cannot avoid this awkward and unpleasant position unless by hastening to Rome. Notwithstanding all the Roman rhodomontade, you shall meet no resistance here: the majority will declare for you the moment you shall have issued your proclamation."

Moreover, Lieutenant Ferand and afterwards Captain Fahart, who had been dispatched to Rome immediately after the landing, returned with intelligence announcing that the French intervention would be received with gratitude, and that it was a matter of urgency to press the departure. Accordingly, on the 28th of April, the Commander-in-chief, leaving a small garrison at Civita Vecchia, which city was to be the basis of his operations, and appointing Col. Blanchard to the command of the place, set out for Rome at the head of only 5,000 men; for half the troops destined for the expedition were still at Marseilles, waiting the transports that were to carry them to Italy. This little *corps d'armèe* consisted of two brigades, Mollière's and Le Vaillant's, forming one division under the command of General Renault de St. Angely.

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* Mazzini, Saffi and Antonelli. The two first succeeded Montecchi and Salicetti.

The troops bivouacked the same evening at Palo, and on the 29th at Castel-di-Guido, a little village, situated on an eminence, four leagues from Rome. The Commander-in-chief dispatched his brother, Capt. Oudinot, at the head of fifteen horsemen to reconnoitre. The officer soon returned in visible emotion.

"What is the matter? What do the Romans want?" asked the Commander-in-chief, surrounded by his staff. "They want war: they have received us with a volley," replied the young officer who, faithful to his instructions, had returned immediately without replying to the enemy. "If they want war they shall have it," exclaimed the Commander-in-chief, "but I will make another attempt to avoid it." As other accounts had announced that the Romans would only feign a kind of defence to save the honor of their flag, and as the post that had fired on the French had immediately taken flight, it was thought that the real intentions of the enemy should not be prejudged from an isolated fact, and it was still expected that their entrance into Rome would be effected without opposition. And so it probably would have been, had not Garibaldi and his adventurers thrown themselves into the city and organized its defence.

On the morning, the troops resumed their march and came to within twelve hundred yards of Rome without meeting the least resistance. At this point two roads presented themselves to the French. General Oudinot sent the *voltigeurs* of the 20th by that which lay to the right, which the nature of the ground rendered difficult to traverse, and the bulk of the army proceeded by the left road, which was commanded by heights that were soon, however, occupied by a body of our *chasseurs*.

After about a quarter of an hour's march they heard a cannonade which they at first took for a military salute, but a second discharge left no doubt as to the intentions of the Garibaldians. However insufficient the number of his troops, Gen'l Oudinot did not wish to retire without fighting; and he still expected a great part of the Roman people would second him in his enterprise. By his orders two pieces of artillery were placed on an eminence to reply to the still maintained fire which issuing from an advanced bastion *graped* the high road. At the same time Garibaldi, with some thousands of his soldiers, was discovered stealing through the woods of the villa Pamfili to surprise our troops, but twenty-five *chasseurs* and some companies of the 20th of the line were sufficient to repel this numerous detachment, which fled in disorder after suffering severe loss.

Still the Roman artillerymen behind their ramparts continued to shower forth vollies of destructive grape. "General," said Captain Fahart, "I know a way by which we can easily arrive at the gate *Angelica.* That is the place where the manifestation in our favor must declare itself." Confiding in this positive assertion, the Commander-in-chief orders the officer to conduct thither the second brigade, which immediately finds itself in a deep way, completely swept every moment by the enemy's cannon. The brave and rash captain, whom his memory without doubt had deceived, paid for his temerity with his life and the troops of General Le Vaillant, overwhelmed with the fire, were obliged to take refuge in the houses that lined the road.

In the mean time General Mollière was fighting with obstinate courage under the very walls. A company of engineers and another of the foot *chasseurs* had advanced to the gate *Cavallagieri* and attempted to batter it down with axes in the midst of storms of balls from the ramparts. In another direction, when Picard, the commanding officer of two companies of the 20th, presented himself before the gate St. Pancras, the Romans rushed out crying "Peace! Peace! Let us be friends; let us be brothers!" As the fire had somewhat slackened, Picard thought that the French had entered Rome by the gate *St. Angelica* and deceived by the amicable demonstrations of the Italians, he penetrated into the city; but the testimonies of sympathy soon ceased and his troops, who had suffered themselves to be surrounded without mistrust, were disarmed and made prisoners. Night was approaching, and the French army, officers and soldiers still fought with a bravery worthy of a better fate. The Commander-in-chief though suffering from illness, appeared in the most dangerous points. Still it became evident that the recent arrival of the Garibaldians had suppressed any demonstration on the part of the citizens in favor of the French intervention, and it was now late enough in the day to think of a retreat. This was effected without opposition. The French retired in good order as far as Palo, there to await the reinforcements and the *materiel* necessary to undertake the siege of a great city. This is the real truth concerning that 30th of April which troubled people so much as soon as the results were known in France. I have obtained these particulars from ocular and impartial witnesses, who have related them to me with a warmth and fullness of detail that I have not tried to imitate.

CASTEL-DI-GUIDO.—16th July.

An accident which has befallen our carriage compels me to wait here a few hours, and I take advantage of the delay to write you a short letter.

I left Civita Vecchia, protected with a passport and a soldier completely armed, who occupied the front seat of our carriage. This is one of the attentions of your uncle, who was troubled for the security of two unprotected women on a journey through a country not yet quite submitted, and perhaps infested by Garibaldi and his band; for, you know, this captain of adventurers quitted Rome before the entry of the French, carrying off a quantity of the most precious articles, and General Morris is now in pursuit.

The atmosphere here is stlll clearer than in your beautiful Avignon. But the land is not to be compared. Here are no verdant gardens, and very few country houses to enliven the landscape and arrest the eye; it is a dry and almost uncultivated plain, over which at intervals a few flocks of lean oxen are wandering. A French priest on his way to Civita Vecchia, whom I met by chance at the little inn at which we have alighted, assures me that the inertness of the Romans has contributed, infinitely much more than the influence of the unhealthy exhalations, to this desolate sterility that strikes all travellers so forcibly. "Formerly," said he, "this immense plain, cultivated with care, was covered with rich and populous cities: the *malaria* is not then an insurmountable obstacle to the development of agriculture. It is certain, besides, that the malignant influence loses much of its intensity and even disappears nearly altogether in places where the population increases, and laborers who return in the evening to an inhabited locality can follow their agricultural pursuits without danger."

But when the descendants of the founders of Rome, devoured by the lust of conquest, had subjugated all the cities lying between Civita Vecchia and Viterbo, and had intrusted the cultivation of the conquered lands to slaves, always less industrious than the owners, the fertility of the soil diminished by degrees. The rich Romans who inhabited the city wishing to derive the greatest income possible from their lands, in place of producing grain, which they soon drew from the subdued countries, introduced flocks, which are very profitable and require comparatively little care and expense. This was the origin of the decline of agriculture in many parts of Italy. The evil was not diminished after the invasion of the barbarians, who, being themselves possessed of numerous herds, preferred a wandering life and were comparatively regardless of any other care. The feudal system somewhat ameliorated this state of things: the barons shut up in their castles cultivated the neighboring hills, at least such as could be defended, but the plains were more abandoned and deserted than ever. The Popes, ever solicitous for the comfort of their people, did their utmost to restore the honors of agriculture.* Unfortunately the excessive indolence of the Romans has prevented them till the present day from seconding the wise intentions of the sovereign pontiffs. Farewell.

My next letter shall be written in Rome, where I expect to be in two hours! Do you partake of the emotions this proximity inspires? of the recollections it calls up? My pen is powerless to describe all I feel.

ROME, July 17th, 1849.

I have found my brother almost completely recovered from his wound and delighted at a visit which he hardly expected. The motive for undertaking such a journey then exists no longer; but I will not leave the capital of the Christian world without visiting its wonders, were it only for the pleasure of relating them to you. Here am I then installed in an apartment which I have rented on the Piazza de Santi Apostoli, close by the palace occupied by my brother.

. . . . As yet all I know of Rome is the little church where I heard mass this morning; to-morrow we are to commence our excursions; in the mean time I may as well relate how my journey concluded.

We had left Castel-di-Guido about two miles behind us when we were passed by a French officer whom his horse bore away at full speed. It was easy to see that this haste was sorely against the poor gentleman's inclination, and indeed that it was only with the greatest difficulty he maintained his seat. The unequal contest was soon terminated: the officer rolled in the dust and the horse pursued his rapid course until stopped by a peasant who was approaching from the contrary direction.

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* With this object St. Zachary founded three villages and Pope Adrian four. In 1407 Gregory XII passed a law to encourage the cultivation of corn. Sixtus IV witnessing the negligence of the land owners, issued a decree that all should cultivate at least one-third of their possessions. This law was considered so arbitrary that the rich Romans opposed it when Clement VII wished to have it enforced. This Pope then had recourse to measures still more efficacious. He permitted the *free* export of corn, when the price did not exceed a certain limit, and thus this sage provision, which preserves the medium between excessive liberty to commerce and the restrictions that encumber it, is an invention of a Pope of the sixteenth century; not of the English, as some political economists would have us believe. In 1588 Sixtus V encouraged the farmers by lending them money which they were to return after disposing of their harvest. In 1600 Clement VII revised the baronial laws regarding agriculture, and improved the condition of the vassals. But these constant efforts were not crowned with success. In later times Pius VI and Pius VII enacted many laws to revive and avor agriculture.

I descended from the carriage and ran to the assistance of the officer, who, as I approached, was raising himself with difficulty, and making the air resound with very uncatholic exclamations. "Are you much hurt, sir?" I asked. "Not at all; not in the least," he replied, dusting himself vigorously. But it was evident from his manner of walking that he had received at least some severe bruises. He was a captain of the 36th infantry, and his grizzling hair announced a respectable age. "You will take a place in my carriage," said I, "and I will carry you to Rome." "Ma foi," he replied, "I would not ask better than to profit by your kindness, for I am not very ceremonious. But I must take back this confounded hired horse with which I have burdened myself, I scarce know why." "Captain, I will mount the horse, if you will permit me," said the young soldier who escorted me. "Agreed," cried the captain, giving the *buona mano* (drink money) to the peasant who had brought back the animal, and without more entreaty he took a seat at my side.

The conversation soon became lively, and whilst he rubbed his bruised limbs he told me he had married at Marseilles a good and pious wife, who had made him promise at his departure, to recite his prayers morning and evening, and to wear a medal of the Blessed Virgin; that he had full confidence in the good judgment of Madame Marcean, and always followed her advice. I remarked with a smile that his wife would hardly approve of the oath I had heard him swear a few moments ago. "Que voulez vous, madame?" he replied, "it is an old custom of which I can scarcely rid myself. Especially when taking such perilous flights as the one you have just witnessed," he added, rubbing himself again.

We arrived at a bridge that had been broken down by the Romans, and to cross the rivulet (the Arrona) we had to alight and pass over the trunks of trees which had served as a passage for the French army. The captain kindly gave me his arm, and the carriage traversed the bed of the stream, whose waters were not high. Soon after we reached an eminence from the summit of which we could easily discern the famous dome of St. Peter's. "You should have seen it last night," said my companion; "the dome was completely illuminated in honor of the *fête*. From Castel-di-Guido, where I slept, you would have thought it an immense globe of fire ascending into the sky."

We now passed through fields trampled and entirely bare of verdure, but which, we could still see, were covered with half burned branches, stones blackened by fire, and with remains of all kinds. "That is where we camped several days," said the captain. Then I perceived with a sudden oppression of the heart, a dozen or so of tombs, recognizable by the elevation of the soil, and sometimes by the little cross formed of two branches that surmounted them. "There lie the soldiers killed during the siege," said my companion, uncovering himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

Dear Public:

Once more come we, knocking at your door, to beg the crumbs of your charity. Twice before, indeed, have you taken us in, and twice going out, have our grateful tears besprinkled the flags of your threshold. But then it was our own cause we pleaded; now we plead the cause of another; we bring to your arms a desolate orphan, not three days old, and without a relative in the world. Its dying parent bequeathed it to you, in the strong hope, that slender as its claim was on your sympathy, you would not have the heart to reject it. After the many favors we ourselves have received at your hands, it would be indelicate in us to do more than submit the case without word or comment to your benevolent consideration. The following letters will best explain the melancholy circumstances which brought the little adventurer to employ so poor an advocate, and one, alas! in every respect, so unworthy the sacred trust.

Your grateful serv't,

P. PEPPERGRASS.

Dear Paul:

After many weary voyages by land and sea, here I am laid up. Here I am, stretched on a straw pallet in Gooseberry Lane, with my last dollar in my pocket, and my old leather bag under my pillow. Oh Paul! my faithful College-chum, what a desperate effort I made to reach you. Some how I always fancied if I could only have another sight of your honest 'sonsie' face, and the promise of a quiet little corner in your family grave lot, I should die the happier. Besides, as I never belonged to any one in particular, I felt you had a sort of claim on my remains. But its all over with me now, and so God's will be done. I'm a crazy good-for-nothing ill-tempered creature any way, and the sooner I'm put out of the way of decent, useful people, the better. I suppose I needn't tell you what I'm dying of — the Rheumatism of course, — what else could it be? The villian knocked me down twice before, you remember, and then compromised it, but this time he has fairly got death's grip of me, and refuses, point blank, to let me off on any terms. The Priest and Doctor were both here this morning, and shook hands with me at parting. So my time, you see, is but short. Well at all events I'm prepared — that is, in a kind of fashion, not so well as I ought, of course, but still better than I deserve to be, considering the Edie Ochiltree life I led since I abandoned Theology, and the Cassock. As for the world, I forgive it, for all the

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* Copy right secured according to Law.

shabby treatment I ever received at it's hands, and upon my word, Paul, I received my share. It's of no use, though, to carry our grudges with us to the grave — and, indeed, even if it were I never felt much disposed that way. Besides the world has sins enough to answer for, God knows, without adding the injuries it has done me to the account. So I shake hands and forgive it. And now Paul there's one request I have to make, and for the sake of the old times, I hope you'll not refuse it, namely: When you come here and find me dead and gone, don't mind asking any questions, for no body knows me but as the lame pilgrim, who frightened the children and lived in a garret in Gooseberry Lane. Say nothing, but just ask the apple woman, who lets me the room, for the black leather bag I kept under my pillow. Put your hand down to the bottom and draw out "Mary Lee." It's the last of the collection, and for aught I know to the contrary, the best of them all. Take it home with you, brush it up a little and give it to some charitable publisher, if you happen to know or hear of any such person in that part of the world. Should the little thing bring a few dollars, buy me a modest head-stone of gray marble and inscribe my name on the corner — Peter Pinkie — no more. For the rest I bequeath you all my worldly goods, to wit: my silver snuff box, (but by the way now that I think of it, the half of that same belongs to you already) and my ivory headed crab-tree staff, both which Father Mahony (by the same token he's first cousin to Father Prout of the Prout-Papers) will deliver you on presenting this letter. And now, dear Paul, before I bid good-bye, let me entreat you to say a few prayers for me, once and again, when you have leisure — for alas! alas! I need them sadly. Say them quietly, just as we used to say them together long ago at the Virgin altar in the College Chapel, and say them away by yourself in some lonely corner of the Church, where the shadow falls deepest. God be with you Paul.

Yours as ever, P. PINKIE.

On reaching New Orleans we hastened with all possible speed to Gooseberry Lane, hoping to find our venerable friend still alive, but alas! we came too late. Early that morning the remains of a stranger whom no body knew, but who went by the name of Peter Pinkie, were carried out to their final resting-place and deposited in a shady little corner of the Catholic Cemetery. Intending to visit the grave next day and leave directions for the head-stone of gray marble, we took occasion in the interval to call on the Rev. Mr. Mahony, and after tendering our most grateful thanks for his kindness to our dear old friend and fellow student, received from his venerable hands the silver snuff box, the crab-tree staff, and the following letter of explanation written apparently but a few hours before his death. P. P.

Dear Paul:

I have some remarks to make about Mary Lee, and can't compose myself to die happy without making them. So I just swallowed an anodyne and had the apple woman fix up the foot-board for a writing desk.

I know well when you read the opening paragraph you'll shrug up your shoulders in the old way, and pitch the manuscript across the table to your friend Dr. Grippinlip, with a Psaugh! nonsense! what does the silly fellow mean by such an introduction as that? But think what you please, Paul, I can't help it. It was always my way you know to go straight to the point; or as our first Latin master, Terence Hardiman, used to say, to dive *in medias res* plump as a pearl fisher! I wouldn't think of Terry now either I suspect, only the silver snuff-box he left us is here before me on the foot-board, and the curly headed cobbler on the lid is looking straight in my face. But independently of that, my early memories crowd on me now faster and clearer than ever. Sometimes I catch myself thinking of old Sangrado at the College, and old Etty at the Infirmary coming in coughing every morning with her pharmacopœia under her arm. And what do you think? I was dreaming all last night about the rush crosses we used to weave at Michaelmas, and the segging boats we sailed in partnership on the round pond before my father's door. They looked to me just as green and natural as the leaves I saw yesterday. I don't know how it happens, but my thoughts are stumbling all the time over old times and old places; do what I will I can't control them. I half suspect it's the usual sign of death—the parting look which the spirit casts back on the opening scenes of it's young and joyous life, ere it sinks and is swallowed up for ever in the source of it's being—just like the setting sun taking his farewell look of earth—the last one, the brightest and fondest of all. But I fear I'm digressing.

I was going to observe that if you expected me to write a preface to "Mary Lee" according to the ordinary standards made and provided, you will be entirely disappointed, for I may as well tell you first as last, that I cherish a most inveterate horror for the whole *prologomena* family—prefaces, prologues, introductions and explanations, and this I feel in duty bound to tell you before I proceed a step further, has ever been my unfortunate weakness, since I went to study theology five and twenty years ago at Louvain under the celebrated Father Brenengo. *He* was the most tedious man in coming to a point that ever shaped a syllogism. He often spent two mortal hours laying down the state of the question, and found himself then just as far from the difficulty as ever. Every thing having the slightest fibre of connection with the subject was drawn in to complicate it. No chancery lawyer could hold a candle to him in that respect. Old as I'm now, Paul, and near as I creep to the grave, the sound of that man's voice rings as distinctly in my ear as when I last sat listening to it in Louvain. I never catch the noise of a spinning wheel, or a moth ticking in the bed-post, but I hear Father Brenengo as plainly as ever. He never tired; there was nothing of him to tire, but bone and sinew, and very little of that to spare either, but what did remain was brought by a practice of forty years to work like machinery. Talking was no trouble to him—the words rolled out from his thin lips like sounds from an automaton mandarin. On the occasion, however, to which I would particularly refer, the question before the class was the Sacrifice of Abraham, and the difficulty as usual in the Thomestic distinction of the Divine wills. Never did man speak as he spoke that day. Hour after hour he went on laying down his preliminaries, and yet never venturing within sight of the question at issue. The class fell asleep, but, *parum refert*, on he drove through it shrugging his shoulders till you could almost hear the friction of the bones, and rapping the desk all the while with his terrible knuckles. For the first hour I bore it with patience; an hour and a half passed and still, though my nerves were considerably excited, I managed to control them sufficiently to sit quiet. At last, however, I was overpowered by a sort of delirium; my head grew dizzy, my breath came thick and short like one after a long race, and yelling like a maniac I sprang at one bound across the desk and hurled a quarto volume of Bellarmine at the lecturer's venerable head. "Hold him!" I cried, "hold him, stop him or he'll kill me, he'll murder me!" His squeaking voice acting like a rasp on my nerves, hour after hour, drove me in fact to desperation. Heaven forgive me, Paul, I could have cloven him that instant to the brisket. One of my classmates laid hold of my collar to drag me back, but I flung him from me like an infant, and rushing from the hall fled down the corridor, my long hair floating back on my collar and my eyes leaping from their sockets in my eagerness to escape. That act of mine, dear Paul, sealed my fate for ever. In the evening the physician called at my room and politely ordered me three tumblers of valerian to settle my nerves; next day the Dean handed me forty dollars to pay my travelling expenses to Burneranna, and a letter of explanation to my worthy Bishop; and in two hours after, just as the bells of the city rang out the Angelus, I bid adieu to Louvain, Father Brenengo and Theology for ever. Since that unfortunate day, it's needless to tell you, I regard every thing in the shape of introductions, with indescribable horror. And where's the wonder? Have they not at one blow, annihilated all my cherished hopes, stripped me of stole and cassock, drove me out a wanderer on the face of the earth, and consigned me at last to isolation, snuff-taking, poverty and a garret.

Here the manuscript grows so shaky, owing, no doubt, to the increasing violence of the rheumatism, as to be entirely illegible. It is generally supposed, however, by his friends in Ireland most familiar with his hand writing that the closing sentences were meant for an humble apology to the public for having ever presumed to occupy a moment of its valuable time, and especially for the many faults and anachronisms in Mary Lee.

The following note was found some days after the Editor's departure in a corner of the old black bag, and carefully forwarded to his address by the apple-woman above mentioned. In her very remarkable epistle enclosing the relic, she candidly admits never having imagined for one moment that the "bit o' ritin" could be of any earthly use to any body, and as for his "spirit" coming back in search of it, she hadn't the least fear of that in the world, for the truth was she didn't believe in ghosts herself, nor one belonging to her; but still every body had a right to their own, and besides Mr. Pinkie being the strange kind of man he was, she didn't fancy much retaining any part of his property in her possession, and would just sleep as sound perhaps, after clearing her skirts of him, bag and baggage. The note ran as follows:

Postscript.—As my time draws near, I begin to feel more and more uneasy about the spot where the strangers will lay my remains. Of course you'll laugh at me for this, Paul, and no wonder either, for upon my word I never once thought I should feel so particular about it. But it's only another proof, I suppose, that the poor body must always be our greatest trouble even to the very last. And so I made some inquiries about the burial ground this morning of Father Mahoney's clerk. His description, I assure you, is by no means satisfactory. He tells me there's not an ivy wall, nor a mouldering ruin, nor an old hawthorn, nor in fact any other shred of Christianity to be seen in the place—what's more, there's not a fern to shelter a grave, and even the grass of the field is as wiry and sparse as the hair on my head. By all accounts, dear Paul, it's a very uncomfortable and "unchristianable" place to be buried, and so I would take it as a great personal favor, and one I'll not forget in the land I'm going to, if you could just manage in some way to take my bones home with you to your own quiet lot, or what would please me a thousand times better, send them back to Ireland again by the first trusty Innishowen man you hear of returning to Burncranna. But do as you will, bring them or send them, I bequeath them to you. P. P.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Dear Reader, have the goodness to run your finger down the map of Ireland to its northernmost point, or if that be inconvenient, let your imagination run down without it to the easternmost promontory of the County Donegal; you shall then have transported yourself without trouble or expense, and in a manner suitable enough for our purpose, to the spot where our story commences.

It may happen, however, in this rambling age, that one day or other you would grow tired of travelling by the map and hand-book, and make up your mind to quit the fireside and see the world for yourself—preferring your own eyes to your neighbors' spectacles. After a long tour through Europe you may yet some fine evening in August or September, find yourself standing on the Pier of Leith or Dunbarton heights, looking across the channel and wishing you were in Ireland. Don't resist the temptation, we pray thee, but leaving your national prejudices behind you with your Scotch landlord, book yourself for Dublin, in the first packet, and with a good conscience and an honest heart take a trip over the water, and visit, were it only for a week, the land of poverty, gallantry and song.

If, however, you happen to be one of those very respectable young gentlemen who go over to make pictures of Irish-life, with the view of being stared at and lionized in village drawing-rooms on their return—one of those extremely talented and promising young men who voyage in crowds every year, for a supply of Irish barbarisms and Romish superstitions. If you happen, we say, to be of that class, let us remind you, dear reader, (and we do it in all sincerity) that the Mull of Cantyre is a dangerous sea, worse by all odds than the Bay of Biscay. Don't venture through it by any means, but like a prudent young man, finish your tour with Benlomond and the Trossacks, and return home to the States with as little delay as possible. As for the Irish peculiarities you would go in quest of, they are now very scarce and difficult to procure—we mean fresh ones, of course, for the old sets are bruised so much in the handling as to be entirely valueless; even the manufacturers of the article who made so jolly a living on the simplicity of stripling tourists twenty years ago, are no longer in existence. They have passed away as an effete race, and are now dead gone and forgotten. Pictures of Irish life are indeed very difficult to dispose of at present either to the pulpit, the Sunday newspapers, or even the Foreign Benevolent Societies; unless they happen to be drawn by master hands. Such pictures for instance as the "Priest and the bottle," the "Fiddler and the beggars," the "Confessor and the Nun," have lost all point since Mr. Thackeray's visit to that country, and are now grown as stale and flat as small beer drippings off a pot house counter. Twenty years ago, however, the case was very different. An Irishman then in certain sections of the United States was as great a wonder as a Bengal Tiger, or an Abyssinian Elephant, and he fell so far below the ordinary standard of humanity in those days as to be considered unaccountable to human laws. We have ourselves been assured on most excellent authority, that certain ladies of Maine, even within the time mentioned, actually went as a delegation to an unfortunate Irishman, who strayed into their neighborhood, and set about manipulating his head all over in order to ascertain by personal inspection, whether his horns grew on the fore or hind part of his cranium. The manner of their reception by the courteous and gallant barbarian, is still related by some of the actors in the little melo-drama, and though quite characteristic of his race, would hardly be accounted edifying in this simple narrative. This much, however, we may venture to affirm, that since the event took place there has been but one opinion on the subject in that locality, that the Irish wear no horns of any description whatever either behind or before,—are endowed with the ordinary feelings and senses peculiar to the human family—and exhibit arms and legs, hands and hair precisely like their Norman and Anglo Saxon neighbors.

But whilst they assimilate thus in all their physical developments there is still certain national peculiarities which distinguish them from the people of all other nations. In the first place, the *brogue* is very peculiar. It differs from that of the Scotch Highlander, the Vermonter and the German in what is called, intensity of accentuation—and it is very remarkable that this peculiar intensity of accentuation is most striking when they speak on subjects in any way connected with religion—the broad sound of the vowels, which they have still retained since their old Classic days, exhibiting a striking contrast with the reformed method of pronunciation. The collocation of their words too sounding so strange to unclassic ears (though admirable in the Italian and French) contributes perhaps in some degree to aggravate the barbarism. But we must not venture on details or we should never have done; suffice it to say that according to all accounts, and particularly the accounts of American tourists, the Irish are one and all the strangest people on the face of the earth. They never do any thing, we are told, like other people. Whatever they put their hands to, from peeling a potato to shooting a landlord, they have their own peculiar way of doing it. Whether they eat or drink, walk or sleep, tie their shoes, or pick their teeth; they are noted for their wonderful originality. And it is not the people only, but, strange to say, the very cows and horses in that remarkable country, bellow and neigh quite differently from those of other nations—the tone and style being quite unique, or in other words, "peculiarly Irish." It's but a few weeks ago, since a certain Mr. Gustavus Theodore Simpkings of Boston returned from Ireland with the startling discovery that hens laid their eggs there in a manner quite different from that adopted by the hens of other countries. We may be allowed also to add by way of appendix to the fact, that in consequence of the important nature of the discovery, a board of Commissioners will shortly be sent over to investigate the matter thoroughly, in order that the poultry fanciers of New England may take measures accordingly to promote the interests of their excellent associations. Whether the country at large, however, will approve this new method is still a disputed question. Our own opinion is, the New Englanders will reject it, not solely because it's Irish, though that indeed would seem to be reason sufficient, but rather on account of the danger of propagating Popery in that peculiar way. We have heard of "treason" eggs, (Mr. O'Connell and Marcus Costello were arrested over two pair of them in Horne's Coffee Room, Dublin, five and twenty years ago avowing their guilt,) and if treason could be propagated in that fashion, we ask why not Popery?

Now after all this nicety to which certain things are carried, simply because they are Irish, it is quite needless to say that the national peculiarities of that people are all but exhausted, and consequently the young tourist fresh from the counting-room can expect little there to requite him for the fatigue and expense of such a journey.

But, dear reader mine, if your heart be in the right place and above the reach of paltry prejudice, if you be man enough to think for yourself, and instead of viewing Ireland in print shop and pantomime, look at her face to face with your own honest eyes,—if you be determined to see things in their true colors and to avoid the vulgar blunder of mistaking the Irish *brogue* for inveterate barbarism, and gold watch chains for genuine civilization—if you be one of that stamp, then in heaven's name step aboard as soon as possible, for a crime it would be against your conscience to turn back within sight of the green old Isle where Moore and Griffin "wept and sang."

Once there, pass not hurriedly over it, for every inch is classic ground. Not a mountain or valley from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway but has its old tradition. If you ever read Banim, or Morgan, Cullnan or Griffin, ask the guide at your elbow to point out, as you ride along, the scenes they describe and the monuments they chronicle. If you ever listened to the songs of Moore, and felt the sadness they inspire, stop for a moment and gaze on the venerable ruins to which they are consecrated, and they will seem to you more sad and plaintive than ever. You may not weep over those mouldering walls and ruined shrines, like the returning exile revisiting once more the haunts of his boyhood, but still, stranger as you are, the very sight of them will do you good; the tottering tower and the crumbling wall, and the holy well, and the broken cross, will bring you salutary reflections—will teach you that every country, to deserve a place in the record of nations, must have a past, and that flourishing as the republic of Washington is now, its whole history up to this hour, would hardly cover a single page in the future annals of the world.

But, dear reader, whenever you ramble through the old place, forget not to visit the scene of our story. It may not be so grand as the Alleghanies, nor so picturesque as the Hudson, but it will repay you well, nevertheless, for your trouble. Moreover, it lies directly in your way from the mountains of the west to the famous Giant's Causeway—a wild solitary spot to the east of those blue hills that shelter the fertile valleys of Donegal from the storms of the Northern Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

The country between Fanit, or Araheera light house and the village of Rathmullen on the river Swilly, is an extremely wild and mountainous district, being indeed little more than a succession of hills rising one above the other and terminating at last in the bald and towering scalp of Benraven. Standing on this elevated spot, the traveller has a full view of the country for a distance of some twenty miles around. Beyond Araheera point appears Malin Head, the northern extremity of the far-famed Barony of Innishowen, running far out into the ocean, and heaving back the billows in white foam as they break against his dark and sulky form. Westward looms up the majestic brow of Horn Head, under whose frown a thousand vessels have perished, and close by its side the famous opening in the rock called McSwine's gun, thundering like the roar of a hundred cannon when the storm comes in from the west. Between these two land marks, standing out there like huge sentinels guarding the coast, stretches the long white shore called Ballyhernain Strand, and between that and Benraven the beautiful quiet little sea of Mulroy, with its countless islets lying under the long deep shadows of the mountains. Close by the broad base of the latter—so close indeed that you can hurl a stone from the top into the water below, is the calm, quiet lake called Lough Ely, so celebrated for its silvery char and golden trout. As the traveller looks down from the summit of Benraven, there is hardly a sign of human habitation to be seen below, if indeed, we except the light house itself, whose white tower rises just visible over the heads of the lessening hills. But when he begins to descend and pursue his way along the manor road, winding as it runs through the dark and deep recesses of the mountains, many a comfortable little homestead suddenly meets his view, and many a green meadow and wavy cornfield helps to relieve the barren and desolate character of the surrounding scene.

It was a fine evening in June, 185–, the sheep after browsing all day long, were lying on the green sunny slopes of the glens, and the hoodie crows, after their rambling flight, sat dozing here and there on huge rocks by the road side which the winter torrents had detached from the mountains, when a man might be seen wending his way slowly down the road towards Araheera light house. He wore a short jacket and trowsers, somewhat sailor fashion, and kept his hands thrust into his side pockets as he jogged along, whistling and singing by turns to keep himself company. Still, though he looked at first not unlike a sea-faring man, there was that in his gait and general deportment which smacked too strongly of the hill-side, to mistake him for one accustomed to walk the deck of a ship, or even to ply the oar in search of a livelihood. Moreover he wore a rabbit skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and carried a stout black thorn under his arm—both which indicated clearly enough, that his habits of life were more landward grown than his dress and near proximity to the sea might have at first suggested. But whatever might have been his occupation in general, he appeared to have little to engage him this evening, in particular, for he loitered long on his way, seemingly quite disposed to take the world easy, and break no bones in his hurry to accomplish his journey. More than once did he stop to clap his hands and gaze after a hare startled from her form by his noisy approach, or fling a stone at the hoodie crows dozing on the rocks. In this careless manner he jogged along whistling and singing as the humor touched him. At first the words of his song were confused by the echoes of the glens, but grew more distinct and intelligible as he descended nearer to the shore, till at length the following verse of a very popular ditty rang out clear and strong upon the ear:

"Och! the Sassanach villians de'il tare them!
They stript us as bare as the 'poles,'
But there's one thing we just could't spare them,
The '*Kidug*' that covers our souls.
Right folderolol la la di di
Right fala la, lee," &c. &c.

He sang this verse at least half a dozen times, at different intervals, and had just commenced to sing it once more, when all of a sudden the song and the singer came both to a full stop. Had a highwayman leaped from a hedge and held a pistol to the traveller's head he could not have halted more abruptly. In an instant he stood still, gazing at something he saw round the angle of the road, and then buttoning his jacket and clutching his black thorn, made a step forward in a belligerent attitude, as if an unlooked for enemy had appeared and offered him battle. And so it was. The antagonist he so suddenly encountered had taken his position in the very middle of the road, and by his motions seemed resolved to maintain that position at every hazard. The traveller, on the other hand, was by no means slow to commence hostilities, for twirling his staff without further parley, he struck his adversary such a blow on the sconce as might have been heard ringing sharp and hard for half a mile and more along the echoing glen. That blow, however, was his first and last, for the next instant he lay sprawling in the dust, struck down by the superior force of his enemy's weapon. Still, though prostrate, he parried off the blows of his assailant with remarkable adroitness, and would, in all likelihood, have soon risen and fully avenged his fall, had not a third party interfered to terminate the battle. The latter roughly seizing the staff from behind, commanded the fallen man to forbear, and then in a milder and more friendly voice, bid him get up on his feet, and not lay there like a *partaun*.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Holy Bible, &c. with Haydock's Notes—*Dunigan & Brother's Unabridged Edition*. E. Dunigan & Brother: New York.

We have frequently called attention to this magnificent Bible as the parts successively appeared, and now that it is completed cannot leave the subject without a general notice, such as its importance deserves. It forms an epoch in the publication of the Catholic Bible in this country, or rather one of the three epochs; the first being the issuing of Matthew Carey's quarto Bible in 1790, which has, we believe, the merit also of being the first Bible in the English language printed in the United States. Considering the small number of Catholics then in the country it was certainly a great undertaking. The second epoch was that of Cummiskey's edition of Haydock's Bible; the greatest enterprise ever entered into by a Catholic publisher on this side of the Atlantic, when we consider the time and the state of the country. In our Bible annals, Dunigan's splendid edition of Haydock forms the third. In the clear type, beautiful paper, exquisite engravings and rich binding, it not only surpasses the great Bible of Cummiskey and the editions published in England, but vies with the most superb editions ever issued in either country; while the price is so cheap as to come within the reach of all.

The press without dissent have lavished their eulogies on its accuracy and beauty, and we can scarcely use terms of praise, without repeating the words of others. To Catholics in the United States the house of Dunigan has long been known for the singular taste and beauty of their illustrated works, due to the consummate judgment and exquisite skill of the late Edward Dunigan. He too formed the plans of this edition of the Holy Scriptures, selected the present most convenient size, the paper and type. Many of the engravings were already completed or in hand, several numbers had been issued when God called him hence. Looking at this noble volume we cannot but regret that he did not live to see it completed, for such had been his fondest wish.

Of the merit of Haydock's Commentary, itself twice as voluminous as the text, it is unnecessary to speak. The present edition, magnificent in every respect, approved by the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, the ordinary of the diocese in which it is published, must hereafter be the standard Catholic Family Bible.

2. England and Rome, or the History of the Religious Connection between England and the Holy See from the year 179 to the commencement of the Anglican Reformation in 1534. By the Rev. *W. Waterworth*, S. J. London: Burns & Lambert.

This is a succinct and well written controversial work, and if the Protestant could be induced to read it, would have very great influence in bringing him to acknowledge her "whom the wide nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven." Unfortunately, however, those who most need works like this, are very seldom tempted to look into them, but satisfied with the prejudices of their early education, consider it a useless waste of time even to hear the defence which our theologians adduce. The American Catholic, who has read our Ven. Archbishop's work on the Supremacy will not feel the want of it, but to the English Catholic it must be interesting, inasmuch as it touches upon a portion of England's history when indeed it was a glory to be an Englishman, and shows, briefly, it is true, but conclusively, that all that is still glorious in England, has its origin in her connection with the Holy See. Although intended as a controversial statement of the Catholic side of the question, which has agitated the religious world in England of late years, and aiming at no more than a clear statement of proofs, there are some parts, where the filial affection of the author for his country bursts into a strain of warm exhortation, that should find its way straight to the heart. Of this we have a brief example in the 4th chapter, where from select portions of a few Fathers he proves that "union with Rome is essential to Catholicity." But we find it more particularly exemplified in the concluding part of the work, where after showing that all the marks of the true Church were forfeited by the establishment of Henry VIII and his successors, he thus apostrophises his countrymen:

"Englishmen, you want a guide: you feel, you do: you want more than texts, you need the expounder; and this you feel, too. You want a heavenly commissioned teacher, one who cannot deceive you—one who can lead you with safety through hosts of dissentient and contradictory teachers—you want FAITH; not opinion, not suppositions, not systems, not theories, but FAITH; an unhesitating adherence to truth, because this truth is from God, and known to be from God on the authority of one who bears the marks of the divinity and exhibits openly the heavenly credentials. But where shall you find this guide, this teacher, this exponent, this heaven-sent messenger? Only in one place—in the Catholic Church: the Church of which the Bishop of Rome has always been the spiritual head. This Church claims, and she alone claims, to be, in reference to man, what you feel you require, an infallible, a heaven-sent guide: and therefore she alone deserves to be followed, as the teacher of truth, as the authority which is to hand down the revelation of Jesus Christ from generation to generation even unto the end of time. All others boast of their fallibility, of their *being able* to deceive, to mislead, and lead astray, and what they claim, they do. . . . . If England is ever to be truly a member of the Christian Church, she must believe *all* that Rome teaches —*causa finita est.* May she at length cease to be isolated: may her religion be no longer a merely insular, national creed: and may she become again a worthy member of the Church of all nations, a dutiful child of the mistress of Christianity, Rome. Then shall days of piety recommence. . . . . Be Christians *on principle* and you will soon have the happiness by God's grace, of being Catholics, men in communion with the See which blessed Peter established in imperial Rome."

We hope that the reverend author's desire will be realized. The very many prayers which are daily offered up for her conversion must certainly bring England nearer and nearer to the true fold of the One Shepherd, and this most desirable providence will be more hastened by the zealous efforts of the apostolic men, who even now are swarming throughout her borders, emulating by their virtues and learning the Anselms, the Beckets and Langtons of earlier and happier days.

3. HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS AMONG THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES, from 1529 to 1854. By *John G. Shea.* New York: Dunigan & Brother.

We were apprised some time ago by an announcement from the publishers, that this work was about being completed, and would soon be given to the public. It is now before us, beautifully printed; illustrated with steel portraits alone worth the price of the work. As a frontispiece we have a portrait of Father Bapst, the missionary who was so infamously treated at Ellsworth. The other portraits are those of Fathers John Brebeuf and Isaac Jogues, both of whom suffered martyrdom, Catharine, a holy Indian maiden, Father Peyre of the California missions, and the well known Father de Smet. Besides these, the volumes contain several pages of fac-similes of the signatures of missionaries connected with the subject of the work. About all these, there is a stamp of authenticity that impresses us favorably with regard to the work. On opening it few of our readers will be disposed to lay it aside on a mere cursory perusal. Few have any idea of the vast extent of these early missions on which the author chiefly dwells: missions spreading over half the states in the Union, and every where characterized by all that is great, noble and heroic. The early Catholic missions have been long cited as an honor and a glory to our country, but if every American may boast of them, how much more the Catholic? Some years since a great historian exclaimed: "How little is known of these men!" Now not to know them will be a reproach.

4. AN ADDRESS TO THE IMPARTIAL PUBLIC ON THE INTOLERANT SPIRIT OF THE TIMES; being the Introduction to the Miscellanea of *M. J. Spalding*, D. D., Bishop of Louisville. Louisville: Webb & Levering.

Could we persuade ourselves that this Address would not be soon in the hands of our readers, we would give copious extracts from it. But it has two recommendations which must infallibly give it a wide circulation, even among those, whose circumstances or will may not enable them to purchase the work to which it is an introduction. It is written by the Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, a sure guarantee that it is worthy of attention, and the subject is one, which at this time commends itself to the American reader, no matter what may be the opinions or faith which rules his conduct. Like every thing else that proceeds from the pen of the learned Bishop, it shows the true stamp of genius, and merely to announce it would be in our humble opinion a sufficient commendation to the American Catholic. The Protestant and Know-Nothing spirit may not deem this of so much importance, but could they be induced to lay aside for a moment the prejudices they have against every thing Catholic, or proceeding from Catholics, we hesitate not in our belief that they would see the folly and injustice of their conduct, and would unite with their Catholic fellow-citizens in a more brotherly spirit than has even yet been manifested in their intercourse with them. Unfortunately in the present excited and feverish state of their minds, the impartial public, to whom the Right Rev. Doctor addresses himself, is very limited. The time must however come, and seems even now to be not far distant, when reason and religion will reclaim their rights. Meanwhile we can wait, recommending to every Catholic to do what he can to hasten on that happy time, when our beloved country will be in a measure freed from the pollution of this persecuting spirit, which degrades her in the eyes of the world, and more than that, in her own. The free distribution of pamphlets like this we are now noticing, will be a great auxiliary to such a desirable object.

5. THE HISTORY AND POETRY OF FINGER-RINGS. By *Charles Edwards*, Counsellor at Law. New York: Redfield.

It is very easy to perceive that Mr. Edwards is not a Catholic, though what connection there is between Catholicity and finger-rings is not very obvious to any one but him. However, he makes no mystery of his prejudices on that score, lugging into his history, without reason or rhyme, the vulgar tales that have been long ago exploded as unworthy of credit by the most eminent Protestant historians. Being a counsellor at law, and one evidently of a good deal of reading, for his book is full of erudition, we expected much better of him, and felt somewhat indignant that he should so completely ignore that glorious maxim of his honorable profession, that every man is to be accounted innocent until he be proved guilty. Alexander VI has enough to answer for, without being accused on no solid foundation whatever, and condemned of a crime, which is so foolish as to bear its own refutation on its face. Why is it that Protestants can never write on even the most indifferent subjects without indulging in some fling or other at Catholicity and the Popes? Are they afraid of their influence and desirous to forestall public opinion, or do they imagine that no subject can be well digested by the Protestant mind, unless it be served up with the most piquant sauce of Romish ridicule? It is, to say the least, a very morbid appetite, and betokens a very diseased state of mind. Catholic authors never treat Protestantism and its professors in this uncharitable manner, although there are not wanting many ridiculous points, on which a few changes might be rung. It would seem, as if Protestant writers forget that a good author's duty is to keep to the subject of his book, and not go out of his way to pander to the prejudices of the unlettered crowd. So does Mr. Edwards act, and unworthily of his profession, acts on the authority of novelists? What has the pastoral staff of a bishop and a poisoned key to do either historically or poetically with finger-rings? He has no doubt read Juvenal. He might have found in his satires many observations, which we think would have given him a different idea regarding the uses and meanings of the rings and engraved gems, worn by the ancient Romans, and enabled him to correct the errors into which those authors had fallen, whose labors he has condensed into his own history. Nay — since he is so willing to admit the authority of fictitious writers, he might have consulted to some advantage "The Last Days of Pompeii," and given a better explanation of the gems referred to on pp. 32, 34, 84, 97 and 99. He would have learned to look upon that friend of man, the lizard, as the ancients considered it, and not confounded it with the crocodile, as he did in the last instance we have cited. The same may be said of the dolphin, about which the fable of Arion might have led him to a very different conclusion. But the matter was scarcely worth the ink that would have been required to set it in its proper light. We might also complain of the loose manner of citing voluminous authors, without giving such reference as would enable the reader to verify the quotation. Thus, on p. 104, Albertus Magnus and St. Jerome are made to father some queer sentiments regarding gems, which contradict the known character of those two lights of the Christian Church, and a friend of theirs would like very much to see, if those, whom he loves and venerates, could be guilty of the folly imputed to them. But where in twenty thick folios would you look for a sentiment, that is contained in a quotation of a few lines? These are serious faults and worthy of reprehension. Apart from these we have been pleased with many good qualities which adorn the book, not the least of which is its unpretending simplicity, united with so much erudition, and although we are not yet able to say that the author has fashioned with us "the interesting token of a *gimmal* ring," we hope that his future essay will have the good fortune to prove that he has "a ring of power," a ring that will save him from the fascination of pandering to protestant prejudice and fanaticism.

6. The Catholic History of North America. Five Discourses: To which are added Two Discourses on the Relation of Ireland and America. By *T. D. McGee.* Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

We have read this work with pleasure. If we have any fault to find with it, it is in the title. To our mind it is not a history, in the proper sense of the word, but rather a sketch, or side glance at the Catholic History of this country. For ourselves, however, we care but little about the title; the work is valuable, and possesses a store of information, which must prove interesting and instructive to the general reader. It is a hand-book, which every Catholic ought to possess. The author deserves the gratitude of the Catholic community for the able manner in which he has demonstrated the following propositions: 1st. That the discovery and exploration of America were Catholic enterprises, undertaken by Catholics, with Catholic motives, and carried out with Catholic co-operation. 2d. That the only systematic attempts to civilize and Christianize the aborigines were made by Catholic missionaries. And 3d. That the Independence of the United States was in a great degree established by Catholic blood, talent and treasure.

The book, moreover, is well written; indeed many portions are beautiful, eloquent and pathetic. The Appendix contains much that is rare and valuable. The Letters and the Bull of Pope Alexander VI, in relation to the discovery of America, the Apostolic Letter of Pope Paul III, relating to the American Indians, and the Will of Christopher Columbus, are documents in themselves worth the price of the book.

We recommend the work to Catholics, especially at the present time; it will furnish them with arms to put to silence and to shame that intolerant spirit so rife, at present in this country, against the professors of our holy religion.

7. The Metropolitan Catholic Almanac for 1855. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

We hail with pleasure the annual visit of this excellent work. It comes as heretofore, replete with valuable information. The Calendar in itself will be found exceeding useful, but the ample statistics it contains, exhibiting a full view of the state and progress of Catholicity in this country up to the close of the last year, give more than ordinary interest to the work. Its arrangement is perhaps the best that could be adopted; it combines compactness with clearness.

As to the accuracy of the Almanac in its details, we are unable to judge: but if it prove defective in this respect, we think it is not the fault of the publishers, who, as we learn from the preface to the work, adopted the best possible method of obtaining correct and reliable information. We take the following interesting summary from its pages:

> "There are in the United States 7 archbishops, 33 bishops, 1,704 priests, and 1,824 churches, distributed among 41 dioceses and 2 apostolic vicariates; and showing for the past year an increase of 2 bishops, 129 priests, and 112 churches. During the year 27 priests departed this life, 2 were elevated to the episcopacy; and besides these, about 50 whose names appeared on the catalogue of 1853, are not reported for 1854: whence it appears, that the total accession of priests during the year was upwards of 206!"

We refrain from making any further extracts at present, as we shall have frequent occasion to refer to its pages during the year.

8. Lingard's History of England, Abridged. With a Continuation from 1688 to 1854. By *James Burke*, Esq., A. B. To which is prefixed a Memoir of Dr. Lingard, and Marginal Notes. By *M. J. Kerney*, A. M. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are favorably impressed with this work from a cursory glance at its pages. The original work is too voluminous, and rather calculated for the library than for general circulation, consequently limited in the sphere of its usefulness. An Abridgment for the use of the people has been much needed, and we believe the desideratum will be supplied in the work before us.

As to the merits of the work as an abridgment, we are unable at present to speak, not having had time to give it that examination which its importance demands; in our next number we will speak of it more fully. The volume on our table is a beautiful specimen of typography, and is handsomely bound; it is also embellished by a fine steel engraving of Dr. Lingard.

9. A Letter from Richard T. Merrick, Esq. of Baltimore City, against Uniting Religion and Politics. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This valuable letter has been crowded from our pages for several months. This we regret, especially as it is a document of unusual merit, and one calculated to do much good at the present time. Seldom have we read a paper with more pleasure than this letter from Mr. Merrick. While it depicts in strong and vivid language the pernicious tendencies of the doctrines set forth by the new party, which has lately sprung up among us, it as an able and eloquent vindication of the civil and political rights of Catholics in this country.

We commend the following to the serious consideration of those, who seek to interdict the civil rights of their Catholic fellow citizens:

> "And when under the auspices of this new order, and through the influence of the fanaticism so assiduously cultivated as a measure of political and Christian duty, and which is now spreading throughout the country, a disregard for the great principles of constitutional liberty, and the rights of man should be so far engendered — and God forbid it ever should be! — as to effect the disfranchisement of the denomination now assailed, and the Catholic, stricken down in civil rights should become in this great government of freemen a servile pensioner for protection — which of the other denominations that make up the mighty whole will next follow in the experience of political degradation? Will not the competition of aspiring pride be lessened yet a little more, and government confined to a class yet more elect, and holy, and *limited*?
>
> "Persecution having risen, restored to the full vigor by the perverted and misguided sentiment of the people, will not stop at one small conquest, but will seek new glories with which to adorn its recovered strength.
>
> "Wherever it has gone forth in the world, like a mighty tempest it has swept over society, and those who have loosened it in the anxious hope of witnessing its devastations, tremble to behold the overwhelming fury of a power beyond their direction and control."

But that the merits of this document may be fully appreciated, it must be read entire. Let every Catholic, therefore, procure a copy of it, read it, study it, and circulate it.

10. The Leader. A Prospectus of a new Catholic paper under this title to be published in St. Louis, has been sent to us by Dr. J. V. Huntington, who is to conduct the Editorial department.

To the readers of the Metropolitan, it is unnecessary to say a single word in reference to the distinguished gentleman who is to edit this new journal. His talents as a writer, and his abilities as an editor are well known, and require from us no commendation. Feeling as we do, an interest, a deep and abiding interest in every enterprise calculated to promote the cause of Catholicity, we cannot feel otherwise than gratified to learn that another Catholic journal is about to be added to the number of those already laboring in the good cause.

11. Hon. Joseph R. Chandler's Speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the Temporal Power of the Pope. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We regret that this able defence of Catholic principles, and eloquent vindication of Catholic doctrine, did not reach us in time for such a notice as the importance of the subject merits—we will recur to it in our next. In the mean time, we would earnestly recommend every Catholic in the land to procure a copy.

Editors' Table.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—With the present number we enter upon the third volume of the METROPOLITAN; and here we deem it not out of place to interchange a few words with our readers. Our exordium, narration and peroration shall be brief; for we have no disposition either to impose on their patience, or exhaust our own.

The Metropolitan was established as a medium of conveying to the bosom of every Catholic family sound principles of morality, pleasing and instructive entertainment, and lessons of general information. It was designed, to borrow the idea from a cotemporary, not merely as a periodical of religious knowledge, but as a religious periodical of general knowledge. Such we shall endeavor to make it. While we may occasionally read to you a homily touching your moral and Christian duties, our great aim shall be to provide articles on general subjects written in a Catholic tone and breathing a Catholic spirit. Such is the reading we shall endeavor to provide for the Metropolitan, giving it at the same time all the attraction which light literature and pictorial embellishment can afford.

We will not sound a trumpet before us, or make known in advance what we have in store for the future; but will merely say, that we have sketched in our minds a grand programme for the ensuing year. We prefer, however, not to disclose it at present, for we are not certain that, like Minerva, it will come forth fully armed. Here's a sample of what you may expect for the new volume: each succeeding month we will visit you with a similar token of our friendship. We promise not to dishonor your household, by appearing in garments inferior to those we wear at present. We may come to you in a gayer and more attractive attire; but on this point, however, we shall make no rash pledges, for it exhibits an extraordinary degree of Christian perfection in these degenerate days for a man to be as good as his word, without attempting more.

But now, kind readers, we do not, nor can we expect to please you all, at least in every particular. Nevertheless, we shall try our utmost; and if there be merit in a good intention, we are sure of our reward. The course we have proposed to ourselves is the golden mean; that course immortalized by the poet of old. While the learned and the more thoughtful subjects shall always find the foremost place in our pages, the light and attractive articles shall not be excluded from them. These, it must not be forgotten, are thrown in to attract the reader, and to allure the young to the perusal of what is more grave and useful. Thus, by blending the moral with the religious, the useful with the attractive, we hope to accommodate ourselves to all.

Here we close our discourse: we have made our obeisance; if you are pleased with our visit, welcome *us* with your patronage; if not, bow us from your door; in either event, you have our friendly regard.

THE CIRCULAR of the Boarding School of St. Augustine Ladies of Jesus and Mary, at *Vitry sur Seine*, has the following just remarks:

> "Society does not need learned women, but virtuous mothers. Nothing so much unclasses many young women as a too widely extended knowledge, which drawing them out of the sphere of their proper duties, leading them to forget, perhaps despise, the holy mission for which Providence destines them here below, exposes them to mistakes, to errors which too frequently compromise their dignity.
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> "The intellectual development of a girl should, beyond all doubt, be adapted to the circle in which she is to live. Society has claims not to be forgotten or denied: still we must avow it,—woman wins respect and esteem less by her talents than by her virtues. Except the few whom birth or fortune raises to the first rank, all are condemned to labor, to domestic cares, to be some time or other, the first teachers of their offspring.
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> "In this point of view, what is more sacred, more delicate, than the education of girls? If in the troublesome times that we have passed, good examples are so rare, it is because education was wanting or badly given. Religion, all are aware, flourishes in families only by the virtue of woman. The moral regeneration of society is the holy mission which Providence has confided to them. These young plants should, therefore, grow almost in hot-houses; far from the influence of vanity, from the pestilential air of the world, which would tarnish their purity or delicacy. In a boarding school, confided

to hands trained to moral culture, they form both mind and heart, insensibly and without an effort, to the way of virtue; under the mild influence of good example, they acquire a happy disposition, which is half a fortune in the world, they learn to bear the faults of others, to compassionate misfortunes, to pardon all but self.

"But does this suffice to complete a girl's education? Many establishments stop here. We believe it only a part, doubtless an essential one, but after all only a part, of the task which a skillful teacher should accomplish.

"It is common to see a girl go home, after completing her education, good and pious, doubtless, able to talk of History, Geography, Literature, Poetry, Music, in a word of all that gives a charm to conversation, aliment perhaps to vanity, but entirely unfit to direct a house, see to the kitchen, set a table, take care of a poultry yard or kitchen-garden. They are unclassed. What is to become of them? God only knows. The agreeable has been cared for, the useful neglected.

"It must not be said that this knowledge is useful only to those who will have to do without nurse, cook or waiting maid, who must do all themselves; we answer that practical knowledge is, if any thing, more useful in wealthy families, which are not unfrequently ruined merely because all domestic concerns are a mystery to the wife and mother."

We have cited this at some length, because we deem it full of sound practical truth. We have often heard the complaint that young ladies come home from excellent institutions really unclassed, ignorant of domestic concerns, and from the knowledge of their ignorance, averse to touch them.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.—It is strange what queer ideas prevail as the Catholic belief on the Immaculate Conception. Most persons seem to suppose that it refers to the Incarnation of our Lord, and only the other day a gentleman stopped us in the most business part of town to ask whether Catholics believed that the Blessed Virgin had a father! Blessed St. Joachim! how much has been done to exalt your prerogatives, and make your name known in the land!

As this may reach some who wish to know, let us give a definition:

The doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, is simply a belief that Mary, from her conception in her mother's womb, was exempted from the stain of original sin. This exemption was a special favor of God, in order to make her worthy to become the mother of the Messiah

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—The Holy Father, in consideration of the great solemnity which was to take place on the 8th of December last, the festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, proclaimed the eve of the festival a day of fast and abstinence, and granted an exemption from abstinence on Friday, the day on which the festival fell. With this circumstance a remarkable coincidence is connected.

More than a century ago a prophecy was published stating that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception would be proclaimed in a week *which would have no Friday*, and at a time when there would be a great revolution in the empire of China, commotion in the Ottoman Empire, and great confusion among Christian princes. The editor of the *Civilta Cattolica*, who lately republished this prophecy, supposed that the week without a Friday would be that on which Christmas Day would fall on the day in question, remove the abstinence--the distinguishing characteristic of Friday—and thus render it to a certain degree non-existent in a religious sense. The festival falling on that day ,and the removal of the abstinence fulfilled in a striking manner the condition of the prophecy. There can be no question about the accomplishment of the other parts of the prediction.

THE OLDEST church dedicated under the invocation of "Mary conceived without sin," is the church at Kaskaskia, Illinois, which, several times rebuilt, dates back properly as far as 1673. The oldest church in the country is that of St. Augustine, Florida, which dates from 1565. The oldest piece of church plate is a monstrance belonging to the church at Green Bay, which was presented to it in 1686 by the explorer Nichlas Perrot; the oldest convent that of the Ursulines at New Orleans.

☞ We are obliged to omit several Book Notices and other interesting items, prepared for our table in the present number, to make room for the Allocution of our Holy Father, the Pope. In our next, we will insert it in the original Latin, that clergymen and others may have it for future reference.

Record of Events.

From December 20, to January 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—*The Immaculate Conception declared a dogma of Faith.*—This great event, which forms a remarkable era in the Church, and one to which future ages will turn with veneration, took place in the Basilica of the Vatican on the morning of the 8th of December, 1854.

We are much gratified in being able to give an account of the grand and imposing ceremonies on that occasion from the pen of our correspondent at Rome:

ROME, *December 23d*, 1854.

The present month will long be remembered as eventful for Rome, for Catholicity, and for the Pontificate of Pius IX. The Sovereign Pontiff, in accordance with the ardent desire of the Bishops and the faithful committed to their care, has defined as a dogma of faith, what has for centuries been the pious and universal belief regarding the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. For the benefit of your readers I will give a brief outline of the solemn and interesting ceremonies of the day.

The morning of the 8th was as bright and serene as a day in spring, and Rome, proverbial for its boundless devotion to Mary, was in motion at early dawn, and on all sides manifested its joy. Its citizens of all classes, together with a great concourse of strangers, assembled from all parts, directing their steps to the Vatican. All were eager to assist at the solemn ceremony, and to hear from the lips of the common Father of the faithful what they should henceforth hold as a dogma of faith regarding the Immaculate Conception of Mary.

About half-past eight, all the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, arrayed in their pontifical robes, assembled at the Sixtine Chapel. This august assembly was composed, not only of the Cardinals and Prelates who usually reside in Rome, but of the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops of all parts of the world. The number congregated on this occasion consisted of 54 cardinals, 44 archbishops, and 97 bishops, making in all 197 prelates. On the arrival of the Sovereign Pontiff the procession formed and moved, chaunting the Litany of the Saints, to the Basilica of the Vatican, where his Holiness celebrated pontifical mass. After the chaunting of the gospel, which was done successively in Latin and Greek, his Eminence Cardinal Macchi, in quality of dean of the Sacred College, accompanied by the deans, archbishops and bishops present, together with the Archbishop of the Greek rite and the Archbishop of the Armenian rite, presented himself at the foot of the throne, and addressed the Sovereign Pontiff in these words:

"The Catholic Church, Most Holy Father, has ardently desired and long earnestly entreated that your supreme and infallible judgment may give a decision on the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, which will be to her an increase of praise, glory and veneration. In the name of the Sacred College of Cardinals—of the bishops of the Catholic world, and of all the faithful, we request humbly and earnestly that the universal wish of the Church be fulfilled on this solemnity of the Conception of the Most Blessed Virgin. Therefore, while the august sacrifice of the altar is offered up in this temple, consecrated to the Prince of the Apostles, and in the midst of this solemn assemblage of the Sacred College, and of the bishops and the people, deign, most Holy Father, to raise your apostolic voice, and pronounce that dogmatic decree of the Immaculate Conception of Mary, which will be a cause of joy in heaven and of most lively jubilation on earth."

To these words the Pontiff replied that he received with pleasure the prayer of the Sacred College, the prelates and the faithful, but intimated that before granting it, it was necessary to invoke the assistance of the Holy Ghost. Immediately the *Veni Creator* was entoned. After the chaunting of the hymn, his Holiness, in the midst of profound silence, read the decree with a clear voice, but with deep emotion. The decree solemnly defines: That it is a dogma of faith, that the Blessed Virgin Mary, from the first moment of her Conception, by a privilege and special grace of God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, Saviour of mankind, was preserved intact from every stain of original sin.

After the reading of the decree, the Cardinal Dean returned to the foot of the throne, thanked his Holiness for having by his apostolic authority defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and besought him to publish the Bull relative to this dogmatic definition. The apostolic protonotaries then presented themselves, and the promoter of the faith, *Mgr. Frattini*, requested that the preparation of this solemn act should be undertaken. His Holiness gave his assent, and the dean of the prothonotories announced that it should be done.

Immediately the cannon of the castle of St. Angelo proclaimed to the city the promulgation of the decree. The bells from every tower in Rome sent forth joyous peals, and the citizens to manifest their joy ornamented their windows and balconies with tapestry and hangings. On the evening of this great solemnity, Rome presented a magnificent spectacle. Every house from the palaces of the wealthy to the dwellings of the poor shone with light. From the dome of St. Peter's and from the palace of the capitol, which were also brilliantly illuminated, bands of music sent forth the most enchanting strains.

His Holiness presented the Cardinals and prelates present on this occasion with gold medals of the Immaculate Conception. The gold from which they were made was sent as an offering to the Pontiff, from the Benedictines in *Australia.* These medals bear the following inscription:

DIEPARÆ VIRGINI
SINE LABE CONCEPTÆ,
PIUS IX PONT. MAX.
EX AURI AUSTRALIÆ
PRIMITIIS
SIBI OBLATIS
CUDI JUSSIT
VI. ID. DEC. A. MDCCCLIV.

On the 9th a private Consistory was held at which all the cardinals and bishops were present. On this occasion his Holiness pronounced an *allocution.* I would like much to send you a copy of this document, or at least a synopsis of it; but of this pleasure I am deprived, as it has not yet been published. No doubt, however, you will receive it through the public prints by the time my letter reaches you. It may be interesting to know that the allocutions of Pope Pius IX, which more than once gained the admiration of Europe, are always in substance prepared by himself. . . . . . A public consistory was held on the 16th of November, on which occasion Cardinal Scitowski, Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, received the hat from his Holiness, Pope Pius IX. After this ceremony, the Consistorial advocate pleaded a second time for the cause of the beatification of the venerable Marianne de Angelis, a Carmelite of Turin. The church of Fogaras, in Transylvania, of the United Greek rite, was erected into a metropolis for Mgr. Alexander Sterka Sulutz de Kerpenyes, the present Bishop of Fogaras and separated from the Archbishopric of Gran, of which it was a suffragan. Two other bishoprics were also erected in Transylvania. This measure has been long and ardently desired by Pope Pius IX, and it is hoped that it will form a barrier against the impieties and the seductions of the Russian-Greek schism, and tend to extend the domain of the Catholic Church. H. J. C.

ALLOCUTION OF OUR MOST HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS IX.

PRONOUNCED IN THE SECRET CONSISTORY, 9th DECEMBER, 1854.

Venerable Brothers:

Filled with a singular joy, We exult in the Lord, Venerable Brothers, when we behold, standing in great numbers around Us this day, you whom We can call with truth our joy and our crown. You are indeed a portion of those who partake of our labors and our cares, in feeding that universal flock which the Lord has confided to our weakness, in protecting and defending the rights of the Catholic religion, in adding to it new followers who serve and adore, in sincerity of faith, the God of Justice and truth. What Christ our Lord said to the Prince of the Apostles "Tu aliquando conversus confirma fratres tuos," seems then, on the present occasion, to invite Us, who, by the Divine Grace, have been put in his place, notwithstanding our unworthiness, to speak to you, Venerable Brethren, not to remind you of your duty, or to demand more ardor from you whom we know to be already inflamed with zeal to extend the glory of God, but that, fortified as it were by the very voice of the blessed Peter, who lives and will live in his successors, and raised up as it were, in new vigor, you may be strengthened to labor for the salvation of the flocks which are confided to you, and to sustain the interests of the Church with courage and firmness in the face of all difficulties.

Nor, indeed, is it to be doubted whose intercession we should especially invoke with the Heavenly Father of lights, in order that His grace may aid Us to speak to you profitably, since you have been assembled around Us to join your co-operation to the cares and the zeal that We used to extend the glory of the august Mother of God; We have, therefore, earnestly supplicated the Most Holy Virgin, her whom the Church calls the Seat of Wisdom, to be pleased to obtain for Us a ray of the Divine wisdom which might enlighten Us in order to say to you that which might the better contribute to the preservation and the prosperity of the Church of God. Now, in beholding from the height of this See, which is, as it were, the citadel of religion, the fatal errors which, in these difficult times, disseminate themselves in the Catholic world, it has seemed to Us, above all, fitting to point them out to you, Venerable Brethren, that you may employ all your strength to combat them; you who are constituted the guardians and the sentinels of the House of Israel.

We have still to lament the existence of an impious race of unbelievers who would exterminate all religious worship, if that were possible for them; and we must count amongst them, before all, the members of secret societies, who, bound together by a criminal compact, neglect no means of overthrowing and destroying the Church and the State by the violation of every law. It is against them, assuredly, that the words of the Divine Redeemer are directed: —"You are children of the Devil, and you do the works of your father."

If We except these men, it must be confessed that now-a-days the perversity of the unbelievers generally inspires horror, and that there is a certain disposition of mind shown towards religion and faith. Whether the cause of this may be attributed to the enormity of the crimes which the infidels committed in the last century, and which people cannot recall without trembling, or the fear of the troubles and revolutions which so unhappily disturb states, and carry misery to nations, or, rather, to the action of that divine spirit which breathes where it will, it is evident that the number of the abandoned who vaunt and glory in their unbelief is now diminished; people do not refuse the praise due to uprightness of life and morals, and a feeling of admiration is raised in the souls of men for the Catholic religion, the splendor of which yet shines in all eyes like the light of the sun.

That is no small good, Venerable Brethren, and as it were a sort of progress towards the truth; but there are still many obstacles which turn men aside from cleaving wholly to it, or which, at least, retard them.

Amongst those who have to direct public affairs there are many who pretend to favor and profess religion, who lavish their eulogiums upon it, who proclaim it useful and perfectly appropriate to human society, nevertheless they wish to restrain its discipline, to govern its sacred ministers, to meddle in the administration of holy things; in a word, they endeavor to confine the Church within the limits of the state, to have the mastery of her, who is, however, independent, and who, according to the order of her Divine Founder, cannot be contained within the limits of any empire, for she is obliged to extend herself even to the extremities of the earth, and embrace in her bosom all peoples and all nations, to show them the way of eternal happiness.

And, alas! whilst we speak thus to you, Venerable Brethren, a law has just been proposed in the Sardinian States, which destroys the religious and Ecclesiastical institutions, which completely tramples under foot the rights of the Church, and, as far as possible, abolishes them. But We will have to recur another time, to this important affair. Heaven grant that those who are opposed to the liberty of the Catholic religion may recognize at last how much she contributes to the public weal in exacting from every citizen the observance of the duties that she makes known to them, according to the heavenly doctrine that she has received! Heaven grant that they may come to persuade themselves of that which St Felix Our Predecessor, wrote in former days to the Emperor Zeno, that "nothing is more useful to princes than to leave the Church the free action of her laws; for it is salutary to them when the question is of the things of God, to study to submit the royal will to the Priests of Christ, instead of seeking to bend them to theirs."

There are also, Venerable Brethren, men distinguished for their learning, who avow that religion is the greatest of the benefits that God has granted to men, but who have nevertheless so great an idea of human reason, who exalt it so much, that they have the madness of equalling it to religion herself. According to the vain opinion of these men, the theological sciences should be treated in the same manner as the philosophical sciences. They forget that the former science is based upon the dogmas of faith, than which nothing can be more fixed and certain, while the latter is illustrated and explained only by human reason, than which nothing can be more uncertain, for it changes according to the diversity of minds, and it is subject to numberless errors and illusions.

Therefore, the authority of the Church once rejected, the field is widely opened to the most difficult and abstract questions, and human reason, too confident in the infirmity of its strength, falls into the most shameful errors, which We have neither time nor wish to recall here; you know them too well, and you have seen how fatal they have been to the interests of religion and of society. Wherefore it is necessary to show to those men who exalt beyond measure the strength of human reason that they put themselves in direct opposition to these true words of the Doctor of the Gentiles:—"If any one believes himself to be something, whereas he is nothing, he deceives himself." It is necessary to make them see all the arrogance there is in scrutinizing the mysteries that God in His infinite goodness has deigned to reveal to us, and in pretending to penetrate and comprehend them by the human mind, so feeble and so broken, the strength of which they greatly overestimate, and which we should, according to the word of the same Apostle, hold captive in the obedience of the Faith.

These partisans, or rather worshippers of human reason, who take it, as it were, for an infallible mistress—who promise themselves to find under its auspices all kinds of happiness—have, no doubt, forgotten what grave and terrible injury human nature received from the fault of our first parents—an injury which has darkened its intellect, and inclined its will to evil. Owing to this cause, the most celebrated philosophers of antiquity, all of them writing admirably on many subjects, have contaminated their teaching with the gravest errors; and hence that continual combat, which We experience ourselves, and which makes the Apostle say: "I feel in my members a law which revolts against the law of my spirit."

It is then unquestionable that, by the original sin propagated in all the children of Adam, the light of reason has decreased, and mankind is miserably fallen from the former state of justice and innocence. This being so, who can believe reason sufficient to attain the truth? In the midst of so many perils, and in such great debility of our strength, who can deny that he needs the aid of religion and Divine grace to preserve him from stumbling and falling in the way of salvation? This assistance God, in His goodness, gives abundantly to those who ask it by humble prayers; for it is written: "God resists the proud, and gives grace to the humble."

Wherefore, turning towards His Father, Christ our Lord affirmed that the sublime mysteries of the truth are not discovered to the prudent and the wise of this world, who pride themselves upon their genius and their learning, and who refuse to render obedience to the Faith; but that they are revealed to humble and simple men who place their help and their repose in the oracles of the divine faith. It is necessary that you inculcate this salutary teaching in the souls of those who exaggerate the strength of human reason to the extent of presuming, by it. to scrutinize and explain even mysteries, an undertaking the folly of which nothing can surpass. Do you endeavor to withdraw them from such great perversity of mind, by making them understand that the authority of the divine faith is the most beautiful gift made by the Providence of God to men; that it is like the torch in the darkness, and the guide which conducts to life; that it is, in fine, absolutely necessary for salvation, for, "without faith it is impossible to please God, and he who will not believe will be condemned."

We have learned with grief that another error, not less melancholy, is introduced into certain parts of the Catholic world, and has taken possession of the souls of many Catholics. Carried away with a hope for the eternal salvation of all those who are out of the true Church of Christ, they do not cease to demand with solicitude what shall be the fate and the condition after death of men who are not submissive to the Catholic faith. Seduced by vain reasonings they make to these questions replies conformably to that perverse doctrine. Far from Us, Venerable Brethren, to lay claim to put limits to the Divine mercy, which is infinite! Far from Us to scrutinize the counsels and mysterious judgments of God, unfathomable depth where human thought cannot penetrate!

But it belongs to the duty of Our Apostolic office to excite your Episcopal solicitude and vigilance to make all possible efforts to remove from the minds of men the opinion, as impious as it is fatal, according to which people can find in any religion the way of eternal salvation. Employ all the resources of your minds and of your learning to demonstrate to the people committed to your care that the dogmas of the Catholic faith are in no respect contrary to the Divine mercy and justice. Faith orders Us to hold that out of the Apostolic Roman Church no person can be saved, that it is the only ark of salvation, and that whoever will not enter therein shall perish in the waters of the deluge.

On the other hand it is necessary to hold for certain that ignorance of the true religion, if that ignorance be invincible, is not a fault in the eyes of God. But who will presume to arrogate to himself the right to mark the limits of such an ignorance, holding in account the various conditions of peoples, of countries, of minds, and of the infinite multiplicity of human things? When delivered from the bonds of the body, we shall see God as He is, we will comprehend perfectly by what admirable and indissoluble bond the divine mercy and the divine justice are united; but as long as we are upon the earth, bent under the weight of this mortal mass which overloads the soul, let us hold firmly that which the Catholic doctrine teaches us, that there is only one God, one Faith, one Baptism; to seek to penetrate further is not permitted.

However, as charity demands, let us pour out before God incessant prayers, in order that, from all parts, all the nations may be converted to Christ; let us labor, as much as it is in us, for the common salvation of men. The arms of the Lord are not shortened, and the gifts of the heavenly grace are never wanting to those who sincerely wish for them, and who beg for the assistance of that light. These truths should be deeply engraved on the minds of the Faithful, that they may not suffer themselves to be corrupted by false doctrines, the object of which is to propagate indifference in matters of religion, an indifference that we see growing up, and spreading itself on all sides, to the loss of souls.

Do you, Venerable brethren, oppose with force and constancy the principal errors by which the Church is attacked in our days, and which We have just explained; in order to combat and destroy them, it is necessary to have Ecclesiastics who will aid you in this labor. Our joy is great to see the Catholic Clergy neglect nothing, shrink from no fatigue to accomplish its duties superabundantly. Neither length of voyages, nor their dangers, nor fear of the inconveniences which are inseparable from them, can hinder them from traversing continents and seas to proceed to the most distant regions in order to procure for the barbarous nations which inhabit them the benefits of humanity and the Christian law.

It is also happiness for Us that the Clergy, in the frightful calamity which has ravaged so many places and so many great cities, have fulfilled all the duties of charity with such devotedness, and to the extent of making it an honor and a glory for one to give his life for the salvation of his neighbor. This fact will make it more and more manifest that in the Catholic Church, the only true one, is always found that beautiful fire of Charity which Christ came to bring down upon the earth to burn there without end. We have seen Religious women vieing in charity with the Clergy beside the sick, without any fear of death, which a great many amongst them have suffered heroically. At the sight of so much courage even those who are separated from the Catholic faith have been seized with astonishment, and have not been able to refuse the tribute of their admiration.

We have, then, good reason to rejoice, Venerable Brethren; but, on the other hand, Our Soul is penetrated with sorrow when We reflect that, in certain places, We find members of the Clergy who do not conduct themselves in all things as the Ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God. The result of this is, that the bread of the Divine Word is wanting in those places for the Christian people, who do not receive the nourishment necessary to the true life, and who have lost the use of the Sacraments, the sources of such great efficacy to obtain or to preserve the grace of God.

These Priests should be admonished, Venerable Brethren, and ardently excited to fulfil with care, regularly, and faithfully, the duties of the Sacred Ministry. It is necessary to represent to them all the gravity of the fault of which they are guilty, who, in this time in which the harvest is so abundant, refuse to labor in the field of the Lord. We ought to exhort them to explain frequently to the Faithful what is the efficacy of the Divine Host to appease God and to turn away the chastisements which the crimes of men deserve; to remind them how important it consequently is to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass religiously, and in a manner to receive abundantly the salutary fruits that it produces. Assuredly the Faithful will be in certain places more eager for acts of piety, if they shall receive from the Clergy a more active direction and greater assistance.

By this you see, Venerable Brethren, how much we stand in need of seminaries governed by Bishops exclusively, and not by the civil power, in order to have worthy Ministers of Christ. You must have great care to form in piety and sound doctrine the young men, the hope of religion, assembled in these establishments, in order that they may thus be provided with a two-edged sword with which they may one day, as good soldiers, fight the battles of the Lord. Whether in the theological sciences, or even for the philosophical sciences, do not put into their hands any but the authors of approved faith, that they may not find themselves in any manner imbued with opinions little compatible with Catholic doctrine.

Thus, Venerable Brethren, you will be able to provide for the weal and the increase of the Church. But, in order that our efforts may have happy results, we must cultivate concord and union of hearts. Banish dissensions then; they break the bonds of charity, and the perfidious enemy of our race does not fail to foment them, knowing well of what assistance they are to him to enable him to do evil. Let us call to mind the defenders of the Faith in former times; they triumphed over the most obstinate heresies because they descended into the arena full of courage and of confidence, united, as they were, among themselves and with the Apostolic See as soldiers with their chief.

Such are, Venerable Brethren, the things on which We desire to speak to you in Our care and Our solicitude to fulfil the Apostolic Ministry which the divine clemency and goodness have imposed upon Our weakness. But We feel elevated and full of courage by the hope of heavenly succors; and the ardent zeal, of which you have given so many proofs, for religion and piety is a support on which We count with confidence in difficulties so great and so numerous. God will protect His Church; He will incline favorably to our common wishes, more especially if We obtain the intercession and the prayers of the Most Holy Virgin, Mother of God, Mary, whom We have, with the assistance of the Holy Ghost, and to Our great joy, proclaimed exempt from the stain of original sin in your presence and in the midst of your applause.

Certainly it is a glorious privilege and one fully suited to the Mother of God, to be kept safe and secure in the universal disaster of our race. The greatness of this privilege will serve powerfully to refute those who pretend that human nature has not been tainted in consequence of the first fault, and who exaggerate the force of reason to deny or diminish the benefit of revealed religion. May at length the Blessed Virgin, who has vanquished and destroyed all heresies, also efface and entirely overthrow this pernicious error of rationalism, which in our unfortunate epoch disturbs not only civil society, but which also afflicts the Church.

Now, it remains for Us, Venerable Brethren, to express to you with what consolation, we have seen you come with eagerness and in a great joy from far distant countries to this Apostolic See, the bulwark of the Faith, the rule of the truth, the support of Catholic unity, and to wish you, with a great zeal of love, before you return to your sees, all things happy and salutary.

May God, arbiter of all things, and author of all good, give you the spirit of wisdom and of understanding, that you may preserve your sheep from the snares set on every side for their ruin: and may that good and propitious God confirm with His all-powerful hand what you have already undertaken, or may hereafter undertake, for the advantage of your churches; may He give to the Faithful confided to your care such a spirit that they may never seek to remove themselves from the side of the Pastor, but that they may listen to His voice, and hasten wherever he calls.

May the Most Holy Virgin, Immaculate in her Conception, assist you; may she aid you with faithful counsel in your doubts, sustain you in your anguish, and succor you in your adversities. Lastly, raising Our hands to Heaven, We bless you, with your flocks, from the bottom of Our heart. May this Apostolical Benediction bestowed upon you be then as a certain testimony of Our charity in your regard; may it be as a certain presage of the eternal and blessed life that We wish to you all, and to your flocks; and which we beg of the Sovereign Pastor of souls, Christ Jesus, to whom, as well as to the Father and the Holy Ghost, be honor, praise and thanksgiving for all eternity.

England.—The parliament was opened by the Queen in person. Her speech was almost entirely occupied with the war subjects. She spoke of the army in the Crimea in terms of admiration, and praised the co-operation of the French, and recommended the reinforcement of the army at the seat of war. A bill for the enlistment of foreign troops elicited considerable discussion in parliament, and finally passed that body. The governments of England and France have notified the Swedish government that the permission given to trade between Finmark and the Russian harbors of the White Sea is withdrawn during the blockade of these ports.—*Conversions.*—Mr. Plunket Bassance was received into the Catholic Church, by the Rev. Mr. Dewhurst, pastor of St. Peter's church, Liverpool: and the Rev. Matthew P. Haughton and wife were also received into the Catholic Church at St. Marie's, Rugby.—*Religious Receptions.*—At the Convent of Mercy, Mount Vernon, Liverpool, Miss Elizabeth S. Palmer and Miss Anne Pickaley received the white veil.

Ireland.—The Tenant Right movement still progresses. A great demonstration took place in Tipperary attended, it was computed, by 25,000 persons.—*Father Mathew,* the venerable apostle of Temperance, arrived safely at Madeira about the first of December. He found the weather quite pleasant and agreeable. His health was improving.—A new church at Ballyum, erected by the Rev. Father Richard, was recently opened for divine service.—*Religious Reception:*—Miss Maria Reade, of Kilkenny, received the white veil at the Presentation Convent, Tralee. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Moriarty officiated on the occasion; and Miss Reynolds, of Dublin, was received at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity, Donegal Square, Belfast.—*The Catholic University:*—The University has lately received the sum of £867 through the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Meath; this, together with £111 previously received from that zealous prelate, makes a total of £978. The following donations have been made to the University:

Mr. Myles O'Reilly has placed in the hands of the Rector a relic of St. Stanislas, in a handsome reliquary, to be given to the University in whatever way he judges to be best adapted to promote devotion to the saint among its younger members.

Mr. Donegan has presented the house of students attached to the University building with a handsome chalice, for the use of the chapel.

The Rectors and Professors of the University of Louvain—Dr. de Ram, Dr. Beelan, and Dr. Ubaghs—have shown their sympathy towards our University by sending to its library their respective works, on various academical, theological, philosophical and historical subjects.

Mr. Wilberforce, the late Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, has presented the ecclesiastical department of the University library with some valuable and voluminous works.

Mr. O'Gorman has also presented some works on interesting Irish subjects.

France.—*The Opening of the Legislature.*—On the 26th of December the Emperor opened in person, at the Palace of the Tuileries, the legislative session of 1855. Everything was conducted with Imperial splendor. There were Ministers of State, Cardinals, Bishops, Ambassadors, and military officers in imposing array. A salute of 101 guns notified the arrival of the Empress; and, attended by the Princess Matilde and a bevy of ladies, Eugenie entered and took her place in front of the throne. Immediately thereafter the Emperor, attended by a brilliant cortege, entered the hall and took his seat on the throne and delivered his speech. He declared for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and calls for additional levies and a loan. Like the Queen of England, he omits every expression of a hope that peace will be speedily re-established. Nothing is said of the late offer of Russia to accept the four points, and nothing positive is announced in reference to the aid to be hereafter rendered by Austria. The terms in which the alliance is spoken of are strong and cordial, and fully justify the satisfaction with which they have been received by the English people. The active war measures proposed in this speech indicate the determined spirit which governs the Emperor on the Eastern question, and may safely be taken as an index of the real state of public opinion. The Emperor's speech was frequently interrupted by acclamations, and terminated amid repeated cries of "Vive l'Empereur." A loan of 500,000,000 francs was authorized by the Legislature.—The Bishop of Grenoble has condemned a book which lately appeared against the devotion of *La Salette*. It is the condemnation of this book, no doubt, that gave rise to the report, which has been adopted by some of the Protestant papers, that this devotion had been renounced by the Catholics of France.—A report has been addressed to the Emperor by M. Fortoul, Minister of Public Instruction and Ecclesiastical Affairs, relative to the execution of the imperial decree of the 28th of June, 1853, which made provision for superannuated and infirm clergymen. The resources placed at the disposal of the minister by the decree amounted, for 1854, to 600,000 francs. Between the month of March and the 15th of October last, 544,100 francs have been allocated to 1,246 clergymen, 958 of whom had discharged the duties of their ministry between 30 and 40 years, 230 between 40 and 50 years, 26 between 50 and 60 years, and 32 upwards of 60 years.

Spain.—The spirit of infidelity and irreligion seem to make the career of those who have succeeded to the head of the government in this unhappy country. Scarcely are they secure in their power when they commence to signalize their reign by an unhallowed war against religion and religious orders. The Jesuits, by an act of the most unqualified injustice, have been driven from their home and ancient patrimony, Loyola, in Biscay, and an order is preparing for the suppression of all the convents for females, except those of the Sisters of Charity. This intelligence will be received by every good Catholic with feelings of deep regret. The Jesuit Fathers are maliciously and falsely accused of favoring the partisans of *Don Carlos*, but surely the same charge cannot be made against the pious and virtuous nuns. There are nearly 800 convents of nuns in Spain. Many of them are devoted to education, and to the care of the sick, while all are of incalculable service to the country. Their suppression, together with the expulsion of the Jesuits, will be attended with the most unhappy results. When those nurseries of virtue are destroyed, and the learned Fathers of Loyola are expelled, God only knows what evils the future has in store for unfortunate Spain. The Queen has offered a royal present to his Holiness, having sent to Rome a tiara, the base of which is silver, with three golden crowns, ornamented by 18,500 brilliants, and 500 precious stones besides. It is valued at two million reals, paid from the Queen's private purse.

Prussia.—The King, in his speech on opening the Prussian Chambers, said: "I have fresh occasion to hope that the basis of a further understanding will soon, perhaps, be obtained. Closely united with Austria and Germany, I shall continue to look upon it as my task to plead for peace and the recognition of the independence of foreign states. Should I subsequently be compelled to add force to this attitude, my faithful people will bear their inevitable burthens with resignation. The army shall be made ready for war."

Austria.—Austria continues to act energetically with the allies. A conference is reported to have taken place at Vienna on the 28th of December, at which the Ambassadors of England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Prince Gortschakoff, of Russia, were present. The object of this conference was to define the sense in which the different cabinets understood the *four points*, heretofore proposed as conditions of peace. Whether any thing definte was done is not known. Prince Gortschakoff, however, asked time to obtain instructions from his government.

Russia.—We learn from St. Petersburg, that a ukase, dated December 13th, orders a levy of 10 men in every 1,000 throughout the eastern half of the empire—to commence on the 15th of February, and be completed by the 15th of March. Jews are not exempt. A Russian ukase is published, ordaining that whoever shall, after a battle, commit acts of cruelty on the wounded or unresisting, shall suffer the punishment of death. The exportation of sheepskins, provisions, rope, sailcloth, linen, and live cattle, is prohibited from the Russian ports of the Danube, Black Sea, and Sea of Azoff.

The Crimea.—Nothing of particular interest has taken place in this region during the last month. Active preparations, however, were making on both sides for a renewal of hostilities.

Obituary.—*Death of the Bishop of Clifton.*—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Burgess, Bishop of the diocese of Clifton, England, died after a short illness, on the 27th of November. The Rt. Rev. Prelate was in the 64th year of his age.

The *Rev. Father Bernardine*, Provincial Guardian of the Capuchins in Belgium and Holland, died on the 25th of November, in the 39th year of his age.

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop, accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Mr. Foley, has returned safely and in excellent health, from his visit to the eternal city.

Religious Receptions.—On the 11th ult. at the Convent of the Visitation, Mt. de Sales, Miss Helen Fitzgerald, of Baltimore, received the white veil; and on the 8th ult. at the Convent of the Visitation, Washington, Miss Martina Dyer, of Washington, was admitted to the rank of choir sister, and took the name of Sister Mary Angela. On the 8th ult. at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Sister Mary Louis Williamson was admitted to the religious profession.

The Fairs held in our city during the Christmas holydays have been attended with much success. The ladies of St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, cleared over the sum of $1,300. The sale for the benefit of the Orphans' Home yielded nearly $1,000; and the proceeds of the sale for the building of the new church in St. John's parish, will fall but little short of $1,400.

2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

Ordination.—During the last ember week the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell conferred orders on several students of the Diocesan Seminary. On Wednesday, Messrs. Thos. and Francis O'Shea, John Madagan, Edward Fitzgerald, Terence Smith, John Duffy, Eugene Corcoran and John Tierney, received tonsure and minor orders. On Thursday, Messrs. Walsh, O'Shea, Fitzgerald and Smith were ordained subdeacons. On Friday, Messrs. Walsh and O'Shea were ordained Deacons; and on Saturday, the Rev. Mr. Walsh was ordained Priest.

3. *Archdiocese of New York.*

Ordinations.—On Wednesday, the 20th of December, the Right Rev. Dr. Laughlin, acting on behalf of the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, gave the tonsure to Messrs. John Barry and Edward McGinn. On Thursday, Mr. John Murray, of the Diocese of Newark, together with the above named gentlemen, received minor orders and subdeaconship from the hands of the same prelate. On Friday, these gentlemen were ordained Deacons, and on Sunday they were raised to the order of Priesthood.

Church Dedication.—The church of the Holy Cross, situated on Forty-second street, New York city, was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, the 20th ult. to the service of God, by the Very Rev. Dr. Starrs, Vicar General of the Diocese of New York, assisted by Rev. Joseph A. Lutz and the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, who preached on the occasion. The church is of brick, and finely finished in the pure Roman style; it is about one hundred feet long and seventy-five wide, with a spire rising to the height of one hundred and sixty feet.

4. *Diocese of Louisville.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, is giving a course of Lectures on Sunday evenings in the cathedral of that city, vindicating the Catholic Church from the charges brought against it by modern fanaticism.

5. *Diocese of Covington.*

Ordinations.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Carrel, Bishop of Covington, promoted the Rev. Patrick Guilfoyle to the holy order of Priesthood on the 23d ult. in St. Mary's cathedral in that city.

Church Dedication.—On Sunday, the 24th ult., the new church of Corpus Christi, in Newport, was dedicated. The Bishop officiated, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Ferdinand Kuhr,—and on the following Wednesday, the 27th, the new church of Louisburg, a suburb of Covington, was dedicated under the patronage of St. John the Evangelist. The Bishop performed the ceremony of dedication, and officiated pontifically at Mass. The Rev. Father Weninger preached on the occasion.

6. *Diocese of Wheeling.*

The Bishop celebrated pontifical Mass at the cathedral on Christmas day. In the afternoon pontifical Vespers were sung; after which, a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament around the church took place, accompanied by the members of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, carrying lighted candles, and bearing a beautiful banner. The impressive ceremonies closed with a Benediction of the most blessed Sacrament.

7. *Diocese of Charleston.*

We are happy to learn that the health of the Right Rev. Bishop of Charleston is improving. This intelligence will be gratifying to the numerous friends of that excellent Prelate as well as to the Catholic community generally. The Report of the Treasurer of the Association for the propagation of the Faith, shows that the sum of $425 has been collected for that purpose in this diocese during the year.

8. *Diocese of Hartford.*

Religious Reception.—Miss Eliza O'Sullivan received the white veil and habit from the hands of Bishop O'Reily in the chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Providence, on Monday, Dec. 11th. Miss O'Sullivan took in religion the name of Sister Mary Vincent.

9. *Diocese of Natchitoches.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Martin, Bishop of Natchitoches, arrived at New Orleans in the early part of December, from Havre. The Bishop brought with him three priests, one deacon, one subdeacon and several seminarians.

10. *Diocese of Erie.*

Ordination.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie, gave the order of subdeacon to Mr. Alto Hoerman, on the 4th inst. On the following day the same gentleman received Deaconship, and on the Feast of the Epiphany the same gentleman was raised to the dignity of Priest.

11. *Diocese of Natchez.*

On Friday, the 5th inst., the Rt. Rev. Dr. Vandevelde, Bishop of Natchez, conferred the order of Deaconship on the Rev. Richard Kane, and on the following day, raised the same gentleman to the order of Priesthood.

12. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, has returned to his diocese from his visit to Rome. The Rt. Rev. Prelate, we are happy to learn, is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

13. *Diocese of Chicago.*

From the *Western Tablet* we read an interesting account of a visit of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Chicago to the University of St. Mary of the Lake. He was received amidst the ringing of the bells and the firing of the cannon belonging to the military company of the University.

Ordinations and Confirmation.—On the morning after his arrival the Bishop gave the tonsure and minor orders to Messrs. Devoss and Brissard, and conferred Deaconship upon Mr. Flynn, and on the Sunday following celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, during which he promoted the Rev. Messrs. Kilroy and Flynn to the Priesthood, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to thirty persons.

Religious Reception.—On the afternoon of the same day, the Rt. Rev. Prelate went to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, in Chicago, and gave the religious habit to Miss Anderson of Ohio, who took the name in religion of Sister Mary of St. Augusta; at the same time he received the perpetual vows of Sister M. of St. Edward, Sister M. of St. Eugenie, and Sister M. of St. Euphrosine. During his stay at the University he attended the exhibition of the institution, with which he seemed well pleased, and expressed his gratification in terms highly complimentary to both students and professors.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

Congressional Debates.—The most important, and, to many, the most interesting events which have attracted public attention during the last month, are the debates which have taken place in the National Legislature. Almost from the first day of the present session, it has been manifest that the impious, sanguinary, anti-Catholic and infidel spirit, which, in latter times, has been so profusely poured out upon the land, has infused itself within the halls of Congress. Libels against the Church and creed of Catholics, which have been a thousand times refuted, have been uttered with unblushing effrontery in the council of the nation. Among others, the Hon. Mr. Banks, of Mass., openly charged Catholics with holding the doctrine that the Pope "is supreme, not only in matters of faith, but has also a temporal power that can not only control governments, but in fitting exigencies may absolve his disciples from their allegiance." This grave charge drew forth from the Hon. J. R. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, an able and eloquent reply. From the writings of many eminent Catholic divines, and by an appeal to numerous historical monuments, the Hon. gentleman clearly demonstrated the absurdity of the charge and took occasion to point out the fearful tendency of the movement which has invoked this outcry against Catholicity, and which, to use his own emphatic language, is "sapping the confidence of the people in each other, undermining the foundations of Christian charity, breaking the bonds of social life, relaxing the ties of moral obligations, setting creeds in hostile attitudes, bringing down the whole system of domestic, social and political life to the plans and ends of socialists and atheists, who laugh at the existence of God and seek their triumph in the obliteration of the doctrines and teachings of Christianity."

A Bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature, having for its object the secularising Church property, by taking it from the control of the bishops and clergy, and vesting it in lay trustees. We have not room in the present number to speak of the particulars of this, and similar steps towards the revival of the penal laws against Catholics. We will recur to this subject again.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—*Foreign.*—Amongst the most important works announced for early publication in France are an edition of *Cornelii a Lapide in Scripturam sacram commentarii*, editio nova, Tirini in Job commentario nec non Bellarmini in psalmos explanationi aucta, illustrissimo DD. A. R. Devie, Episcopo Bellicensi, 20 vols. in 10. Imp. 8vo. Father Faber's celebrated work, "All for Jesus," has been translated into French and published in Paris, in a neat volume, at 5 francs.

England.—The Rev. Edward Formby, who has recently prepared a very popular series of Hymns and Songs for schools, proposes to issue, on a new plan—by donations and subscriptions, *a Pictorial History of the Catholic Religion*, from the earliest down to the present times. To be completed in two vols. 8vo. embellished with 250 illustrations on wood, from designs by the most eminent living artists. The Rev. author has undertaken this laudable enterprise with the view of improving the education of the poor. His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, and many of the Rt. Rev. Bishops and Clergy have given their sanction and earnest recommendations to this undertaking, accompanied by large subscriptions and donations. We shall notice this more fully in a future number.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Ullathorn is preparing a work on the *Immaculate Conception.*—Father Faber's new works, Growth in Holiness; and the Blessed Sacrament; are announced for early publication.

American.—Amongst the most important Catholic works recently issued, are Dunigans' magnificent edition of Haydock's Bible; Shea's History of the Catholic Missions; McGee's Catholic History of America; Lingard's History of England, abridged; The Prophet of the Ruined Abbey. The Miscellanea of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, so long and anxiously looked for, will appear early in February, from the press of Messrs. Webb & Levering, Louisville. Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, announces a new work, on the Immaculate Conception, by John D. Bryant, M. D., author of Pauline Seward. Mr. Cunningham, of Philadelphia, announces for early publication, the Life of St. Rose of Lima. Murphy & Co. announce for early publication, the fourth revised edition of Archbishop Kenrick's celebrated work on the Primacy of the Apostolic See; Dalgairn's Devotions to the Sacred Heart; Growth in Holiness, or the Progress of Spiritual Life, by Father Faber; the Devout Child of Mary, a collection of Novenas, &c.; Florine, a Tale of the First Crusaders, by the author of Bertha, or the Pope and the Emperor; and an Abridgment of Lingard's History of England, for the use of schools. Messrs. Lucas Brothers, announce new editions of A Memorial of Christian Life; Hornihold on the Commandments and Sacraments; Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary; and other standard works.

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RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES—AUSTRIA AND HER POLICY.

The contest between the powers of England and France on the one side, and the Russian Autocrat on the other, is exciting a very lively interest in this country. The heroic struggles of all the belligerents at Sebastopol, sends a thrill of excitement through the American heart. The danger of the allies on the one hand, the determined resistance of the Russians on the other,—the immense issue at stake, the powerful bodies engaged, the flourish of the temporary victor, and the sullen courage of the retreating foe, give to the Crimea a fascination of interest too intense to be greatly prolonged.* In spite of ourselves we take sides with the contending forces; and hope for victory, or invoke defeat, in accordance with the sympathies of the moment—the emotion of the hour. In all this effusion of sympathy, however, the Turk is forgotten. The very party in whose defence the military forces of England and France have been marshalled, dwindles into comparative insignificance, now that the embattled hosts of other nations are treading the ensanguined field of war. It is not before the queenly city of the Eastern Cæsars that are gathered the assaulting foemen; nor is it the vindictive Moslem who is beleaguered in his home, amid the trophies won by his warlike sires from the relaxing grasp of Constantine Palæologus, whose disasters seem retributive of the heresies fostered by Constantius and Valens, but whose "distress and fall are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars."†

This obliviousness of the gazing world, in regard to the fate of the only power whose life may be said to be at stake in this momentous contest, is ominous of the fate that awaits that power, when war shall have "smoothed its wrinkled front;" when the adjustments of interest that have been compromised will have to be made; when questions of expediency will be paramount to the claims of equity; and when the avarice of power, grown strong by the revealed weakness of its victim, shall remorselessly proceed to its immolation.

At first, a very large measure of sympathy in this country, was exhausted on behalf of the Western Powers. No two systems of government could be more diametrically opposite, one to the other, than are those of Russia and the United States. Hence antipathies and repugnance to the Russian cause: and hence too, the affinities that bind the American mind, in some degree, in a bond of sympathy with England and France. Different as the two countries—Russia and America—essentially are, they have nevertheless salient points of contrast, which, though divergent, produce the paradoxical effect of creating remote resemblances. In the two, is to be found a radical difference of the political idea, which moulds the people and institutions of either country into forms and impressions of imposing strength, tenacity of composite parts and range of expansiveness. In both, the material element is the predominant one, the difference being in the application of the element to the production of an improved social and political condition. In Russia, the controlling influence is Despotism: in the United States, the controlling power is found, in the force of public opinion, acting through popular assemblies, whose authority and tenure are derived from written constitutions, and whose succession is determined by popular free election.

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* Written January 2, 1855.

† Gibbon's Decline and Fall.

In the order of time, there may be some difference in favor of Russia, the evolution of whose power, may be said to have commenced with the reign of Ivan, the terrible. It was he who extinguished the Tartar rule in Russia, created a standing army, introduced into his polity some of the order of European civil life, and finally projected the country, with a rapid momentum, towards its consolidation into an Autocracy. It was not, however, until the [reign of Peter the Great, that the European life of Russia began. Until that period, Russian troops were unknown in Germany, and no effort had been made to place the empire among the acknowledged families of European sovereignties. Thus dating the political birth of Russia, we have a time, in the parallel we are running, corresponding to that period of our colonial life, when the municipal institutions of the various colonies, were gradually shaping the aptitudes of the population, to that system of self-reliance, out of which were germinated those popular assemblies which evoked the revolution, and inaugurated the present constitution. Any advantage of historic life, as measured by time, is more than compensated for, by the disadvantages which surrounded Russia until the opening of the present century. In the order of ideas, America was far in advance of Russia, at the starting point of their material development. The social and polititical institutions of America were drawn directly out of a previously existing condition of civilization. Russia, on the contrary, has had to educe her power out of a condition of things, which revealed no superposition of material, in the regular order of social stratification; but rather an incongruous mass of barbaric habitudes and traditions. Added to this, Russia had to battle with a climate, whose very rigors have partially excluded from her people, the polishing and humanizing arts that follow enlarged commercial interests and diffused intelligence. Institutions like ours would have been totally ineffectual, to blend in harmony of idea and action, the heterogeneous materials of which her population was composed. In the order of Providence, may we not suppose that the particular form of government established there, is the one proper to her condition, and best calculated to promote the interests and well-being of those who live under its sway.

The fruitful study embraced in this current of thought is, that there should be two nations so entirely dissimilar in national characteristics, in institutions and in aptitude of social amelioration and improvement, and yet, that both should develop the same leading tendencies, and run nearly the same career of national greatness. In the forms of polity, the two are antipodes; and in the spirit of their social organization, they are antagonistical. As Americans we can afford to be both just and generous.

But little more than a century and a half have elapsed since Peter the Great laid the foundation of St. Petersburgh, in order, as he said, that he might have "a window from which he could look out upon Europe." When beaten, again and again, by Charles XII of Sweden, his prophetic consolation was: "Never mind, the Swedes, by the very repetition of their victories over us, will teach us how to defeat them in the end." A little more than a century afterwards, an Emperor of Russia was leagued with the princes of Europe against Napoleon, and found battling against the triumphant legions of France, on the memorable field of Austerlitz. Almost within the same period, a Russian General on the snow-clad field of Eylau, rolled back the tide of victory, and for the first time compelled Bonaparte to pause in the face of the foe he intended to crush. Friedland and Borodino, though disastrous for the time to the Russian arms, were befitting heralds to that power, which, a few years afterwards at Vienna, dictated to Europe the terms of peace, and arranged, by its fiat alone, the territorial boundaries of European Sovereignties. But it is not only on the battle-field, that Russia has shown the strength and magnitude of her power. In every branch of practical improvement, she has made marked progress; while she has not neglected to cultivate the arts that adorn, and the sciences that ennoble a government.

We are too apt to suppose that our own institutions are those best adapted to man, in every phase of his social and political condition. Such an assumption is negatived by all experience, and is utterly at variance with every lesson inculcated by history. And no more cogent argument against the illusion can be adduced, than that which flows from a parallel of the historic life of these two countries—Russia and America. Unfortunately for the fate of the human race, the similarity of results, induced by the social and political action of the two nations, does not end with the resemblances, that are to be traced in their mutual and steady progress in material development. The laws of this development are precisely as strong in the one case as in the other. These laws, indeed, are immutable; and hence, wherever the material force exists, the spirit of aggrandizement will be found in union with it. It is the great law of savage life, engrafted on modern political ethics, under the illusive title of "Progress." The fruits, however, are in reality the same, under whatever classification, as to species, they may be distinguished. A republic, strong in its physical development, and wrenching from its weaker neighbor the territory the one covets, but which the other is too feeble to protect, is quite as yielding to the supposed paramount claims of this law, as the autocrat, whose plethora of physical life, persuades him that his "sick" neighbor would be better off if eased of the cares of his seraglio and stripped of his dynastic existence.

For the Russians, we are ready to predict all manner of evil, as retributive of what we are pleased to call, her inordinate and selfish ambition. Have we not to fear, that we are thus made arbiters of our own cause; and that, while we pronounce judgment upon others, we are but inscribing a record of an award, which, in the future, will stand against us, without any appeal; and which impartial history will enforce with the rigor of eternal justice?

The tone of the public press in this country and in England, is rife with invectives, hurled with malignant force against Austria, for the part she has deemed it her duty to follow in the present crisis of European affairs. All the varied changes in the charge of perfidy, are made to clamor incessantly in the American ear. Her diplomacy is decried as treacherous; the forms of her polity are ridiculed as being antiquated, covered with the rust of feudal times, and redolent with the mould of decay; her social organization is deemed a satire on human progress; and her religious observances and dogmas denounced as "superstitious mummeries." If it should appear that there is no ground in truth for these charges, then their expression and reiteration can be extenuated only on the plea that the parties to théir utterance are too ignorant to know better, or too prejudiced to mete out the award of justice. The difficulties in the diplomatic relations between this country and Austria, together with the use made of these difficulties, by grave statesmen and reckless demagogues, have tended greatly to exasperate the public mind. The evil thus perpetuated, becomes the pretext, on the part of the promoters of it, for superadded injuries, until the instincts of charity and justice are crushed out, and their places usurped by the sentiments of national malevolence and religious bigotry.

It is our present purpose to trace out some of the antecedents to the war now waging in Europe; to compare the conduct of England and France with the conduct of Austria in the evolution of these antecedents; and establish the general injustice of that public sentence, which condemns Austria, while it holds up the allies as the ennobling exponents of liberality and moderation.

From the traditional policy of Austria, we would be safe to infer, that her statesmen ever deemed it her interest to oppose the encroachments of Russia. The conquest and consequent possession of Constantinople by the Russians, would give to that power an ascendency in the Black sea and on the shores of the Lower Danube, that might disintegrate the influence of Austria over her Danubian population. If to the accident of contact, there be superadded the important fact, that this population has language, traditional memories, affinities of social organism and religious ideas, in common with Russian subjects, the danger of this proximity becomes imminent; and might well arrest the attention and claim the solicitude of Austrian statesmen. To show that such solicitude has ever been present in the policy of Austria, needs but a glance at the diplomatic actions of Prince Metternich, the Austrian minister.

During the discussions pending the treaties of Vienna, this politic statesman aimed steadily at curbing the influence of the Emperor Alexander. The failure of his efforts was due to the overshadowing influence of Alexander, whose presence was a serious restraint upon the independence of the European representatives, engaged in the great work of giving to Europe a peace, fixed upon some permanent base. From 1821 to 1826, Metternich turned on every suitable occasion to the subject. In 1827, when Greece was in arms against the Ottoman Porte and struggling for its independence, the Austrian minister, too sagacious not to penetrate the probable advantages that would accrue to Russia, in the eventualities foreshadowed in the crisis, proposed confidentially to the ministers of France and England, to interfere in the war for the purpose of securing to Turkey a guarantee of her territorial boundaries—the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Russia at once took the alarm. Nesselrode forwarded a dispatch to the Russian minister at London, vehemently opposing the proposition of M. Metternich. The terms of this dispatch were emphatic enough; and if any other proof were wanting of the ulterior views of Russia on the Turkish empire, the omission would be abundantly supplied in this diplomatic missive: "If by chance this proposition of M. Metternich should be reproduced at London, under any form, or in any direct or indirect manner, you will be careful to admit no guarantee of this kind, in any case or under any pretext whatever. It is an ancient and invariable principle of our action, to allow no such intervention to come between us and the Ottoman Porte; an intervention which would be sure to obtrude itself in every difficulty that would arise between the cabinet of St. Petersburgh and the Sublime Porte."*

In 1828, when hostilities broke out between Russia and Turkey, and the object of the former began to delineate itself too strongly to deceive any one, Metternich again proposed an intervention, on the part of the three powers—England, Prussia, and Austria—with a view to an adjustment of the points at issue between the two belligerents. To this proposition Nesselrode indignantly replied, "that under no hypothesis whatever would Russia accede to any such project."

The cabinet of St. Petersburgh was fully apprised of the apathy which reigned over the courts of England, France, and Prussia, on this subject. Nor did she need the direct assurance of some of the ministers of these courts, that the efforts of Metternich would be utterly fruitless of every result calculated to embarrass the ambitious projects of the Emperor Nicholas. The mortification of failure was not the only one the veteran statesman had to undergo. Taunts from his friends which he could not avert; menaces from his foes which he dared not avenge, were part of the recompense awarded to him for his persevering and consistent opposition to the encroachments of Russia. "Tell him," said the French minister, to the Austrian Envoy, Lebzeltern, "that our King (Charles X) will never lend himself to any combined action against Russia, having for its object to persuade that power to make peace; nor will he interfere in any formal manner with the affairs of the Russian government."† "Our policy," wrote the zealous and vehement Pozo de Borgo, Russian Envoy, "demands of us to show ourselves to Austria, in an aspect at once menacing and terrible. Let M. de Metternich understand, that if he wishes to have us for enemies he will find us formidable, inexorable and ready to hurl upon Austria all the calamities of war—not omitting a single one."

The Austrian minister was thus isolated—abandoned by England and France, and trampled upon by Russia. Wellington, it is true, coincided in views with Metternich; but the discussions in the English Parliament on the Reform Bill, and the excitement all over Great Britain, consequent upon Catholic Emancipation, were the absorbing topics of English politics. France was still under the rule of Charles X, whose hands were sufficiently employed at home in schemes, the evolution of which soon hurled him from his throne, forced him to abdicate, drove him into exile, and passed the crown of France over to the Orleans branch of his family. Austria, under this negative influence given to Russian diplomacy had but one course left open to her choice—submission!

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* Revue des deux mondes, 1re Juin, 1854. † Ibid.

To be continued.

MEMOIR OF VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Rene Francis Augustus, Viscount de Chateaubriand, was born at Saint-Malo, in France, on the 4th of September, 1768. His family, on the paternal side, one of the most ancient in Brittany, descended in a direct line by the barons of Chateaubriand, from Thierri, grandson of Alain III, who was the sovereign of the Armorican peninsula. Having commenced his classical studies at the college of Dol, he continued them at Rennes, where he had Moreau for a rival, and completed them at Dinan in the company of Broussais. Of a proud disposition and sensitive to a reprimand, young Chateaubriand distinguished himself by a very precocious intellect and an extraordinary memory. His father having destined him for the naval profession, sent him to Brest for the purpose of passing an examination; but having remained some time without receiving his commission, he returned to Combourg, and manifested some inclination for the ecclesiastical state. Diverted however from this project by the reading of pernicious books, he exchanged his sentiments of piety for those of infidelity, and in his solitary situation, with the passions for his guides, he became the sport of the most extravagant fancies. Weary of life, he had even to struggle against the temptation of committing suicide; but he was relieved from these sombre thoughts by the influence of his eldest brother, the Count of Combourg, who obtained for him a lieutenancy in the regiment of Navarre. After the death of his father in 1786, he left his military post at Cambrai, to look after his inheritance, and settled with his family at Paris. Through the means of his brother, who had married Mademoiselle de Rosambo, grand-daughter of Malesherbes, he was introduced into society and presented at court, which obtained for him at once the rank of a captain of cavalry. It was designed to place him in the order of Malta; but Chateaubriand now began to evince his literary predilections. He cultivated the society of Gingueré, Lebrun, Champfort, Delisle de Salles, and was much gratified in having been permitted, through them, to publish in the *Almanach des Muses*, a poem which he had composed in the forest of Combourg. In 1789 he attended the session of the States of Brittany, and took the sword in order to repulse the mob that besieged the hall of assembly. On his return to Paris, after the opening of the States-general, he witnessed the first scenes of the revolution, and in 1790 he quit the service on the occasion of a revolt that had taken place in the regiment of Navarre. Alarmed by the popular excesses, and having a great desire to travel, he embarked in January, 1791, for the U. States of America. He hoped with the advice and support of Malesherbes, to discover a north-west passage to the polar sea, which Harn had already descried in 1772. A few days after his arrival at Baltimore, he proceeded to Philadelphia, and having a letter of introduction to General Washington from Colonel Armand (Marquis de la Roverië) who had served in the war of American independence, he lost no time in calling on the president. Washington received him with great kindness and with his usual simplicity of manners. On the following day, Chateaubriand had the honor of dining with the president, whom he never saw afterwards, but whose character left an indelible impression upon his mind. "There is a virtue," he says, "in the look of a great man." On leaving Philadelphia, he visited New York, Boston and the other principal cities of the Union, where he was surprised to find in the manners of the people the cast of modern times, instead of that ancient character which he had pictured to himself. From the haunts of civilized life he turned to those wild regions which were then chiefly inhabited by the untutored savage, and as he travelled from forest to forest, from tribe to tribe, his poetical mind feasted upon the grandeur and beauty of that virginal nature which presented itself to his contemplation. At the falls of Niagara he was twice in the most imminent danger of losing his life, by his enthusiastic desire to enjoy the most impressive view of the wonderful cataract.

While thus setting to profit his opportunities of observation in the new world, Chateaubriand learned from the public prints the flight and capture of Louis XVI, and the progress of the French emigration. He at once resolved upon returning to his native country. After a narrow escape from shipwreck, he arrived at Havre in the beginning of 1792, whence he proceeded to St. Malo, where he had the happiness of again embracing his mother. Here also he formed a matrimonial alliance with Mademoiselle de Lavigne, a lady of distinction. A few months after, in company with his brother, he set out for Germany with a view to join the army of French nobles who had rallied in defence of their country. At the siege of Thionville, his life was saved by the manuscript of *Atala*, a literary production which he carried about him and which turned a shot from the enemy. He was, however, severely wounded in the thigh on the same occasion, and, to add to his misfortunes, he was attacked with the small-pox. In this suffering condition he undertook a journey of six hundred miles on foot, and was more than once reduced to the very verge of the grave by the pressure of disease and the extraordinary privations he was compelled to undergo. One evening he stretched himself to rest in a ditch, from which he never expected to rise. In this situation he was discovered by a party attached to the Prince of Ligne, who threw him into a wagon and carried him to the walls of Namur. As he made his way through that city, crawling on his knees and hands, he excited the compassion of some good women of the place, who afforded him what assistance they could. Having at length reached Brussels, he was there recognized by his brother, who happened to meet him, and from whom he received every aid and attention. Though far from having recoved his strength, he left this place for Ostend where he embarked in a fisherman's boat for the Isle of Jersey. Here he met with a portion of his family who had emigrated from France, and among whom he received the attentions which his suffering condition demanded. He soon after repaired to London where he lived for some time in a state of poverty. Too haughty to apply for assistance to the British government, he relied altogether upon his own efforts for the means of subsistence. He spent the day in translating, and the night in composing his Essay on Revolutions. But this incessant labor soon undermined his health, and there being moreover little to do in the way of translating, the unfortunate exile experienced for some days the cravings of hunger. Happily, at this juncture, his services were requested by a body of learned men who, under the direction of the Pastor of Beules, were preparing a history of the county of Suffolk. His part of the labor consisted in explaining some French manuscripts of the 12th century, the knowledge of which was necessary to the authors of the enterprise.

On his return to London, Chateaubriand completed his ***Essai sur les Revolutions,*** which was published in 1797. This work produced quite a sensation, won for him the commendations and sympathy of the French nobility then in England, and placed him in relation with Montlosier, Delille and Fontanes. He was sorely tried however by the afflictions of his family. He had received the distressing intelligence, that his brother and sister-in-law, with his friend Malesherbes, had been guillotined by the revolutionary harpies, and that his wife and sister had been imprisoned at Rennes, and his aged mother at Paris. This pious lady, after having suffered a long confinement, died in 1798, with a prayer on her lips for the conversion of her son. Young Chateaubriand was not insensible to this prayer of his venerated parent. "She charged one of my sisters," he writes, "to recall me to a sense of that religion in which I had been educated, and my sister made known to me her wish. When the letter reached me beyond the water, my sister also had departed this life, having succumbed under the effects of her imprisonment. Those two voices coming up from the grave, and that death which had now become the interpreter of death, struck me with peculiar force. I became a Christian. I did not yield to any great supernatural light: my conviction came from the heart. I wept, and I believed." His ideas having thus undergone a serious change, he resolved to consecrate to religion the pen which had given expression to the skepticism of the times, and he planned at once the immortal work, *Le Genie du Christianisme.*

As soon as Buonaparte had been appointed First Consul, Chateaubriand returned to France under an assumed name, associated himself with Fontanes in the editorship of the ***Mercure,*** and in 1801 published his *Atala*. This romance, attacked by some, but enthusiastically received by the greater number, was eminently successful, and added to the circle of the author's friends many illustrious names. Madame Bacciochi and Lucien Buonaparte became his protectors, while he was brought into intercourse with Joubert, De Bonald, La Harpe, Chenedolle, Mesdames Recamier and De Beaumont. His design in the publication of *Atala*, was to introduce himself to the public, and to prepare the way for the *Genie du Christianisme* which appeared in 1802. No sooner was it issued from the press, than the disciples of Voltaire stamped it as the offspring of superstition, and pamphleteers and journalists united in visiting the author and his work with proud contempt, but the friends of religion and of poetry applauded the intentions and admired the talents of the writer.

Buonoparte, who was at this time busy with the *concordat*, was desirous of seeing the man who so ably seconded his views, and with the hope of attaching him to his fortune, appointed him first secretary of Cardinal Fesch, then ambassador to the Court of Rome. When the new diplomatist was presented to Pius VII, this venerable pontiff was reading the *Genie du Christianisme.* The honors of the French embassy had no great attractions for our author. Averse to being an instrument of the tortuous policy which it began to display, he resigned his post and returned to Paris. Napoleon, sensible of his eminent abilities, sought rather to conquer than to crush his independent spirit, and appointed him minister plenipotentiary to the Valais. He received this commission the day before the Duke d'Enghien, who had been seized on foreign territory, in contempt of the law of nations, was shot in the ditch of Vincennes. That very evening, while fear or astonishment still pervaded the minds of all, Chateaubriand sent in his resignation. Napoleon could not but feel the censure implied in this bold protestation, which was the more meritorious as it was the only expression of fearless opposition to his proscriptive measure. He did not, however, betray his displeasure, nor did he disturb the courageous writer in whom he began to detect an enemy; on the contrary, in order to draw him into his service, he made him every offer that could flatter his interest or ambition. The refusal of Chateaubriand to accept any post under the consular regime, made him obnoxious to Napoleon, who gratified his resentment, by crippling the literary resources of his political adversary.

Under these circumstances, he paid a visit to Madame de Stael, who had become his friend by a community of sentiment and misfortune, and who was living in exile at Coppet. The following year, 1806, he executed his design of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Revisiting Italy, he embarked for Greece, spent some time among the ruins of Sparta and the monuments of Athens, passed over to Smyrna, thence to the island of Cyprus, and at length reached Jerusalem. Here having venerated the relics of the noble crusaders, and especially that tomb "which alone will have nothing to send forth at the end of time," he sailed for Egypt, explored the fields of Carthage, passed over to Spain, and amid the ruins of the Alhambra wrote *Le dernier des Abencérages*. On his return to France in May, 1807, he published in the *Mercure*, which partly belonged to him, an article which greatly incensed the government against him. The Emperor spoke of having him executed on the steps of the Tuilleries, but, after having issued the order to arrest him, he was satisfied with depriving him of his interest in the *Mercury*. Chateaubriand now retired to his possessions near Aulroy, where he wrote his *Itinéraire, Moise,* and *Les Martyrs*. When the first mentioned work was about to appear in 1811, the author was notified by the government that the publication would not be permitted, unless he would introduce into its pages a eulogy of the Emperor. Chateaubriand refused to submit to such a condition, but having been informed that his publisher would suffer materially by the suppression of the work, he was induced by this consideration to do, in some measure, what neither fear nor personal interest could extort from him. In complying with the requisition of the authorities, he alluded in truthful language to the exploits of the French armies and to the fame of their general who had so often led them on to victory, but he carefully abstained from signalizing the acts of a government whose policy was so much at variance with the principles which he professed.

Buonaparte had still some hope of gaining over the independent and fearless writer. When a vacancy had occurred in the French Academy by the death of Chenier, the situation was offered to Chateaubriand, who was also selected by the Emperor for the general superintendence of the imperial libraries, with a salary equal to that of a first-class embassy. Custom, however, required that the member-elect should pronounce the eulogy of his predecessor, but in this instance, the independence of Chateaubriand gave sufficient reason to think that, instead of heralding the merit of Chenier, who had participated in the judicial murder of Louis XVI, he would denounce in unmeasured terms the crimes of the French revolution. His inaugural address having been submitted, according to custom, to a committee of inspection, they decided that it could not be delivered by the author. The Emperor, moreover, having obtained some knowledge of its contents, which formed an eloquent protest against the revolutionary doctrines, and the despotic tendencies of the existing government, he was exasperated against the writer, and in his excitement he paced his room to and fro, striking his forehead and exclaiming: "Am I then nothing more than a usurper? Ah, poor France, how much do you still need an instructor!" The admission of Chateaubriand to the Academy was indefinitely postponed.

To be continued.

CANADA AND HER HISTORIANS.

Sagard, Histoire du Canada: *Paris*, 1636—Creuxuis, Historia Canadensis: *Paris*, 1664—De la Potherie, Histoire de l'Amerique du Nord: *Paris*, 1722—Charlevoix, Histoire de la Nouvelle France: *Paris*, 1744—Smith, History of Canada: *Quebec*, 1817—Garreau, Histoire du Canada: *Quebec*, 1852—Bibaud, Histoire du Canada: *Montreal*—Roy, History of Canada: *Montreal*—Brasseur de Bourgbourg, Histoire du Canada: *Paris*, 1852.

To the American, and especially the American Catholic, the history of Canada cannot be a matter of indifference. That country was the seat of Catholicity in the north, and from it the light of religion, undefiled by the grosser vapors of human fancy and human pride, radiated over a vast region, part of which we now occupy. The Catholic element grew up side by side with the antagonistic element in the English colonies, and formed an undying stimulus to the fanaticism of those who, after robbing Catholics of their churches and private property, complained so often and so loudly in their literature that Catholics had oppressed them; who, like many a Munchausen, believed their own tale, and when facts were adduced counter to their theory, could but exclaim, "Tant pis pour les faits."

Canada had, therefore, a constant influence on the legislation, ideas and public opinion of the northern colonies, but an influence which our historians ignore.

The finger of God in the destiny of Canada seems to us too distinctly marked, to need development here. Take but a single instance: A hundred years ago, the atlantic shore from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, was a land which the Catholics Cabot and Verrazani, Carter and Champlain had explored; a land where Catholics had planted the cross and announced the gospel to the natives, but a land where Catholics were proscribed, loaded with double taxes, deprived of civil rights, and prohibited by a heavy fine and imprisonment from sheltering the minister of God, for whose head as for a wolf's, a price was set.

This land is now one where Catholics are numbered by millions; where churches and convents, priests and bishops are found on every side, but exist as if in spite of the majority, as if held there by a charm. And how did Providence effect this? A two-fold object seemed in view. A horrible apostacy was to smite France, and Canada was to be saved by a timely separation. The oppressed Catholics of Europe needed an asylum; America was to be opened. How was this effected?

Canada had a population about equal to the number of soldiers that the northern colonies could raise: but then Kalm tells us the Canadian was superior to the American: full of enterprise, activity, ingenuity: fearless and full of national pride: a soldier from honor, not for sixpence. The Canadian authorities despised their southern neighbors as sluggish, fit to quarrel with governors, but unable to cope with them in the field. An army might be prepared at New York for Lake Champlain, but the Frenchman would think it early enough to leave Quebec when he heard that the English troops were at Albany, and even then he would reach the contested point in time to wait for his adversary. Religious animosity stimulated the English colonies to strain every nerve to *crush* Canada; England *conquered* it, but that was all. Victorious as she was, she left to Canada the full enjoyment of her religion and laws, and the English soldier marched in the procession of Corpus Christi, and the English judge compelled the payment of tithes to the Catholic clergy. Religion, about to be dethroned in France, was supported by the power of England in Canada.

This was inexplicable; the colonies gnashed their teeth in silence, full of deep seated and just bitterness against the government which had fanned their fanaticism to mock it. They rose in arms, and in their declaration made it a ground that the king had established arbitrary power in a neighboring province.

France, Catholic France, was now solicited: she was asked, and not in vain, to lend her armies to the cause of the revolution. French troops landed at Boston, and amid the ridicule of the English party, the select-men of the capital of New England followed a crucifix borne through the streets! A French fleet enters Narragansett bay, and a law excluding Roman Catholics from civil rights is repealed! French troops are at Philadelphia and Congress goes to Mass! Necessity compelled this adaptation of the outer appearance, and perhaps to some extent calmed the rampant prejudice of former days. With a Catholic ally, the government could not denounce Catholicity. In the Constitution adopted, it washed its hands of the matter, and by it Congress refused to assume as one of its powers, a right to enter the sphere of religion. It was left to the several States to have any religion or none; but the General Government, the only medium of communication with foreign states, could always profess its tolerance, even though twelve of the thirteen should proscribe the faith of Columbus.

Thus, to the amazement of many, two consecutive wars made Catholicity the predominant, recognized religion in English Canada, and opened to Catholicity the new republic.

Let us then assume it as a fact, that our early history must not be studied apart, but side by side with that of Canada, if we would really trace the changes of popular feeling and the social progress of the land. But where are we to find that history? The general reader cannot fill his library with rare or scarce works, the complete set of the Jesuit Relations, which none but a merchant prince can purchase, the various minor works, partly local, partly relating to a particular house or order, worth almost their weight in gold dust. He must turn to general histories in French and English.

We have grouped in our heading the various works that assume, by their title pages at least, to give the general history of the country, and we shall now examine these rapidly in detail. Sagard was written ten years after the discovery of the country, and on opening the stout volume we find it rather a book of his own travels and the missions of the Recollects, to whom he belonged. It is material for the historian, not a history of the colony. Let us then open the quarto of Father Du Creux, who wrote in Latin, calling himself Creuxius, as Creux, meaning *hollow*, might have been translated, as he in one place translates Brother Liegeois, Leodiensis: here, too, we are doomed to find ourselves mistaken. As Charlevoix justly observed, it is one thing to write letters, another to compile a history. So far from being a history of Canada, it is not even a well digested history of the labors of his own order in Canada. His only source is the "Relations," now so widely known, and of these his compilation is neither wonderful for skill nor arrangement. His work is no more a history of Canada than Touron's Histoire de l'Amerique is a history of America. We must, therefore, lay it down as a book of reference for such as cannot command access to the "Relations."

Sagard and Du Creux are not general histories. They are mission narratives, but like the famous Jesuit Relations furnish not only most edifying reading, but also a source of historic, geographic and ethnological data such as no other colony in America ever possessed.

Dr. O'Callaghan, whose judgment on the matter no one can doubt, who has seen his History of New Netherland, or his labors in the State Office, published under the title of Documentary History and Colonial Documents, says of these missionary narratives, that a man who should attempt to write the history of our colonial times without them, merely substantiates his absolute unfitness for the task which he has assumed.

It was with pain, then, that we found a writer of Brownson's judgment, to say nothing of his religious feelings, utter of them the language which we find in his number for October, 1853. "None of them," he says truly, "unless we except Charlevoix, are worthy to be called a history." But then he adds words which seem to have been foisted in by mistake from some anti-catholic work in the same printer's hands. "None which a Canadian could peruse without blushing for the patience which allowed ignorance or prejudice thus to confound the whole interests of a people with the toils of a poor missionary among the savages or the experience of an attaché of the government."

For ourselves who have been for years reading the sources of Canadian history and found such sources to be almost exclusively the work of missionaries, we are grieved and pained at such a charge. We cannot conceive how any Canadian could blush to read Bressane's work, the Relation of 1649, that of 1644, the narrative of Marquette, or the work of Sagard. On the contrary, we think that the Canadian, or the man, even of the most Rome-hating sect, that can read these without emotion, must be devoid of every noble feeling; and if a Canadian, as destitute of all patriotism as Benedict Arnold. If Dr. Brownson ever read these works, he certainly never could have penned so gross a charge.

De la Potherie comes next: but we find here that it is a journal in form of letters, published first as travels and then as a history. It embraces but a short period, and must, like its predecessors, be handed over to students and book collectors.

Next on the list is the work of Charlevoix. The historian of Japan, of Paraguay, of St. Domingo, would seem to promise us a complete and readable book, and our hope is not disappointed. Polished, graceful, eloquent, he speaks in a tone which hurries away and convinces. Well acquainted with the country and the people, a better statesman than the court could furnish, he saw the real position of Canada and sought to rouse his sovereign to active measures for the salvation of the empire of France in America. He composed his history in the still standing parsonage of the Indian village of Caughnawaga, on the St. Laurence, from the printed books relating to Canada, the manuscript works in the colony, and the documents in the government archives at Paris which he had consulted.

His list of authors shows the extent of his research, and its fidelity has not been questioned. Of course the French Jesuit did not write in the tone of an English parson; he did not condemn Catholicity in general or particular, and we do not find that he ascribes the regeneration of our race and all other blessings, known and unknown, to Martin Luther. He was no particular friend to England, and would gladly have seen her power humbled; and we naturally find his history reflect his feelings. His work was well received, and soon won the applause of even English scholars. Gibbon, a good judge of books and no particular friend to religion, gives it unqualified praise, and it has ever since been the main source whence English and American writers have drawn their information as to Canada, and they all render it their meed of praise. Had this work but a continuation of twenty-five years, it would embrace the whole period of French power in North America. As it is, it is infinitely superior to any published history of an English colony. Hutchinson's Massachusetts, Smith's New York and New Jersey, Stith's Virginia, are all insignificant compared to the classic work of Charlevoix. The subject indeed has something to do with this; but what made Canada the scene of more romantic adventures, more noble heroism, more perils and more glory, made a historian equal to the task. The spirit of religion, a religion of peace and joy, is the secret of Canadian history and the inspiration of its great annalist. The dulness of commerce, gloomy fanaticism and luxurious ease affect the historian as they affect the events which he is to portray.

In the pages of Charlevoix we trace Canada from its rise to the moments which preceded the old French war: we see its towns and villages rising with every literary and benevolent institution that a perfect state can need; we see the adventurous missionary and trader of France plunge into the distant wilderness; every Indian tribe but one won to the cause of France, and opening its council halls to the envoy of truth: we see the Catholic spirit working out its destiny from Champlain who commences his narrative by the noble sentence, "The conversion of a soul outweighs the conquest of an empire," down to the days of Madame Youville building her hospital amid the din of war. Churches, convents, colleges, hospitals, asylums arise in the wilderness; men seemed to have believed in the Gospel, in heroism, in chivalrous endeavor; they thought that high and noble deeds, self sacrifice, a spirit of renunciation better accorded with the doctrines of the Gospel than the mad pursuit of wealth, than plans to impoverish the poor and enrich the rich, than schemes and projects of earthly grandeur.

And therefore the first settlers are a study, and we must turn to Charlevoix to study them. One of our pagan authors has felt the cruel modern triumph of matter over spirit, a triumph which has led by revulsion to the outburst of Mormonism, and spirit rapping, protests against errors, themselves no less erroneous.

"Things are in the saddle and ride mankind" sighs the poet of New England. To all who have this feeling at heart, who are sick of the material spirit of our land, we commend Charlevoix's history. It is a story of another state of society, of other thoughts and acts and ideas; which grew up side by side with those which have produced such sad facts among us. And in saying this, let it not be imagined that the religious Canadians wanted energy, activity or zeal. On the contrary, while English settlers hugged the atlantic shore, Canadians colonized Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and the banks of the Mississippi, and laid the foundations of distant Mobile. They introduced the sugar cane, exported ginseng, worked copper on lake Superior, lead on Illinois, traded with Santa Fé, and fought the battles of the mother country from Hudson's Bay to the equator.

Charlevoix has never been translated completely; this is much to be regretted: it better deserves a place in our libraries than the works of Guizot, Michelet and Thiers. It is classic, eloquent, faithful and interesting, as well from the vicinity of the region as from the wide difference of manners between those of our time and country and those it portrays. Then, too, it is for the period the only reliable history; for of the later periods we have none. Later works are not to be compared with it.

Canada fell under the power of England, became a colony of the royal Georges. The red cross replaced the white banner of France, and English ideas began to rule the destinies of the land. What have the English done in their century of power? Compare what France did from 1633 to 1763, with what England has done from 1763 to 1854, and tell us where is the much vaunted superiority of Protestant over Catholic governments. What has England done for education, science or social progress?

Under the new regime, a historian rises, Smith, son of the historian of New York, the illiberal man, who after mentioning a law punishing a Catholic priest with imprisonment for life, and with death on recapture, adds in that spirit of Christian toleration which has even characterized other works of English literature, "A law which, *as it ever should*, remains in force to this day."

The son was worthy of his sire: he ravaged the State Paper Office, and many valuable papers have never since been seen. He was not the man to write the history of Catholic Canada, but fortunately the dulness of the father with the father's bigotry descended to the son, and the work, never popular, is found only on the shelves of book collectors, and even then rarely opened.

Since then other French historians of Canada have appeared. One of these, Bibaud, we shall dismiss with Roy, as their works are merely school books, unmarked by any new ideas as to the history of the past. Creditable compilations, they are not however either equal for research or style to the Canadian part in Murray's "History of British America," a work which is in general reliable and useful as an abridgment and an index to printed sources of Canadian history.

To be continued.

ITALIAN LIFE AND MORALS—EFFECTS OF ROMANISM ON SOCIETY.

This is the title of an article in the February number of Harper's Magazine. Though it has fallen to our lot to read many unfair and unjust statements in regard to the character and customs of Catholic countries, we have never, we believe, perused any thing so glaringly slanderous and malignant as this attempt to delineate Italian life and morals. It is evidently the production of a bitter partisan and an unmitigated bigot, whose blindness will not permit him to see any thing good in the life of those who conscientiously differ from him in faith and worship; of one whose sense of justice is so far dulled, that he does not deem it at all necessary to state the good as well as the bad qualities of those whose character he portrays. The illustrations are in keeping with the matter. One of them represents a rather immodest country dance on an Italian holyday; two of them exhibit different phases of Italian beggary; two are devoted to the brigands; and one sketches an Italian wine shop, with two monks—whose faces are wicked caricatures—figuring as the most conspicuous characters! Could the delineator of Italian Life and Morals find nothing more worthy of illustration than these things, in that Italy, which is the land of inventions, of genius, of poetry, and the fine arts—the home of Tasso, of Michael Angelo, and of Christopher Columbus!

How the Harpers could have admitted such a production into their popular Magazine, usually so elevated in its style and tone, might seem strange to those who do not reflect, that, like many other shrewd American publishers, they keep a steady eye to the main chance, and survey, with mercantile forethought, the condition and demands of the literary market. The signs of the times indicate a morbid appetite for precisely such gross libels on Catholic institutions and character, as the one of which we are speaking; and the Messrs. Harper, no doubt by way of showing their utter abhorrence of the maxim falsely attributed to the Catholic Church—that the end justifies the means—think it, if not right, at least *profitable* to pander to this vitiated taste. We can explain their readiness to give currency to such matter on no other hypothesis.

If the utter grossness and transparent scandal of the article were redeemed by refined literary taste or by elegance of style, there might be some excuse or pretext for its appearance in the Magazine. But its manner is well worthy its matter. Whatever may be the writer's ability as an English scholar, he seems to have entered on his present task with the impression, that both fine writing and common politeness would be thrown away on so ignoble a theme as "Romanism" in Italy. He writes carelessly and often ungrammatically. The very first sentence, besides containing a gross grammatical error, would have been set down by Blair as a notable example of the *obscure* style had the rhetorician thought proper to indicate such a method of writing in his catalogue. "I have universally (*sic*) found that the differences in the relative prosperity of the inhabitants of Catholic and Protestant countries *was* in ratio to the degree (sic) in which the Holy Father would consider the former faithful and the latter heretical." He continues: "This has indeed become a trite observation among travellers of both religions. But no less a writer than the Abbé Lamennais denies its truth," &c. Denies the truth of what? Of the "ratio to the degree" itself, or of its *application* to Catholic and Protestant countries? The writer probably meant the latter; but if so, why could he not have said it at once? It is as cheap to write clearly as to write vaguely and loosely. Though we were not before aware that *de* Lamennais—who by the way died lately a raving infidel in Paris—had ever treated this subject at least professedly, yet we know of many distinguished writers, both Catholic and Protestant, who have disputed both the principle itself and its application. Again, such a sentence as this,—" Milan, to the stranger, presents neither beggary *or* poverty,"—may do well enough for the libeller of " Romanism" in Italy; but it is little in accordance with the rules laid down by one Lindley Murray.

Did the writer know the language of the people, whose character he attempted to portray? From the specimens he furnishes, we would infer that his acquaintance with the language of the Italians was about as superficial and inaccurate as his knowledge of their life and morals. True, he occasionally parades Italian words with a flourish, where plain English would have done fully as well, and would have been in decidedly better taste; but in doing so, he shows to demonstration that he is not only trading on borrowed capital, but that his stock in hand is exceedingly limited. The phrases, " fleeced at every *gabelle*," and " comes to a *dogana*," occurring in two successive paragraphs, prove to our mind that he knows neither the obvious difference of meaning in the words he employs, nor the distinction between singular and plural! His blunders in this, as in that of English grammar, are too frequent and too gross to be covered by that mantle of charity, which careless writers sometimes delight to throw around their shoulders; from which, as from a panoply of mail, the darts of criticism aimed at them glance off to strike the luckless printers' devils'.

Happily, we are not left to our mere surmises in judging of the *animus* with which the writer undertook his rambling essay on Italian Life and Morals. He has the *naiveté* to avow the motive which prompted the production, in the following remarkable passage: " My object in presenting this unfavorable summary of Italian character, is to show to what extent, in comparison with Protestantism, I consider Romanism to be responsible for it, both for what it has actually done, and what it has failed to do. If such are the results where Romanism is supreme, are not other nations in which it seeks to find (sic) sway warranted in viewing it, both in a political and in a moral sense, with a jealous eye?" So, his acknowledged motive was to furnish materials for the special benefit of the mysterious order of midnight politicians, who seek precisely such *enlightenment* as this, and who, *knowing nothing*, would not be likely to question any thing he might offer them, as political aliment to strengthen them in the valiant " war to the hilt against Romanism." This giving aid and comfort to the immaculate " American party," comes with a specially good grace from one who, it is supposed, is a foreigner himself. If his new political friends should have any misgivings in regard to the fervor of their proselyte, we beg to assure them that they may safely dismiss all scruples in his regard. Take the following declaration *of a principle*, as an instance: " Believing, as we do, that the possession of the good things of this earth proceeds mainly from those qualities that heap up most treasure in heaven—or, in other words, that virtue and vice, whether of the individual or nation, have their appointed rewards and punishments in this life as well as in that to come—we consider it a fair rule to judge papal rule (*rule* again) by its fruits." We were not before aware that a *rule* brought forth *fruits;* but we suppose this happens only in Italy, where every thing is so *radically* wrong that even *rules* are there transformed into fruit bearing *trees!* Let this, however, pass. The principle itself, as boldly laid down, is a decided improvement, not only on Catholicity, but on Christianity itself, as set forth by Christ, both by word and by example. He commended poverty and inculcated self-denial. He taught men to lay up treasures, *not on earth*, but in heaven. He strongly inveighed against riches, and laid down the proposition—startling to rich men as the writer on "Romanism" in Italy—that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into Heaven. Had He intended that "the qualities" which should be distinctive of His disciples should be the basis for securing the "possession of the good things of this earth," He would have done—what many of our modern *reformed* preachers are constantly doing—delivered lectures on political economy and on the best means of laying up treasures on earth, instead of the more elevated doctrine He actually taught.

Our painter of Italian Life and Morals furnishes the following remarkable sketch of the different shades observable in the notable science of *lying*, as practiced in Catholic countries: "In France, lies are expected as a matter of course. Among the ladies they pass under the softened expression of *broder* (to romance); with gentlemen, more vulgarly *blaguer* (to fib); but both practice the vice either to please or to add piquancy to scandalous gossip, but (*but* again) seldom from baser motives. They so love to exaggerate, that even their daily newspapers are universally dated *a day in advance;* and even Galignani has been compelled to follow their example, to do away with the charge that he did not give the *latest* news. With the Italians, however, lying is a downright vice. Without the courage and gallantry of the French, they lie from fear as well as from fun." Now we apprehend, that the art of "lying" in all its stages:—*romancing* (*broder* might be translated more elegantly, as well as more literally, *embroidering*); *fibbing*, whether white or black; and downright "lying" in its unmitigated atrocity;—is not at all confined to France and Italy. We might find the richest specimens of all its grades much nearer home. We need go no farther, in fact, than our writer himself, for notable examples of this frailty, or for a striking illustration of Falstaff's well known exclamation against "lying." He *embroiders* with the darkest figures and borders every Italian cloth which he handles; he "*fibs*" at every step of his progress, and in almost every line of his essay; and as for the—highest grade of the art,—we can hardly enumerate the instances of it which are scattered over his pages. Under the two former heads we may class the following extracts, taken almost at random. Speaking of Naples he says, "at every ten miles or so, one comes to a *dogana*:" why not have written *custom house* in plain English? His readers might understand nearly as much Italian as himself, without knowing the meaning of *dogana*, any more than he does that of *gabella*. We lately travelled through the kingdom of Naples, and we can testify that we encountered no "*dogana*" for the examination of baggage, until we reached the frontiers at Terracina,—rather more, we apprehend, than ten miles from Naples. Here is another "fib:" "there are said to be not over three days of their delicious climate in a year which are all right for an Italian." Mark the agreement in number of the *their* and *an Italian;* * as well as the exquisite elegance of the whole sentence! But note also the "*fib*," which every one who has been in Italy and has remarked the habitual cheerfulness and sun-lit countenances of the Italians, would detect at a glance. Happily for the characteristic light-heartedness of the Italians, the gloomy religion of John Calvin never could gain a foot-hold in that beautiful and radiant country. But again, he says: "Rome, however, is the capital of beggardom;" and almost immediately afterwards he adds: "in fact throughout Tuscany they are the dirtiest and most beggarly set of beggars Italy can show." "*Fibbing*" and inconsistency are not incompatible, as these extracts will serve to show. While thus vacillating between Rome and Tuscany, as to the *important* question, which best merits the elegant designation—"Capital of beggardom"—he robs Naples of the palm "universally" awarded to her by all previous travellers, who had even skimmed over the surface of Italy.

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* In the previous sentence he is speaking in the *singular* of "the Italian dandy."

Nor is this the only instance in which the writer betrays his inconsistency and self-contradiction. Speaking of Roman "beggardom," he says: "if their imperfections are real, the *eighteen* hospitals of Rome are ample for their relief." A little farther on, the *eighteen* hospitals of Rome swell into *nineteen* for the treatment of diseases alone! "There are in Rome *nineteen* hospitals for the treatment of diseases." Those who are so given to "fibbing" should surely have better memories, if for no other reason, than that they might preserve their credit. What makes this contradiction the more glaring, is the evident ignorance of the writer in regard to the distinction—obvious to every child in Rome—between *Spedali*, or hospitals proper for the sick, and *Hospizii*, or places of refuge for the old of both sexes, for orphans, for unprotected girls, and for others not diseased.*

But here, we take it, is yet another example of "fibbing:" "all strangers arriving at Leghorn are taxed nearly one dollar a head for the poor." Now we were a stranger, and we lately arrived and passed twice through Leghorn, and we were not once asked to pay that "tax of nearly one dollar a head." Other examples might be furnished; but we must hasten on to more important specimens, those in which we have detected him in telling what is not true, and thereby bearing false witness against his neighbor. This department is so rich, that we scarcely know where to begin; we may as well follow his own rambling *method*, and take the instances as they occur.

Here is a libel, as gross as it is atrocious, on Italian chastity—the "index virtue" of a people: "One need have no greater evidence of the depravity of morals among the higher classes of Italian cities than the universal scandal, which spares no one, and at the same time announces a general corruption inconceivable in similar circles in Protestant countries, or which, if existing, would doom the offenders to social isolation. So the universal suspicion proclaims the equally spread habit of falsehood. However much courtesy may gild social intercourse, the serpent head of distrust is seen beneath. Jealousy is equally common. Not the more honorable sentiment founded on a regard for chastity, but the meaner spirit begotten of envy. . . . . Matrimonial fidelity is the exception!" One would think, from this extract, that he had kept shocking bad company, while in Italy! But how the proverbial jealousy of the Italians is compatible with such a state of morals, is entirely past our comprehension. We believe—and all who have passed any time in Italy will readily concur with us in opinion—that one who would there be so reckless as to tamper with conjugal fidelity, would be likely to be convinced of his error, not by expostulation, but by the keener and more trenchant logic of the Italian stiletto.†

We ask for no better refutation of this grievous calumny, than what himself furnishes. With all his blind malignity, and with all his efforts to portray the moral degradation caused by "Romanism," he is compelled to pay the following unwilling tribute to the superior morality of Italy and of Catholic countries generally, especially in the matter of chastity, "Roman Catholic cities, in their primary aspect, present a higher appearance of public morality than Protestant capitals. But few public women are met in their streets; drunkenness seems rare; and there is a general quiet and lethargy, the exact reverse of the bustle and enterprise of those towns that acknowledge Protestantism. No where is this parallel (contrast?) more strikingly shown than between Geneva and Lucerne, Florence and New York, or Rome and London. This external morality is readily explained. While the grosser forms of morality are not so openly exhibited in papal cities as in Protestant the distinction between virtue and vice is much less rigorously drawn. The Roman clergy are able to repress it outwardly, but it extends inwardly. Society in general is corrupt, while the streets are comparatively pure."

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* The latter are far more numerous than the former.

† Our writer speaks of the *knife*, and not of the *stiletto*, as the weapon peculiar to the Italians, at least to the Romans. He seems to parade his ignorance of every thing peculiarly Italian.

This is truly a precious avowal, coming as it does from an open enemy, from whom it could have been wrung only by the stern evidence of truth so palpable as to leave no means of escape. He cannot and does not dare deny the *facts;* they are too patent to every observer, no matter how prejudiced; and with such *facts* admitted even by himself, his attempt to cloud their splendor by vulgar and unworthy suspicion of what *may* take place in secret, proves only his want of charity; it can prove nothing else to any unprejudiced mind. It evidences a morbid appetite to believe evil of his neighbor from what *does not appear,* and in open and avowed opposition to what *does appear.* It manifests the blind malignity of the serpent, which strikes in the dark at invisible objects, for fear its head should be crushed by objects which its other senses make it apprehend as present.

Our writer on Italian Life and Morals is not alone among prejudiced Protestants in his avowal of the superior morality and chastity which distinguish Catholic countries, however he may be solitary, or at least unrivalled, in the vulgarity of his suspicions. *Samuel Laing, Esq.*, a Scotchman and a Presbyterian, as well as a man of great intelligence and candor, and at the same time an unexceptionable witness, because an undisguised enemy of the Catholic Church, bears the most ample evidence to the same startling fact—which in itself speaks volumes in favor of Catholicity. He deals not in mere generalities, or in round assertions, unsustained by *facts*, much less in uncharitable suspicions of what *may happen* in secret. He sustains all that he advances by public and undeniable facts and by those stern statistics which our writer found it so hard to find in Italy.* And what is his evidence on this very subject? He tells us that the most unchaste nation on the face of the earth is Protestant Sweden, notwithstanding its high northern latitude and its staunch Protestantism; and that closely approximating to it in the immoral race comes Protestant Prussia. Both these countries have been under the full sway of the Protestant reformation for three centuries. In regard to Sweden, he clearly establishes the following *facts,* which are a summary of his researches on the subject:

> "The most thoroughly immoral city in the world is Stockholm, the capital of Sweden. In all Sweden the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children is as one to fourteen; in the capital, it was in 1837, as one to two and three-tenths!! When this startling revelation made by him appeared, the Swedish legation in London attempted its refutation in an elaborate pamphlet. This provoked a

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* Simply because he was too ignorant to know where to look for them, or too indolent to make the necessary researches, for those statistics are far from being wanting in Italy, whose writers are remarkable for their erudition on all the subjects which they attempt to handle. Did he ever hear of such works as those of Galli and Morichini on Roman Statistics? We suspect that he did not!

rejoinder from Laing, who triumphantly proved all his previous statements by unanswerable statistics. He proved, that in 1838, 'the divorces were 147, the suicides 172. Of the 2,714 children born in Stockholm, 1,577 were legitimate, 1,137 illegitimate; making only a balance of 440 chaste mothers out of 2,714; and the proportion of illegitimate to legitimate children, not as one to two and three-tenths, but as ONE TO ONE AND A HALF!!'"

In regard to Prussia, he asserts that chastity, the "index-virtue of the moral condition of a people, is lower than in almost any part of Europe." In proof of this, he adds:

> "It is no uncommon event in the family of a respectable tradesman in Berlin to find on his breakfast table a little baby, of which, whoever may be the father, he has no doubt at all about the maternal grandfather. Such accidents are so common in the class in which they are least common with us—the middle class removed from ignorance or indigence—that they are regarded but as accidents, as youthful indiscretions, not as disgraces, affecting, as with us, the respectability and happiness of all the kith and kin for a generation."*

The worst enemy of Italy could not assert so much as this in regard to the low state of Italian morals.

In regard to temperance, it is generally admitted that Catholic are far in advance of Protestant countries. Our libeller of Italian Life and Morals admits this in relation to Italy, though the admission costs him a very wry face, and sundry contortions of visage, which would be amusing, if they did not excite our pity! Says he: "The faintness or want of strength resulting from so meagre a diet, is relieved by the stimulus of large draughts of the light wines of the country, in general, mixtures deleterious to the health, (another '*fib*') though not very intoxicating. Indeed, one cause of the apparent sobriety of the peasantry is said to be their inability to swallow enough to make them tipsy, though there are men among them who will swallow a gallon flask at a sitting. (Still another). They drink enough, however, to excite to crime and disorders; and their temperance may be considered rather a passive than active virtue; though as men will seek artificial stimulus, it would be an advantage to the United States could light wines be substituted for strong drinks."

This is a pretty fair specimen of the manner in which he makes admissions! The fact is, drunkenness is almost as unknown in Italy and other Catholic countries, as it is prevalent in those which are Protestant; and in few more so, unhappily, than in this, our own prosperous republic. We ourselves lived for more than four years in Rome, and though we almost daily walked the streets, we never, in all that time, saw but one man who was overcome by intoxication, and he was a young soldier! All travellers, of every shade of opinion, have freely admitted the superior temperance of the Italians. Mr. Laing testifies as follows:—he is speaking of a great popular festival in Venice, on an occasion when the entire population seems to have turned out:

> "In all this bustle, I did not see, even in the fish market at the Rialto, *a single instance of intoxication*—people were not drinking, although all were singing, talking and enjoying themselves—nor a single instance, *even among the boys*, of jostling, pushing, running, or rudeness, nor a single person whom I could suppose to be a policeman. The ordinary corporal's guard, at a public building near the church, was the only authority that I saw of any kind."†

He furnishes similar testimony in regard to the temperance, refinement, and politeness of the lower orders in Florence;

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* Notes of a Traveller, in 1 vol. 8vo.—Prussia

† Notes of a Traveller, p. 428.

> "No town on the continent," he says, "shows so much of this kind of intellectuality (a taste for the fine arts), or so much well being and good conduct among the people. It happened that the 9th of May was kept here as a great holyday by the lower class, as May-day with us, and they assembled in a kind of park about a mile from the city, where booths, tents, and carts, with wine and eatables for sale were in crowds and clusters, as at our village wakes and race-courses. The multitude from town and country round could not have been less than twenty thousand people, grouped in small parties, dancing, singing, talking, dining on the grass and enjoying themselves. *I did not see a single instance of inebriety, ill-temper, or unruly, boisterous conduct*; yet the pople were gay and jovous. There was no police, except at the crossings of the alley in the park, a mounted dragoon to make the innumerable carts, horses and carriages of all kinds and classes keep their files and their own sides of the road. The scene gave a favorable impression of the state of the lower classes in Tuscany."*

One would think that, in a country where wine is so abundant as to allow common men "to drain a gallon flask at a sitting," there is after all not so appalling an amount of destitution as to call forth a long jeremiad on Italian beggary, and on the degrading influence of "Romanism" on national wealth and comfort. The condition of the poor in Italy will compare favorably with that of the same class in England, as set forth by many Protestant writers, and as unfolded in official reports to the British Parliament. A volume of evidence might be furnished on this subject, but it is already familiar to the reading public, and our limits forbid our entering into details. We refer to Calvin Colton's "Four Years in Great Britain," to Lester's "Glory and Shame, and Fate and Condition of England," and to the more recent work of Cobden, entitled "The White Slaves of England." Compared to the down-trodden and crushed poor of Ireland, exhausted and brought down to the verge of starvation by three hundred years of English Protestant robbery and oppression, the poor of Italy enjoy an earthly paradise, and they may well be proud of the ample protection thrown around their destitute condition by an exhaustless Catholic charity, while their less fortunate neighbors, under Protestant auspices and *sympathy,* are allowed to starve by hundreds of thousands and by millions! The most striking difference between the state of the poor in Catholic and in Protestant countries consists in this, that in the former they are permitted to go at large, to enjoy their personal liberty, and even to shock the nervous sensibility of some exquisitely philanthropic gentlemen by resorting to the disgusting practice of begging, in the latter they are carefully kept out of the public eye, being deprived of their personal liberty and shut up in poor or work-houses, as if poverty were a crime to be punished with imprisonment! At any rate, you seldom hear of starvation in Catholic countries, whereas this manner of death is not uncommon elsewhere.

Our writer himself admits that "the proportions of Roman Catholic charity are colossal;" but here, as elsewhere, he qualifies his admission by reviling the Church, for insisting too much on charity! This seems almost incredible, yet it is true; and what makes it the more remarkable is, the circumstance that he alleges this *excessive* charity of the Church, as a reason for the defective education of the people! A beautiful specimen, truly, of logic and of Christian Charity combined! The Church cannot hope to succeed in imparting wholesome education to the masses, so long as she will insist so much on the practice of that charity, which is Christ's distinctive commandment! Here is the curious passage—worthy in every respect of the portrayer of Italian Life and Morals: "To return to schools and ecclesiastical education. One of its (?) chief principles tends to perpetuate a canker, which is gnawing at the vitals of Italy. The Church honors beggary in its bosom, by sustaining numerous communities of idle monks, who live on the charity and industry of the public. (Not true, but what has this to do with education?) It teaches through all its lessons, even as an article of faith, that alms expiate sins, and that it is necessary to give continually and abundantly to win Heaven. Her (the Church was *it* just above, now *she* has become feminine) charity is not of doctrine; she holds none in store for those who deny her faith (!) — they are enevitably damned; but in good works and in alms-giving she is lavish, because by them she buys salvation for herself. This abuse is two fold. It makes Heaven a matter of barter (!), and teaches the poor that it is only necessary to wear rags, and live in filth and idleness, for the wealthy to become their debtors; while the excess of good works of the Church provides them with a bed in the hospitals when ill, a snug retreat when old, and the gifts of the rich at all times."

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* Notes of a Traveller, pp. 418–19.

How detestably tyrannical and hard-hearted must be the Catholic Church, to deal thus cruelly with the poor! How shocking in her, to provide them with such horrid appliances, as "a bed in the hospital when ill, a snug retreat when old, and the gifts of the rich at all times!" How certain she is to receive the awful retribution to be denounced by our Lord on the last day against those who will have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and taken in the stranger, and thereby done all these services to Himself!!* Had she been a real mother, and not the cruel step-dame that she is, she could have spurned the poor from her, and have shut them up in prison for the atrocious crime of not possessing "the good things of this world!" How sad and utterly hopeless is her degradation, so long as she will continue to be thus "lavish" and "colossal" in her charity! She is surely behind the age, and what is worse, still, with her deeply rooted, but antiquated principles, she can never hope to keep pace with its onward march of improvement.

To be serious; the charities of Italy are unequaled in any other country in the world, and those of Rome surpass what is found in any other portion of Italy. Says a recent American Protestant writer:

> "But even admitting the faults of the Roman people to be as great and as numerous as their worst detractors charge, they would be made pardonable by their warm-hearted *charity*, 'which covereth a multitude of sins.' Their practical benevolence surpasses that of any other nation. The many poor among them share their mite with the poorer; the very beggar who has been fortunate in his alms-seeking, divides his gain with his less lucky comrade; the rich bestow bounteous and systematic charity; and the number and magnificence of charitable establishments for the relief of suffering humanity are unapproached in any other country of Europe. Hospitals for every form of disease, and for all classes of the wretched, abound in every city, and their inmates are zealously and kindly tended by self-sacrificing Sisters of Charity, who devote themselves to these painful duties, in the just belief that they are thus rendering the most acceptable religious service. Other charitable offices are performed by various confraternities, similar to the *Misericordia* of Florence. Of these, one secretly sends relief to needy but respectable families; another pays off oppressive debts, contracted by the honest poor in times of sickness and accident; another relieves friendless prisoners; another seeks out the sick poor; and another still, when all other benevolent exertions have proved faithless, carries the dead with decent ceremony to the grave. When we find the feelings which prompt these manifold acts of kindness, extending through

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* See St. Matt., chap. xxv

every class, we can pardon them their transgressions of some other points of the moral law."*

Of the charities peculiar to Rome and to Italy, our writer speaks as follows: "The hospital of the Holy Ghost receives all bastards without question. (This is a gross misstatement: every one who has been in Rome knows that this hospital is for the sick generally, and that it is the oldest, as well as one of the largest and best conducted establishments of the kind in the world.) They cost Rome yearly fifty thousand dollars. (This is of a piece with "fib" No. 1, and is absurd on its very face.) There are besides some fourteen semi-convents, where young girls are gratuitously received and educated. They never leave these retreats except to marry or become nuns. If the former, they receive a dowry of thirty-five dollars;† if the latter, fifty dollars, so much is celibacy in Rome held in honor above matrimony. (In which Rome does but follow St. Paul, I Cor. ch. vii.) As an anomaly, however, in this doctrine, there exists (another grammatical blunder) in Rome, and in Italy generally, *dotal* institutions, which annually provide a considerable number of poor girls with sufficient dowries to tempt offers of marriage."

But, perhaps the most remarkable thing in this most remarkable essay on Life and Morals in Italy, is the passage in which the writer seriously undertakes to show that Catholic charity is self-seeking and ostentatious, while Protestant charity is silent and unpretending! We present an extract; and if our readers can refrain from laughing, they must have much more command over their facial muscles than we can lay claim to. "There is an important distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant benevolence in modes of action. Both are comprehensive, self-denying, laborious and unwearied. The former, however, partakes of the parade and ostentation of the Church, which controls and directs its operations. . . . . . No one can meet the Roman 'Brethren of the Dead,' whose office it is to bury the deserted victims of contagion, see the mournful costume of the Florentine 'Brethren of Pity,' or watch the noiseless steps of the French 'Sisters of Charity,' as they glide, like ministering angels, to the hearth-stones of poverty, or the bed-sides of the sick and dying, without feeling his heart respond to the sublime doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, and involuntarily reverencing that form of Christianity which thus manifests its benevolence to the world. But is there not more real sublimity in the silent, humble walk of Protestant benevolence—the doing good in secret—than in all the mighty machinery of Rome? . . . . . Protestantism washes no pilgrims' feet, and feeds no paupers in the pride of charity amidst the splendors of a dominant hierarchy. It makes no theatrical exhibition of its benevolence, though its English form delights too much in good dinners. . . . . . Men see not the Protestant Brethren of Mercy as they pass by, for they are like other men; neither do women kneel on stony pavements when the Protestant clergyman carries hope to the dying; . . . . . nor do our Sisters of Charity wear other garb than that in which they so faithfully perform their duties as Christian mothers."

A much more plausible reason for our not seeing the Protestant "Brethren of Mercy" and Protestant "Sisters of Charity" might be found in the very simple fact, that there are none in existence to become the objects of our vision! While we cheerfully award to Protestants the just meed of praise for their frequent exhibition of the spirit of charity and benevolence, we cannot be expected to be guilty of the palpable absurdity of believing, that theirs is a secret, and ours an ostentatious charity. The contrary is known to be the case. The after-dinner charity of the English is proverbial; and our own form of public subscriptions and ostentatious collections is equally notorious. The Catholic Sisters of Charity "glide along with noiseless steps" on their errands of mercy; and most of the Catholic charities, those of Italy especially, were founded by men who took every possible means to remain unknown to the world. It is a distinctive feature in Catholic charity, more insisted on than any other, that in accordance with the divine admonition, the left hand should not know what the right hand bestows. The charitable Brotherhoods, to whom reference is above made, require an external organization, with some external badges and rites, to band them together, so that they may be able to carry out the noble purposes of their institute; but so far from being ostentatious, many of them wear disguises whenever they appear in public on their charitable mission. This is known to all who have been in Italy.

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* Rome, as *seen* by a New Yorker; pp. 200, 201.

† Not an inconsiderable sum in Rome.

The writer on Italian Life and Morals makes so many utterly false statements, that we are not able, without transcending all reasonable limits, to refute, or even to contradict them all. An untruth may be asserted in a single line, which it would require pages properly to refute. We might, in fact, characterize the whole article, in the aggregate, as one huge misstatement. We may say of it, what Talleyrand once said of a book submitted to his *critique,*—whatever is *new* in it is not *true*, and what is *true* is not *new!* Even what is true is so mixed up with untruth, either express or implied, as fairly to pass for a misrepresentation. But we cannot refrain from branding, as a downright untruth, his assertion that the Pope sells indulgences; as well as that in which he dares imply that indulgences are but licenses to commit sin. The Council of Trent solemnly forbids the sale of Indulgences, and an indulgence, as defined by all our standards—from the simplest Catechism up to the Council of Trent—is the very opposite of the permission to commit sin; for it necessarily presupposes the forgiveness of sin. He must have known better, at the very time he was engaged in penning the injurious calumny; and he should have remembered, that while he was denouncing the Italians for downright "lying," consistency, to say nothing of higher motives, should have prompted him to avoid the wicked practice he was so free to charge on others.

Another injurious slander—contradicted by all history—is contained in the assertion that "the Popes were alive only to the extension of their own petty sovereignties." Had they been thus ambitious, how has it happened that, with all their great temporal power during the middle ages, they have not extended their territory one foot, but have, on the contrary, lost considerable portions of it, through the grasping ambition of their more powerful neighbors? When a man is thus reckless of truth, he ought to preserve at least the probabilities, and not make his misstatements so gross and palpable, that every one can detect them at a glance. But our writer is utterly devoid of the ingenuity which covers falsehood with the semblance of truth; and when detected, he cannot even allege the excuse contained in the well known Italian proverb: *sé non é vero, é ben trovato.* For his own credit's sake, he should have learned this lesson, if no other, in that polished Italy which he so grossly maligns.

In one instance, while endeavoring to fasten the charge of dishonesty on Italian officials, he unwittingly exposes himself to the charge of either bribery or smuggling! "From Rome I have gone by land to Naples, thence through some of the northern States of Italy, (is Naples en route from Rome to the north of Italy?) and never once opened a carriage load of trunks. The gift was expected as a matter of course; but for the officers to do their duty, that was quite another affair." That is, the officers of customs were dishonest, and he encouraged and abetted them in their dishonesty! A little further on he says: "If you refuse to pay, your baggage remains untouched, *but you are not allowed to proceed.*" Of course, if you refuse to pay, travel is impossible in Italy! This we know to be glaringly untrue, from our own actual experience.

Again, he endeavors to prove that deeds of violence and murders are as common in Italy as with us, and in Protestant countries! He is, however, compelled by truth to make the following admission, which tallies badly with his assertion: "Still I do not believe that the Italians are given to the cold blooded atrocities which figure not unfrequently in the criminal calendars of England and America. At all events, we rarely hear of coolly planned murders for the sake of booty; and yet brigands and assassinations figure largely in Italian tales. The Italian kills in warm blood, or in his profession of a 'bravo.' He uses his knife, particularly the Roman, as an Anglo-Saxon does his fists." *Our* specimens of the Anglo-Saxons use the bowie-knife or the revolver, almost as often as they do "their fists." We doubt much whether in Italy, during the last year, there was one twentieth part of the eight to nine hundred murders, perpetrated during the same time, in our own republic, and recorded in the public prints! How few of these were brought to justice!

We will close this review with some remarks on popular education in Italy, upon which our writer makes, as usual, some important misstatements. His theory on the subject is contained in the following singular passage: "Another cause of indolence are (?) the fetters imposed on knowledge. There are numerous primary schools, it is true. Rome alone possesses three hundred and seventy-two, which receive about fourteen thousand children of both sexes. Throughout the country, they exist gratuitously; but besides the simple elements of instruction, they, as well as the universities, are made subordinate to the papacy. The instructors, in general, are priests. The Church Catechism is a text book. All knowledge that tends to expand the mind, liberalize ideas, or develop physical energy unsuited to the theory of absolutism, is rigorously taboed." What a pity, that, instead of teaching the "Church Catechism," the Italian clergy, engaged in the noble work of imparting education, should not teach the Presbyterian, or—what would be still better, and would tend vastly more "to expand the mind and liberalize ideas"—the many conflicting doctrinal expositions of the various Protestant sects! Children would then be reared up in the *liberal* belief, that, instead of the one faith and one Church, Christ had established a hundred jarring sects, and had left the choice amongst them to man's private judgment or taste! Do what she will, the Catholic Church cannot please some fault-finding people. Do her clergy engage actively in the cause of education?—they are still keeping the people in ignorance!

A much more satisfactory cause for the alleged "indolence" of the Italians, might be found in the warmth of the climate. Every one who has even glanced at the comparative activity of northern and southern nations, must have noticed at once the characteristic difference in energy and industry which distinguishes them. As Mr. Laing well remarks, the religion and the government of a people are very "convenient pack-horses," on which superficial travellers are in the habit of laying whatever burdens they have not sense or philosophy enough otherwise to dispose of. Upon the relative condition of popular education in Catholic and Protestant countries, in particular, Mr. Laing has bestowed much attention and diligent research; and as he had no pet theory to establish, and was, at the same time a Presbyterian, and a Scotchman, we suppose his testimony will be taken as unexceptionable. He unfolds the result of his inquiries in the following remarkable passage:

> "In Catholic Germany, in France, and even in Italy, the education of the common people, in reading, writing, arithmetic, music, manners and morals, is at least as generally diffused, and as faithfully promoted by the clerical body, as in Scotland. It is by their own advance, and not by keeping back the advance of the people, that the popish priesthood of the present day seek to keep ahead of the intellectual progress of the community in Catholic lands: and they might, perhaps, retort on our Presbyterian clergy, and ask, if they too, are in their countries at the head of the intellectual movement of the age? Education is in reality not only not repressed, but is encouraged by the popish church; and is a mighty instrument in its hands, and ably used. In every street in Rome, for instance, there are, at short distances, public primary schools, for the education of the children of the lower and middle classes in the neighborhood. Rome, with a population of 158,678 souls, has 372 public primary schools, with 482 teachers, and 14,000 children attending them. Has Edinburgh so many schools for the instruction of those classes? I doubt it. Berlin, with a population about double that of Rome, has only 264 schools. Rome has also her university, with an average attendance of 660 students: and the Papal States, with a population of two and a half millions, contain seven universities. Prussia, with a population of fourteen millions, has but seven."*

We have now done with the portrayer of Italian Life and Morals. Without an adequate knowledge of either the language, or the manners and customs of the country, he manifestly was wholly incompetent to judge aright the people, whose hospitality he enjoyed only to requite it with the most malicious slander. His mind was too narrowed by prejudice against their religion, to allow him to do justice to their many good qualities of mind and heart. He entirely forgets to tell us what we owe to the Italians, in the field of art, science, discovery and invention; and yet in all these departments of human knowledge, we are probably more indebted to them than to any other nation on earth. Under his pencil, their vices stand out in dark and bold relief, while their virtues and merits are almost wholly concealed.

If we have used plain, and sometimes strong language, we have thought that the malignant spirit which prompted and dictated his portraiture of the Italians, deserved a stern rebuke. In his travels through Italy, he reminds us of the serpent in Paradise: his poisonous breath infects the very air he breathes; he covers whatever is good and holy with the slime of his poison; and he snaps, with blind malignity, at whatever crosses his way. We have thought that we were doing a service to humanity in casting him out from so beautiful a garden spot of the world, and in sending him to wander about in places more suitable to his habits, and more congenial to his tastes.

B. L.

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*Laing, Sup. Cit.

THE DISCUSSION ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Continued from page 37.

Pope Sixtus IV had good reason to be jealous of any attempt to obscure, by false interpretation, the brightness of the tribute that he had paid to our Blessed Lady. He was the first sovereign pontiff who expressly approved the devotion in honor of the Conception, and he had reason to think that it had obtained for him particular assistance from the Queen of Heaven. Whoever reads the history of Europe during the last half of the fifteenth century, will see that the pontificate of Sixtus, from 1471 to 1484, was cast in times of trouble and imminent danger. The tide of Saracen invasion had swept over half of the Christian world, and there seemed to be no human means of saving the remainder. Some few heroic souls, indeed, like St. John of Capistrano, in Albania, and Hunniades at Belgrade in 1456, and Scanderbeg in Albania, had shown, by their successful resistance, what might be done if Christian Europe were united. But jarring interests so divided the States of Europe, that they were exhausting in mutual wars the strength they needed against the common enemy. The Mohammedans were not only stimulated by their almost uninterrupted career of conquest, and the recent spoils of Constantinople—perhaps the richest city in the world—but they were led on by the terrible Mohammed II, another Attila, who had been for twenty years advancing in strength and improving in experience of war, and had acquired the reputation of an irresistible devastator of Christian countries. The sovereign pontiffs, fathers of the whole Christian family, had exerted themselves in vain to arouse the rulers of Europe to make an effort proportioned to the danger. Pius II, well known in the world of letters under the name of Æneas Sylvius, though worn out with labors and infirmities, had undertaken to shame the princes into manliness, by going himself to the defence of his children in the East, and had died at Ancona, whither he had repaired for embarkation, A. D. 1464. But the princes seemed equally insensible to shame and to enlightened self-interest, and Mohammed was suffered to collect his resources at leisure, to assemble his hundred thousand warriors and his hundred and sixty ships, with which he designed to strike a decisive blow, and then overturn all Christendom, and make Europe as desolate as he had made the East. The tiger was crouching for his spring, and the victim would not see his danger. It was just at this time that Pope Sixtus had issued the first official word from the mother of churches on the Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and invited all the faithful to unite in thanking God for His precious gift to earth, in the person of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven. This devotion could not but win protection from the Help of Christians. The tiger made his spring and was foiled; for the next attack of Mohammed upon Christendom was the siege of Rhodes, A. D. 1480; glorious for the superhuman and successful defence made by the Knights of St. John. Mohammed was infuriated at the baffling of his most determined efforts, and the gradual destruction of his immense armament: he survived but a few months the mortification of this unexpected repulse, and the progress of the Saracens in that direction was retarded for half a century.

No wonder, then, we say, that this pontiff was prompt to vindicate from false interpretation the decree that he had published in honor of the Conception. Accordingly, in 1483, he issued his constitution *Grave nimis*, denouncing in severe language those who asserted that it was heretical or otherwise sinful to teach that the Conception of the Blessed Virgin was immaculate; and providing against such scandals for the future by the penalty of excommunication. "We feel it," he says, "an insupportable burden and pain that evil things are told to us of certain ecclesiastical persons. But we are the more displeased at the excesses committed in preaching, by those who are appointed to announce the Word of God, because it is more dangerous if they continue without correction; since it is not easy to efface those errors which are more extensively and more fatally impressed on the hearts of many persons by public preaching. Indeed, whereas the Holy Roman Church does solemnly celebrate a public festival of the Conception of the undefiled and ever Virgin Mary, and has arranged an especial and peculiar office for it; some preachers (as we have heard) of divers orders, in their sermons to the people in various cities and countries, have not blushed to assert publicly, and they continue every day to preach, that all they who hold and assert the same glorious and immaculate mother of God to have been conceived without the stain of original sin, do sin mortally or are heretics; that they sin grievously who celebrate the office of her Immaculate Conception, and who listen to the sermons of such as affirm her to have been conceived without such blemish . . . . from whose assertions and preachings, scandals of no light character have arisen in the minds of the faithful, and there is just reason for fearing still worse ones every day. . . . . . We therefore, desiring to hinder (as much as Heaven allows us) these rash darings, and the perverse teachings and scandals in the Church of God that may grow out of them, . . . do reprobate and condemn such assertions, as false, erroneous and altogether destitute of truth. . . . . And we do decree and ordain that preachers of the Word, and all other persons whatsoever, . . . who shall presume in future to affirm with rash daring that these reproved and condemned propositions are true . . . . incur by the very fact sentence of excommunication from which they cannot obtain the benefit of absolution from any other than the Roman Pontiff, unless in the article of death." At the same time, in order to remove all pretext of provocation, he equally forbade under the same penalty, those who believed the doctrine, to charge its opponents with heresy or mortal sin. For such a charge was calculated to excite angry feelings, and it was necessarily unfounded, since heresy consists in denying a truth decided by the Church to be revealed of God.

This check upon angry discussions naturally favored the growth of devotion to the Immaculate Conception: for all true devotion springs from charity, and bitterness of feeling even in the cause of truth tends to lessen it. Eleven years after this bull of Pope Sixtus IV, an occasion was given to manifest how general was the belief of the Catholic world in this privilege of the Mother of God. A learned Benedictine named Trithemius, abbot of Spanheim near Mentz, published a work on the Praises of St. Ann, and asserted in it that Mary was conceived without original sin. He was warmly assailed by a Dominican named Wigand; but the assailant was immediately answered by a host of writers in prose and verse, and with such abundance of authorities and such conclusiveness of argument that Wigand acknowledged his error and his own conviction of the doctrine. This was not all. An attempt was made to prejudice Trithemius in the eyes of the Holy See; and the effect was, to draw forth expressions of approbation of his teaching from the universities of Paris and Cologne, from the entire order of the Carmelites and that of the Franciscans, from most of the Cardinals, and numbers of archbishops, bishops, and secular princes, from almost all the German clergy, and innumerable other men of learning.

Indeed however theologians might dispute about the doctrine, it seems clear that the great body of the faithful believed it undoubtingly. Before the time of St. Bernard it had been held among all the other truths of religion, without being the object of very especial attention. The doubts expressed by St. Bernard and St. Thomas had indeed persuaded some few that it was, and made some others fear that it might be false; but the principal effect had been to draw the attention of every one, to occupy all minds and hearts with the peculiar beauty of this privilege, and like the doubt of the first St. Thomas, to draw forth so distinct and conclusive a solution, as to leave no longer any room for doubt. The devotion then had been all this time steadily increasing throughout Christendom; and after that it had been sanctioned by the Holy See, the faithful commonly regarded the doctrine itself as practically approved of. It was manifest that the successor of St. Peter saw in it no theological error; it was perfectly safe to hold it and to love it. Persons of a truly catholic spirit, persons impressed with a child-like reverence for every intimation of the Church's sentiments, and with a lively faith in God's providence over all her acts, could easily satisfy themselves—unless some particular influence kept them back—that a doctrine which had received even so indirect a sanction from "the pillar and the ground of truth," could not possibly be false. All were bound to respect that liberty of denial which the pontiff had not taken away; and charity forbade them to impugn the motives of those who exercised that liberty on suitable occasions; but the faithful were scandalized if any one exercised it in public sermons. The mere fact of a man's being allowed to deny what every one else believed, was not a sufficient reason for him to parade his singularity in the public church; and when the faithful were assembled for a fervent exhortation to reverence and love for our Blessed Lady, it was insufferable that a preacher should take that occasion to display his skill in defending a proposition that was only not condemned, and chill a pious audience with a theological argument to prove that the mother of God had been at one time under the dominion of Satan. Accordingly when this was done at Dieppe by John Veras or Verigo, on the feast of the Conception, A. D. 1497, it excited universal scandal and indignation; and as he was a Doctor of the University of Paris, that body felt that its own good name was compromised by his conduct. They therefore summoned him to appear before them, exacted of him a promise that he would never more preach against the Immaculate Conception; and afterwards in a public session, at which eighty-two professors of theology assisted, a decree was passed by unanimous consent that no one should thereafter be admitted to the degree of doctor in that university, until he had made oath that he would always assert and strenuously maintain to the best of his power the preservation of the Most Blessed Mother of God from original sin. The University of Cologne soon after adopted the same regulation; and in 1502, as Spondanus relates, (an. 1494, n. xiv), the cardinal protector of the Dominicans issued a command that the members of that order should abstain from all mention of the subject in their public sermons.

The Council of Trent was opened Dec. 13, 1545. The teaching of the Church on original sin was laid down in the fifth session, held in June, 1546; and it was necessary that some mention should be made of the doctrine which exempts the Blessed Virgin from that stain. In the preliminary congregation or committee, Cardinal Pacecco proposed that the whole controversy be at once concluded by a definition of the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith; but the proposition was thought to be out of place. A large majority of the bishops avowed their belief in the doctrine, and so did the representatives of all the religious orders excepting that of St. Dominic: but there was no particular need of such a definition, and the making of it would have consumed time and attention that were wanted for more urgent business—business which afterwards occupied twenty sessions, and spread over a duration of seventeen years. The Council therefore contented itself with adding to the fifth canon the following clause: "This same holy Synod doth nevertheless declare, that it is not its intention to include in this decree, where original sin is treated of, the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, the mother of God; but that the constitutions of Pope Sixtus IV, of happy memory, are to be observed, under the pains contained in said constitutions, which it renews." This appears, as Cardinal Pallavicino remarks, in his history of the Council, to amount to an authoritative decision that she was not *necessarily* subject to original sin; and in that sense we may regard it as an approbation by the Church of Scotus' position, that God *could* have created her immaculate, and a removal of St. Thomas' difficulty who as we have seen denied that our Lady was pure from original sin, only because he thought it repugnant to God's attributes to make her so.

In 1570, St. Pius V, solicitous for the still more perfect preservation of the spirit of charity in the bond of peace, prohibited the advocates of either side to assail their adversaries at all in public sermons before promiscuous assemblies of the people. Some preachers, it appears from his complaint, without violating the regulation of Sixtus IV, yet argued the subject with great warmth, and with abstruse theological reasoning, which the people did not understand; and sometimes, he says, the preachers themselves did not see clearly the state of the question. The only effect of such sermons was to leave a vague impression that the question was a debatable one, and to keep up agitation and bitterness of feeling. He did not by any means object to such preaching on the subject as was calculated to instruct the faithful and nourish their devotion, and he expressly left it free for men of learning to argue the question, in public disputations, where only such an audience was assembled as could understand the matter.

But does not this cautious avoiding of a decision show that the Church was really unable to determine on which side lay the truth? Or perhaps she was pusillanimous, and shrank from an open avowal of her faith, for fear of offending the influential order of the Dominicans, and incurring the ill-will of other powerful opponents of the doctrine? They who imagine either of these to have been the case, know but little of her spirit or her history. She deems it an impiety to admit a shadow of mistrust in the fidelity of her heavenly spouse who has pledged himself to be with her all days even to the consummation of the world, and to give her his spirit of truth to teach her all truth. Fears she may have had, but they were not for herself; for she is built on a rock which "the gates of hell shall not prevail against." Perhaps she did fear for the souls of some of her children: she may have mistrusted that some weak hearts that had grown too warm in the controversy, would not have humility enough to submit to her decision if she made one, and would have forced her to cut them off from her communion, to their own eternal ruin; and she would not unnecessarily put them to the test. It is the same merciful fear that our Saviour exhibits for each one of us when he abstains from sending us such trials as he sees we have not the courage to endure. For the rest, her very slowness to speak, like the forbearance of a strong man, or the patience of God himself, proceeds from her consciousness of the power to speak infallibly and effectually when the right time comes.

Open St. Alphonsus Ligouri's History of Heresies, or any other book giving similar information, and see whether during this same time, from the twelfth century to the seventeenth, the Church was accustomed to hesitate about determining her doctrine, or to be timid about avowing it. You will find her promptly and imperatively deciding a multitude of questions in faith and practical morals, some of them most abstruse and delicate, and some of them reaching down to the very roots of religion and society. Many of the self same false maxims, which are now undermining un-catholic society, and which it is impossible for Protestant teachers to counteract effectually, were exposed and condemned by the Church during the period that we are speaking of. One reason why Catholics now are so easily guarded against the false principles that are running wild through the world, is because the same principles were brought to light and condemned by the Church, and their deformity exposed by Catholic writers in those ages. She crushed the early buds of radicalism in condemning the levelling doctrines of Wickliffe at the Council of Constance, A. D. 1418. The fundamental axiom of the Socialists—that God has made each man good, and that happiness and virtue consist in following out our natural inclinations—is an error on the very subject we are treating of, for it denies original sin and assumes that all men are conceived immaculate. This error is full of evil consequences, and the Church denounced it in various sects of the fourteenth century, especially in the Turlupini. These fanatics, more consistent than their modern followers, maintained that it was wrong to be ashamed of the body given us by a wise and holy Creator, or of any of its appetites; and they acted out their principles to the last extreme, living in a way that decency forbids to mention. The practice of divorce has by slow but very sure degrees so obliterated among Protestants the sacredness of the marriage tie as to prepare the world to look on Mormon polygamy rather with curiosity than horror. See how uncompromising the Church was during that same period in setting her face against divorces, and maintaining the simple doctrine of Sacred Scripture: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." (St. Matt. xix, 6.) Read the account of Pope Innocent III, forbidding the divorce of Philip Augustus, in the end of the twelfth century, and of Clement VII refusing that of Henry VIII in the sixteenth:—see at what cost the Church maintained the truths that duty required her to maintain; see whether she knows any other fear but the fear of the Lord. Again, with regard to her favorite children, her religious, when a question arose on the merit of Evangelical Poverty, Pope Nicholas III was prompt in explaining and vindicating that virtue by a dogmatic definition, A. D. 1278; but when some of the Franciscans, misunderstanding that definition, adopted extravagant notions about the poverty of our Saviour and his apostles, they too were met by a dogmatic definition from John XXII, A. D. 1323. The error that they taught involved difficult questions, and required the application of the nicest distinctions; so much so that a superficial reader might easily think it was a controversy only about words; but the gift of understanding enabled the Church to detect in that error also the germs of great social and religious evils. The pontiff therefore resolutely insisted on submission, although he could not but foresee and lament that some would rather leave the Church, to the ruin of their own souls, and the great multiplication of his troubles. Michael Cæsena, William of Occam and others, who might have been illustrious ornaments of the Church, repaired to the court of Louis of Bavaria, and were amongst his ablest advisers and most active supporters in his impious war against her. A. C. U.

To be continued.

THE LEGEND OF SISTER BEATRICE.

PART I.

Clear and loud from the convent tower
  Sounded the "Angelus" bell.
Pealing out on the morning air,
Calling the faithful ones to prayer,
  And they loved its tones full well!

For, more than a hundred years had rolled,
Since first from that tower the bell had tolled,
  And there they knelt, the old and the young
In that consecrated place
  Breathing to Heaven that prayer, that first,
  From the lips of adoring angel burst
"Hail! Mary, full of grace."

The little altar, was gaily decked;
  Flowers, lent their rich perfume;
The earth had been shorn of its fairest gem,
The lily borne from its slender stem,
  And the rose in its brightest bloom.

To a pious nun had the care been given,
Of the shrine of the glorious Queen of Heaven;
  And a fair and beautiful one was she
With soft soul-lighted eyes
  And hair that gleamed 'neath her sable veil
Like a glance of bright sunrise.

From her early childhood she had been there;
  There she a woman had grown:
And she looked with love on all around,
  She prized e'en the rugged stone.

And oh! she loved the Virgin pure
  And prayed from morn till night,
That she would ever keep her heart
  In the path of truth and right.

Sister Beatrice, never was sought in vain,
By God's chosen, the poor, in sorrow or pain.
  But hark! there are knocks at the convent gate,
And a prayer that those within
  Would take, in the name of the merciful,
A wounded soldier in.

None needing relief had ever come
  To those convent gates in vain,
So they carried in a gallant young knight
And his followers said that he never would go
  Alive from that place again.

There had been, they said, a fierce affray
In which he was wounded, ere break of day,
  And they brought him here, for the Abbess was famed
Far and near for her healing skill.

His name was noble, they said, and that he,
Was a knight of dauntless bravery.

The Abbess bound his wounds and watched
  And kindly tended him,
Till she saw the light of life come back
  To his eyes so sad and dim,
The rich blood glow in his pallid cheek,
And strength in the limbs that were faint and weak.

Of tall and manly form was he,
  With dark and brilliant eye,
And clustering chestnut curls upon
  A forehead white and high.
Wise they were whom he could not beguile
With his honied speech and winning smile.

With health restored he now might go,
  And yet he lingered there;
The good nuns said how pious he was
  At our Lady's shrine in prayer;
But often, too often, his eyes would rest
On the face of one fairer than all the rest.

And she, she seemed to heed him not,
  But alas! as the serpent tempted Eve,
  Do the wicked the innocent oft deceive;
And when is added the power of love,
Ah! weak may the heart of a maiden prove.

Now who are those in this twilight hour
Sitting within that leafy bower?
  Sister Beatrice she, and sad, I fear,
  Will be the hearts of the good, when they hear
That the wounded knight they had taken in
Was urging that pure young soul to sin.

Murmuring low are the words that they speak,
A blush grows crimson upon her cheek,
  There are tears in her downcast eye.—
Oh! mother of maidens help her now!
Let her not break her solemn vow,
  Bid her the tempter fly.

She has ever served thee, oh! guard her well,
From the false young knight, and love's fatal spell.
  Alas! alas! and is the prayer,
In vain, that my heart would plead?
  Why have the wicked and vile the power
  To snatch from virtue so sweet a flower,
Like a rank and worthless weed?

In vain when the morning comes they may seek,
The knight, or the sister so fair but weak.
On a trusty steed they were far away
When the light in the sky was dim and gray.
For once, O Virgin, pure and mild!
Hast thou forsaken an erring child?

VIEW OF ST. PETER'S.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER II.

View of the north part of Rome—Traces of the siege—The villa Pamfili—Continuation of the French operations—Lesseps' Intervention—Investment of the City—Progress of the Siege and Surrender of Rome—St. John of Lateran's Basilica—The Scala Santa.

Before resuming my journey I would wish you to inspect the View of Rome,* taken from the summit of Mount Gianicolo; it may help to make some of my future descriptions more intelligible. In the distance you behold the "purple Appenines," beneath whose feet the yellow Tiber has long been wending his way before he bursts out into the campagna to wash the walls of Rome. You see that the greater part of the city, of which only the northern portions are given, lie on his left bank to the right of the picture. Of the seven famous hills you can see nothing, except a little of Mt. Quirinal on the extreme right, and its continuation Mt. Pincio, which contains the public gardens, the beautiful villa Borghese, and then slopes down gradually to the banks of the winding Tiber. The others, of which we shall learn more hereafter, lie a little further south. Just under Monte Pincio you can discern two domes of the same height, quite close together; they belong to two small churches exactly alike, which mark the commencement of the Corso, the finest street in Rome, leading from the Piazza del Popolo into the heart of the city. In the centre you will easily recognize the castle and bridge of St. Angelo, forming such a distinctive feature in the scene. The beautiful palace in the foreground is the Palazzo Corsini, and of course I need not point out to you St. Peter's with its noble dome, its vast piazza and immense colonnade. The buildings of the Vatican are immediately behind, but are rather concealed from view.

The elevated summit from which you take this survey is the Janiculum, so famous in early Roman history, and the highest land in the immediate neighborhood of the city. It was here that the French effected their entrance. The villa Pamfili and the gate of St. Pancras, though not represented, are not far distant: one being a little to the west, and the other to the south. The former; you remember, was the scene of some of the bloodiest encounters that took place during the siege, and it was through the latter that Gen'l Picard suffered himself to be inveigled so unsuspectingly. Between this hill and St. Peter's is the gate Cavallagieri, and on the other side of the great basilica, near the Vatican, is the gate St. Angelica. This little *geography lesson* concluded we shall now resume our narrative.

As we approached Rome, the country became less arid. The roads were now lined with hawthorn and clematis; pretty groves of waving green frequently broke the dull uniformity, and occasional villas embowered in vines and fig-trees imparted life to the landscape. The captain pointed out to me two houses that had served as hospitals to our troops on the 30th April. Entering the larger, the mistress readily showed us over it, and we saw the fountain that had refreshed the wounded, the table on which the amputations had been performed, sofas from which the sufferers had been removed in order to staunch the blood, the black traces of which were still visible on the walls and floor. The painful impressions produced by this unpleasant sight were not soon removed, for when a rapid descent had brought us down to the walls of Rome, we could see little else than shattered houses and endless heaps of ruins.*

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* See p. 42 of last No. Metropolitan.

On our arrival at the gate Cavallagieri, the good captain took a kind leave of me, and politely asked permission to call and express his gratitude for what he termed the hospitality so opportunely afforded after his accident. I cast a passing glance on the magnificent Piazza of St. Peter's as I hurried by, and our carriage was soon standing at the door of the palace Tiberi, where my young escort had arrived on the captain's horse an hour before.

My first care was to visit the villa Pamphili. The other wonders of Rome could be seen at any time: her monuments are as eternal as herself, and her master pieces of painting, sculpture and architecture could easily bear the delay of a day or two. But before all traces of attack and defence should disappear, before those crumbling walls were restored, those shattered ramparts rebuilt, those mutilated statues replaced, before the trampled, blood-stained earth should be again covered with grass, I wished to behold the living proofs of French valor and sufferings, to associate myself, as it were, more intimately with the glory of my country, and accordingly I sought this celebrated spot without delay.

Next day, accompanied by my brother and several other officers, I started on my little expedition at six o'clock in the morning, for you must be an early riser in Rome, at this season, if you want to go any distance without being calcined by the sun. We left the city by the gate Cavallagieri, and the park Pamfili soon opened to our view. You remember, no doubt, that it was the occupation of this magnificent villa that marked the resumption of hostilities and the commencement of the siege.† Immediately after the 30th of April head-quarters had been established at Palo, the fort of which is susceptible of defence and easily accessible from sea, and General Castelnau at the head of three companies of infantry had taken possession of Fiumicino, a little harbor which its position on one of the arms of the Tiber rendered useful. These measures taken, the Commander-in-chief suspended all further operations, and waited quietly for the arrival of the *materiel* necessary to institute a regular siege.

In a few days those soldiers who had fallen into the snare by the gate of St. Pancras rejoined their companions in arms. In vain had they been subjected to all the flatteries and seductions of the republicans of Rome. They would not consent to sign a prepared protestation against the intention and objects of the French expedition, and, as a last resource, had been set at liberty by the Triumvirs, who expected thus, according to the words of Mazzini, "to launch apostles in their cause into the very heart of the army." But though the motive for this generosity was sufficiently glaring, and though Mazzini's proclamations exciting the French soldiers to desertion and revolt were sedulously scattered through the camp, General Oudinot responded to this liberation of two hundred and fifty prisoners by dismissing the battalion of eight hundred republicans that it had been found necessary to arrest at Civita Vecchia.

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* The first care of the Pontifical Government, on its restoration, was to repair the effects of the siege, and these mournful sights soon disappeared.

† See last No. of Metropolitan.

In the mean time as the required reinforcements, ammunition and heavy artillery were arriving by degrees, head-quarters were transferred to Castel-di-Guido, and besides other preparations, Colonel Blanchard was sent to Acqua Traversa to intercept any arrivals from Ancona or Florence. All the dispositions necessary for carrying on the siege with success were nearly completed when M. Lesseps, the plenipotentiary, arrived from France. This man abused his power so far as to conclude, on his own responsibility, a truce with the enemy, highly disadvantageous to the French arms, in as much as it paralyzed them for more than a month. He even prevailed on the Commander-in-chief to send an ammunition-cart, by way of present, to the Roman municipality, asserting that this step was certain to crown his pacific negotiations with the happiest results! The Triumvirate, affecting to render favor for favor, sent the French camp a wagon loaded with tobacco and cigars. Our soldiers soon perceived that every package was wrapped up in inflammatory addresses, which the republicans thought likely to shake their discipline; but they turned the matter, as usual, into a jest, exclaiming, "Voila de fameuses carottes que les Romains nous ont tirèes là."*

During this truce Garibaldi left the city and attacked the Neapolitans who, after encamping a while at Velletri and Albano, had decided on making a retrograde movement and leaving the French the honor and perils of the attack. After a battle of two hours, of which both sides claimed the victory, the King of Naples thought proper to return to Terracina.

In spite of M. Lesseps' intervention and the disgusts it occasioned among the army, active preparations for the siege still continued. General Vaillant had come to take the command of the engineers, General Thierry that of the artillery, and Commissary Paris the direction of the stores. Strong reinforcements had been received; Generals Rostolan and Gueswiller, commanders of the first and second divisions, were encamped in the neighborhood of Santucci, whither the Commander-in-chief had removed his head-quarters, in order to be nearer to the scene of operations. At last, when it was evident that our plenipotentiary was sacrificing to demagoguism the interests of the great nation which he represented, General Oudinot, in full accordance with the sentiments of the other chiefs of the army, declared, "that he found it impossible to consent to conditions which were revolting to our military honor; that he would henceforward listen only to his own suggestions, and that his hand would sooner wither off his body than sign a treaty which could imply the abdication of our national dignity."

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* "Carotte," besides its usual meaning, "a carrot," signifies "a roll of tobacco," and "tirer de carottes" means to fool or deceive. The humor of the sentence can hardly be translated.

The diplomatist quitted the camp in confusion and General Regnaud de St. Angely was commissioned to acquaint the French government with the real motive of the rupture; but just as the general was starting for Paris, a telegraphic dispatch announced to our troops that the time for negotiations had passed, and the mission of M. Lesseps was terminated. Officers and soldiers received this intelligence with shouts of joy. The Triumvirs were informed that hostilities had been resumed, and M. de Gerando, secretary of the embassy, was ordered to warn all strangers residing in Rome that an asylum had been opened at the monastery of St. Paul for such as were desirous of quitting the city.

The villa Pamfili presented a position at once advantageous and indispensable for defending the left of the trenches immediately to be opened. After an obstinate conflict, in which more than two hundred prisoners were taken, the brigades of Molliere and Levaillant succeeded in dislodging Garibaldi's soldiers and establishing themselves there, on the night of the 2d and 3d of June. Immediately afterwards the French took possession of the church of St. Pancras, and of the villas Valentini and Corsini, from which the Romans could have done much execution with their grape. The latter position was considered so important, that it was lost and won five times on the same day, before it finally rested in the possession of the French. The defence of these points was confided to Molliere's brigade and the 13th and 15th light infantry under the command of St. Jean d'Angely. These soldiers, of whom my brother was one, remained encamped here till the end of the siege, continually exposed night and day to the enemy's incessant fire.

I will not attempt, my dear friend, to describe my sensations as I contemplated these majestic oaks with their trunks all shivered and their branches torn away, these superb basins of crystal water filled with mutilated statues, this trampled and ploughed up soil, all so commemorative of the furious struggles of which this spot had so lately been the theatre. I shuddered with horror and grief as I gazed, and then warmly lifted up my heart in gratitude for the preservation of a dear brother's life amidst all these dangers.

We visited the beautiful Cassino which we found still ornamented with statues and bas reliefs, and, though riddled with balls, not very seriously injured. From the summit of the plateau we admired the magnificent view, extending almost to the sea.

We left the villa Pamfili for the convent of St. Pancras, to which we found the dispersed monks had not yet returned. One of the brothers, the only one left to guard the place, wished to show us the catacombs, but we preferred visiting the trenches that extended from this spot to the monastery of St. Carlo, towards the Tiber. As we walked along this wide and deep fosse, the officers had the kindness to explain the meaning and object of every thing we saw, so that now, I can assure you, I flatter myself that I have some correct ideas of the manner in which a siege is conducted.

We soon came in front of the breach where a successful assault had been made. M. George de Laas, a captain of the 36th, assisted me up the ascent, and seated on a dismounted gun in the shadow of the ramparts, that somewhat protected us from the sun's overpowering heat, I listened with much interest to a summary of the events of the siege.

Whilst Generals Molliere and Levaillant were establishing themselves in Pamfili, General Sauvan, with a part of his brigade, crossed the Tiber at the Ponte Molle,* after a slight skirmish, and constructed a *tete-de-pont* on the left bank. A trench was also soon opened within three hundred yards of the ramparts. This operation was rather hazardous, but two false attacks causing a diversion in other quarters, rendered its success complete. Some Spanish and Neapolitan officers coming to offer their assistance, General Oudinot received them with the greatest politeness, but declined their aid; desiring to reserve for France alone the honor of restoring the Holy Father.

A few days after, M. de Corcelles, envoy extraordinary of France, arrived at head-quarters. Our batteries were now ready to commence fire, but the Duke of Reggio before seriously attacking the city wished to send the Triumvirate a final summons. His benevolent proposals were again rejected, and on the 13th of June the batteries opened on the walls. During the whole time of the siege, the conduct of our troops was admirable. Neither the intense heats of summer, nor the dangers or fatigues of war, slackened their ardor for a moment: not one of the sorties made by the enemy was attended with success; all were vigorously repulsed.

At last, on the 21st, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the engineers declared the breaches practicable. Three columns advanced and soon gained possession of bastions six and seven, and successfully maintained their ground there in spite of the enemy's fire. A battery of four heavy pieces was constructed on the curtain as soon as possible, and thus the operations of the siege continued slowly, but surely, until the 30th of June, when orders were given for a second assult. At two o'clock in the morning three columns of attack under Lieut. Colonel Lespinasse noiselessly scaled the breach; the besieged, however, were on the alert and defended themselves vigorously. The French experienced some losses but made good their footing in the bastion. At the same time a company of the 36th, conducted by Captain Tiersonnier, advanced to the gate of St. Pancras and succeeded in taking possession of the houses that commanded it. The enemy now lost courage: they had fought with great obstinacy but further resistance was useless, their fire slackened by degrees, and on the 1st of July a deputation from the Roman municipality came to the camp to treat of peace. They surrendered the city unconditionally into the hands of the conquerors, "whom they knew to be incapable of abusing their victory."

After the captain, an actor in the affair himself, had related several interesting anecdotes concerning the siege, and especially the immediate locality, we went down and rejoined our companions who, less fatigued than I, and taking greater interest in the art of war, were still examining the works of attack and defence. . . . .

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* The Ponte Molle is almost two miles *north* of Rome: the general attack of the French was made on the *west*.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER III.

"Get up, Lanty," said the new comer, "get up, man. Why you must be ravin mad to strike the poor witless crathur that way. Sure, it's only ould Nannie, that's what it is. Get up, man!

"Nannie, or grannie!" ejaculated Lanty, for so it seems the traveller was named, "Nannie or grannie," he cried, turning short and shaking himself free of the speaker, "she's an ould limb o' Satan, that's what she is—'the curse o' Cromwell on her!'"

"Pooh, nonsense, man, never mind her; it's only a way she has."

"A way she has! bedad thin it's a very oncivil way she has, let me tell you that. The villianous ould schamer can't let any body pass without a quarrel. There's that Methody Preacher, she pounded almost to death last week,—one o' the civilest sowls in the whole parish. What kind o' thratement is that, I'd like to know, for any dacent man to get, or is it neighborly in you, Else Curley, to keep such a baste of a goat about yer place to murther people without ryme or raisin?"

"Musha thin, how can I help her, Lanty?"

"Kill her if ye can't—hang her—shoot her—drown her—bad luk to her, she ought to be shot long ago."

"Och as for that, she'll soon die anyway. It's failing fast she is, poor thing."

"Die!" repeated, Lanty brushing the dust off his clothes; "die! she'll niver die, and it's a mystery to me if iver she came into the world right at all."

"Arrah, whist with yer nonsense," exclaimed Else, "and don't talk such foolishness. Come away up to the house here, and take a draw in the pipe if you don't take any thing better."

"I'll tell you what it is, Else Curley," continued the discomfited Lanty; "there's not a man or woman in the townland of Crowrets but knows that my father was chased by that same goat—that very identical ould rascal there, looking at us, the year before he was married, and that's jist thirty good years ago, and more by the same token, he bears the same marks of her horns on a sartint part of his body to this day, and it's no great secret either, Else, that she was every bit as ould then as she's now. It's not even'n any thing bad to ye I am, Else, but one thing is sartin as the sun's in the sky, that goat don't belong to this world."

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

The old woman looked sharp at her companion, as if to read in his countenance his real thoughts on a subject that concerned her so nearly, and on which she lately heard so many unpleasant surmises, but she could gather nothing from his looks. She saw he was excited by the fall, but she knew him also to be one of the slyest rogues ever put on a sober face, as full of deviltry as an egg was full of meat, and she doubted therefore, whether he meant to plague or offend her.

"Lanty Hanlon," said she at last, "I don't know whether you spoke that word in joke or in earnest; if ye spoke in joke I forgive ye, knowin well what you are, and yer father afore ye; but if you spoke in earnest, I would advise ye niver to say the word again in my hearin, for if you do, I swear to you by the blessed cairn above there, I'll be revenged for it, dead or alive."

"Pheugh!" exclaimed Lanty, when the old woman had finished, "by the powers o' war, but you'd frighten a body out o' their wits this evenin, eh! What's the matter woman; or are you so easy vexed as that with an ould friend?" and he shook her familiarly by the arm as he spoke, and pushed her on towards the cabin to which she had just invited him. "If you want to quarrel with me Else," he continued, "you must take another day for it, as at present I'm engaged on particular business. So up with you to the house there, and bring me out a coal to light my pipe."

Though Lanty spoke in banter, there was still something in the expression of his face and tone of his voice that indicated misgivings of Else Curley with all her show of indignation. Not that he suspected her for a moment, of any secret connection with the nether world, nor of keeping 'Nannie' for any unholy purpose, but nevertheless he was accustomed to hear strange reports about her, ever since he remembered to hear any thing, and was taught to regard her as a woman above the common, and one whose anger was to be propitiated at every sacrifice. Hence, if Lanty had his doubts of Else, they were doubts rather of the woman than of her acts, of her capacity to work mischief rather than of her actual guilt. In a word, he never heard or saw aught of her but what was right and proper, and yet somehow he always fancied she was 'uncanny' and could be dangerous if she pleased. Perhaps the sharp thin features and large gray eyes of the tall shriveled old creature, as she gazed steadily into Lanty's face, helped at that moment to aggravate his suspicions. But be that as it may, he lost no time in trying to conciliate her, and his experience had already taught him, that his usual rollicking familiarity of manner, would accomplish that end more effectually than any formal apology he could offer.

The house or cabin to which Lanty and his companion now directed their steps, (Nannie still following her mistress at a respectful distance) was built on the southern side of a little green hill, called the 'Cairn,' named after a pile of stones upon its summit, which tradition says were thrown there to mark the spot where a priest had been murdered in the troublous times of Cromwell or Elizabeth.

From the top of this hill which rises only a few rods above the roof of the cabin, a full view is had of the Light House, and Lough Elg from its eastern to its western extremity. The lake in fact, at one of its bends, touches the base of the hill, and thence stretches to the light house, a distance of little more than half a mile.

"And now Else, avourneen," began Lanty, taking his seat on a flag outside the cabin door, for the evening was warm, "now that we settled that little difference, how is Batt, himself, and how does the world use him?"

"Well, indeed then, we can't complain much as times go," responded Else, drawing her stocking from her pocket, and beginning to knit in her usual slow, quiet way, for she was old, and her hands trembled as she plied the needles. "As for Batt, poor ould man, he's idle the most of his time, and barrin that he goes down to the shore there of an evenin to ketch a trout or so for the supper, it's little else he has to throuble him."

"Still he gets an odd call now and then, I'll warrant," observed Lanty, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and preparing to replenish it with fresh tobacco. "A man like Batt Curley can't want a job long if there's any goin."

"Oh! he gets his share, to be sure, but where's the benefit o' that, Lanty, when there's nothing to be made by it."

"Well, he makes a trifle over the price o' the tibakky and the dram any way, and what more does he want. Fiddlin's now not what it us'd to be in ould times, Else."

"Indeed, thin, you may well say that," she replied, "when half a crown a weddin's the highest he made this twelve-month. The Lord luck down on us, I don'na how poor people can stan it at that rate."

"It's mighty hard," assented Lanty, handing the old woman the pipe, after wiping it on the breast of his jacket. "I mind the time myself when we cudn't shake a fut at a weddin, short of a shillin a piece to the fiddler. But sure the people's hearts is broke out and out, Else,—why they hav'n't the courage to dance, even if they had the mains."

"It's not that, Lanty, acushla! it's not that, but their hearts is gone out in thim althegither. They're not the same people they used to be at all at all. Nothin shutes thim now sure but Waltzin and Pokin, and sailin over the flure like so many childer playin cutche-cutchoo, and with no more spirit in thim than so many puppies at a show."

"Bedad it's no wondher you say it, Else,—it's disgraceful, so it is."

"Disgraceful! No; but it's a scandal to the country, that's what it is. There's big Jamie's daughter, of Drumfad, that was marrid last Thursday, and lo! and behould ye, sir, when young Tom Conolly asked her out, she cudn't venture on a reel or a country dance at all at all, oh no! no more than if she was born in the skies, let alone at the hip of Graffey mountain."

"Musha bad luck to her impudince," exclaimed Lanty, "isn't she cockin; and her aunt beggin her bit and sup through the parish."

"Feen a word o' lie in it thin. She turned up her nose at the Foxhunter's Jig and the Rosses Batther, just as if she niver heard iv the like in her born life—and nothin would do her, savin yer favor, but go skatin over the room like a doll on stilts. Faith it's well come up with the pack iv thim."

"And as for poor Batt," observed Lanty, "sich tunes are too new fangled for his ould fingers. He couldn't plaze her av course, oh no, he's too ould fashioned for that."

"Plaze her! Ay indeed; after dancing in Derry city with her grand cousins, the manti-makers. Plaze her! No, Pegeling himself, the great Dublin fiddler couldn't plaze her. But it's the same all over the county; a man can't show a jug and glass in his windo now-a-days, but his girls take airs on thimsilves aqual to my Lady Leitrem,—all merchants' daughters, if you plaze," and Else laughed a dry, hard laugh, and gave the leg of her stocking another hitch under her arm.

As she was yet speaking a stranger passed down the road carrying a fishing rod in his hand, and stepping over a low fence, made his way slowly to a narrow tongue of land that stretched far out into Lough Elg, a spot much frequented by anglers, and particularly at that season of the year. He was a man apparently about thirty years of age, and wore a grey sporting frock, with cap and gaiters to match.

"That's the strange gentleman," observed Else, "that comes down here from Crohan to fish so often."

"I saw him before," replied Lanty, "and bedad if he knows as little about the gentleman as he does about the fisherman he's no great affair. I came across him yesterday at Kindrum and he cast his line for all the world like a smith swinging a sledge hammer. Who is he, Else?"

"Indeed thin myself doesn't know, Lanty, but I'm tould he's come here from furrin parts for the good of his health, and is some far out friend to the Hardwrinkles of Crohan."

"I wouldn't doubt it in the laste," said Lanty, "for he's thin and sneaky like the rest of the breed. Still he may be a dacent man after all that.'"

"He's a quate easy spoken man, any way," observed Else, "whativer else he is."

"And plenty o' money to spend, I'll bail ye."

"In troth has he, and not a miser about it, ather, Lanty."

"Humph! I see your acquent."

"Och! ay, he draps in here sometimes when he comes a fishin."

"And opens his purse when he goes out, eh Else?"

"Oh thin, dear knows the gentleman 'id be welkim if he niver had a purse," replied Else. "It's not for that, but the quate motherate way he has. He comes in just like a child and looks as modest as a lady, and sits there chattin ithout a bit pride in him more nor one of oursels."

"Now d'ye tell me so, humph! He's fond of a *Shanahas*, I see, furriner and all as he is."

"Indeed thin he's jist that same, Lanty, he's mighty fond intirely of say stories, and likes to hear tell of the 'Saldana,' how she was wracked here below, and the crew how they were all burried in one grave in the ould church yard in Ramulla, and about Captain Pecnam's ghost that used to be seen on moonlight nights dressed all in white with a goolden sword by his side sittin on the Swilly rock. And thin he'll be sure to ask me something about Mr. Lee, and his niece, and who they are and how they came here, and how long since, and so on, and so on, till I'm a'most tired of him myself."

"Humph! Tired!" repeated Lanty, "bedad thin he must run you mighty hard, Else, for may I niver—"

"Hould yer whist now," interrupted the old woman, "I don't want any iv yer side wipes," and she pushed him playfully away with her thin skeleton hand.

"Sure I didn't mane the last offence in life," muttered Lanty, leering round at his companion, and taking a smack from the pipe loud enough to be heard at the road below, "no but I was only jist saying that if the gentleman tired you out talkin, why he ought to be proud iv it, for after talkin six covenanter ministers besides a dancin master and two tailors out iv yer house—"

"Hould yer tongue now I tell ye," exclaimed Else, "hould yer tongue or I'll slap ye in the face. Y'er niver aisy but whin yer at some divilmint. So as I was tellin ye, he wanted to know all about the Light Keeper here and his niece, and the wrack of the Saldana, though bedad he seems to know himself more about it nor me, barrin the ould neighbors clashes and gossips regardin ghosts and such things. Why sure, Lanty, he tells me that Mr. Lee had a brother, or cousin, or some very near frind lost in that same ship, for he niver was heerd tell of, livin or dead since the vessel sailed from Bristol, and more nor that, Lanty, he was a high up officer, if you plaze, and a fine darein bould gentleman to boot."

"Ha, see that now!" exclaimed Lanty. "Bedad and it's only what I always thought myself of the same Mr. Lee since the first day I laid my eyes on him, for he has the look of a gentleman in his very face, even if he *is* only a light kaper atself, and what's better nor all that, Else Curley, he has the feelins of a gentleman in his heart."

"Ha, ha. Look," exclaimed Else, laying one hand suddenly on Lanty's shoulder and pointing with the stocking in the other to the angler below, "ha, ha, he's in a mighty pucker, poor man."

"Oh, the bungler! Oh, the bungler!" exclaimed Lanty, "he's got his hooks tangled in the weeds at the very first cast; look how he pulls! Why it's a sin and a shame to let him use such beautiful tacklin in that lubberly way—but whist! see! by the powers iv pewter! it's a trout he has, and a three poundher into the bargain—there he jumps like a salmon. Oh meel-a-murther, did iver mortal man see the like—he'll smash every thing—bad scran to him the omedhawn why don't he give the fish fair play—he pulls for all the world as if he'd a grampus on a jack line," and the speaker grew so indignant that he threatened to run down and snatch the rod from the stranger's hands, but Else Curley counselled him to "take it aisy and interfere in nobody's business till he was asked—if the trout breaks the man's gear," she added, "he has money enough to buy more."

By this time the fish had run out the greater part of the line, and kept backing and tugging all its might, like a fettered partridge making a last effort to escape on the approach of the snarer. The whole strength of the trout was made to bear on the casting line, for the rod instead of being held in a vertical position, allowing its supple point to play up and down as the fish plunged, was on the contrary grasped in both hands as horizontally as if he had caught a shark with a boat hook and was actually dragging it ashore by main strength.

"The man's castin line," cried Lanty, "if he has any on at all, it must be made of fiddler's cat gut, or it never could stand that usage. Bad luck to him, the clumsy gomerlin, can't he hould up his rod."

The trout after thus endeavoring to shake itself free of the hook now dived, and making a desperate sheer, ran out the line apparently to its last turn on the wheel, and Lanty felt full sure the trout had broken loose at last and carried flies and casting line away with him into the deep. But he was mistaken; for hardly had the exhausted fish been down a moment when he rose again and sputtered on the surface like a wounded water hen. At this instant an object came suddenly into view which gave an entirely new feature to the scene. A littte boat carrying a small light sprit-sail as white as driven snow, shot round the point and passed within two fathoms length of the angler before he perceived it.

"Hilloa!!" cried Lanty, "there goes Mary Lee. There she is in the stern sheets handling her cockle shell like a water spirit. And there goes 'Drake,' too, sittin in the bows with his cold black nose over the gunwale."

Old Else laid by her knitting and wiped her bleared eyes to look down at the scene. "Musha, thin, may I niver do harm but that's jist the darlin herself, Lanty," she muttered, "there she is in her blue jacket and white straw hat, the best and gentlest girl iver sailed on Elg water."

Hardly had Else spoken and raised up her fleshless hands to support her pointed chin that she might gaze down more steadily on the scene below, when Drake, mistaking the sputtering fish for a wounded bird, sprang from the bows, seized it by the back before his mistress could prevent him, and then snapping both rod and line at a single jerk, turned away from the confounded and astonished sportsman, and swam after the boat snuffling the air and wagging his tail in an ecstacy of delight.

"Well done! Drake," cried Lanty, starting up from his seat and clapping his hands in such glee that the pipe fell from his mouth unobserved and broke in fifty pieces at his feet. "Well done, ould dog! well done, my gallant ould fellow—ah, now! now! snap the line from his lubberly paws!—that's it, Drake!—that's just what he deserves, the blunderin gawkie to abuse such a fish in that way."

The light breeze from the southeast had been gaining for the last half hour or so, and now blew so fresh round the point that the little boat lay down almost gunwale under, and swept past, before her fair pilot could bring her within speaking distance of the stranger. Once she tried to steer her up to windward, probably with the intention of apologizing for Drake's uncivil behavior, but the little craft refused to obey, and then waving her hand, she let her fall off towards the opposite shore and was soon lost sight of behind the point.

All this took place in much less time than we have taken to describe it, the boat appearing and disappearing as suddenly as a moving picture in a panorama.

The bewildered stranger gazed after the fair occupant of the little boat as long as she remained in sight, and then peering stealthily round to see if any one had witnessed his discomfiture, disjointed the remainder of his fishing rod, and throwing it carelessly on his shoulder, walked away slowly and sadly from the shore.

"There he goes," said Lanty, buttoning his green jacket, "there he goes sneaking off like a fox from a hen roost. Oh! that he may niver come back, I pray. Begorra, it's ducked he ought to be, if iver he has the assurance to cast a line in the wather again. But I must be off myself to the light house, and coax Mr. Lee for a mallard wing for Uncle Jerry."

"Oh, ay! to be sure, Uncle Jerry," exclaimed Else, "there's no one like Uncle Jerry. E' thin may be if the gentleman you're for ducking in the loch there was as free to you with his purse as Uncle Jerry, he'd just be as great a favorit every bit. But it's an ould sayin and a true one, Lanty, praise the fool as you find him."

"Don't say that, Else Curley," replied Lanty, laying his hand on her shoulder and speaking more earnestly than usual, "don't say that, for the heavens knows I wouldn't give one kind word of Uncle Jerry's lips, or one kindly feeling of his ginerous fine ould heart for a million like him. And listen to me, Else Curley, for I'm goin to tell ye a secret. I know that man off an on for a month and more, —not that I was iver much in his company, but I watched him, and watched him too for a raison o' my own, and I tell you plainly, Else, if he opened his purse to me ivery day in the year, and it full o' goold guineas, I cudn't feel it in my heart to touch one o' thim."

"Arrah, you cudn't now!" responded Else, in a half incredulous, half jeering tone. "By my word it's mighty big spoken of you, Mr. Hanlon. E' thin might a body make so bould as to ax yer raisins; faith they must be powerful ones intirely."

"I have no particklar raisins," replied Lanty, "he niver did harm to me nor mine that I know of. But I don't like him. There's something wrong about him, and I feel it somehow when I'm near him; there's a dark spot in him somewhere that the bright light niver reached yit, Else."

"Humph!" ejaculated the old woman, looking sharply at her companion, "you suspect him of something?"

"I do."

"And what is it, Lanty?"

"I can't tell," replied Lanty, "it's a mysthery to myself. But he has that in his eye that's not luck. What brings him down here so often I'd like to know?"

"Why trout fishen av coorse, what else?" replied his companion.

"Pshaugh, nonsense, Else Curley, you can't run 'Donal' on me that way, cute and all as ye are. That man don't care a brass farthin for the best fishin in Donegal from Onea river to Malin Head. I see it in his very motions. There's not a dhrap o' sportman's blood in his body."

"Oh no! not a dhrap, because he don't go into the doldrums like Uncle Jerry at every fin he sees risin above the water. Humph! pity but he wud."

"The fish he's after don't live in wather, Else Curley, and you know it," replied Lanty, laying his finger on the old woman's shoulder, and whispering the words into her ear.

"Me!".

"Ay, in troth, jist yerself, Else, and sorra much iv a parish wondher it id be aither, some o' these days, if it turned out that he was trying to buy one Else Curley o' the 'Cairn' to bait his hook for him into the bargain."

The old woman endeavored to look astonished at the accusation, but there was a faint smile in the corner of her mouth she could not entirely suppress. A stranger would possibly have called it a contortion of the lips, but Lanty Hanlon was an old acquaintance, and knew her better.

"You needn't try to consale it, Else," replied Lanty, "for do yer best you cudn't consale it from me. I know ye too well, ould woman. There's a sacret about that man and the Lees, and no mortal in this neighborhood knows it but yerself."

"A sacret—tut, you're dhramin," replied Else, turning away and laying her thumb on the latch of the door, "a sacret indeed, arrah, what in the wide world put that in yer head?"

"The fairies," responded Lanty, "ha! ha! will that plaze ye."

"Indeed, then, Mr. Hanlon, one 'id think ye come from that same respectable stock yerself, ye know so much more nor yer neighbors," retorted Else.

"Well, good evenin, Else Curley. I must go, for I've business to do, and I find my company's growin troublesome besides. But take a word o' warning before I start. If yer bent on makin money out iv this stranger—and if he's willin to spend it on you and yer sacrets, well and good, I'm content. But listen to me, Else. Make the *laste* offer to thrifle wid a sartin person you know of—say but a wrong word—breathe but a single bad breath, was it as low as the very weasels, and my hand on my conscience, Else Curley, from that minit I'll forget that we were iver acquaint, and my vengeance will purshue ye both till the clay covers ye."

"Why the heavens presarve us, Lanty Hanlon, what d'ye mane? You cudn't think I'd betray—"

"Think!" repeated Lanty—"well no matter what I think, I've said my say," and again wishing her fair thoughts and a pleasant evening, he turned from the door.

"Ah, the ould schamer," he muttered to himself as he jerked his black-thorn under his arm, and tossed his rabbit skin cap on the side of his head once more, "th' ould schamer, she'd betray the Pope if the bribe was big enough. And still she loves her—av coorse she does—and small blame to her aither, for there's no Christian crathur iver saw God's good light that shouldn't love her; and after all I b'lieve in my conscience she's the only livin thing, barring ould Nannie, she iver did love before in her life. But love her or hate her, there's one small raisin she can't harm her, and that's just this—there's a sartin Misthur Lanty Hanlon iv these parts won't let her—even set in case she'd be wicked enough to thry it. So rattle away, Lanty, the world's big enough for ye—aye, and good enough too, ye thief, if ye only go through it as ye ought with a stout heart and an honest conscience. Don't fear, my boy; ye have neither house or land, cow or calf, penny or purse, and who cares!—ye have clothes on yer back, strength in yer arm, a heart without spot or flaw in it, and wid the blessin o' God to back ye, what more d'ye want? So dance away, Lanty, and as ye hop through the figures, don't forget to keep yer eye on the fiddler," and thus the reckless, light hearted fellow tripped along the glen, still singing the old ditty as he went:

"The Sassanach villians de'il tare them!
They stript us as bare as the 'poles,'
But there's one thing we just couldn't spare them,
The '*Kidugh*' that covers our souls
Right fol de lol ol," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

It wanted still two hours of sunset, when Lanty Hanlon left the light house with the mallard wing in his pocket for Uncle Jerry. His pace was now more hurried and purpose-like than when last seen wending his way through the dark glens. His song too had entirely ceased, and he held his black-thorn staff no longer carelessly under his arm, but grasped it firmly in his hand like a traveller, resolved to let no grass grow under his feet till he had accomplished his journey.

On passing the road below Else Curley's cabin however, he looked up to see if the old woman was in sight, that he might make her a sign of friendly recognition; or perhaps it was a wholesome dread of a second unceremonious visit from Nannie, that made him turn his eyes in that direction. Be that as it may, neither Nannie nor her mistress could be seen, but in their stead, and much to Lanty's surprise, appeared the tall figure of the stranger, issuing from the door of the little mud cabin, and making his way down the hill in the direction of the light house. Lanty stopped suddenly, not well knowing what to think of this. He had seen the stranger a full half hour before quitting Loch Elg, and setting off towards Crohan, and naturally concluded he was by that time far on his way home. A moment's reflection however, convinced him that the man must have hid himself behind some rock or hillock, and waited then till he could venture up unobserved, to pay his usual visit to Else Curley. This manœuvering was by no means satisfactory to Lanty, on the contrary it served greatly to confirm the bad opinion he had began to entertain of his purpose, in hovering so constantly about Araheera point. Lanty Hanlon was not a man remarkable for an extra amount of shrewdness, it was the very reverse with him—shrewdness was not an ingredient to mix with the mercury of his nature at all. But the stranger's conduct was so palpably suspicious, that he could not for an instant resist the idea of some plot between him and Else Curley. In the first place, the man had been only two days in the country when he found the old woman out—nay, went as straight to her cabin as if he had been sent there on a message, and since that time visited her every day, remaining with her often whole hours together. As for his pretext of fishing, it was the flimsiest in the world, for no one who saw him cast a line in water, could ever imagine he cared a gray groat for the pleasure it afforded. Then his close and frequent inquiries about the Lees, and his knowledge of certain private affairs of the family, already communicated to Else Curley—these we say, put together, were clearly suggestive of some secret purpose on his part, and quite enough to raise suspicion in minds far less constructive than Lanty Hanlon's. Besides, Mr. Lee was himself a stranger in the place, having resided but eighteen months at the light house, and during that time had seen but little company. The peasantry of the neighborhood indeed looked upon him at first as one who disliked society, preferring a quiet life at home to making and receiving visits. Hence they seldom troubled him, except on matters of business, and then only as little as possible. To be sure the officers of the Ballast Board called on him three or four times a year, but that was on their tours of inspection round the coast—and Father John was seen too, sometimes trotting down in that direction with his saddle bags bobbing behind him—but Mr. Lee was a Catholic, and Father John was the Priest of the Parish. All this was very natural. But it soon began to be whispered about the Mr. Petersham of Cromer's house was seen occasionally stepping ashore at the Point when out yachting on Lough Swilly—and what looked stranger still, taking Miss Lee with him up the Loch to visit his sisters. This latter circumstance led the good people, by degrees, to regard Mr. Lee as somewhat above the rank of a common light keeper, for Tom Petersham was the crack gentleman of the county, and (though somewhat reduced himself) always felt a peg or two above associating with the squires and newly fledged baronets of the district. So they concluded after various speculations and gossip on the matter, that Mr. Lee must have been once a real gentleman, whom reverse of fortune had obliged to accept his present humble situation as a last resource. And so they continued ever after to regard him, saluting him with every mark of respect when they happened to meet about the light house, and never presuming to intrude on his privacy except to settle their little business transactions, or when he chose to employ their services about the light house yacht.

THE ANNUNCIATION—MARCH XXV.

Selected.

This day was announced, in Galilee,
To an humble Virgin, named Mary,
The happy news, by Gabriel,
Of the incarnation of Emmanuel.
God said, the tree of life now give,
That man may eat thereof, and live;
The flaming sword, from Seraph fell,
At the following words of Gabriel.
GABRIEL.
Hail!! Hail!!! Hail Mary,
Full of grace, the Lord is with thee,
Blessed thou, amongst women art,
And blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
MARY.
Troubled she said; how can that be,
Consistent with my Chastity?
To violate which, I never can;
The mystery's deep—I know no man.
GABRIEL.
Fear not, Mary, thy chastity,
A virgin, as before, thou'lt be;
The power of God, shall on thee come,
And overshadow thy Virgin Womb.
For He that's to be born of thee,
The Son of God, shall truly be;
He shall inherit David's throne,
All earthly Kings his power shall own.
MARY.
If that be so, I am content
God's will be done, I give consent.
Behold, I am the Lord's hand-maid,
Be it done to me, as thou hast said. . .

Review of Current Literature.

1. Louis XVII. His Life—his Sufferings—his Death: the Captivity of the Royal Family in the Temple. By *A. De Beauchesne.*—Translated and edited by *W. Hazlitt, Esq.* New York: Harper & Brother. 1853.

We trust that this work will have an extensive circulation, for we think it calculated to produce a good result. Red Republicanism is confessedly the great evil of the times, an evil from which our own country has much to fear, and against which it behoves every patriot to be fore-warned and fore-armed. What can be done to stay its progress, to preserve intact those institutions, that have hitherto been our safe-guard and our boast, is a question frequently put, and variously answered; but while we are occupied in discussing means, the end will perhaps become unattainable.

For our own part, we believe the eyes of many a deluded young American, (and the majority of that party, we trust, err only through delusion,) would be opened by the perusal of the present book. The most of them are not very accessible to logic; indeed we never heard one of them argue in defence of his political creed without assuming in his premises, as self-evident, the very point in question: they themselves have not been made converts by any appeal to reason; they have been seduced through their own generous instincts. They have been summoned to rally under the watch-words "liberty, fraternity, equality;" glorious, but vague, and therefore deceptive terms. They have been induced to believe that every thing noble was on the side of the innovators; that all conservatives must be necessarily narrow-minded and illiberal.

Now these prejudices, whose very existence shows but scanty historical information, must be removed before the voice of reason will be hearkened to: they cannot be more readily removed than by looking at the picture M. De Beauchesne displays. In it they will see faithfully represented not merely the brutal ferocity, but the sordid vulgarity, the despicable meanness, the contemptible minds and disgusting manners of the French Revolutionists: and on the contrary, they will not fail to admire Louis, rising to greatness amid misfortune, the noble bearing of the Queen, the saintly Elizabeth, the innocent Dauphin. A more general narrative of the revolution, in which all the murders then committed are numbered, and all the blood then spilt is measured, fills one with horror and affright; but to appreciate the vileness of these monsters, you must behold their representative in the infamous Simon, you must see how, in his orgies, he tyrannizes over a child, in order to view the character of a thorough Red-Republican with the proper degree of loathing.

M. De Beauchesne will inspire his readers with the more confidence, because he embraces no party, save the party of humanity. He does not pretend to write philosophical history; he does not determine whether the Revolution was occasioned by former tyranny, or by the demoralization of the people, by the spread of infidel philosophy, by the want of religious education; or whether it is to be imputed to a universal possession by the devil—the latest, and most ingenious theory on the subject:—these questions it has not been his province to investigate: his is a mere narrative, and that narrative "begins and ends with the Dauphin of France." He conducts us through the events that preceded the imprisonment of the royal family, he narrates the trial and death of the King, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth. We might here complain that he has been rather diffuse, for he has not added to our stock of information, and in the Life of the Dauphin, these events should be noticed only incidentally. But when the stage is cleared of these more august, but less interesting personages, the whole attention is rivetted upon the unfortunate Dauphin, and his life and death, hitherto shrouded in mystery, are laid open to us. The long mooted question, "did the Dauphin really die in prison?" M. De Beauchesne's investigations have definitely settled. No less than five pretenders to his person appeared in France; one was, until very lately residing in London, pensioned by a noble French family; and we have in our own country the Rev. Eleazar Williams. But here we have the particulars of his death, which part of the narrative we shall quote, as well for its historical value, as for the purpose of allowing our readers an opportunity of forming some estimate with regard to the style of the work.

"It may be asked, perhaps, 'what were the last words of the dying boy?'—They have been related to me by those who received his last breath, and I will faithfully inscribe them in this royal 'Book of Martyrs.' Gomin seeing the child calm, motionless, and mute, said to him: 'I hope you are not in pain, just now?' 'Oh! yes! I am still in pain, but not nearly so much—the music is so beautiful!' Now, there was no music to be heard, either in the tower, or anywhere near; no sound from without could reach the room where the young martyr lay, expiring. Gomin, astonished, said to him: 'From what direction do you hear this music?' 'From above!' 'Is it long that you have heard it?' 'Since you knelt down. Do you not hear it? Listen! Listen!' And the child, with a nervous motion, raised his faltering hand, as he opened his large eyes, illuminated by ecstatic delight. His poor keeper, unwilling to destroy this last sweet illusion, appeared to listen also, with the pious desire of hearing what could not possibly be heard. After a few minutes of attention, the child again started, his eyes sparkled, and he cried out, in intense rapture: 'From amongst all the voices, I have distinguished that of my mother!' That word, as it left the orphan's lip, seemed to relieve him from all suffering: his knitted brow relaxed and his look lighted up with that calm brightness, given by the certainty of deliverance or victory. His eye fixed on an invisible object—his ear attentive to the far distant sound of one of those concerts that human ear hath never heard—a new existence seemed to break in upon his young soul. A moment after, the brightness of that gleam was gone; his arms were crossed upon his breast, and an expression of sad discouragement was visible in his countenance. Gomin looked close at him, and followed all his motions with a troubled eye. The child's breathing was not more powerful, but his eye was wandering, slowly and confusedly, and from time to time it was turned towards the window. Gomin asked him what so interested him in that direction? The child looked at his keeper a few moments, and then, as if he had not understood the question, though it was asked him again, made no reply. Lasne came up stairs again to relieve Gomin, and the latter went out of the room, his heart was very heavy, but not more uneasy than he had been the day before, for he did not even yet anticipate so sudden a close.

"Lasne sat down near the bed, and the Prince looked at him long, with a fixed and dreamy eye. On his making a slight movement, Lasne asked him how he felt, and what he would like. 'Do you think my sister could have heard the music?' said the child; 'how much good it would have done her!' Lasne could not answer. The anguished glance of the dying boy turned eagerly and piercingly towards the window. An exclamation of joy escaped his lips—then he said, looking at his keeper: 'I have something to tell you!' Lasne came close to him and took his hand: the prisoner's little head leaned on the keeper's breast—who listened, but in vain! All was said! God had spared the young martyr his last mortal convulsion of anguish. God had kept to himself the knowledge of his last thought. Lasne put his hand on the child's heart. The heart of Louis XVII had ceased to beat: the hour was a quarter past two, P. M."

Thus ends the most deplorable of stories; thus was consummated the most atrocious crime of the Revolution. The destruction of the King and Queen has its parallel, and may be understood: Madame Elizabeth is so heroic a being, that with her we can scarcely sympathize; her immolation resembles the triumph of the Martyrs:—but the unoffending child, against whom the revolution could urge no charge, whose parents it had ruthlessly destroyed, whose hereditary throne it had dashed to atoms—to kill him, not outright, but by slow degrees, to subject him to the hourly-repeated insults of a cobbler, to permit, nay to procure, the demoralization of his heart, to condemn him to solitude, to cold, to hunger, to filth—to do this, with the words of universal benevolence on its lips, is so black a crime that words cannot describe it, human intellect would refuse to believe it, were it not a fact of such recent occurrence, and so indubitably proved by historic evidence. Who can rise from the perusal of this tragic tale without assenting to the words of the Greek philosopher, that "no wild beast is so terrible as man, when freed from the restraint of law?" Who can read it without being convinced that of all despotisms, the revolutionary despotism is the most terrific and degrading, without seeing that Nero himself was the veriest "milk-sop," when compared with the French Republicans.

Little variety can be expected in the distressing scene through which M. De Beauchesne conducts us:

> "Crudelis ubique,
> Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago."

It is interrupted only when the indignant emotions of the author will find utterance, and they always meet with a ready response in the heart of the reader. Yet we think he has well merited the prize, by conferring which the French Academy has expressed its judgment on the work. We must however express our disapprobation of the term "the Christ of Royalty," which is more than once applied to Louis XVII. We do not know that we are over squeamish, yet such a comparison sounds harshly in our ears, and is revolting to our religious feelings.

Of the translation too we may speak favorably—it is not entirely free from Gallicisms, and by what rule the plural "Tyrtæis" is formed, is not very clear: yet it is generally worthy of commendation, and we owe the translator, and the American publishers, our thanks for having rendered accessible to our countrymen a work that will prove interesting to the literary man, instructive to the historical student, edifying to the Christian, and useful to the patriot, who would judge of the future, and who may be able to see, that, even on this side of the Atlantic like causes will infallibly produce the like results.

2. LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, ABRIDGED. With a Continuation from 1688 to 1854. By *James Burke*, Esq., A. B. To which is prefixed a Memoir of Dr. Lingard, and Marginal Notes. By *M. J. Kerney*, A. M. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1855.

The admirable manner, in which Mr. Burke has condensed the voluminous work of the learned English Historian, is worthy of the thanks of every lover of truthful history. The majority of modern readers had neither the means to purchase nor the leisure to peruse the ten large volumes, in which the only history of England, that deserves the name was heretofore published, and on this account many of the fabulous vagaries of Hume and his continuators continued still to lie uncontradicted to the shame of the Catholic and the disgrace of English literature. We hope now that this will no longer be the case, for in this volume every essential requisite is found to a correct knowledge of those ages in which England was possessed of faith. We do not however think that the epitomizer has been as happy in the latter part, where he was obliged to leave his author's narrative and turn author himself. But perhaps this can scarcely be an objection, for the stirring events from the days of James II down to Victoria's invasion of the Crimea were too many, too striking and too fresh in the memories, not to be missed whenever the narrative hurries on with the conciseness, which is required of a compendium. Of this Mr. Burke was perfectly aware, but his limits were an impassable barrier, that defied the great skill that he has manifested in the other part of the work. We wish he would undertake that part of the history in the spirit he has imbibed from his great model: we are sure from this specimen, that he would present the reading public with something better than the romance of Macaulay, which now seems to tickle the public fancy so much. We say nothing of the excellent memoir of Dr. Lingard, that serves as an introduction to the work, for the readers of the Metropolitan have already had it in their power to judge of its merit.

3. WANDERINGS IN SPAIN. By *Theophile Gautier*, with numerous engravings. London: Ingram, Cooke & Co. 1853.

We confess to a liking for picture-books. The first sweet impressions of literature ever made upon our mind were drawn from them and we can never take up an illustrated book now, without being carried back in spirit to those happy days of childhood, when the greatest reward for good behaviour, that we ever dreamed of, was to receive the illustrated parable of the prodigal son, or the history of runaway Henry. No matter how roughly done or how unskilfully the colors were laid on, to us they were as precious as the pictures of a Raphael or a Titian are to the connoisseur in these days of taste and refinement. Mr. Gautier therefore cannot be tried by our criticism, for as soon as we open and see those illustrations we forget our judicial character and turn admirer at once. We forget to look at the text in our eagerness to see all the engravings, and when we turn back to read, we find ourselves examining them again, as if each time they presented some new feature that we had not observed before. We must therefore be content with the judgment of a friend who has a cooler head than we have and not such an eye for landscapes and beautiful buildings. He tells us that excepting some slight tokens of French levity, when speaking of the churches, statues and reliquaries, the book is passable and may be recommended as a good criterion by which to judge of modern society in Spain. We can easily believe this, and would be very sorry if it were otherwise. For the pleasure we experienced in examining the illustrations gave us a most exalted idea of Monsieur Gautier and made us think that Frenchmen can really see some things out of France, that deserve admiration. And so with a polite bow we end our "Wanderings in Spain."

4. Lecture on Religious Toleration.—Delivered by *Charles Marshall*, Esq., before the Irish Social and Benevolent Society of Baltimore.

It is a source of no small gratification, at a time, when a cry against Catholicity reverberates through the land, to find gentlemen differing from us in faith, gentlemen of talents, education, honor and magnanimity of soul soaring above the petty prejudice and sectarian bigotry by which they are surrounded, and raising their voices in vindication of the rights of conscience and the freedom of religious worship. To these gentlemen, as Catholics, we feel grateful. Their efforts stand forth in bold relief when contrasted with the conduct of others, who on every occasion pander to public prejudice, and seek to gain applause by trampling under foot the most sacred principles of right and justice. Without any disparagement to others who have, on the floor of Congress and elsewhere, ably and eloquently defended the rights of Catholics, we take this occasion to express our acknowledgments to Charles Marshall, Esq., of our own city, for the part he has taken in the good work. His lecture is a fearless vindication of the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience, and an able exposition of the evils that await the country, the moment she discards the sacred principle of Religious Liberty. It would give us pleasure, if our space would permit, to enrich our pages with extracts from this lecture, but of this pleasure we will avail ourselves hereafter; in the mean time we commend it to the careful perusal of our readers.

5. The Prophet of the Ruined Abbey; or a glance at the Future of Ireland, a narrative founded on the Ancient Prophecies of Culmkill, and on other predictions and popular traditions among the Irish. By the author of the Cross and the Shamrock. Dunigan & Brothers: New York.

The title of this work and its curious dedication rather prepare us for the contents. We had almost supposed it a satire on Irish tales, but examination shows us that no such intention existed. It is to be regretted that a plot, by no means without art, has been so poorly handled. The style is slipshod, the tale itself so full of fire and slaughter that it seems a transformation of some melodrama from a minor theatre in London. This is unfortunate: there is evidence of ability, and had the author taken time and pains to make his characters men of their time in dress, language and customs: had he given fewer improbabilities, we should indeed have welcomed this accession "to the growing Catholic Literature of the country." As it is, we must warn the inexperienced not take it up as a model, although it may enable them to pass, quite pleasantly, a leisure hour or two.

Editors' Table.

SPEECH OF HON. W. R. SMITH, of Alabama, in the House of Representatives, on January 15th, 1855, upon The Policy of the Roman Catholic Church. LETTER TO HON. JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, from Professor McClintock, on The Pope's Temporal Power.

OUR READERS would certainly have good reason to be astonished, if we were to undertake a discussion of the questions at issue between the Hon. Mr. Chandler and his opponents. Congress, as all the world understands, is subject to no general rules. Like all large bodies, it is composed of all sorts of people, and it proceeds accordingly. To be absurd, or ignorant, or abusive, or fanatical, involves no loss of pay, and sometimes, unhappily, no loss of position. Indeed, in most cases, where members make a display of the qualities alluded to, they have no position to lose. There is consequently nothing they may not discuss—nothing so well settled that they may not seek to disturb it—nothing so respectable but they may vituperate it—no folly so old, that they may not start it and hunt it down, anew. It is with men, of a certain grade of intellect and education, as it is with children or with boys promoted into sophomores. They hear, for the first time, a truth or a falsehood as old as the deluge, and they run about talking of it as a discovery—which, in fact they take it to be, because they have themselves just stumbled on it. Being new to them, they think it was never known before. We should not be surprised, any morning, to see that some fresh-caught Representative had been discoursing, the day before, on the philosophical truth that nature abhors a vacuum—or had made a serious matter of Whately's Historic Doubts as to the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte!

But—out of Congress and outside the class of people who often make the Legislature of the nation disreputable—there are some things which must be taken as settled; settled by universal accord if it may be so; settled by an agreement to disagree, if it may not be otherwise; but, at all events, settled—finished—not to be talked about any more. If the capacity of Catholics to fulfil the duties, and their right to enjoy the privileges of American citizens, be not among these adjudicated or concluded questions, then chaos has come again, and we may next expect to hear it mooted whether they walk on two feet or four. Every reader of English literature has smiled over the gravity with which Sir Thomas Brown examines and refutes the "vulgar errors," that Jews have "a national or gentilitious odor," and that they likewise "have tails." The bigotry and the slanders of which the Smiths and McClintocks, now a days, are the mouth-pieces, date further back than the times of the wise Sir Thomas—and if limitations do not run against absurdity, in favor of Christians, we see no reason why the children of Israel may not look for some "know-nothing" investigation of their peculiarities in the matters alluded to.

When the Constitution of the United States was adopted, it is to be presumed that the statesmen who framed it and the people who sanctioned it had heard of the church called Catholic, and knew something of the tenets it professed. They no doubt vehemently suspected the existence of the Pope, and had good reason to believe that the Society of Jesus had been organized. They had read all about Thomas a Becket and papal interdicts—about King John and Pandolph the Legate—about Pope Pius and Queen Elizabeth. All the Innocents and Bonifaces had lived and died before those days, and all the truths and the falsehoods in regard to them that a Representative from Alabama or a Professor from Carlisle could hunt up and retail, in this year of our Lord, had been told of them over and over, then, and been forgotten and told again. In regard to all the questions now revived—all the buried nonsense which the grave of past fanaticism has yawned wide open to let forth again—every thing had then been said which can now be said—every thing had been imagined which can be imagined now. Controversy had done its best and its worst. Chillingworth had been dead nearly an hundred and fifty years, and men who had read Chillingworth might be supposed to have understood the Protestant side, without waiting to read Smith. With all these things before them, our good forefathers thought fit to say, that there should be no religious test in this land of ours, and that a man might be a citizen and have honor and trust, whether he bowed to the infallibility of the Catholic Church, or rode on the weather-cocks of the conventicles. And so it has been; and so, till now, we have lived and prospered ; and Protestant and Catholic have blessed God together, that it had pleased him to bring into one great fold of national brotherhood, those who were gathered into so many households of belief. Every now and then, to be sure, there has been a Presbyterian onslaught upon the Pope, or a Methodist foray against the Jesuits—and the old song has been sung, the old stories have been told anew, and the old women have rejoiced in the same—yet the result has been but the natural one—to disgust well-thinking and charitable people, and promote the growth of the Church. The course of things was precisely what might have been expected. Protestant controversalism is, for the most part, a stump-speaking affair, and the topics to which we have adverted suited the ecclesiastical hustings, and on that account were popular. The clergy, therefore, prospered and waxed fat from the discussions; the crowds shouted and paid liberally. Every body concerned, on the one side, was pleased, and no great harm was done on the other. Now, however, the thing has taken a new shape, and has become a political engine. Fanaticism has gone into the field as a political element—with its own practical political views. It believes itself to be in command—but it is used as an instrument. Party has laid hold of it. The object of both is political power—the mode of obtaining it is to be the disfranchisement of Catholic citizens. The pot-house and the pulpit have joined forces, and the results, in part, are—Mr. Smith's speech and Mr. McClintock's letter. We do not propose wasting our time with either the cause or the advocates—the hands or the tools. Every one understands what the cause means, and it must certainly be a bad one, if the advocates do not injure it more than they can harm any thing else.

Every reader, of course, will understand, that by our observations in regard to controversy on the subjects in question, we do not mean to dispute, for a moment, the propriety of Mr. Chandler's course or the admirable manner in which he discharged his difficult duty. It is a sad thing to see an American representative forced into a defence of his religious faith, on the floor of the national legislature. It is the saddest thing that has sullied our national annals. Yet the issue was presented, and it was proper it should be met, once and for all. The thing has been done, and well done—done temperately, manfully and triumphantly. It does not need to be done any more. The Smiths and McClintocks may be allowed to have the field to themselves hereafter. If they were kept from it, they would probably be at something worse. No doubt, when the Know-Nothing triumph takes place, Mr. Smith will be sent to one of the Catholic Courts, to make our national relations agreeable, and Professor McClintock will go to Rome, to have the Christian satisfaction of wearing his hat in St. Peter's.

POLITICAL. We are not disposed at any time to intrude ourselves within the domain of politics, or to take part in the political discussions of the day. Political aspirants generally act upon the principle that the end will justify the means, hence we seldom find any thing in the conduct of the candidate for office to admire or commend. On the contrary, we have too frequently to lament the want of honorable principles which mark the career of the politician, who is willing to sacrifice at the shrine of office the sacred principles of truth, equity and moral honesty.

There are, however, honorable exceptions to these general remarks, and among these exceptions we are pleased to enumerate the present candidate for the gubernatorial office of the State of Virginia—the Hon. Henry A. Wise. What the hon. gentleman's private views are in relation to Catholicity, we are not informed; nor do we inquire what are his political opinions.

We find him confronting and exposing the dark and hidden machinations of the ephemeral order that has lately grown up in our midst, and which seeks to gather renewed strength by proscribing a large portion of our fellow citizens, on account of their religion. And while we find him turning towards this proscriptive order the most withering and blighting denunciation, we behold him vindicating the civil and religious rights of his Catholic fellow citizens, and wiping away the foul aspersions and unworthy suspicions, which Know-nothing infidelity and sectarian bigotry, so rife at present in the country, seek to cast upon their loyalty. He has taken his stand upon the good old American platform of equal rights to all; a platform which proclaims civil and religious liberty, as the birth-right of every citizen without distinction of country, or the tenets of faith. On this platform he seeks the gubernatorial chair, and on no other will he accept the boon of office. It is this honorable and high-minded course, at a time when it is political high treason for a candidate for popular suffrage to utter a word in favor of Catholics or Catholicity, that we admire, and it is this course alone that has elicited these remarks.

Having premised so much we will now favor our readers with a few extracts from a speech or two delivered by Mr. Wise, as we find them reported in several of our daily journals. Speaking of the solemn league by which our revolutionary sires bound themselves to support and defend the common rights of the country, the honorable gentleman uses the following forcible language: "Did not that pledge bind them and us, their heirs, for ever to faith and hope in God, and in charity for each other—to tolerance in religion and in mutuality in political freedom? Down then, with any organization, which invokes a separation between Protestant Virginia and Catholic Maryland—between the children of Catholic Carroll, and of Protestant Geo. Wythe. These names stand together among the signatures, and I will redeem their mutual pledges, by my life, my fortune and my sacred honor." . . . . From his Alexandria speech, we take the following extracts as reported in the *Washington Star.*

"So far as our limits will allow, we will give the ideas he expressed; but it is beyond the power of pen to give the gestures and looks with which he expressed his scorn and loathing of the course of the New England clergy, whom he styled preachers of Christian politics, and those who had taken part in this new party, hypocrites, perverting the sacred name of religion to cloak their ambition, and had made it a tool to reach the temporal power they are striving for, and for the possession of which they condemn and proscribe Catholics. . . . . He spoke of Absalom, his treason and the departure of David from his city accompanied only by a foreigner; he spoke of La Fayette, De Kalb—of the services which the Catholics of France rendered us in our struggle for independence, and said that the native born Arnold was the Absalom of America; while but for the foreign aid we received in that struggle no one can tell what the result would have been. He said that by means of abolitionism the Know-Nothings had carried nine free soil States, but they could not openly bring the same machinery to bear in the south, therefore they had appealed to the religious feeling, the hatred of foreign influence, the bigotry and agrarianism of the south. How, he asked, was this done? The means were simple, by raising an outcry against the Pope. This venerable old man was the bugbear raised by the abolitionists to cause the south to join with them. What we have to fear is the assumption of Popes here. We must fear these clergymen who have the spiritual and assume the temporal power, who to gain their ends, join dark lantern political associations, who act the hypocrite.

If the ministers of my church were to attempt the assumption of such power, I would stand, like Patrick Henry between the minister and the people. But the worst point in the hypocrisy of the Know-Nothings is, that men among them who belong to no church, who say no prayers, who never before cared for any faith, now turn up the whites of their eyes, for fear the Pope *will shut up the Bible they have never opened.* . . . . He now spoke of the cry against foreigners, and the help we have received from Catholic foreigners in the Revolution; of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, whom he called a Catholic representative from a Catholic province; and of the Magna Charta, drawn up by a Catholic Archbishop. He said he had not come there to praise the Catholic religion, but to tell historical truths. He did not hate the Know-Nothings for secrecy; he was a member of a secret order himself, he was a Mason! But said he, I hate the means used to carry out the ends which are meaner, lower, baser, and worse than was ever before attempted to be put into operation."

DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI BY DE SOTO.—This distinguished work of art, from the pencil of Wm. H. Powell, was exhibited in our city for a short time, on its transit to Washington. It is destined to fill one of the vacant panels of the Rotunda in the National Capitol. We design to notice this painting, not so much on account of its superior excellence, as on account of the Catholic character of the work, and the bright page which it unfolds in the Catholic history of the country. It is only another of the thousand evidences which our early annals furnish, that every lake, river, cape, and promontory of note or importance, from the banks of the St. Laurence to the shores of the Pacific, were discovered and explored almost exclusively by Catholics: that the first rudiments of civilization were planted on the soil we inhabit beneath the shadow of the Catholic altar.

We take the following description of this masterpiece of Art, from a pamphlet published by Henry L. Stuart, containing a biographical sketch of Mr. Powell, and a notice of his works; this we do more willingly, as the description is both truthful and eloquent:

> "There are five great groups in the picture. Not taking them in the order of their importance, but the order in which we look at them; beginning with the right side foreground, where we see a company of stalwart men, planting a cross in a spirit of veneration to the God of the Universe, in solemn commemoration of what they deemed a great event. The expiditions of those days carried with them all the emblems of European civilization. The Priest went by the side of the Conqueror, with the emblems, the traditions, and the worship of the Christian Church. Here the cross is raised with the image of the crucified Son of God. The censer is held by an ecclesiastic; and as he waves it, the incense of Nazareth goes up over the bosom of the Mississippi. The venerable priest, whose white beard comes almost down to the Sacred Book he holds, gives his blessing as they plant the Tree of Salvation amid the solitudes of the west. The herculean man who has dug the place is resting from his labor, looking with earnestness and solemnity upon this act of devotion and reverence. It is the most impressive group, because it illustrates, in the most eloquent and touching manner how true and sincere was the religious sentiments of the age.
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> At the left corner in the foreground is another group corresponding in position to the last described, and illustrating another important feature of the event transpiring. A cannon is being dragged up by the artillery-men, for the cross was always planted in new regions by the Spaniards, amid the incense of the priest, and the smoke of the cannon. If that point, or either of them had been left out of the picture, it could not illustrated the spirit of the sixteenth century. In the centre of the picture, exactly, sits De Soto himself, on a magnificent Arab horse. . . His attitude is sublime. It is an earnest, comprehensive gaze at the great river. . . The noble cavalier is followed by what we shall call the fifth group, and describe it before the fourth. Nearest to him is his confessor—a venerable man with flowing beard, who has also caught a glimpse of the great river; and, meekly and reverently as he rides on his mule, lifts his eyes and clasps his hands in adoration and gratitude towards Heaven. At his side rides, upon a rampant bay horse, a young cavalier, a type of the chivalry of Spain at that period, both in battle and in discovery; while they are immediately followed by a hurrying group of standard-bearers and helmeted men, each representing a separate class, a position, an idea—each one of whom is evidently there for some purpose, not to make up a group, but to give significance to it."

The following Letter, from the Very Rev. Provincial of the Society of Jesus, on a subject, much mooted at the present time, will be of interest to our readers. We copy from the National Intelligencer.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, (D. C.) Feb. 15, 1855.

Gentlemen:—A composition bearing the title of "the Jesuits' oaths" has been circulating in the papers of the country, it is said, extensively. On reading it myself, the imposition seemed so glaring, so like Sterne's curse, made to hand for the Pope, that it seemed to me no one could peruse it seriously. Friends, however, assure me that the oath is read by many with long faces. Despite, then, an extreme repugnance to appear in the public journals, I request a small place in your columns for the positive and unqualified denial of the use or even existence, now or ever before, (and this I aver thoughtfully and with full knowledge,) of any such oath among the Jesuits. If summoned to Court they may take oaths as other citizens, but as Jesuits they take no oath at all.

I am humiliated, as a Marylander, at being called upon, on the borders of my native State, to make the above disclaimer, and thus repel the charge of more than latent treason! The Western shore of Maryland, the home of my childhood, has ever been a classic place, cherished in my heart with patriotic pride.—There are the remains of my grandfather, a revolutionary soldier, and there, in an adjoining county, is the landing-place of "the Pilgrims of St. Mary's," whose brightest scenes and best memories are imperishably connected with the Jesuits' name.

Such antecedents, though not ashamed of, I certainly should not have adverted to had not an attempt been made, by a fabricated oath and its et-ceteras, to cast an unjust and deadly odium upon a religious order of which I am at present Superior in Maryland. I cannot help seeing in this an effort to render me and my brethren in religion aliens at home and strangers by our own firesides. We are cruelly misrepresented by the framers of the above named oath. Were we more like the caricature made of us, I feel convinced that they would like us better than they do. Assimilation would beget affection. Still, while with a very little heart-ache I forego their affection, a due respect for the opinions of men of good-will moves me to make a brief declaration of our tenets as Jesuits. For this purpose I will use the highest official authority, and employ the language of our recently-elected and present Superior-General. I quote from an encyclical letter of his received a few days since:

"The Society of Jesus being a religious order, has no other doctrine, no other rules of conduct than those of the Catholic Church as was publicly declared by my predecessor in 1847. In fact, and in right, the Jesuits are and declare themselves entirely unconnected with any political party, be it what it may.—Always and everywhere they say to all, by their teaching and by their conduct, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.' (Mark xii, 17.) Such are the principles which the Society of Jesus has always held, and from which it will never depart."

This is the definition of the Superior-General, and his declaration alone is of authority for the whole Society.

I may yet refer to a still higher authority, the constitutions of our Society. These incapacitate a member from holding any office of dignity or trust in it who intermeddles in any political affairs or business of State. (See Institute, vol. 2, p. 380.) Here we see the constitutions of the Jesuits excluding them from the political arena and the legislative hall.

Our churches and the liberty to do good must suffice for us; and whatever our enemies may say, faithful history and grateful hearts do and will yet witness in our favor.

Respectfully,
CHARLES HENRY STONESTREET, S. J.
Provincial of Maryland.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS IX,

CONTAINING THE DOGMATICAL DEFINITION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

We insert the following important document in the original Latin, for the benefit of the Rev. Clergy, and others, who may desire it for future reference. We copy from the Catholic University Gazette, and presume it to be correct. A Translation will be published as soon as the authorized copy is received from Rome.

SANCTISSIMI DOMINI NOSTRI PII DIVINA PROVIDENTIA PAPÆ IX. LITTERÆ APOSTOLICÆ DE DOGMATICA DEFINITIONE IMMACULATÆ CONCEPTIONIS VIRGINIS DEIPARÆ.

PIUS EPISCOPUS,

SERVUS SERVORUM DEI, AD PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.

Ineffabilis Deus, cujus viae misericordia et veritas, cujus voluntas omnipotentia, et cujus sapientia attingit a fine usque ad finem fortiter et disponit omnia suaviter, cum ab omni aeternitate praeviderit luctuosissimam totius humani generis ruinam ex Adami transgressione derivandam, atque in mysterio a saeculis abscondito primum suae bonitatis opus decreverit per Verbi incarnationem sacramento occultiore complere, ut contra misericors suum propositum homo diabolicae iniquitatis versutia actus in culpam non

periret, et quod in primo Adamo casurum erat, in secundo felicius erigeretur, ab initio et ante saecula Unigenito Filio suo matrem, ex qua caro factus in beata temporum plenitudine nasceretur, elegit atque ordinavit, tantoque prae creaturis universis est prosequutus amore, ut in illa una sibi propensissima voluntate complacuerit. Quapropter illam longe ante omnes Angelicos Spiritus, cunctosque Sanctos caelestium omnium charismatum copia de thesauro divinitatis deprompta ita mirifice cumulavit, ut Ipsa ab omni prorsus peccati labe semper libera, ac tota pulcra et perfecta eam innocentiae et sanctitatis plenitudinem prae se ferret, qua major sub Deo nullatenus intelligitur, et quam praeter Deum nemo assequi cogitando potest. Et quidem decebat omnino, ut perfectissimae sanctitatis splendoribus semper ornata fulgeret, ac vel ab ipsa originalis culpae labe plane immunis amplissimum de antiquo serpente triumphum referret tam venerabilis mater, cui Deus Pater unicum Filium suum, quem de corde suo aequalem sibi genitum tamquam seipsum diligit, ita dare disposuit, ut naturaliter esset unus idemque communis Dei Patris, et Virginis Filius, et quam ipse Filius substantialiter facere sibi matrem elegit, et de qua Spiritus Sanctus voluit, et operatus est, ut conciperetur et nasceretur ille, de quo ipse procedit.

Quam originalem augustae Virginis innocentiam cum admirabili ejusdem sanctitate, praecelsaque Dei Matris dignitate omnino cohaerentem catholica Ecclesia, quae a Sancto semper edocta Spiritu columna est ac firmamentum veritatis, tamquam doctrinam possidens divinitus acceptam, et caelestis revelationis deposito comprehensam multiplici continenter ratione, splendidisque factis magis in dies explicare, proponere, ac fovere nunquam destitit. Hanc enim doctrinam ab antiquissimis temporibus vigentem, ac fidelium animis penitus insitam, et Sacrorum Antistitum curis studiisque per catholicum orbem mirifice propagatam ipsa Ecclesia luculentissime significavit, cum ejusdem Virginis Conceptionem publico fidelium cultui ac venerationi proponere non dubitavit. Quo illustri quidem facto ipsius Virginis Conceptionem veluti singularem, miram, et a reliquorum hominum primordiis longissime secretam, et omnino sanctam colendam exhibuit, cum Ecclesia nonnisi de Sanctis dies festos concelebret. Atque iccirco vel ipsissima verba, quibus divinae Scripturae de increata Sapientia loquuntur, ejusque sempiternas origines repraesentant, consuevit tum in ecclesiasticis officiis, tum in sacrosancta Liturgia adhibere, et ad illius Virginis primordia transferre, quae uno eodemque decreto cum Divinae Sapientiae incarnatione fuerant praestituta.

Quamvis autem haec omnia penes fideles ubique prope recepta ostendant, quo studio ejusmodi de Immaculata Virginis Conceptione doctrinam ipsa quoque Romana Ecclesia omnium Ecclesiarum mater et magistra fuerit prosequuta, tamen illustria hujus Ecclesiae facta digna plane sunt, quae nominatim recenseantur, cum tanta sit ejusdem Ecclesiae dignitas, atque auctoritas, quanta illi omnino debetur, quae est catholicae veritatis et unitatis centrum, in qua solum inviolabiliter fuit custodita religio, et ex qua traducem fidei reliquae omnes Ecclesiae mutuentur oportet. Itaque eadem Romana Ecclesia nihil potius habuit, quam eloquentissimis quibusque modis Immaculatam Virginis Conceptionem, ejusque cultum et doctrinam asserere, tueri, promovere et vindicare. Quod apertissime planissimeque testantur et declarant tot insignia sane acta Romanorum Pontificum Decessorum Nostrorum, quibus in persona Apostolorum Principis ab ipso Christo Domino divinitus fuit commissa suprema cura atque potestas pascendi agnos et oves, confirmandi fratres, et universam regendi et gubernandi Ecclesiam.

Enimvero Praedecessores Nostri vehementer gloriati sunt Apostolica sua auctoritate festum Conceptionis in Romana Ecclesia instituere, et proprio officio, propriaque missa, quibus praerogativa immunitatis ab hereditaria labe manifestissime asserebatur, augere, honestare, et cultum jam institutum omni ope promovere, amplificare sive erogatis indulgentiis, sive facultate tributa civitatibus, provinciis, regnisque, ut Deiparam sub titulo Immaculatae Conceptionis patronam sibi deligerent, sive comprobatis Sodalitatibus Congregationibus, Religiosisque Familiis ad Immaculatae Conceptionis honorem institutis, sive laudibus eorum pietati delatis, qui monasteria, xenodochia, altaria, templa sub Immaculati Conceptus titulo erexerint, aut sacramenti religione interposita Immaculatam Deiparae Conceptionem strenue propugnare spoponderint. Insuper summopere laetati sunt decernere Conceptionis festum ab omni Ecclesia esse habendum eodem censu ac numero, quo festum Nativitatis, idemque Conceptionis festum cum octava ab universa Ecclesia celebrandum, et ab omnibus inter ea, quae praecepta sunt, sancte colendum, ac Pontificiam Cappellam in Patriarchali Nostra Liberiana Basilica die Virginis Conceptioni sacro quotannis esse peragendam. Atque exoptantes in fidelium animis quotidie magis fovere hanc de Immaculata Deiparae Conceptione doctrinam, eorumque pietatem excitare ad ipsam Virginem sine labe originali conceptam, colendam, et venerandam, gavisi sunt quam libentissime facultatem tribuere, ut in Lauretanis Litaniis, et in ipsa Missae praefatione Immaculatus ejusdem Virginis proclamaretur Conceptus, atque adeo lex credendi ipsa supplicandi lege statueretur. Nos porro tantorum Praedecessorum vestigiis inhaerentes non solum quae ab ipsis pientissime sapientissimeque fuerant constituta probavimus, et recepimus, verum etiam memores institutionis Sixti

IV proprium de Immaculata Conceptione officium auctoritate Nostra munivimus, illiusque usum universae Ecclesiae laetissimo prorsus animo concessimus.

Quoniam vero quae ad cultum pertinent, intimo plane vinculo cum ejusdem objecto conserta sunt, neque rata et fixa manere possunt, si illud anceps sit, et in ambiguo versetur, idcirco Decessores Nostri Romani Pontifices omni cura Conceptionis cultum amplificantes, illius etiam objectum ac doctrinam declarare, et inculcare impensissime studuerunt. Etenim clare aperteque docuere, festum agi de Virginis Conceptione, atque uti falsam, et ab Ecclesiae mente alienissimam proscripserunt illorum opinionem, qui non Conceptionem ipsam, sed sanctificationem ab Ecclesia coli arbitrarentur et affirmarent. Neque mitius cum iis agendum esse existimarunt, qui ad labefactandam de Immaculata Virginis Conceptione doctrinam excogitato inter primum atque alterum Conceptionis instans et momentum discrimine, asserebant, celebrari quidam Conceptionem, sed non pro primo instanti atque momento. Ipsi namque Predecessores Nostri suarum partium esse duxerunt, et beatissimae Virginis Conceptionis festum, et Conceptionem pro primo instanti tamquam verum cultus objectum omni studio tueri ac propugnare. Hinc decretoria plane verba, quibus Alexander VII, Decessor Noster sinceram Ecclesiae mentem declaravit, inquiens "Sane vetus est Christifidelium erga ejus beatissimam Matrem Virginem Mariam pietas sentientium, ejus animam in primo instanti creationis, atque infusionis in corpus fuisse specialia Dei gratia et privilegio, intuitu meritorum Jesu Christi ejus Filii humani generis Redemptoris, a macula peccati originalis praeservatam immunem, atque in hoc sensu ejus Conceptionis festivitatem solemni ritu colentium, et celebrantium."*

Atque illud in primis solemne quoque fuit iisdem Decessoribus Nostris doctrinam de Immaculata Dei Matris Conceptione sartam tectamque omni cura, studio et contentione tueri. Etenim non solum nullatenus passi sunt, ipsam doctrinam quovis modo a quopiam notari, atque traduci, verum etiam longe ulterius progressi perspicuis declarationibus, iteratisque vicibus edixerunt, doctrinam, qua Immaculatam Virginis Conceptionem profitemur, esse, suoque merito haberi cum ecclesiastico cultu plane consonam, eamque veterem, ac prope universalem et ejusmodi, quam Romana Ecclesia sibi fovendam, tuendamque susceperit, atque omnino dignam, quae in sacra ipsa Liturgia, solemnibusque precibus usurparetur. Neque his contenti, ut ipsa de Immaculato Virginis Conceptu doctrina inviolata persisteret, opinionem huic doctrinae adversam sive publice, sive privatim defendi posse severissime prohibuere, eamque multiplici veluti vulnere confectam esse voluerunt. Quibus repetitis luculentissimisque declarationibus, ne inanes viderentur, adjecere sanctionem: quae omnia laudatus Praedecessor Noster Alexander VII, his verbis est complexus.

"Nos considerantes, quod Sancta Romana Ecclesia de Intemeratae semper Virginis Mariae Conceptione festum solemniter celebrat, et speciale ac proprium super hoc officium olim ordinavit juxta piam, devotam, et laudabilem institutionem, quae a Sixto IV. Praedecessore Nostro tunc emanavit; volentesque laudabili huic pietati et devotioni, et festo, ac cultui secundum illam exhibito, in Ecclesia Romana post ipsius cultus institutionem nunquam immutato, Romanorum Pontificum Praedecessorum Nostrorum exemplo, favere, nec non tueri pietatem, et devotionem hanc colendi, et celebrandi beatissimam Virginem, praeveniente scilicet Spiritus Sancti gratia, a peccato originali praeservatam, cupientesque in Christi grege unitatem spiritus in vinculo pacis, sedatis offensionibus, et jurgiis, amotisque scandalis conservare: ad praefatorum Episcoporum cum Ecclesiarum suarum Capitulis, ac Philippi Regis, ejusque Regnorum oblatam Nobis instantiam, ac preces; Constitutiones, et Decreta, a Romanis Pontificibus Praedecessoribus Nostris, et praecipue a Sixto IV, Paullo V, et Gregorio XV, edita in favorem sententiae asserentis, Animam beatae Mariae Virginis in sui creatione, et in corpus infusione, Spiritus Sancti gratia donatam, et a peccato originali praeservatam fuisse, nec non et in favorem festi, et cultus Conceptionis ejusdem Virginis Deiparae, secundum piam istam sententiam, ut praefertur, exhibiti, innovamus, et sub censuris, et poenis in eisdem Constitutionibus contentis, observari mandamus.

"Et insuper omnes et singulos, qui praefatas Constitutiones, seu Decreta ita pergent interpretari, ut favorem per illas dictae sententiae, et festo seu cultui secundum illam exhibito, frustrentur, vel qui hanc eamdem sententiam, festum seu cultum in disputationem revocare, aut contra ea quoquo modo directe, vel indirecte aut quovis praetextu, etiam definibilitatis ejus examinandae, sive Sacram Scripturam, aut Sanctos Patres, sive Doctores glossandi vel interpretandi, denique alio quovis praetextu seu occasione, scripto seu voce loqui, concionari, tractare, disputare, contra ea quidquam determinando, aut asserendo, vel argumenta contra ea afferendo, et insoluta relinquendo, aut alio quovis excogitabili modo disserendo ausi fuerint; praeter poenas et censuras in Constitutionibus Sixti IV contentas, quibus illos subjacere volumus, et per praesentes subjicimus, etiam concionandi, publice legendi, seu docendi, et interpretandi facultate, ac voce activa, et passiva in quibuscumque electionibus, eo ipso absque alia declaratione privatos esse volumus; nec non ad concionandum, publice legendum, docendum, et interpretandum perpetuae inhabilitatis poenas ipso facto incurrere absque alia declaratione; a quibus poenis nonnisi a nobis ipsis, vel a Successoribus Nostris Romanis Pontificibus absolvi, aut super iis dispensari possint; nec non eosdem aliis poenis, nostro, et eorumdem Romanorum Pontificum Successorum Nostrorum arbitrio infligendis, pariter subjacere volumus, prout subjicimus per praesentes, innovantes Paulli V et Gregorii XV superius memoratus Constitutiones sive Decreta.

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* Alexander VII, Const. Sollicitudo omnium Ecclesiarum VIII. Decembris, 1661.

"Ac libros, in quibus praefata sententia, festum, seu cultus secundum illam in dubium revocatur, aut contra ea quomodocumque, ut supra, aliquid scribitur aut legitur, seu locutiones, conciones, tractatus, et disputationes contra eadem continentur; post Paulli V supra laudatum Decretum edita, aut in posterum quomodolibet edenda, prohibemus sub poenis et censuris in Indice librorum prohibitorum contentis, et ipso facto absque alia declaratione pro expresse prohibitis haberi volumus et mandamus."

Omnes autem norunt quanto studio haec de Immaculata Deiparae Virginis Conceptione doctrina a spectatissimis Religiosis Familiis, et celebrioribus Theologicis Academiis ac praestantissimis rerum divinarum scientia Doctoribus fuerit tradita, asserta ac propugnata. Omnes pariter norunt quantopere solliciti fuerint Sacrorum Antistites vel in ipsis ecclesiasticis conventibus palam publiceque profiteri, sanctissimam Dei Genitricem Virginem Mariam ob praevisa Christi Domini Redemptoris merita nunquam originali subjacuisse peccato, sed praeservatam omnino fuisse ab originis labe, et iccirco sublimiori modo redemptam. Quibus illud profecto gravissimum, et omnino maximum accedit, ipsam quoque Tridentinam Synodum, cum dogmaticum de peccato originali ederet decretum, quo juxta sacrarum Scripturarum, sanctorumque Patrum, ac probatissimorum Conciliorum testimonia statuit, ac definivit, omnes homines nasci originali culpa infectos, tamen solemniter declarasse, non esse suae intentionis in decreto ipso, tantaque definitionis amplitudine comprehendere beatam, et immaculatam Virginem Dei Genitricem Mariam. Hac enim declaratione Tridentini Patres, ipsam beatissimam Virginem ab originali labe solutam pro rerum temporumque adjunctis satis innuerunt, atque adeo perspicue significarunt, nihil ex divinis litteris, nihil ex traditione, Patrumque auctoritate rite afferri posse, quod tantae virginis praerogativae quovis modo refragetur.

Et re quidem vera hanc de Immaculata beatissimae Virginis Conceptione doctrinam quotidie magis gravissimo Ecclesiae sensu, magisterio, studio, scientia, ac sapientia tam splendide explicatam, declaratam, confirmatam, et apud omnes catholici orbis populos, ac nationes mirandum in modum propagatam, in ipsa Ecclesia semper extitisse veluti a majoribus acceptam, ac revelatae doctrinae charactere insignitam illustria venerandae antiquitatis Ecclesiae orientalis et occidentalis monumenta validissime testantur. Christi enim Ecclesia sedula depositorum apud se dogmatum custos, et vindex, nihil in his unquam permutat, nihil minuit, nihil addit, sed omni industria vetera fideliter sapienterque tractando si qua antiquitus informata sunt, et Patrum fides sevit, ita limare, expolire studet, ut prisca illa coelestis doctrinae dogmata accipiant evidentiam, lucem, distinctionem, sed retineant plenitudinem, integritatem, proprietatem, ac in suo tantum genere crescant, in eodem scilicet dogmate, eodem sensu, eademque sententia.

Equidem Patres, Ecclesiaeque Scriptores caelestibus edocti eloquiis nihil antiquius habuere, quam in libris ad explicandas Scripturas, vindicanda dogmata, erudiendosque fideles elucubratis summam Virginis sanctitatem, dignitatem, atque ab omni peccati labe integritatem, ejusque praeclaram de teterrimo humani generis hoste victoriam multis mirisque modis certatim praedicare atque efferre. Quapropter enarrantes verba, quibus Deus praeparata renovandis mortalibus suae pietatis remedia inter ipsa mundi primordia praenuntians et deceptoris serpentis retudit audaciam, et nostri generis spem mirifice erexit, inquiens "Inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem, et semen tuum et semen illius" docuere, divino hoc oraculo clare aperteque praemonstratum fuisse misericordem humani generis Redemptorem, scilicet Unigenitum Dei Filium Christum Jesum, ac designatam beatissimam Ejus matrem Virginem Mariam, ac simul ipsissimas utriusque contra diabolum inimicitias insigniter expressas. Quocirca sicut Christus Dei hominumque mediator humana assumpta natura delens quod adversus nos erat chirographum decreti, illud cruci triumphator affixit, sic sanctissima Virgo arctissimo, et indissolubili vinculo cum Eo conjuncta una cum Illo, et per Illum sempiternas contra venonosum serpentem inimicitias exercens, ac de ipso plenissime triumphans illius caput immaculato pede contrivit.

Hunc eximium, singularemque Virginis triumphum, excellentissimamque innocentiam, puritatem, sanctitatem, ejusque ab omni peccati labe integritatem, atque ineffabilem coelestium omnium gratiarum, virtutum, ac privilegiorum copiam, et magnitudinem iidem Patres viderunt tum in arca illa Noe, quae divinitus constituta a communi totius mundi naufragio plane salva et incolumis evasit; tum in scala illa, quam de terra ad coelum usque pertingere vidit Jacob, cujus gradibus Angeli Dei ascendebant, cujusque vertici ipse innitebatur Dominus; tum in rubo illo, quem in loco sancto Moyses undique ardere, ac inter crepitantes ignis flammas non jam comburi aut jacturam vel minimam pati, sed pulcre virescere ac florescere conspexit; tum in illa inexpugnabili turri a facie inimici, ex qua mille clypei pendent, omnisque armatura fortium; tum in horto illo concluso, qui nescit violari, neque corrumpi ullis insidiarum fraudibus: tum in corusca illa Dei civitate, cujus fundamenta in montibus sanctis; tum in augustissimo illo Dei templo, quod divinis refulgens splendoribus plenum est gloria Domini; tum in aliis ejusdem generis omnino plurimis, quibus, excelsam Deiparae dignitatem, ejusque illibatam innocentiam, et nulli unquam naevo obnoxiam sanctitatem insigniter praenunciatam fuisse Patres tradiderunt.

Ad hunc eamdem divinorum munerum veluti summam, originalemque Virginis, de qua natus est Jesus, integritatem describendam iidem Prophetarum adhibentes eloquia non aliter ipsam augustam Virginem concelebrarunt, ac uti columbam mundam et sanctam Jerusalem, et excelsum Dei thronum, et arcam sanctificationis et domum, quam sibi aeterna aedificavit Sapientia, et Reginam illam, quae deliciis affluens, et innixa super Dilectum suum ex ore Altissimi prodivit omnino perfecta, speciosa ac penitus cara Deo, et nullo unquam labis naevo maculata. Cum vero ipsi Patres, Ecclesiaeque Scriptores animo menteque reputarent, beatissimam Virginem ab Angelo Gabriele sublimissimam Dei Matris dignitatem ei nuntiante, ipsius Dei nomine et jussu gratia plenam fuisse nuncupatam, docuerunt hac singulari solemnique salutatione nunquam alias audita ostendi, Deiparam fuisse omnium divinarum gratiarum sedem, omnibusque divini Spiritus charismatibus exornatam, immo eorumdem charismatum infinitum prope thesaurum, abyssumque inexhaustam, adeo ut nunquam maledicto obnoxia, et una cum Filio perpetuae benedictionis particeps ab Elisabeth divino acta Spiritu audire meruerit *benedicta Tu inter mulieres, et benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

Hinc non luculenta minus, quam concors eorumdem sententia, gloriosissimam Virginem, cui fecit magna, qui Potens est, ea caelestium omnium donorum vi, ea gratiae plenitudine, eaque innocentia emicuisse, qua veluti ineffabile Dei miraculum, immo omnium miraculorum apex, ac digna Dei mater extiterit, et ad Deum ipsum pro ratione creatae naturae, quam proxime accedens, omnibus, qua humanis, qua angelicis praeconiis celsior evaserit. Atque iccirco ad originalem Dei Genitricis innocentiam, justitiamque vindicandam, non Eam modo cum Heva adhuc virgine, adhuc innocente, adhuc incorrupta, et nondum mortiferis fraudulentissimi serpentis insidiis decepta saepissime contulerunt, verum etiam mira quadam verborum, sententiarumque varietate praetulerunt. Heva enim serpenti misere obsequuta et ab originali excidit innocentia, et illius mancipium evasit, sed beatissima Virgo originale donum jugiter augens, quin serpenti aures unquam praebuerit, illius vim potestatemque virtute divinitus accepta funditus labefactavit.

Quapropter nunquam cessarunt Deiparam appellare vel lilium inter spinas, vel terram omnino intactam, virgineam, illibatam, immaculatam, semper benedictam, et ab omni peccati contagione liberam, ex qua novus formatus est Adam, vel irreprehensibilem, lucidissimum, amoenissimumque innocentiae, immortalitatis, ac deliciarum paradisum a Deo ipso consitum et ab omnibus venenosi serpentis insidiis defensum, vel lignum immarcescibile, quod peccati vermis nunquam corruperit, vel fontem semper illimem, et Spiritus Sancti virtute signatum, vel divinissimum templum, vel immortalitatis thesaurum, vel unam et solam non mortis sed vitae filiam, non irae sed gratiae germen, quod semper virens ex corrupta, infectaque radice singulari Dei providentia praeter statas communesque leges effloruerit. Sed quasi haec, licet splendidissima, satis non forent, propriis definitisque sententiis edixerunt, nullam prorsus, cum de peccatis agitur, habendam esse quaestionem de sancta Virgine Maria, cui plus gratiae collatum fuit ad vincendum omni ex parte peccatum; tum professi sunt, gloriosissimam Virginem fuisse parentum reparatricem, posterorum vivificatricem, a saeculo electam, ab Altissimo sibi praeparatam, a Deo, quando ad serpentem ait, inimicitias ponam inter te et mulierem, praedictam, quae procul dubio venenatum ejusdem serpentis caput contrivit; ac propterea affirmarunt, eamdem beatissimam Virginem fuisse per gratiam ab omni peccati labe integram, ac liberam ab omni contagione et corporis, et animae, et intellectus, ac semper cum Deo conversatam, et sempiterno foedere cum Illo conjunctam, nunquam fuisse in tenebris, sed semper in luce, et iccirco idoneum plane extitisse Christo habitaculum non pro habitu corporis, sed pro gratia originali.

Accedunt noblissima effata, quibus de Virginis Conceptione loquentes testati sunt, naturam gratiae cessisse ac stetisse tremulam pergere non sustinentem: nam futurum erat, ut Dei Genitrix Virgo non antea ex Anna conciperetur, quam gratia fructum ederet: concipi siquidem primogenitam oportebat, ex qua concipiendus esset omnis creaturæ primogenitus. Testati sunt carnem Virginis ex Adam sumptam maculas Adae non admisisse, ac propterea beatissimam Virginem tabernaculum esse ab ipso Deo creatum, Spiritu Sancto formatum, et purpureae revera operae, quod novus ille Beseleel auro intextum variumque effinxit, eamdemque esse meritoque celebrari ut illam, quae proprium Dei opus primum extiterit, ignitis maligni telis latuerit, et pulcra natura, ac labis prorsus omnis nescia, tamquam aurora undequaque rutilans in mundum prodiverit in sua Conceptione Immaculata. Non enim decebat, ut illud vas electionis communibus lacesseretur injuriis, quoniam plurimum a ceteris differens, natura communicavit non culpa, immo prorsus decebat, ut sicut Unigenitus in caelis Patrem habuit, quem Seraphim ter sanctum extollunt ita matrem haberet in terris, quae nitori sanctitatis nunquam caruerit. Atque haec quidem doctrina adeo majorum mentes, animosque occupavit, ut singularis et omnino mirus penes illos invaluerit loquendi usus, quo Deiparam saepissime compellarunt immaculatam, omnique ex parte immaculatam, innocentem et innocentissimam, illibatam et undequaque illibatam, sanctam et ab omni peccati sorde alienissimam, totam puram, totam intemeratam, ac ipsam prope puritatis et innocentiæ formam, pulcritudine pulcriorem, venustate venustiorem, sanctiorem sanctitate, solamque sanctam, purissimamque anima et corpore, quæ supergressa est omnem integritatem et virginitatem, ac sola tota facta domicilium universarum gratiarum Sanctissimi Spiritus, et quae, solo Deo excepto, extitit cunctis superior, et ipsis Cherubim et Seraphim, et omni exercitu Angelorum *natura pulcrior, formosior* et *sanctior* cui praedicandae caelestes et terrenae linguae minime sufficiunt. Quem usum ad sanctissimae quoque liturgiae monumenta atque ecclesiastica officia sua veluti sponte fuisse traductum, et in illis passim recurrere, ampliterque dominari nemo ignorat, cum in illis Deipara invocetur et praedicetur veluti una incorrupta pulcritudinis columba, veluti rosa semper vigens, et undequaqe purissima, et semper immaculata semperque beata, ac celebretur uti innocentia, quae nunquam fuit laesa, et altera Heva, quae Emmanuelem perperit.

Nil igitur mirum si de Immaculata Deiparae Virginis Conceptione doctrinam judicio Patrum divinis litteris consignatam, tot gravissimis eorumdem testimoniis traditam, tot illustribus venerandae antiquitatis monumentis expressam et celebratam, ac maximo gravissimoque Ecclesiae judicio propositam et confirmatam tanta pietate, religione et amore ipsius Ecclesiae Pastores, populique fideles quotidie magis profiteri sint gloriati, ut nihil iisdem dulcius, nihil carius, quam ferventissimo affectu Deiparam Virginem absque labe originali conceptam ubique colere, venerari, invocare, et praedicare. Quamobrem ab antiquis temporibus Sacrorum Antistites, Ecclesiastici viri, regulares Ordines, ac vel ipsi Imperatores et Reges ab hac Apostolica Sede enixe efflagitarunt, ut Immaculata sanctissimae Dei Genitricis Conceptio veluti catholicae fidei dogma definiretur. Quae postulationes hac nostra quoque aetate iteratae fuerunt, ac potissimum felicis recordationis Gregorio XVI. Praedecessori Nostro ac Nobis ipsis oblatae sunt tum ab Episcopis, tum a Clero saeculari, tum a Religiosis Familiis, ac summis Principibus et fidelibus populis.

Nos itaque singulari animi Nostri gaudio hæc omnia probe noscentes, ac serio considerantes, vix dum licet immeriti arcano divinae Providentiae consilio ad hanc sublimem Petri Cathedram evecti totius Ecclesiae gubernacula tractanda suscepimus, nihil certe antiquius habuimus, quam pro summa Nostra vel a teneris annis erga sanctissimam Dei Genitricem Virginem Mariam veneratione, pietate et affectu ea omnia peragere, quae adhuc in Ecclesiae votis esse poterant, ut beatissimae Virginis honor augeretur, ejusque praerogativae uberiori luce niterent. Omnem autem maturitatem adhibere volentes constituimus peculiarem VV. FF. NN. S. R. E. Cardinalium religione, consilio, ac divinarum rerum scientia illustrium Congregationem, et viros ex clero tum saeculari, tum regulari, theologicis disciplinis apprime excultos selegimus, ut ea omnia, quae Immaculatam Virginis Conceptionem respiciunt, accuratissime perpenderent, propriamque sententiam ad Nos deferrent. Quamvis autem Nobis ex receptis postulationibus de definienda tandem aliquando Immaculata Virginis Conceptione perspectus esset plurimorum Sacrorum Antistitum sensus, tamen Encyclicas Litteras die 2 Februarii, anno 1849 Cajetae datas ad omnes Venerabiles Fratres totius catholici orbis Sacrorum Antistites misimus, ut, adhibitis ad Deum precibus, Nobis scripto etiam significarent, quae esset suorum fidelium erga Immaculatam Deiparae Conceptione pietas, ac devotio, et quid ipsi praesertim Antistites de hac ipsa definitione ferenda sentirent, quidve exoptarent, ut, quo fieri solemnius posset, supremum Nostrum judicium proferremus.

Non mediocri certe solatio affecti fuimus ubi eorumdem Venerabilium Fratrum ad Nos responsa venerunt. Nam iidem incredibili quadam jucunditate, laetitia, ac studio Nobis rescribentes non solum singularem suam et proprii cujusque cleri, populique fidelis erga Immaculatum beatissimae Virginis Conceptum pietatem, mentemque denuo confirmarunt, verum etiam communi veluti voto a Nobis expostularunt, ut Immaculata ipsius Virginis Conceptio supremo Nostro judicio et auctoritate definiretur. Nec minori certe interim gaudio perfusi sumus, cum VV. FF. NN. S. R. E. Cardinales commemoratae peculiaris Congregationis, et praedicti Theologi Consultores a nobis electi pari alacritate et studio post examen diligenter adhibitum hanc de Immaculata Deiparae Conceptione definitionem a Nobis efflagitaverint.

Post haec illustribus Praedecessorum Nostrorum vestigiis inhaerentes, ac rite recteque procedere optantes indiximus et habuimus Consistorium, in quo Venerabiles Fratres Nostros Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinales alloquuti sumus, eosque summa animi Nostri consolatione audivimus a Nobis exposcere, ut dogmaticam de Immaculata Deiparae Virginis Conceptione definitionem emittere vellemus.

Itaque plurimum in Domino confisi advenisse temporum opportunitatem pro Immaculata sanctissimae Dei Genitricis Virginis Mariae Conceptione definienda, quam divina eloquia, veneranda traditio, perpetuus Ecclesiae sensus, singularis catholicorum Antistitum, ac fidelium conspiratio et insignia Praedecessorum Nostrorum acta, constitutiones mirifice illustrant atque declarant; rebus omnibus diligentissime perpensis, et assiduis, fervidisque ad Deum precibus effusis, minime cunctandum Nobis esse censuimus supremo Nostro judicio Immaculatam ipsius Virginis Conceptionem sancire, definire, atque ita pientissimis catholici orbis desideriis, Nostraeque in ipsam sanctissimam Virginem pietati satisfacere, ac simul in Ipsa Unigenitum Filium suum Dominum Nostrum Jesum Christum magis atque magis honorificare, cum in Filium redundet quidquid honoris et laudis in Matrem impenditur.

Quare postquam nunquam intermissimus in humilitate et jejunio privatas Nostras et publicas Ecclesiae preces Deo Patri per Filium Ejus offerre, ut Spiritus Sancti virtute mentem Nostram dirigere, et confirmare dignaretur, implorato universae coelestis Curiae praesidio, et advocato cum gemitibus, Paraclito Spiritu, eoque sic adspirante, ad honorem Sanctae et Individuae Trinitatis, ad decus et ornamentum Virginis Deiparae, ad exaltationem Fidei catholicae, et Christianae Religionis augmentum, auctoritate Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, beatorum Apostolorum Petri, et Pauli, ac Nostra declaramus, pronunciamus et definimus, doctrinam, quae tenet, beatissimam Virginem Mariam in primo instanti suae Conceptionis fuisse singulari omnipotentis Dei gratia et privilegio, intuitu meritorum Christi Jesu Salvatoris humani generis, ab omni originalis culpae labe praeservatam immunem, esse a Deo revelatam, atque iccirco ab omnibus fidelibus firmiter constanterque credendam. Quapropter si qui secus ac a Nobis definitum est, quod, Deus avertat, praesumpserint corde sentire, ii noverint, ac porro sciant se proprio judicio condemnatos, naufragium circa fidem passos esse, et ab unitate Ecclesiae defecisse, ac praeterea facto ipso suo semet poenis a jure statutis subjicere si quod corde sentiunt, verbo aut scripto, vel alio quovis externo modo significare ausi fuerint.

Repletum quidem est gaudio os Nostrum et lingua Nostra exultatione, atque humillimas maximasque Christo Jesu Domino Nostro agimus et semper agemus gratias, quod singulari suo beneficio Nobis licet immerentibus concesserit hunc honorem atque hanc gloriam et laudem sanctissimae suae Matri offerre et decernere. Certissima vero spe et omni prorsus fiducia nitimur fore, ut ipsa beatissima Virgo, quae tota pulcra et Immaculata venenosum crudelissimi serpentis caput contrivit, et salutem attulit mundo, quaeque Prophetarum, Apostolorumque praeconium, et honor Martyrum, omniumque Sanctorum laetitia et corona, quaeque tutissimum cunctorum periclitantium perfugium, et fidissima auxiliatrix, ac totius terrarum orbis potentissima apud Unigenitum Filium suum mediatrix, et conciliatrix, ac praeclarissimum Ecclesiae Sanctae decus et ornamentum, firmissimumque praesidium cunctas semper interemit haereses, et fideles populos, gentesque a maximis omnis generis calamitatibus eripuit, ac Nos ipsos a tot ingruentibus periculis liberavit; velit validissimo suo patrocinio efficere, ut sancta Mater Catholica Ecclesia, cunctis amotis difficultatibus, cunctisque profligatis erroribus, ubicumque gentium, ubicumque locorum quotidie magis vigeat, floreat, ac regnet a mari usque ad mare et a flumine usque ad terminos orbis terrarum, omnique pace, tranquillitate, ac libertate fruatur, ut rei veniam, aegri medelam, pusilli corde robur, afflicti consolationem, periclitantes adjutorium obtineant, et omnes errantes discussa mentis caligine ad veritatis ac justitiae semitam redeant, ac fiat unum ovile, et unus pastor.

Audiant haec Nostra verba omnes Nobis carissimi catholicae Ecclesiae filii, et ardentiori usque pietatis, religionis, et amoris studio pergant colere, invocare, exorare, beatissimam Dei Genitricem Virginem Mariam sine labe originali conceptam, atque ad hanc dulcissimam misericordiae et gratiae Matrem in omnibus periculis, augustiis, necessitatibus, rebusque dubiis ac trepidis cum omni fiducia confugiant. Nihil enim timendum, nihilque desperandum Ipsa duce, Ipsa auspice, Ipsa propitia, Ipsa protegente, quae maternum sane in nos gerens animum, nostraeque salutis negotia tractans de universo humano genere est sollicita, et coeli, terraeque Regina a Domino constituta, ac super omnes Angelorum choros Sanctorumque ordines exaltata adstans a dextris Unigeniti Filii Sui Domini Nostri Jesu Christi maternis suis precibus validissime impetrat, et quod quaerit invenit, ac frustrari non potest.

Denique ut ad universalis Ecclesiae notitiam haec Nostra de Immaculata Conceptione beatissimae Virginis Mariae definitio deducatur, has Apostolicas Nostras Litteras, ad perpetuam rei memoriam extare voluimus; mandantes ut harum transumptis, seu exemplis etiam impressis, manu alicujus Notarii publici subscriptis, et sigillo personae in ecclesiastica dignitate constitutae munitis eadem prorsus fides ab omnibus adhibeatur, quae ipsis praesentibus adhiberetur, si forent exhibitae, vel ostensae.

Nulli ergo hominum liceat paginam hanc Nostrae declarationis, pronunciationis, ac definitionis infringere, vel ei ausu temerario adversari et contraire. Si quis autem hoc attentare praesumpserit, indignationem omnipotentis Dei ac beatorum Petri et Paulli Apostolorum ejus se noverit incursurum.

Datum Romae apud Sanctum Petrum Anno Incarnationis Dominicae Millesimo octingentesimo quinquagesimo quarto VI. Idus Decembris Anno MDCCCLIV. Pontificatus Nostri Anno Nono.

Pius PP. IX.

Record of Events.

From January 20, to February 20, 1855.

I.—Foreign Affairs.

We have been obliged to curtail our Record this month, in order to make room for the Pope's Encyclical Letter, and other important matter. The next number will contain those events of importance, which we have been obliged to omit in the present. The following brief summary must, therefore, suffice.

Rome.—The French army of occupation is at present reduced to 3500 men, of whom, 3000 are stationed at Rome and 500 at Civita Vecchia.—His Holiness admitted Cardinal Wiseman, among the Cardinals composing the Sacred Congregation of the Index.—Cardinal Simonetti died lately at Rome—The Bishop Mans also departed this life, at the Palace of the Quirinal. The Pope visited the venerable prelate before his death.

Sardinia.—A bill was introduced into the Sardinian Parliament for the suppression of all monastic establishments, except the Sisters of Charity, and those destined for hospital service, or to public instruction, not, however, including the Jesuits. Against this measure, the Bishops have unanimously signed a strong remonstrance.—The Queen, Maria Adelaide, consort of Victor Emanuel, and the Queen Dowager, both died recently—Sardinia has joined the Western powers, and is preparing to send a large force to the Crimea.

Spain.—A new Constitution was submitted to the Chambers. It declares that the sovereignty emanates from the people,—the Catholic to be the established religion, but all others are allowed—the press free—the Legislature to consist of two Chambers—the Cortes to meet annually—to assent to royal marriages, and to appoint the regency when occasion requires. Determined hostility is, nevertheless, manifested against the Church: a proposition has been made to suppress the teaching of philosophy and theology in all the diocesan seminaries.

England.—Lord John Russell resigned the Premiership, which was followed by that of all the other members of the Cabinet. A new ministry has been formed with Lord Palmerston as Premier—much dissatisfaction has been expressed in parliament at the manner in which the war has been managed, and an investigation into the causes demanded; nearly £3,000,000 sterling were voted for war purposes. His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, had arrived in England, *via* France, on his way from Rome—Archdeacon Denison has been recently tried before a commission appointed for that pupose, for preaching and publishing doctrines on the Holy Eucharist, deemed "heretical" by the orthodox brethren of the Established Church; no decision has yet been made in the case.

Ireland.—The country is tranquil; the only movement of importance is that of Tenant Right; large and enthusiastic demonstrations forwarding this movement have been held in several places. The papers state that Mr. Lucas has failed in his embassy to the Eternal City. After full time had elapsed for considering the complaints against the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Ossory, the case was dismissed, as not requiring the interposition of the Holy See.

France.—The most active and extensive military preparations are in progress. A detachment of the imperial guard had embarked for the Crimea. The Abbe Buonaparte, cousin to the Emperor, lately ordained priest at Rome, is expected to visit the Tuileries. Prince Napoleon has returned from the seat of war on account of ill health.

The Crimea.—Nothing of importance has taken place in this region. The Russians made seval unsuccessful attacks on the French. It is stated that the Emperor of Russia has signified his assent to the propositions for peace, still he keeps up the most active war preparations.

II.—Domestic Intelligence.

Bishop of Portland.—The Rev. Dr. W. Bacon, of Brooklyn, has been appointed Bishop of Maine. The beautiful church of St. Joseph, Brooklyn, was solemnly dedicated on 21st ult. A new church at Bristol, St. Mark's, was also dedicated. William Linton, A. M., Editor of the *Western Tablet*, died on the 22d ult. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., the able Editor of the American Celt, left New York to pay a short visit to Ireland. Congress, after a lengthy discussion, passed the French spoliation bill, but the President returned it with his *veto*. A bill conferring the rank of *Lieutenant General* of the army on General Scott, passed both houses of Congress and received the signature of the President. A bill to extend the naturalization laws to twenty-one years, and to restrict the immigration of foreigners, was introduced into the House of Representatives Mr. Soulé has resigned the post of minister to Spain, and the Hon. Augustus C. Dodge has been appointed to fill the vacancy.

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RUSSIA AND THE ALLIES—AUSTRIA AND HER POLICY.

Continued from page 77.

The Congress of Vienna had decided that Poland should be united to Russia; and, as if to conceal from scrutiny an act that could not be defended by the parties who aided in its accomplishment, but to which the pressure of Russian influence demanded submission, the mockery of a distinct kingdom, with national institutions, was stipulated for; and Alexander himself was cast to figure in the illusory scene. The emperor published an address to his Polish subjects, proclaiming that their state was now elevated into "the KINGDOM OF POLAND—a title they so ardently longed for, and which they had acquired at the cost of so much blood and so many sacrifices."*

With such a neighbor as Alexander at her elbow, with the same vigilant Argus overlooking her Sclavic territories on a distant frontier, and deserted by every Cabinet in Europe, could Austria do otherwise than yield to a combination of circumstances whose force she must dread, but whose menacing agglomeration she could not possibly avert? Was there any thing in her antecedents that required of her *now* to oppose herself alone to the power of Russia, whose colossal proportions the other governments of Europe had contributed so much to strengthen and enlarge? Had the heroic sacrifices already made by the house of Hapsburg to satisfy the imperial ambition of Pitt, no claim to exemption from dismal repetition? Was she once more to bare her breast to the bolt of war, in order that England might retain her, chained to the car of a selfish policy, which sought to make of Austrian subjects the consumers of the products of English looms and English mines? For twenty years Austria had battled with heroic devotion against revolutionary France, and the overshadowing military power which Napoleon sought to consolidate on the continent of Europe: must she again, alone, uncared for, unstayed by other nations, equally with herself interested in the result, expose her territories to the ravages of war, in order that the fictitious and dynastic equilibrium of Europe might be maintained in its plenitude, and be made subservient to the material and selfish interests of Great Britain? While all this would seem to have been expected of Austria, let us turn briefly to contemporary events, and measure in this connection the conduct of England and France by acts whose consequences have so powerfully aided in propelling Europe towards the present momentous crisis.

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* Revue des deux Mondes, 1854. Capefigue, Congres de Vienne.

There are two methods by which "aid and comfort" may be imparted to one of two rivals in the attitude of combat and ready for the onset. One is, a direct contribution of force to the party intended to be benefited, the other—an indirect weakening of the party sought to be discomfited. Russia and Turkey for years have exhibited this character of antagonism. England and France have not exposed themselves to the charge of political suicide by adopting the first method; but they have seriously compromised their own interests and plunged Europe into a bloody and unmeaning war by electing to follow the second course.

Every reader of history has read, with more or less interest, the story of the Greek Revolution. Its incidents are too familiar to be traced here. The polished pen of Everett, the majestic oratory of Webster and the gushing eloquence of Clay have imparted to the subject an interest and a pathos, which the memory, once imbued with its epic incidents, would in vain attempt to shake off.

England and France acted in concert with Russia to aid the Greeks in their struggle with the Ottoman Porte. The Greeks were flattered with the hope, not only of entire emancipation from the ruthless rule of the Turk, but their aspirations were carried to such an extreme of exaltation, that they vainly expected the restoration of their ancient empire—redolent with the glowing memories of Marathon and Salamis, and green with the civic triumphs of Pericles and Demosthenes.

In the struggle the Greeks fought with courage, and their valor was crowned with partial success. Unfortunately they revealed a spark of their ancestral aptitude for maritime enterprise. The phantom of a rival flitted across the selfish vision of England, and the Greeks were abandoned to a miserable heterarchy, so insignificant as to pocket insult from English factors; and too meanly weak to chastise a bullying sea captain, clamoring for a paltry indemnity of a few thousand dollars.

Up to the time of the treaty of Adrianople (Sept. 14, 1829,) England and France had acted in concert with Russia to cripple the power of Turkey. It was during the subsistence of the trilateral treaty that the Turkish fleet was destroyed at Navarino by the combined fleets of England, France and Russia. At a blow, and without any previous declaration of war, the maritime power of Turkey was extinguished forever. This arm of Turkish defence and Turkish aggression, was the only barrier that could safely resist the encroachments of Russia in the Black Sea, and keep intact the straits of the Dardanelles. Without her fleet, and unaided by France and England, how can Turkey keep the harbor of Constantinople undefiled by the prows of the Russian navy? As well might she expect to shut out the harem of the Sultan from the brutish gaze of the Cossack, when the Russian eagle shall perch on the dome of St. Sophia, and Byzantium rings with the victorious shouts of Russian soldiery.

Anterior in time to the destruction of the Ottoman fleet at Navarino—viz. in 1807—it became of importance to England, that the whole force of Russia should be concentrated against Napoleon. The embers of war between Russia and Turkey were being roused into a flame by the latter power, who deemed the time propitious to strike an effective blow at Russia. England frowned at the menacing attitude assumed by the Porte; and, true to her traditional mode of warfare, she did not wait the issue of diplomatic protest, but hurled the bolt of her vindictiveness ere the lightning flash had prefigured the source of the death-dealing stroke. Admiral Duckworth was ordered to force the Dardanelles and fling a haughty menace in the very teeth of the Sultan. Not satisfied with this inglorious bravado, the redoubtable admiral, finding a portion of the Turkish fleet off Cape Nagara, at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, attacked and destroyed one ship of the line, four frigates and two corvettes. This brilliant achievement was no bad precedent for the Russians in the recent "affair at Sinope;" and quite an appropriate precursor of the "*untoward event*" at Navarino, twenty years afterwards.

Again in 1812, Turkey was almost coerced by the Cabinet of Great Britain into signing the treaty of Bucharest. This treaty, so fatal to Turkey, conceded to Russia the province of Bessarabia and the mouths of the Danube.* The Russian boundary was thus expanded to the Pruth; and Moldavia and Wallachia are now the only barriers that interpose any obstacle to Nicholas in his schemes of conquest along the Danube. This barrier broken down, and the Danubian provinces in the hands of the Russians, Nicholas will control the Danube from its mouth to Kalafat, and thus virtually exclude Austrian commerce from the waters of the Black Sea.

It is not to be supposed that England had no special object of present interest in this treaty. The claims of tutelage now set up, over Turkey, would be ignored by the results that followed; while her other claim, to be the grand embodiment of all the humane and conservative interest of European society, is made equally baseless by the motives which prompted her action. The year 1812 will ever stand out prominently on the page of history,—whether viewed through the multiplication of astonishing events that are grouped and crowded in its limits; or whether considered with reference to the magnitude of the results which have flowed consequentially upon the events themselves. Buonaparte was marshalling his forces for the invasion of Russia. The treaty of Bucharest was concluded in July, 1812. Buonaparte left Paris in May of the same year; and on the 24th of June following the French army crossed the Nieman, and the eventual march to Moscow was begun. The force of the French Emperor was deemed irresistible, and the Russian empire was felt to quake beneath the tread of the victorious legions of France. All the forces of Alexander were required to save his throne; and hence the urgent necessity of concluding peace with the Sublime Porte. To this end the diplomacy of England was directed; and Napoleon was doomed to find the victorious army of Moldavia, headed by the veteran Kutusoff, concentrated at Beresina to cut off his retreat and pile new disasters upon his waning fortunes.†

Thus having destroyed the Turkish fleet; forced the Ottoman Porte into disadvantageous treaties with its traditional and implacable foe—dashed the cup of patriotic expectation from the lips of the Greeks, and aided Russia to struggle successfully against the power of Napoleon, England suddenly wakes to the consciousness that the Emperor of Russia is becoming too powerful—that his ambitious eye is already fixed, in an immovable gaze, on the East Indies—that the Dardanelles are the keys that will unlock for him the golden portals of the Indian Empire; and that Constantinople, transformed into a Russian capital, will compete with London for the commerce of the world and the Russian pavilion symbol the sovereignty of the ocean.

Austria is supposed to have acted with treachery towards England and France because she would not be the first to assume hostilities against Russia. This immobility on the part of the Austrian government, so far from implying either weakness or perfidy, shows only how much her statesmen had learned from the political lessons taught by the convulsions of 1848.* Her inactivity was the result of profound policy; there was no duplicity in it whatever. Her neutrality revealed the strength that lies sometimes in "masterly inactivity." This secured her territory from invasion; while a different course would have made Austria the battle ground of Europe, and exposed her population once more to the pitiless ravages of war. Events have proved beyond cavil or doubt, that neither England nor France was prepared for the war into which they have heedlessly plunged themselves, and would now drag all the nations of Europe. The suggestions of English diplomacy would have hurried Austria into an unequal contest, before England and France were prepared to proffer any effective assistance. Indeed it may be fairly questioned, whether, if Austria had assumed the initiative of war, a treaty of alliance, such as now subsists, could at all have been consummated between England and France. Up to the period of the passage of the Danube by the Russians, and the entrance of the allied fleets into the Black Sea, there was nothing in the diplomatic conferences between England, France, Austria and Prussia, that pledged England absolutely to a war with Russia. Her steady, but concealed purpose seemed to be, either to use Austria as an intimidation to the Czar, or failing in this, so to compromise Austria, that war between these two powers must be inevitable. Such a result would have been in consonance with the diplomatic policy the Cabinet of England has pursued for forty years on the continent of Europe. Her intrigues under the guise of her assumed apostolate of liberal ideas, have been felt in every European Court. In the language of a modern diplomate, "When an Englishman *en mission,* arrives in any foreign court, his first care is to inquire into the condition of parties, and he chooses the one which ostensibly connects itself with English interests. If no such party exist he labors to create one, and as soon as it has grown into form, his energies are directed to clothe it with the elements of power."† Every phase of political extravagance and religious fanaticism is thus converted into powerful engines, directed to the propagation of English interests and English ideas. In Portugal English intrigues sustain the interests of royalty; while in Spain the liberal chief, Espartero, is the beneficiary of English favor. In Italy this interference has not been less palpable. Lord Bentinck in 1812 helped the Sicilians to ease themselves from the power of Naples; and guaranteed to them the blessings of a free constitution. In 1820, when the revolution obliterated the work of his lordship, the Sicilians appealed to Lord Palmerston to maintain the promised guarantee, that statesman coolly replied that the constitution accorded to the Sicilians contained no provision implying such promise of guarantee!

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* Question d'Orient—Ficquelmot.

† Allison's History of Europe.

But we need not multiply instances of these culpable intrigues. They are patent on almost every page of modern history, and their results are revealed in the revolutions of 1848. Hitherto, England, from her insular position and some peculiar features of her oligarchy, has escaped the reaction of the terrific elements of disorder which her intrigues have fructified to convulse other governments. Political wisdom has not yet taught her, that the democratic element abused, is but social and political anarchy, and that from this anarchy springs the crushing power of military despotism. The harvest of those, who like Cadmus sow dragons' teeth, will be fruitful of armed men. There is a natural and logical connection between the events now transpiring in the Crimea, and the political disorders of 1848. While therefore, England is learning before Sebastopol the wisdom she has hitherto failed to apply, her position and sacrifices there, will form a distinctive link in the logical chain of political events;—departing from which, the future historian may trace back the present crisis to its legitimate antecedents, and raise the finger of solemn warning to succeeding generations.

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* Lord Palmerston, l'Angleterre et le Continent, par le Comte de Ficquelmont.

† Ticquelmont, l'Angleterre, &c.

The fact that the assault upon Austria comes from so many quarters, added to the motives of the assailants, gives an important significance to the political complications of the times. Austria is in the way of the seditious spirits, who would undermine the social and political fabric of European order and law for the twofold reason that she is both Catholic and conservative—conservative because she is Catholic. If no religious antagonism be concealed in the attacks made upon the Austrian government, because of the tardiness evinced by her rulers to project her into a conflict with Russia, how does it happen that Prussia is partially free from similar assaults? Is the omission one of pure accident, or can it be alleged that she has in no way exposed herself to them? There will scarcely be found hardihood enough, even in the most reckless of Austria's assailants, to maintain this. In fact the obstinacy of Prussia, as evinced in her efforts to prolong, and even frustrate, the conferences at Vienna during the past year, has tended very seriously to embarrass the action of Austria. Her ambitious designs of obtaining the control in the Germanic Confederation—her intrigues with the small German states—her tortuous policy of coquetting alternately with Nicholas and the Western Powers, deserve some of the vehement denunciation so lavishly bestowed upon Austria. Affiliated with Nicholas by the ties of relationship; and strongly inclined to favor the designs of that sovereign on Turkey, she yet holds to a policy, that connects her with the allies, whose aim of arresting the aggrandizing march of Russia, is openly declared. By this course, she is enabled to maintain a menacing attitude in regard to Austria; while at the same time her vows of affectionate regard and devotional interest are whispered into the willing ears of the Russian Emperor.

We are not disposed to find fault with Prussia simply because of her neutrality. On the contrary, we are firm in our conviction, that her political existence is most essentially bound up in that neutrality;—not that she dare not, at any time hereafter, emerge from her neutral position, and partake actively in the eventualities that are defining themselves very vividly on the approaching future. This however we do say, that "the time and the hour" for such action must be fitly chosen by her rulers, if they would save her from being engulphed in that political Maelstrom, which is already reaching its circling ripples farther and farther into the surging waters of European politics; and to which new commotions will only lend a more fearful rotation and provoke a more comprehensive disaster. But, on behalf of impartial justice, we do protest against the wholesale defamation of Catholic Austria while Protestant Prussia, in the same connection of political action, is allowed to pass unchallenged and unrebuked. We invoke for Austria nothing more than justice,—a justice, whose criticism on events will be marked with something like sober investigation of historical fact; enlightened estimate of the political and social questions now agitating Europe; a full and impartial scrutiny of the past and present of Austrian policy, in its connection with the impending crisis; and a strict, rigid and direct adhesion to truth, the absence of which cannot be supplied by vapid denunciation and clamorous appeals of malignant bigotry and disappointed passion.

But Austria is conservative: and no better evidence of the good fruits resulting from this conservative spirit need be required, than is found in the pregnant fact, that she is capable of erecting a bulwark in Europe, of sufficient strength and tenacity to defy the machinations of Kossuth and Mazzini; and arrest the impetuous momentum of that tide of rationalism, infidelity and agrarianism, which had well nigh swept the entire fabric of European society from its foundation.

It had been our purpose to trace minutely, step by step, the political transactions which have occupied the Courts of London, Paris, Vienna and Berlin, since the first assembling of the representatives of these powers at Vienna in 1853. To do this would require us to extend this article far beyond our prescribed limits. The labor however would be well repaid by the facts involved in the inquiry, and whose sturdy enunciation would prove how greatly Austria has been maligned; and with what steadiness of purpose, and thorough knowledge of the real questions involved, the Austrian Cabinet through its minister Count Buol has marched towards the conservation of peace and the great interests of European society. This indeed would seem to be her assumed mission: but whether the accomplishment of it will be attained, will depend upon events yet entombed in the future, and whose proportions and consequences must depend very greatly on the degree of political virtue and heroic firmness that may be found in the men who will be called on to receive and resist the concussion that must follow on their advent.

J. T. M.

CANADA AND HER HISTORIANS.

Continued from page 86.

The two remaining works are the "Histoire du Canada," by Garneau, a lawyer at Quebec, and "Histoire du Canada," &c., by M. l'abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, a sort of errant count, who figures in Mexico, Canada, France and Italy, in various kinds of literary creations. Both these works, though written in French, by Catholics, one even a clergyman, deceive all our expectations.

Garneau in his plan, his style and literary execution, has produced a work of which his country may well be proud, but the historian of Canada should be thoroughly Catholic, or at least should be capable of appreciating the Catholic spirit which created and which had so long controlled Canada. Such is his prejudice against the clergy that we suspect him of having been educated in the United States, of having been thrown a young unexperienced Canadian Catholic among the anti-catholics of the great republic, and especially among that numerous class whose beau ideal of politeness, good breeding and decency, is to affect to think and to say of the Catholic clergy and the inmates of our conventual establishment, what if but whispered of one of their own kindred, would draw upon the slanderer the indignant frown of every honorable man, and perhaps merit for him a coat of tar and feathers. In some such school Garneau learned to be ashamed of the Catholic clergy and at last learned to revile them. We should dwell less on this point had not Dr. Brownson in his review given him such unqualified praise as to excite the wonder of every real Catholic in Canada. And yet Garneau's history is not a new book: its merits are well known, and its faults no less so. The Correspondent, a French literary journal, last year did ample justice to both. Garneau condemns the Jesuits for the affair of St. Sauveur in Maine, but Champlain justified them at the time, and no man of common sense can say that if a Catholic missionary is refused entrance in the ships, sailing to a port where his duties call him, he is to be called a merchant because he induces pious souls to purchase a craft for the purpose. This is like the self-stultifying, absurd and ridiculous charge of ignorance brought against the Irish by men whose forefathers made it a crime in an Irishman to teach or be taught. Again after seeing Kirk a Huguenot betray Canada to England, Garneau so utterly condemns the act which excluded Huguenots, that he says *ipsissimis* verbis—"If it was necessary to exclude one of the two religions, it would have been better for the interest of the colony to let the exclusion fall on the Catholics." What! with all we know of the utter want of patriotism of the Huguenots of France, can he tell us that Canada would have remained a French colony twenty years if left to the Huguenots? On the first occasion it would have joined the English, and in case of war, these Frenchmen would have run up the flag of England with joy and exultation. Protestants when in the minority and aggrieved, have ever assumed the right to revolt or join a foreign power. This cannot be denied. The principle of authority rejected at the Reformation is adhered to only as a phantom. Catholics have when oppressed tamely submitted; at the Reformation they beheld their churches and religious houses torn from them or pillaged and destroyed; at a later period they submitted to double taxes, laws against the education of their children, laws depriving them of the exercise of their religion, and submitted without making a single effort to hurl to atoms the government that did them wrong. Even now Catholics in this vauntedly free republic have seen their convents and churches burnt by mob violence, and, as the New York Tribune remarks in wonder, have never retaliated.

If the question then was which would make better subjects of France in the new world, Louis XIII could not hesitate: he must send Catholics alone: he did so, and from 1632 to 1763, the banner of France resisted amid Canadian snows all the power of the English colonies.

Again Garneau condemns the clergy of Canada for the long and zealous efforts which they made to prevent the sale of spirituous liquors to the tribes among which they labored. What can be more clear or justifiable than their conduct! The ministers of God wrong in preventing occasions of sin among their flock!

Another attack on the clergy is the old see-saw humbug, so oft repeated, screamed in the streets, yelled in pulpits, printed in school books and taught to children in our public institutions. And what is this? The Catholic clergy are enemies of light, of education! "Then," says Garneau, "the clergy, like the governments under which they lived, considered popular instruction more dangerous than useful." Well done! Mr. Garneau. Quebec had a college before New England could boast of one: the Canadian clergy taught Mohawk boys to read and write within twenty miles of Albany, at a time when there was not a Latin school in the whole colony of New York; and so connected was Catholicity with classical studies in the ideas of the people, that in 1685 when a Latin school was opened at New York, the teacher was *ipso facto* suspected of being a Jesuit: and later still when Protestant missionaries wished to evangelize the Five Nations, they employed mission Indians from Canada, who knowing how to read and write, to copy out the Lord's Prayer, and the commandments for the Protestant clergy, and thus the ignorant pupils of the friends of ignorance, became the teachers of the learned! and in our own day the only missionary to the Mohawks and Oneidas is one who speaks no Indian language, except his native Caughnawaga dialect which he learned on the banks of the St. Lawrence, before he discovered that he was king of France. So far from there being a paucity of schools in Canada, they superabounded. There were schools at every religious house, male and female, except the convent of the hospital nuns. And the schools of the Jesuits and Recollects must have been mere incidental auxiliaries in the cause of education, if we are to believe the English government, which suppressed the houses of those orders as unnecessary, and of course an enlightened Protestant government would not check education. Hence by the admission of the British government there was a superabundance of education at the conquest, a superabundance which they prudently and wisely undertook to check. But joking aside, the only religious body in Canada, of purely Canadian origin is the "Sisters of the Congregation" whose foundation is coeval with Montreal, and who are exclusively devoted to teaching: and when we remember that at a period when there were only 2,500 inhabitants in Canada, it had at least five bodies engaged in teaching, Jesuits, Sulpitians, Recollects, Priests of the foreign Mission, Ursulines and Congregation Sisters, we must admit that there were teachers enough to instruct not only children but parents also.*

Garneau then cannot be taken as our guide: he is imbued with a false spirit. For a long time Canada owed all to the clergy and the religious feeling of the time: and it ill becomes a Canadian to revile or blacken them. We, in our land of glorious freedom, appreciate without delusion the merit of our system of common schools and its result in producing *savants* and *demi-savants*.

Continuing our examination we take Brasseur. Horror of horrors! a Vicar General of Boston, Professor of Church History in the Seminary of Quebec, member of various learned bodies! and after all a literary charlatan. He compiled his work on unpublished documents *compulsés* in the archives of Quebec, so says his title page, and so we thought when we got the work and eagerly turned over page after page to find the foot note which was to reveal to us some new and interesting document, and we find him citing only one, and that of as late a date as Mgr. de Plessis. Yet the book may be good, we thought, and we began to read, but when our eyes lighted on a brilliant passage of Bancroft, badly translated, and we found a Jesuit Relation quoted at the bottom of the page, we turned to the passage in Bancroft and found the same Relation cited. In a little while we discovered whole pages stolen from Bancroft, and the citations of our American historian with their occasional errors of orthography, duly copied by the Count Abbé. A French friend similarly discovered thefts from Marmier, and the Abbé Ferland of Quebec, who in a pamphlet of great research exposes the Abbé and shows his thefts from Montgomery Martin.

To be a plagiarist was bad enough, but when he had nothing more to steal, and must compose, he vents all his bile on the clergy and episcopacy of Canada: and on every occasion seeks to depreciate them. A French bishop had at first approved the work, but soon retracted the commendation which he had somewhat too lightly given. And Mr. Ferland in Canada and in Paris by his judicious review of Brasseur has exposed his ignorance, his literary theft and bad faith, and nobly redeemed the honor of the episcopacy and clergy of Canada.

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* At the present moment the female communities in Canada educate nearly ten thousand girls! *Viger*, Precis historique in the Album presented to Mgr. Bedini by the Bishop of Canada.

Thus stands the matter: we Catholics wish to read the history of Canada, and down to 1740 we have Charlevoix: but where is the continuation: where the history of Canada under the British domination which we can as fearlessly put into the hands of the young. Now more than ever materials are accessible, and time enough has elapsed to enable a historian to speak impartially and fearlessly. Canada has many capable of a work honorable alike to themselves, their country, and their religion. Let us trust that a Ferland, a Faribault, a Taschereau, a Martin or a Viger will soon refuse to be content with desultory labors, but with zeal and ability begin a history either from the colonization, or at least from the close of Charlevoix.

We have thus reviewed the historians of Canada, but we cannot close without again adverting to the article in Brownson's Review. Its eulogy of Garneau is not its only fault, it displays much of his spirit and much of the prejudice of our older historians, with a want of thorough information on the subject. Of these we may adduce some proofs. We have already noticed its slur on the writings of the early missionaries: but this is not the only attack; in another place it represents the Marchioness de Guercheville as supporting the Jesuits, "ruining Potrincourt and reducing the poor inhabitants of Port Royal to the hard necessity of subsisting an entire winter on *roots* and *acorns*." Now Lady Guercheville is the friend of the Jesuits, who, when they having been put off for two years by Potrincourt and his son, and were finally refused passage by the Calvinist merchants, bought out their interest and assigned it to the mission, as the only means of enabling the Fathers to reach America. In this certainly she did not ruin Potrincourt. At Port Royal the Jesuits shared all the hardships of the colonists. Father Biart sawed plank, Father Massé built a scow and fished for the whole colony: but even then they were denied the merest necessaries, and when they claimed it as a right, for their mission was a partner in the whole concern, Biencourt, the son of Potrincourt, a mere boy, threatened to have them tied up and flogged! On this the missionaries resolved to return to Europe and actually embarked, but Biencourt by violence compelled them to land. When this was heard in France, Lady Guercheville sent out a vessel to take the two Fathers away and found a new independent mission station, which they did on the coast of Maine.

Such was Lady Guercheville's persecution of Potrincourt. Of the whole affair we have three accounts: that of Father Biard, published in the Litteral Annual of 1611 and 1613, and twice republished; that of Lescarbot, a partisan of Potrincourt, who brings another charge against the Jesuits, that they intolerantly opposed the polygamy of the Indians: and thirdly, that of Champlain, who being a cotemporary, and unbiased, is perhaps the fairest one to take in the controversy. As to the facts, however, we appeal to the three.

Again, after depicting the early fur traders, among whom he classes Champlain, Perrot, Jolliet and Lasalle, as reckless adventurers, he states that they and the missionaries "were ever most closely allied." This is not all, he represents the converted Indians as more sanguinary and more ferocious than in their Pagan state. Such is the picture the reviewer gives us of the Canada missionaries. They ruined Port Royal, were the allies of reckless adventurers, and depraved the Indians. And that the picture is incorrect we appeal to Charlevoix, to Bancroft, to Sparks, to Governor Lincoln, and even to Parkman.

Again, that there is a lack of information in reference to Canadian geography and ethnology displayed in the article, we may judge from the fact that he tells us that when Champlain arrived, the country around Quebec and Montreal was deserted by those who inhabited it in Cartier's time, and was inhabited by still more barbarous tribes of the Huron family. Unfortunately the inhabitants of Montreal in Cartier's time were of the Huron family, but when Champlain came, as his vocabulary shows, there were none of the branches of that family in Canada out of the territory between Ontario and Lake Huron; all was in the hands of the Algonquins. In another place he speaks of the Huron country as along the banks of Ottowa, when in fact that nation occupied a small peninsula on the shore of Lake Huron bordering on the river Wye, and the Ottowa tribes were Algonquin. In another place he puts Cardinal Richelieu among the Governors and Lieutenants General of Canada, a fact of which even Mr. Jacques Viger has been hitherto ignorant, for he has not included the Cardinal in the famous list of Canadian Governors that graces his "Album des Souvenirs Canadiens:" and we, like him, acknowledge our ignorance of the period when the Cardinal was Governor. A few lines lower down, Kirk is transformed into Sir David Keith. On the next page we find the common error of making St. Joseph and other Huron towns, "villages where the Indians converted to Christianity lived under the direction of the missionaries." On the contrary, they were pagan towns, in which the missionaries resided, but in which they had made a number of converts; in no case, however, as far as we can judge from the narratives of the time, a majority of the inhabitants. The name taken from the Calendar of Saints was given properly to the mission in the town, but frequently applied by them to the town itself.

These cases will we think sufficiently show the general incorrectness of the reviewer. His old colonial prejudice is no less apparent. The French government of Canada had its faults, but we do not think it deserves the sweeping denunciation given it. The reviewer makes the English rule far better: "never guilty of the gross abuses, which disgraced the old regime." But it is chiefly in the matter of the Indian allies of the French that he shows his prejudice. It has been constantly a charge against the French that they fought side by side with their Indians; and often in the Indian fashion. This is the fact; the guerilla parties sent out by the Canadians were avowed, and were often attended by missionaries, but we do not think that these clergymen "dishonored the ministry of their God and the Societies of which they were members by their presence," as the reviewer does. The English used the Indians as much as the French did, but not openly. They excited the Indians to ravage the French frontiers, they paid bounties for scalps, they sold bibles and scalping knives to country traders, they sent agents with many war parties, and occasionally a considerable number of English and Indians would under Schuyler or some other leader, enter Canada. These things are now cloaked, and were even then cloaked, that the people of these parts might piously roll up their eyes and groan over French depravity.

Writing on this subject some years since news arrived of the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the Americans, and we read the sickening details of ladies, children, sick and aged, slain by bursting bombs or walls reeling under cannon balls; and we wrote—"War is ever cruel; cruel in our day, as in the day we write of: the infant or the woman in a beleaguered city, whom the bombshell deprives of life, dies not less cruelly than one who fell at Schenectady by the tomahawk in 1691."

The Catholic Indians of Canada were murdered daily by the pagan Indians of New York, excited and paid by the English. They retaliated on the English:

they went as Christian warriors: they said as fervent prayers at morn and eve, we trust, as the white man: they approached the confessional as cognizant of right and wrong. In the heat of the attack many helpless ones were doubtless slain, but it is no less true that many women and children were saved and carried with great toil to a place of comfort. Hutchinson fully acquits the French of unnecessary cruelty in these expeditions, and we have constant evidence to show that in these cases the presence of the pastor did much to remind the Indians of the doctrine of humanity so often preached to them. We believe the early missionaries as a body to have been as good moral theologians as any in our land this day, and we find Thury of the Seminary of Quebec, Begot, Rale, Druilletes, Rafeix of the Society of Jesus, Dollier de Casson and Picquet of St. Sulpice, acting as chaplains to such expeditions, and we do not think that they were more guilty than Fathers Rey and McElroy who acted as chaplains in our army in our war against Mexico: or any chaplain who now should accompany the Pueblo Indians and American troops against the Apaches, and against the Mexicans or any other people who should send the Apaches against them, as the English sent the Iroquois against the Canadians.

And after all, what was the amount of slaughter effected by the Canadian war parties? That against Schenectady, "the frightful success of which will long," the reviewer tells us, "fill a bloody page in the annals of Indian cruelties," resulted in the death of thirty-three adults, seventeen children and ten negro slaves; that against Deerfield killed forty-seven: that against Haverhill about one hundred. These are detailed in glowing colors in our histories, but those histories do not tell us that the Iroquois, instigated by the English, slaughtered in one hour of a stormy night, two hundred Canadians at Lachine: they tell us nothing of any other massacre of Canadians at English instigation, and would have us believe that the scenes of Schenectady, Deerfield and Haverhill were original aggressions and not retaliations, cruel as all retaliations are, but only so.

The point is one which may be discussed at any length, but we think it necessary to read documents more before attributing the origin of the Indian warfare to the French: and before we excuse the one who sends the Indian alone to his work of death, to condemn him who accompanies him on his errand.

We have thus reviewed the field of Canadian history, in a manner desultory indeed, but yet we trust at sufficient length to draw attention to its importance as connected with our own, and its interest to ourselves in particular as Catholics. If we have been diffuse in exposing what we consider popular error and prejudices, a love of impartiality must be our excuse. As American in heart as any man in the country, we deem it an insult to exaggerate our cause: and think it time that our history was more fairly and less partially written. We reject the prejudices of our forefathers, and between them and their rivals stand in no attitude of fond love or unjust hate. S.

THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM,

Written by Himself. Redfield: New York. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo.

SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS,

By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," &c.
Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. N. York: J. C. Derby. 1854.

Little as these books may be worth, in themselves, they are as Ormus and Ind, in view of what they signify. Like all works of their class, they of course owe something of their success to the art and mystery of publishing, but they nevertheless supply an actual, existing demand, and they indicate, pretty fairly, its nature and extent. If we may look to the importation of silks and brandies, as evidence of our progress in luxury and intemperance, it is hard to understand why the prices we pay for our moral and intellectual raiment and stimulants, and the quantity and quality of them both that we consume, should not avail equally, in their line, among our national statistics. Unhappily, the rule applies with too much truth and force in the present instance. The books before us might be buried in some corner-stone, with the coins of the day and a lithograph of President Pierce (as the custom is), to be dug up, two centuries hence, and they would tell a truer and fuller story then, in their way, of the morals and taste of this our country and generation, than all the Bancrofts of after days could contrive, from the most mouldy and respectable records. There are Barnums in the historical, as well as in the menagerie department, and the world is fast finding this out, as it gets older. The centuries to come being still wiser than we, in this particular, would know that they could understand us better, from seeing the things that we had bought and relished, than from all the formal and express memorials we had thought fit to consign to them, as our story. They would see our features reflected in the objects of our taste, but would not be sure that the truth was told in the annals we had concocted. Yet, multitudinous as the considerations are which the volumes before us suggest, as types of our day and people—the limited scope of this magazine permits us to touch but few of them. It requires some self-denial, we confess, to keep within our narrow and legitimate range—for not only are the symptoms of public distemper which the success of such works must display, invaluable for the purposes of a moral diagnosis, but the fact of their being exposed to the world for money, invites a liberal application of surgical science and the most expanded freedom of hospital treatment.

Mr. Barnum has one merit—that of perfect, nay, ostentatious frankness. He has no scruple about admitting that he is an impostor, because that is, precisely, what his biography is written to show. Having made a fortune by false pretences, he is not only willing to confess the fact, but has the professional pride of a juggler, in showing his audience how the tricks were done. Perhaps the state of the case may be better described, by saying, that having been paid for cheating, he is now glad to explain, for further pay, the details of his *modus operandi*. Mrs. Stowe's work is not, in form, a biographical sketch, but it is, in fact, a series of involuntary photographs. She is perpetually placing herself in such lights, as to leave her likeness on the wall, in spite of her. She thinks, in her innocence, that she is recording sunny memories of other people, when the very sun itself is all the while engaged in tracing memories of her. In the midst of her portraits of lords and ladies, quakers and presbyterians; among her sketches of saints and statesmen, pictures and statues, glaciers and donkeys; is the perpetual presence of her own self-satisfied countenance—radiant with the joy of her own greatness, and rapt with the wisdom of her own twaddle. Her book, therefore, is better than a biography, because it is an unconscious record—a likeness, taken when she does not know that she is sitting for it and has not put on her cap of maintenance. Like Miss Kilmansegg's jewels, it is a "solemn bequest to vanity"—not the less precious (or vain either) because of its solemnity.

The most natural enquiries suggested by both of these productions—and not a whit the less by one than by the other—are—why were they written?—why are they read? The booksellers' returns afford a very satisfactory reply to the first question. On the title page of "Sunny Memories," we find the expressive words, "Fifteenth thousand," and we doubt whether our copy is from the last edition. Of his biography, the illustrious proprietor of Iranistan has probably sold so many copies, that he has ceased to keep count. Certain it is, that Irving and Prescott, Halleck and Longfellow, all together, in all their lives, have never reaped from their works one-half the harvest which the showman and the strong-minded woman have gathered, in one or two seasons. How has this happened? What can it mean?

There was a time when people must have lived lives, before they could sell them. It was necessary for them to have been something, or to have done something, which the world knew and valued, as a model or a warning, before they could persuade or induce the world to buy or read their stories. Milton thought, in his grand way, that a book was the author's life, as it were, treasured up. Now it seems that every body's life is treasured up to make a book. In the great poet's deep idea, the book was the expression of the life—not the tale of its incidents, but the result of its experiences—not a chronicle of the mind's processes or the heart's sufferings, but what the mind knew and was, and what the heart felt and had become, through all and after all. As things and people now go, instead of dropping the trifles of their trifling lives into the wallet where time puts alms for oblivion, both men and women deposit them in a sort of charity-box or savings-institution, whence they come forth, after many days, as a benefaction to mankind or a fortune for the owner. It is quite unimportant who the individual is. Precisely as we any day may see the most unmeaning, vulgar or atrocious faces, looking out from miraculous gilt frames in the windows of the daguerreotype shops—just so may we find the same manner of people staring stupidly or wickedly at us in biographies, from booksellers' shelves. Dead or alive, great or little, famous or infamous—the author of a code or the man who was hanged under it—every one has his equal chances of a "life." If the subject be famous, he will be taken to have deserved it. If infamous, curiosity will justify it. Quite as large a crowd will turn out for a public execution as for a state-funeral or a great man's welcome—and the fellow whose business it is to carry around the hat, cares for very little but the number of his contributors.

Barnum and Mrs. Stowe! What should this world, or any world in the whole "plurality," care for them—that they should make it the depositary of their individual confidences and personal experience? What is the inventor of the "wooly horse" to this visible, diurnal sphere, more than the "wooly horse" itself? Why should this vast continent, annexed or unannexed, concern itself about his father, his uncle or his grandfather, and the recital of their knavish tricks and clownish nonsense spun out into detail, to show that he, their representative, has taken imposture by descent? And Mrs. Stowe—with all the reverence of Sir Hudibras for the shadow of her shoe-tie, as a mother in Israel—of what pleasure or profit should it be to the nineteenth century and to a shrewd, intelligent, practical, self-respecting people, to know the details of her praise-hunting and tuft-hunting abroad, and how she was made giddy and absurd by it? She had the good fortune to write a book —a very effective one of its sort—but still one that would never have passed beyond the honors or profits of a magazine story, if its heroes had been white, any more than her friend "Miss Greenfield," (of whom she writes so much) would ever have been called a "swan" but for the luck of being black. Yet Mrs. Stowe's book did catch the world's applause. It chimed in, at a critical moment, with the views, and interests, and the excited feelings of a powerful party at home, while it flattered the prejudices, deceived the ignorance, strengthened the convictions, and inflamed the fanaticism of communities abroad. But, more than all, the cause it advocated breathed no little of that music,

"to whose tone
The common pulse of man keeps time,"

and the book went directly to the public mind through the public heart. It was magnified at once into a great work, and Mrs. Stowe, of a sudden, became a famous writer. The book was translated into all the languages known to the learned blacksmith. The *bœuf gras* at Paris was christened "L'Oncle Tom," and hosannas to "Madame Béchare" resounded among the Alpine snows. The lady was fêted at Stafford House, and all turtledom was in commotion to meet her at the Lord Mayor's. Every day awoke her to breakfasts, lunches, dinners and soirées, with all manner of intercalary feasts and refreshments, well seasoned with complimentary speeches and made digestible by evangelical doctrine. Exeter Hall outdid itself, in her behalf, and even went so far in the tumultuous expression of its Christian sympathy and admiration, as to frighten the fair beneficiary and require the interposition of the police. Purses, pens, cups, inkstands, and all conceivable varieties of heterogeneous liberality, were showered upon her without stint. Fifty pages, in small print, at the opening of her first volume, contain the record of the pleasant discourses that were made to her, and that she or the worthy professor, her spouse, was eloquent enough to deliver in reply. In fine, never was good woman—except Jenny Lind—so much magnified and exalted. Only Barnum could have procured for her a more universal ovation, by dexterous advertisements and politic falsehood, than that which she obtained for herself by the simple process of misrepresenting her own country and echoing foreign abuse of it. Accustomed as we are to wonder at nothing that is done by the fanatics whose temporary idol Mrs. Stowe became—we confess ourselves unable to repress our indignation and disgust at the harangues which she prepared for Mr. Stowe to read, and those to which she permitted herself to listen. If what she told and heard of her country was false, it would hardly be decorous to say of her what she deserves. If it was true, there is scarcely less reason to reproach her for the melancholy vanity, which made her welcome and repeat, because mingled with her own praise, what she should have shrunk from in silence or tears, if she had an American or womanly spark in her soul.

As a book of travels—the work of a mere woman, not an apostle—the "Sunny Memories" are mediocrity beyond redemption. They illustrate or adorn nothing that is old, and they tell us nothing worth knowing, that is new. Of her noble and clerical hosts and hostesses, and all the high and mighty and sainted people that she met, she writes in the "God bless every body!" tone of Fitzgerald in the Rejected Addresses. In regard to some of the literary celebrities she communicates peculiar and late information. Mr. Hallam, she tells us, wrote the Constitutional History of England, and Macaulay reviewed it. Dr. Lushington is "a Judge of the Admiralty Court, *that is to say, of the law relating to marine affairs!*" Milman "was, for many years, Dean of Westminster," and Macaulay is "celebrated as a conversationalist." In respect to poetry also, she has her private stock of ideas. Milton—who ought to be quite Puritan enough for any body—"pains" her by the impiety of "introducing second-hand pagan mythology, into the very shadow of the eternal throne." She mourns in devout sackcloth and theological ashes, over his heathenish and "evident imitations of Homer," in some parts of the Paradise Lost! Pope and Dryden, likewise, are far too pagan for her taste, which finds nothing in the English language to equal "in melody and majesty" Dr. Watts' paraphrase of the one hundred and forty-eighth Psalm. How she manages to overlook, in such a connection, the genius of Sternhold and Hopkins, is matter of wonder to the uninitiated mind! Upon art, her criticisms are akin to her notions of poetry. Rembrandt, she says, "is like Hawthorne"—not, of course, in his features or complexion, or in having been consul at Liverpool—but in his "sombre richness and mysterious gloom." She might more appropriately have said "like the author of Uncle Tom"—in his management of *chiaro oscuro*—his charming contrasts of black and white. Rubens she likens to Shakspeare, "for his variety and vital force"—a compliment Rubens would have valued extremely, in view of the explanation she adds to it, that "some of Shakspeare's finest passages explode all grammar and rhetoric, like sky rockets—the thought blows the language to shivers!" A dangerous painter, Rubens, to have in one's neighborhood! Why did not the philanthropy of "Madame Béchare" communicate to the Emperor, the existence in the very Louvre, of such infernal machines as his works must be? Corregio's sacred pictures suggest to her "Tom Moore" writing a prayer book—and she finds in Murillo's Conception, (which she calls the "Assumption of the Virgin") a want of "earnest" and religious feeling—such a want as she discovers in reading Pope's Messiah. In reference to music, her views are startling. "Nearly all the music before Christ," she quotes from her brother, "was in the minor scale, and since Christ, it has come to be in the major." From this sublime allusion there is but one step to a *salon musicale* and the Princess Czartoryski, with Frankomm playing upon an instrument one hundred and fifty years old, "which cost six thousand dollars!" Frankomm completed the impression of wonder and delight which the lady had evidently derived from the sight and music of an instrument worth so much money—by informing her that he had read Uncle Tom, and when he read it he exclaimed—"this is genuine Christianity"—"*ceci est la vraie Christianisme!*" The reader who is familiar with French will not set down this blunder to the Reverend Mr. Beecher, for the same paragraph tells us that he had interpreted between Frankomm and Mrs. Stowe, and it would be unkind to suppose that he did not understand the language he was translating. It was obviously a delicate compliment on the part of M. Frankomm, who knew that a sympathy for the rights of women was a weak point of the lady (and perhaps of the Professor), and therefore endowed Christianity, for the nonce, with the feminine gender!

We have yielded, it may be unduly, to the temptation of following Mrs. Stowe through her work, and yet we have not done so altogether unconsciously. We have desired to let the reader see, for himself, that over and above the points of similarity, to which we shall presently advert—we have done the lady no injustice, even in a literary point of view, in presenting her to the public on the same platform with Mr. Barnum. Only one thing we may add, and that is—that the "Sunny Memories" have put an end, for ever, to the idea of Mrs. Stowe's being a woman of genius. She has done herself and the public poetical justice. She has dispelled the "Uncle Tom" illusions on that point, so utterly, that they can impose on no body any more. She has herself settled it, conclusively, for all time—that putting aside her philanthropy and her philo-melanthropy; taking the black faces, the cabins, and the clanking chains out of her melo-dramas; knocking from under her reputation the props of sentimental sympathy and party zeal; she is but a strong-minded, common place, elderly lady—very fanatical and very oracular—full of spiritual pride and earthly vanity—very fortunate in having made a great deal of money, and very inconsiderate of her fame, in not having gone home to live on it, without troubling the world again. A more universal and total collapse than her glory has undergone, in England, we do not remember to have witnessed in the annals of literary explosion. In her own expressive phraseology, she has "blown" herself to "shivers."

With the literary merits, or the detailed incidents, of Mr. Barnum's biography, we do not intend particularly to concern ourselves. On the whole, his book is written a great deal better than might have been expected—certainly in less bad taste than Mrs. Stowe's. This grows out of the fact, we imagine, that he writes about nothing but what he understands, and does not attempt to make himself out much wiser or grander than he is. When he goes to Court, with Tom Thumb, he knows that he is sent for as a showman, and does not pretend to be on intimate terms with the Queen. Mrs. Stowe, on the contrary, is altogether ignorant of the fact that she is a phenomenon, on exhibition, and imagines and rejoices that she is made much of, because of the delight which the aristocracy take in her society. She writes about princesses and duchesses, as if she had gone to school with their mothers, and had called them, from their infancy, by their Christian names. When Mr. Barnum's talk is of mermaids, he is as much at home as the painter in the Epistle *ad Pisones*. Mrs. Stowe, upon her part, is by no means so well prepared to discuss the Venus of Milo. He is quite content to have made himself rich by the singing of Jenny Lind, and foots up his columns of dollars and cents without the slightest affectation of æsthetics. Mrs. Stowe, on the other hand, is in a perpetual struggle between the finite and the infinite, "the outward" and "the inward"—between the philosophy of Kant, which she does not comprehend, and the cant of her own philosophy, which no one else does. In plain, downright English, they are both humbugs—Barnum a mountebank—Mrs. Stowe a transcendental pretender. His selfishness is sordid, petty and palpable—hers, quite as active, and though draped and veiled, not at all more respectable. Her aims are much higher than his—the harm that she does is of course more general. He openly violates the moral precepts to be found in every spelling book; the corrective is therefore simple and always at hand. She mystifies the less obvious principles of public morality and private duty, and her assault is the more dangerous, for being indirect and evangelical. He cannot injure many, whom the temptations of gain might not corrupt without him. She strikes at the large and most impressible class, who insist upon thinking, without knowing exactly how. He is content to have a calling—she sets up for a "mission." The sins of his disciples, it is probable, will lie mostly in advertising and swindling—those of hers, in preaching and conspiring. His book may be the text and temptation of bankrupt or fraudulent circus-riders: her teachings are those which, in New England, make sects and traitors.

But, with all these differences in kind and degree, there are two points upon which the rivals are in harmonious accord—the value of religion, and the lofty consciousness of possessing it. "I have been indebted to Christianity," says Mr. Barnum, "for the most serene happiness of my life, and I would not part with its consolations, for all things else in the world. In all my journeys as a showman, the Bible has been my companion, and I have repeatedly read it, attentively, from beginning to end." Every important incident of his virtuous career is coupled with an acknowledgment of "the mercy of God," and the very last words of his biography are—"the Kingdom of Heaven." It is, as if some saint or dying martyr were reminding us, that

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!"

Mrs. Stowe's professions are of a more ambitious character. She is, herself, Gamaliel—she sits at no one's feet. Of the world's "progressive men" she rather inclines to Calvin. His burning of Servetus was, "like the witch persecutions of New England" "a fragment of past absurdity"—but by no means "a personal peculiarity" of his! "Luther" she says, "was the poet of the Reformation (how unjust to Dr. Watts!) and Calvin its philosopher. Luther fused the mass, Calvin chrystalized!" "Calvinism," she adds, "in its most essential features, will never cease from the earth, *because the great fundamental facts of nature* (meaning sin and sorrow, we suppose), *are Calvinistic, and men* (to say nothing of women) *with strong minds and wills always discover it!*" Mrs. Stowe has discovered it—the conclusion is obvious! But she does not rest satisfied with this dainty morsel of doctrine. "M. Alfred de Musée" (which we suppose is the Uncle Tom-mish for "Musset"—though it is the French for Museum) "M. Alfred de Musée, the first intelligence of the age" observes to M. Belloc, who is painting Mrs. Stowe's portrait—"Say nothing about Uncle Tom!" We should admire M. de Musset if he had confined himself to this very natural request—but he did not. He added: "There is nothing like it. It leaves us all behind—all, all, miles behind!" M. de Belloc hastened to apprise Mrs. Stowe of the fact, and corroborated the truth of it, himself, by assigning the reason—"*There is more genuine faith in it, than in any book!*" This, the lady publishes herself, bodily, along with M. Frankomm's certificate, already referred to, that Uncle Tom is "true Christianity!" Being, thus, miles ahead of the first intelligence of the age—having more faith than ever was written, and being the author and proprietor (copyright secured) of true Christianity, in the concrete—what wonder that Mrs. Stowe should go forth preaching and to preach? Who shall dispute her orthodoxy, or rebel against her infallibility? How shall so superior a being—so endowed and so inspired—who has got the start of the majestic world so far—how shall she be questioned by common people? Shall she not have her own will and her own way, and shall not Stoweism, like Calvinism, be for ever hereafter as "fundamental" a "fact of nature," as earthquakes and predestination? Whatever may be Barnum's superiority in other particulars—in the apostolic capacity he must hide his diminished head. There is but one chance for him, and that consists altogether in "the modesty" alluded to by Mr. Hodgson, the chairman of the Uncle Tom meeting at Liverpool, "which shrinks instinctively from unnecessary publicity!" On that point, certainly, he has somewhat the advantage. He is not modest—at all events, not to the extent of shrinking. We have Mr. Hodgson's word for it, that Mrs. Stowe is.

Yet we confess that we prefer Barnum as a preacher. He desecrates the Scriptures, it is true, by connecting them and their holy lessons with himself and his life and practices—but he does so, only now and then, and in a vulgar and palpable way. In the main, he is content to be a showman—to make the pulpit an adjunct to the caravan. The Bible is his text only—it is Mrs. Beecher's sermon, and she is always in full canonicals, ready to expound. One of her many reverend adulators, in a speech which she republishes in full, is eloquent upon her gift in using and applying the language of Scripture. This is her pride and her profanity—and so—while Barnum, in his Sunday discourses (when the Menagerie is closed) is contented with an allusion to Moses, Mrs. Stowe has the air and the unction of perpetually writing Deuteronomy. She goes through the Louvre, judging the Scripture-pieces by her concordance, and she works up every travelling glimpse at a mountain, into a vision vouchsafed to her from the Apocalypse.

But we have said enough for our space and our purposes, and we must needs go back to one of the questions with which we started—why do the American people buy and read these books? It is easier to ask this than to answer it. The one is the shameless confession of a common impostor, who has taken the money of the public by downright falsehood and vulgar fraud. The other is a record of spiritual inebriety—an illustration of what vanity, fanaticism and success can do with a narrow and heated mind. Fear God and cheat your neighbor—is Barnum's moral. Believe in yourself and preach to your neighbor—is Mrs. Stowe's. Lie and swindle as much as you please—says the voice from Iranistan—but be sure you read your Bible and drink no brandy! Slander your country and curse your brother, unless he be black, says the Pythoness of Andover—there is no harm in any thing, if you quote the Scriptures and know you are inspired! Are the public so misguided, so perverse, or so blind, that they cannot or will not understand such things? Is there sufficient sympathy with trick and untruth, among us, to make men tolerate Barnum? Is there enough lack of taste, and sense, and rational religion, to render the rhapsodies of Mrs. Stowe acceptable to the religious and educated masses? We are pained to admit that these enquiries suggest answers which startle us. We are afraid that Barnum is tolerated, because our sensibilities are not nice—because success may render almost any thing tolerable to us. We fear that the triumph of Mrs. Stowe is the echo of what is worst in her—that fanaticism is popular—that Pharisaism is reverenced—that presumption passes for authority—that unintelligible phrases are taken for philosophy and strong minded twaddle goes for eloquent piety. In this country, people rarely buy what they do not want or like, and they do buy Barnum and "Sunny Memories."

We make no apology whatever to our readers for treating these matters without much ceremony. We see no propriety in any forbearance towards such books or people. Nor do we conceive that we are bound to any especial reverence for what they would call things sacred and things serious. Cant is always solemn, and if solemnity is to strike men dumb, cant reigns of course, supreme. We should be sorry, indeed, if it could be rightly counted irreligious, to scorn and denounce the mockery of religion by a quacksalver, or to expose the book-writing elect, in their profitable process of self-canonization. The press only can undo the evil which the press does, and the remedy must be suited to the disease, in kind as well as quantity. Ridicule is certainly no test of truth, but in the main, in human things, it is a pretty fair test of what is ridiculous—and there are some sins which can be reached by it only. Offenders, like Barnum, may be kept in order by the statute against false pretences—transgressors like Mrs. Stowe are only harmless, when laughed at. X.

THE DISCUSSION ON THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Continued from page 103.

Our readers were perhaps surprised at the close of our last number to find themselves abruptly abandoned at the end of considerable digression. We were sorry to leave them in such strange company as the apostate Franciscans. Without spending time in explanation, we will simply lead them back to our subject, by remarking that the conduct of the Church on the occasions we have mentioned, proves that her long reserve about speaking authoritatively on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, could not proceed from unworthy fears, nor from being at a loss to discover the truth. She keeps silent or speaks out, only as she judges most conducive to the glory of God. She regards not the judgment of men, except as it affects their spiritual welfare.

At length in 1617, Pope Paul V, judging it expedient no longer to leave truth and error on equal terms, published a decree forbidding any one to assert, even in lessons and disputations in the schools, that the Blessed Virgin was conceived in original sin. In 1622 Gregory XV extended the same prohibition to private conversations; permitting however the members of the Dominican Order to assert it among themselves. At the same time he commanded that in reciting the Office and Mass of the festival even in private, the word *Conceptio* should be used. The effect of this was to abolish the practice which had been hitherto allowed to the Dominicans, of substituting the word *Sanctificatio.*

These two decrees virtually ended the discussion as to the fact of our Lady's Immaculate Conception by making it unlawful to deny its truth. There was a further question, whether it was one of those truths which God has revealed to His Church as part of the deposite of faith. The two pontiffs last mentioned were earnestly pressed to declare it an article of faith. Philip III of Spain, corresponding with the wishes of his pious subjects, sent an extraordinary legation to Pope Paul V for the especial purpose of obtaining such a definition; and Gregory XV received a similar deputation from Philip IV; but neither of these pontiffs judged that the circumstances called for a solemn decision.

A still more clear expression however of the sentiments of the Holy See was given by Alexander VII, in his constitution, *Solicitudo omnium Ecclesiarum,* published A. D. 1661. The direct object of it was to enforce the decrees of his predecessors, but he does not hesitate to use and repeat such expressions, as show that the prohibition to deny the doctrine implied a tacit but very positive assertion, of its truth. "It is an ancient act of piety in the faithful of Christ towards his Most Blessed Mother the Virgin Mary, to believe that her soul, at the first instant of its creation and infusion into the body, was, by a special grace and privilege of God, in view of the merit of Jesus Christ her Son, Redeemer of Mankind, preserved free from the stain of original sin, and in this sense to keep and celebrate with solemn rite the festival of the Conception. And this worship of theirs increased after our predecessor of happy memory, Sixtus IV, had published his apostolical constitutions in commendation of it, . . . so that now almost all Catholics embrace it." He then "renews the decrees of Sixtus IV, Paul V, and Gregory XV, published in favor of the opinion asserting that the soul of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in its creation and infusion into the body, was endowed with the grace of the Holy Ghost, and preserved from original sin; also in favor of the festival and of devotion to the Conception of the same Virgin Mother of God, exhibited according to this pious belief."

We will not stop to comment upon this. The careful reader will note for himself how decisive are some of the clauses, and how strong an interpretation they put upon the preceding constitutions. These clauses in turn receive still greater light and force from the manner in which they are quoted by our present Holy Father, in the letters apostolic in which he has had the glory of giving the final solemn definition.

While Gregory XV then had forbidden men to dispute with others against the truth of the Immaculate Conception, this bull of Alexander VII, showed that they ought not even to doubt it in their own minds. The other question, whether this truth was revealed by God, though distinct in theory, can in practice hardly be separated from it. For although theologians could conjecture that God would have exempted the Queen of Heaven from ever being subject to Satan, yet they could not infallibly know that he had done so, unless he himself had revealed it. Hence, after the truth of the doctrine had been put beyond all doubt, by the decrees mentioned above, there was not much more discussion upon the subject. Some theologians pass it over entirely; some lay down the doctrine and prove it like any other proposition that is certain but not of faith. St. Alphonsus Liguori, in his Moral Theology, has a distinct dissertation upon it, in which he maintains that it was proximately definable: that is, that it was certainly a revealed truth, which might be defined without further investigation, if the Holy See thought fit at any time to publish a definition. He quotes with approbation the sentiment of Duval: "I think it best to say that our belief stands at the very summit of theological certitude, and that nothing is wanting in it for the assent of faith, but the express definition of the Church." (S. Alph. Liguori, l. 7, n. 244 et seq.)

In the same manner various other theologians and spiritual writers speak upon the subject. If they desired a dogmatic definition, it was not for the removing of doubts, but for the advancement of piety. The truth was established, and it was a revealed truth. A dogmatic decree could not make it more true nor more certain; but it could raise the certainty from the rank of human conviction to that of Catholic faith, and change a mere natural assent to truth into a supernatural and meritorious act of virtue. This would greatly redound to the honor of the Blessed Virgin and the glory of God, that every time we should think of her Immaculate Conception we might make it an occasion for an act of faith; and it would be sure to draw most powerfully her eyes of mercy towards us banished sons of Eve. This definition then was desired not so much for the satisfaction of the intellect as for the gratification of the heart, and the saintly souls who chiefly longed for it, felt that it was to be obtained not so much by argument as by prayer. The Church had already pointed out the truth in one way; to do it in her most solemn form she must wait until God should be pleased to indicate by circumstances that He wished her to exercise her high prerogative of uttering an infallible definition. The best mode of hastening this, was for those who wished it, to obtain God's blessing on their wishes and ripen the church for this happy consummation, by increasing the piety of the faithful, and especially by extending and deepening their devotion to this privilege of our Blessed Lady.

The only continuation then of our subject is a history of how this devotion spread wider in the church, and grew stronger in the hearts of the faithful. Angry contention being effectually banished, fair charity pursued her unmolested course, and this beautiful privilege of Mary took every day deeper root in the affections of her loving children. Each generation exhibited new manifestations of zeal to do honor to the Immaculate Conception. At one time it was the faithful supplicating the Holy Father to allow them some practice of devotion already used by others, or to sanction a new practice invented by their own piety, or perhaps revealed to them by Mary herself. At other times it was the Vicar of Mary's Son, inviting the entire Christian family to unite in one common act of gratulation to their favored Mother.

Properly speaking, all this forms no part of the discussion, and yet it is so closely connected with it, and so appropriate a termination to our sketch, that we shall go on to mention some of the more interesting steps in the progress of the devotion.

First with regard to the festival of the Conception, we may go back to state that it seems to have originated in the East. It is spoken of as already of ancient institution, by George, Bishop of Nicomedia, who lived in the beginning of the seventh century. Trithemius, whom we mentioned above, says that in the Western Church it was celebrated by St. Ildephonsus, Archbishop of Toledo, who died A. D. 669. Others say it was first ordered to be observed by Gondisalvus, Bishop of Toulouse, who lived a short time after St. Ildephonsus; and that it had extended as far as Aquileia before the end of the ninth century. Benedict XIV, however, is of opinion that England has the honor of being the first part of the Western Church in which it was celebrated. He is inclined to give credence to the popular account, which says that the illustrious philosopher, St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, was the first to order its observance; being induced thereto in consequence of a supernatural revelation made to a Benedictine Abbot. St. Anselm died A. D. 1109, and we have seen that the introduction of the festival into France not many years later, gave occasion for St. Bernard's letter to the clergy of Lyons. In the thirteenth century it was adopted by the entire order of Franciscans; and probably in the same, but certainly in the fourteenth it was celebrated in the basilica of St. Mary Major at Rome; for a Spanish Bishop, Alvarus Pelagius, informs us that he preached there once on that occasion. In 1476, as we have already mentioned, it was published for the entire world. Afterwards various countries begged to have an octave attached to it, so that it might be celebrated, like the Assumption, and several other feasts, for eight successive days. This was granted by the Holy See, first to one country, and then to another, until Innocent XII, in 1693, ordered that the octave, like the feast itself, should be observed throughout the world. Finally, in 1708, Clement XI made the Conception a holiday of obligation, commanding all to hear Mass on that day, and to abstain from servile works as on Sunday. Our country is dispensed from the observance of this as well as of several other holidays.

The progress of the authorized use of the term Immaculate Conception, forms another interesting index to mark the advancement of this devotion. The Sovereign Pontiffs were cautious about adopting it in their language to the universal Church. As they did not think proper to publish a dogmatic definition, so neither did they like to make use of a phrase which so expressly contained the doctrine. When Clement XI published his bull "To command the observance of the Feast of the Blessed Mary, Virgin Immaculate," one printer in a town in Italy inverted the words so as to make them read: "— of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The pope directed the bishop of the place to reprimand the printer for his presumption or carelessness, and to suppress the copies thus falsified. While the pontiffs, however, abstained from using the expression in their own official language, they did not refuse to allow and even encourage the use of it by others whose piety led them to employ it. In the Office and Mass appointed by the Holy See, it was not contained; but in the beginning of the last century the clergy of Austria obtained permission from Benedict XIII to recite every Saturday an office entitled: "Of the Immaculate Conception."

The first time that we know of the Pope having published to the whole Church an express sanction of this term, was in 1793, when Pius VI granted an indulgence of a hundred days for the recital of a little prayer containing it. It was an appropriate time for the Father of the faithful to break through the prudent reserve of his predecessors. The Reign of Terror was prevailing in France, and the civilized world was shuddering to see the diabolical excesses that polished men were capable of committing, when they forgot their fallen state, and fancied they could make all things right under the guidance of natural reason, without any help from God. This prayer was calculated to avert God's anger, because it contained an implied confession of our original sin, by praising Mary as the only one exempt from it, and begging for God's assistance; and it offered some reparation for the blasphemies uttered against the Saviour of the world, by paying honor to the most glorious trophy of His victory over sin. The prayer, which still enjoys the same indulgence, is as follows. "*In thy conception, O Virgin Mary, thou wast Immaculate. Pray for us to the Father, whose Son Jesus, conceived of the Holy Ghost, thou didst bring forth.*"

But our own generation has been blessed with a more wonderful increase of this devotion than any preceding one. The late Sovereign Pontiff, Gregory XVI, of happy memory, authorized first some and then others, to use the term Immaculate Conception, both in the divine office and also in the holy sacrifice of Mass. We are not sure that the Franciscans did not obtain this permission before his pontificate: but if he did not originate it, he certainly extended it very widely; and at length he made known that he would gladly allow it to all whose piety should instigate them to apply for it. In the papal chapel the expression was inserted in the solemn Mass of the festival in 1843. Great was the consolation of that venerable pontiff, and great was the edification of the whole Catholic world, when the illustrious order of Dominicans, among whom had formerly been found the chief opponents of the doctrine, presented through the Father General their petition to be permitted to add to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin that supplication which has since become common throughout the world: "Queen conceived without original sin, pray for us." Joyfully did the Holy Father grant their request, and joyfully was the strain caught up by the children of Mary in every quarter of the globe. This permission was extended to the diocess of Baltimore in 1840, and to the whole United States in 1846. The request coming from the Dominicans was doubly gratifying, because it so effectually removed one obstacle in the way of a dogmatic definition—delicacy about declaring to be formal heresy an opinion which had been supported by learned and holy members of that well deserving order.

But God himself had given the most direct and multiplied proofs of his holy will that men should believe this doctrine and cultivate an especial devotion to it. The wonderful propagation of the Medal of the Immaculate Conception, and the innumerable blessings that every where accompanied it, were a demonstration of God's especial favor, and a strong confirmation of its claim to a supernatural origin.

It was given to the world from the noviciate of the Sisters of Charity in Paris, a community which has always cherished a particular devotion for this privilege of our Lady, and been accustomed to make a profession of belief in it every day at the recital of the beads.

It was in September 1830, that one of the young sisters, during her meditation one day, beheld a picture of the Blessed Virgin standing in the attitude represented on the Medal. Her hands were covered with diamonds, from which issued beams of brilliant light directed towards the earth. Around the picture, was inscribed in letters of gold and in the French language, the invocation now so familiar to us all: O MARY! CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN, PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE. She heard a voice telling her that the beams of light were emblems of the graces that Mary obtains for men. After a few moments the picture was turned, and on the other side were shown the figures which we see on the reverse of the medal; the letter M surmounted by a cross, and beneath it the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary. Again she heard the same voice saying: "A medal must be made according to this picture; and whoever will wear one that has been indulgenced, and recite this short prayer with fervor, shall enjoy a very especial protection from the Mother of God."

When the novice mentioned this strange occurrence to her spiritual director, he saw nothing in it but what might proceed from a lively imagination, excited by close meditation. Though it returned a second and third time, he made no account of it, until happening to mention it to the archbishop, the prelate told him that even if it was the effect of imagination, the idea of the medal was a good one, quite conformable to the spirit of the Church; and he recommended him to have it put in execution.

After some delays the medal was struck in June, 1832, and distributed among those who desired to have it. The Sisters besides wearing it themselves, offered it to some of the sick in their hospitals. Several unexpected cures and several wonderful conversions, in which the medal was clearly the instrument of God, excited admiration and gratitude, and soon obtained for it the appellation of the Miraculous Medal. Many persons asked for it, and it began to spread with a kind of accelerated velocity; for every one who received it became zealous to make it known to others. It carried with it too a blessing, not only to increase the fervor of the pious, but to open the hearts of those who had cared little about objects of devotion; so that this medal was received and worn by numbers who had never worn such things before. In some of the towns of France almost all the young men procured it, and one military officer of superior grade, sent an order for sixty medals to give to other officers who had asked for them. From France it passed quickly into other countries of Europe, was soon carried to China, and many of us can remember how early after the date of its first execution, it became well known in our own country. The book from which we draw our account,—*Notice sur la Médaille Miraculeuse,*—and which was printed in 1842, states that down to the time in which it was written, there had been sold by the one house which first struck the medal, two millions of copies in gold and silver, and eighteen millions in other metals: and there were eleven other manufacturers in Paris, busily engaged in making and selling them, besides four in Lyons, and many in other parts of France.

This marvellous propagation of the medal was not the effect of a short lived effervescence of devotion. It has continued now for more than twenty years to bear the same fruits as at the beginning. The Medal of the Conception is still worn by multitudes, who have never worn any other. Indeed, we may safely say that in this country, and we know not how many others, the number worn greatly exceeds that of all other medals put together. It is still the instrument of extraordinary cures and preservations,—sometimes miraculous,—of conversions from sin, and protection against spiritual dangers, and of other divine favors, often manifest, and oftener concealed from us till they shall be made known to us by the Help of Christians herself, when we shall come to kiss her beneficent hand in heaven.

This medal then seemed a means designed by God to bring about that unanimity of sentiment, and that ardor of desire among the faithful, which were to obtain the solemn definition prayed for. Amid all his anxieties, it was a great consolation to Gregory XVI, that his pontificate had been selected by God for this supernatural impulse to the devotion: and we have seen how cordially he encouraged it. The learned and pious saw in all this, clear indications that the day was approaching when God would expect from his Church the solemn promulgation of His Mother's glory. Religious associations were formed for the particular purpose of praying for this consummation; and what looks very odd in these days of irreligious politics, a Secretary of State devoted his leisure hours to the composing of a treatise on this mystery. Cardinal Lambruschini like an affectionate child, found recreation from his labors in doing a work of love for his Mother, and published a book full of learning and piety, in praise of the Immaculate Conception; presaging that a dogmatic definition of this truth would not fail to obtain for the afflicted and bewildered world more efficacious relief than all that the human wisdom of statesmen could devise.

What has been done by our present Holy Father Pius IX, whom God preserve, it is not for us to relate. He has told it himself with humble but dignified simplicity, in his letters apostolic, in which the dogmatic definition is solemnly promulgated to mankind. The language is sacred, for it is the voice of the Church. In those letters then, must be read the termination of our historical sketch. Their publication is an important event in the history of Christianity. If other proofs were wanting, we have a sufficient one in the fact, that it has excited so much attention among men who care little for the Church, and less for the Mother of God; and called forth so much scoffing, and blasphemy from the enemies of truth. They are the contortions of the serpent, writhing under the pressure of "her immaculate foot." But we have a more pleasing indication, of how deeply it affects the dearest interests of Christian souls, in the enthusiasm and tears of piety, amid which it was promulgated in the city of St. Peter; and the exultation with which it has been received by all good Catholics,—may it increase in each individual soul the tenderest affection for that most dear Mother, and an ardent zeal to make her known and loved by all. A. C. U.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

Selected.

Speak not harshly—much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows darkly lie
Veiled within the sunniest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears,
By thy griefs of after years;
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.
Speak not harshly, much of sin
Dwelleth every heart within;
In its closely covered cells
Many a wayward passion dwells.
By the many hours misspent,
By the gifts to errors lent,
By the wrong thou didst not shun,
By the good thou hast not done,
With a lenient spirit scan,
The weakness of thy fellow man.

THE LEGEND OF SISTER BEATRICE.

PART II.

On a peaceful little vale, the day
Its radiant course had run;
And the distant hills wore a rose-like blush,
At the glance of the setting sun.

Those who had labored, sought for rest
And the welcoming word that brings
More joy to the heart than the treasures of earth,
The power or wealth of kings.

Along the shady village road,
A stranger took her way;
The little children paused to gaze
Upon her in their play.
Her steps were slow, her pallid cheek
Showed she had known deep care;
And yet her pale and sorrowing face
Was marvellously fair.

An old man kindly spoke to her,
And asked if he might show,
As she seemed strange, the place to which
The lady wished to go.

"'Tis to the Convent," she replied.
"That is my way," said he,
"And gladly, if you will permit,
I'll bear you company,—
'Tis nearly time for Angelus."
And, even as he spoke
The chimes from out the Convent tower
Upon the still hour broke.

The lady started, and her eyes
Grew dim with gathering tears:
Since last she heard its sound, had passed
Full many miss-spent years.

"Oh! heard you ever, friend," she said—
(And crimson grew her face)
"Aught of a Nun who, years ago,
Resided in this place?
Her name was Sister Beatrice."

The old man smiled, and said
"Know her, our best and truest friend?
God's blessing on her head!
You surely are a stranger here,
And from a distance too.
We know and love her tenderly
Our beautiful and true!
Our every pain and grief grows less
If she will only say
That to our Blessed Lady she
One little prayer will pray."

The lady sighed, and humbly thanked
High Heaven that the place
Deserted by an erring soul,
Was filled by one of grace.

And then she thought how merciful
Was he who caused the name
Of her who sinned to pass away,
Like wax before the flame;
And made a good and holy one
To do the deeds she should have done.

They entered in the little porch—
  She gave one look around:
Her heart grew faint, tears filled her eyes,
  As the low murmuring sound
Of many voices met her ear
In deep and heart-felt prayer,
  That rose from virtuous hearts to heaven
Like incense in the air.

And as she sank upon her knees,
  She joined with faltering breath
Their words, "Pray for us sinners now,
  And at the hour of death."

The chapel is empty; she still is there,
  And her throbbing brow is pressed
To the steps of the altar where she had flown
  For mercy and for rest.

She has turned away from the pleasures of earth
  In her most triumphant hour;
She has fled with her wildest dreams fulfilled
  Of rank, of wealth, and power.

She was deaf to the tenderest voice of love,
  And fled in the shades of night,
From the palace where she had reigned so long,
  The queen of the lovely and bright.

Weeping and prostrate, now she breathes
  "Oh! Mother pure, I fly
With broken heart to this thy shrine,
  Within its shade to die."

What gentle voice is that which meets
  The sorrowing sinner's ear,
And in its soft and gentle tones
  Bears comfort, hope, and cheer?

And raising up her eyes she sees
  A form—it is her own!!
And round it glows a light like that
  Round Heaven's starry throne:—

"Have courage, child, forgiven are
  The sins that thou hast done.
Thy pardon I have gained from him,
  My well beloved Son.

"The place thy absence vacant left,
  I filled. I knew that thou
Would'st come again with broken heart
  And penitential brow.
None knew thy absence—take thy place!"

And as her bless'd words cease
  The sorrowing wanderer felt within
Her heart that holy peace,
  That all must feel who find a grace
And favor in her eyes,
  Who ne'er was known in any age
A sinner to despise.

PART III.

Years had rolled on, the bell still hung
  In the Convent turret gray;
It had tolled for many a noble heart
  For ever passed away;
For the brave and the young, the good and the old,
Sleeping alike, 'neath the church-yard mould;

And still it chimed out thrice a day
The beautiful *Angelus*,
In memory of the Eternal One
Made man for love of us.
And children prayed, as their sires had done,
In that chapel at rising and setting of sun.

An aged nun with snowy hair,
And calm and holy face,
At morning, noon, and eve was sure
To kneel within that place;

And all looked on her as a saint
That need but close her eyes,
To join her Maker in those realms
Beyond the starry skies.

And many marvelled why it was
That one so good as she
Most loved to hear the tales of those
In sin and misery.

And ever did the erring find
Hope, comfort and advice
Fall on their wounded hearts from her,
The sainted Beatrice.

EATHNA.

Williamsburg, L. I., Sept. 1854.

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JESUITISM AND ANTI-JESUITISM.

WE select the article which we herewith present to our readers from the pages of the "*Rambler*," as one worthy of much attention. It commends itself by moderation, high tone, and truthfulness. We do not believe that at this day the illustrious Society of Jesus needs apologists among enlightened and right minded Catholics, yet it is well for them to recur from time to time to facts connected with the history of the Society, if only to repel the calumnies of its enemies. There are, however, better reasons why those of our faith should be well informed in this history, for from the time of the Reformation, it is intimately interwoven with the history of the Church, and we may say without exaggeration, with the history of the world in all its aspects.

The four quarters of the globe, Europe, Asia, Africa and America, have resounded with the teachings of the Jesuit fathers, and have been drenched with the blood of Jesuit martyrs; all conditions of life, whether savage, barbarous, or civilized, high or low, rich or poor, must acknowledge the zealous services of this apostolic fraternity. They have made themselves all things to all men, in the sense required by the apostle; they have erected the altar in the wilderness, and passed their lives in the wigwam of the wild Indian; they have followed his fortunes through feasts and famine, wars and pestilence, to win his soul to God; they have lived among the poor slaves seized upon their native soil, and sold into a hard bondage, without hope in this world, or in the next, but for the self-sacrificing labors of these true servants of God; they have taught the poor Africans that their task-masters had no power to send their souls to hell, and that there was room for them in that house of many mansions prepared for his servants by the common Lord and Father of all men; at the same time they have faced kings and the great ones of the earth and have told them of their duties to God and man; they have taught the peasant boy of Europe the first elements of letters with his Catechism; they have instructed the conceited mandarin of China in geography and astronomy for the privilege of teaching his Buddhist brethren the history of the redemption, and the mysteries of the faith; they have silenced the Bonzes of Japan in presence of their emperor, and have brought some of them into the fold of Christ; they have made of many savage pagan tribes peaceful and happy Christian communities—they have carried with them every where civilization, arts, sciences, letters, faith. These are historical facts—not fancies—their enemies admit them. If the tree is known by its fruits, as the fruits are good, so must be the tree.

And what are the offsets to these known facts? Calumnies, imputation of motives, vicious theories attributed but never proved, and so forth. Thus it is charged against them that they assume, teach, and practice, that evil may be done that good may come of it; or in other words, that the end justifies the means. This is absolutely false, positively calumnious. It is alleged that they wish to keep the world in darkness, to repress intellect, to hinder education. It seems idle to reply to such a charge, yet there are those who believe it. In spite of the splendid schools they have every where established and maintained: in spite of their immense and most valuable labors in every legitimate field of literature, art, and science, published to the world, and freely used by all men of learning, knaves cry aloud, and fools believe them, that the Jesuits are the men who would put the light of knowledge under a bushel! In the article "Jesuits," in the *Encyclopedia Americana*, written professedly by the opponents of that body, we find amid many injurious reflections such concessions as these:—"Their schools had uncommon success, as the best of that time. A single college frequently had several hundred scholars; the young nobility were almost exclusively sent to them, and even from Protestant countries, (now mark this, reader!) *so that the Protestants found it necessary to establish Lyceums and Academies for the gentry, of a character suited to the higher demands of the age.*" The same article goes on to say that the Jesuits rendered "important services to the cause of literature." It speaks of various members who advanced the sciences of history and geography, mathematics and astronomy, the study of languages and of rhetoric. "The world could not but acknowledge them to be improvers and benefactors of their age." . . . . "Unquestionably the world had much reason to rejoice at their fall, although a great part of the members were entirely innocent; *and their former services will always be gratefully remembered.*"

The popular hue and cry in this country against the Jesuits is, that they are essentially opposed to republican institutions. This is well known to be false. They are conservatives every where, and anti-revolutionists under any endurable form of government.

We find our preface getting unreasonably long, so we will spare the reader, that he may enjoy something better; he will soon observe for himself that an article at once able and impartial will reward his attentive perusal.

The rise, progress, and fall of the Society of Jesus constitute one of the greatest facts in the history of the Church since the Reformation. Born at a period of disaster, of conflict, and of reform, the Society experienced in its infancy a course of difficulties much the same as that which has attended the first years of other influential religious orders. Once established, it started to maturity with extraordinary speed; and when mature, it acquired an influence, and held a position, unprecedented in the annals of religion Then, almost suddenly, after two centuries of existence, a storm burst upon it from within and from without the Church; its powers of practical resistance seemed stricken with a mortal paralysis; and in a few years, amidst the shouts of its enemies, and the tears of its friends, it fell; and its memory alone remained behind it.

Scarcely had a generation passed away, when the destroyed Society was recalled to life by the same supreme authority which had laid it low. Its second creation was as easy of execution as its extinction; but the Society has never regained its old pre-eminence and power. Its works have been noble; its spirit undying; the animosity of its foes, and the attachment of its friends, have alike been resuscitated; but it is no more the one most prominent object which attracts the eyes of the observer in the existing state of things. It is still, in many respects, the first of religious orders; but its position in the Church it has never regained.

Of the links which unite the Jesuits of the present time to their predecessors before the suppression, perhaps the most remarkable is the vehemence of feeling with which their cause is espoused or opposed by almost every one who comes across them, whether in the way of historical criticism or personal intercourse. The intensity of the agitation which shook Catholic Christendom at the time of their suppression, can, indeed, be scarcely estimated by us who live in quieter times. Still, it is rare to find the subject of Jesuitism discussed without some degree of the heat of partisanship. There is a certain something in the Society which rouses the sensibilities, the suspicions, or the admiration of Catholics of all grades to a most unusual extent. Wherever the Jesuit goes, he is ordinarily a marked man; and he cannot pursue his way without encountering far more of severe censure or extravagant eulogy than generally falls to the lot of Catholics, whether priests or laymen, seculars or religious.

The old bitterness of the anti-Jesuit controversy has recently, as most of our readers know, been revived by the publication of a book on the suppression of the Society by Father Theiner, the very learned and able Prussian ecclesiastic resident in Rome. The conduct of Clement XIV, the Pope who suppressed the Society, has from the first proved one of the most exciting, and at the same time one of the most delicate subjects which can exercise the judgment of the historian. From Protestants and anti-Jesuits that Pontiff has naturally met with little else but extravagant eulogy; and he has been cited as the most courageous, the most enlightened, the most anti-ultramontane of Popes. No suspicion of inferior motives, no imputation of timidity or bondage, has for once been fastened by the critical world upon a Roman Pontiff. Others, writing usually from the Catholic point of view, and seeing in the Jesuits nothing but a body of persecuted saints, and eager at all risks to hold them up to admiration, have adopted the opposite extreme of opinion, and unhesitatingly condemned Clement XIV for his treatment of his devoted followers. Of this class of writers, Cretineau-Joly is the most conspicuous. As it has been said, in his eagerness to exonerate the children, he has slain the father: while the opposing party, in order to justify the Pope, have slain the children.

Father Theiner has entered heart and soul into the ranks of the anti-Jesuits. He holds, in a word, that the Jesuits *deserved* to be suppressed. His *History of the Pontificate of Clement* XIV is not a justification of Clement on the ground that circumstances compelled him to make a frightful sacrifice, and that he could not have done otherwise; but on the ground that the services of the Jesuits were no longer in themselves, and as a whole, desirable to the Church. The object professed by its writer—and we have no right to say that he had any other object in view—was to do honor to the Holy See, and that alone. His book, however, has by no means been accepted in this light, even by many who are far from being thorough partisans of the Jesuits. It is considered that, so far from elevating the reputation of Clement, he has compromised it, by holding him up as actually led away by the malicious imputations of infidels and bad Catholics, and as insensible to the true character of the Society which was the subject of his decree.

As might have been expected, various replies have been called forth by Father Theiner's work. They have had more or less success; but will all, it seems likely, be thrown into the shade by the answer of one of the Jesuits themselves. The late general of the Society, Father Roothaan, not long before his death, wrote to Father de Ravignan on the subject of Theiner's book, expressing his own views as to the right line to be adopted in order to put the question in its true light; and acting on this, De Ravignan has brought out his *Clement* XIII *and Clement*

XIV. We cannot better express our sense of the results of F. de Ravignan's labors, than by saying that it is emphatically the work, not of a partisan, but of an historian. Calm, temperate, forcible, and with that self-possessed yet intense earnestness which belongs only to the highest class of French minds, it furnishes a complete picture of the historical part of the question, presented with an amount of lucid arrangement and unaffected vivacity of style which entitles its author to a very high place in the ranks of historical writers. To those who know Father de Ravignan, it is enough to say that his book is precisely what might have been expected from him. Simple, modest, shrinking from exaggeration, aiming at truth rather than originality, thinking not of himself but of his subject, and possessing a perfect mastery over the bearings and facts of that subject, he has done more than perhaps was ever done by any one person before to set this painfully-interesting question in a clear light before the eyes of every unprejudiced Catholic. That it must tell strongly in favor of the Society, which he loves with all the fervor of an honest heart, and at the same time rescue Pope Clement XIV from the imputations which have been cast upon him, cannot, we think, be doubted for a moment. And if an augury were wanted in favor of the future progress of the Society in the respect and the affections of all good Catholics, it is surely to be found in the production of a book on one of the most exciting and blinding of subjects so free from rancor and passion, and so honorably fulfilling the promise of the motto which Father de Ravignan has placed upon his title-page:—"The Popes need nothing but the truth."

The conclusion which Father de Ravignan draws from the history of the times can be briefly stated. It is as follows:—that Clement XIV was forced by the relations which he found subsisting between the Holy See and the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, to destroy the Society of Jesus. He never condemned the Jesuits; he never wished to condemn them; in his early days he was much attached to them. He did his utmost, according to that policy which he held to be best for the interests of religion, to postpone, if possible altogether, the suppression of the Society. In accordance, finally, with the same policy, he yielded to the demands made upon him; accounting that in the end the Catholic faith would suffer less from the loss of the Jesuits than from an open rupture with their innumerable and powerful enemies. Whether, abstractedly considered, Clement's view was correct or not, Father de Ravignan gives no opinion of his own. He merely reminds the reader, that the hostility of the anti-Jesuit monarchs to the Papacy was not, in fact, destroyed by the immense concession made to them; and that infidelity consummated its triumph after the Jesuits' fall. But he gives no hint that he believes that the Bourbons and the atheists would really have done *less* deadly mischief to Christianity if the Pope had braved their anger to the utmost, and defied them to do their worst. For ourselves, we follow Father de Ravignan's example, and express no opinion on the question; not alone out of prudence, but because the subject is really most obscure and complicated, and because it is always perilous to speculate on what would have taken place had Almighty Wisdom ruled the world in a different manner from that which it has pleased It to adopt.

At the same time, the history of the fall of the Jesuits is so pregnant with suggestion to us, who are enabled to contemplate it with the equanimity of a subsequent century, that it is impossible not to derive some measure of practical instruction from the record of that most extraordinary event. No reflecting person can help forming some sort of an opinion as to the Jesuit question, both as respects the past history of the Society, and their present condition and future prospects. No one who has the interests of religion and humanity at heart can avoid speculating at times on that violent agitation of the mind of Christendom which ended in the suppression of so astonishingly powerful a community, or asking himself at times whether there was not some real evil, great or little, involved in the existence of a Society, which Catholic princes united to assail, and which a pious, amiable, and liberal-minded Pontiff was willing to destroy.

Is it possible, then, to find any clue to guide the ordinary observer through the mazes of that wide-spread and confused controversy? With Catholic arrayed against Catholic in opinion; with such a mountain of books and pamphlets on the Jesuits and Jesuitism piled up before the eyes, that a whole life would scarcely suffice for mastering their contents; and with the strange fact that even now there exists in many minds deserving of much respect a most manifest tendency to irritability and partisanship either on one side or the other, the moment the Jesuits are brought under discussion—*is* there any hope for the candid looker-on, whose sole desire it is to know facts as they were and as they are, and who aims only at doing justice to the Jesuits, without pledging himself to an indiscriminating defence of every act that has emanated from them? It may seem presumptuous if we answer this question in the affirmative. When, in the midst of the innumerable host of publications on the Society, it is difficult to lay our hands on any one book which is not distinctly devoted either to attack or to extol the Jesuits without limit, what chance can any fresh writer have of indicating a path through the controversial wilderness, which seems to have confused the eyesight of so many, so learned, and so able men before him?

We think, nevertheless, that this preliminary objection to any professed solution of the difficulty disappears when the whole case is fairly stated. The true case we conceive to be this, that while few persons have *written* on the question except as an advocate or an enemy, many have existed, and do exist, who have thought and conversed in the most perfect spirit of judicial imparitality. The pro and anti-Jesuit literature of the last century-and-a-half is not a fair representative of Catholic opinion. The immense mass of persons whose views have been guided by justice and moderation have usually kept silence, so far as the press is concerned; and the result has been a remarkable contrast between the candor and good sense of private life and the heat and exaggeration of public statements. If, then, we express a conviction that, after all, it is not so difficult to see one's way through the labyrinth, we are but placing on paper the ideas which are entertained by reasonable persons in every part of the Church, whose observations have led them to a satisfactory conclusion, without assuming that every Jesuit is either more or less than a man.

As for the most prominent feature in the history of the suppression of the Society, it is sufficiently indicated in F. de Ravignan's book, of which we have been speaking; of which book, indeed, it is the burden. No good Catholic can avoid the conclusion, that a suppression which was the especial work of the open enemies of Jesus Christ was undeserved. Whether or not, if we may venture to introduce so awfully sacred a parallel, "it was expedient that one man should die for the people," it is one of the most incontrovertible facts in history, that the men who pushed on the suppression of the Jesuits had no regard whatever for the glory of God and the salvation of souls: they were not pious, devoted, self-sacrificing persons, whether ecclesiastic or lay, who conscientiously disapproved of the conduct and principles of the Jesuits. Here and there, no doubt, such persons were to be found in the Church, who did not resist the suppression, who might even desire it, and who feebly joined to swell the cry against the Society; but it is not fair to pretend that the Society fell before the assaults of such respectable foes as these; its real destroyers were of two classes—kings and politicians, who openly disobeyed the moral precepts of Christianity, and avowed the principle that Christianity ought to be obedient, as an instrument, to the temporal power, which alone is practically supreme; and the infidels of the modern shool of "philosophy," which, originating with English atheists of the school of Hobbes and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, found its final development under the leadership of Voltaire, D'Alembert, and the rest of the French sceptics. We cannot, of course, enter into any very lengthened proof of these facts; but a few illustrations will be amply sufficient to enable an observer to form his opinion.

The Pope himself, Clement XIV, saw through the whole pretences of the enemies of the Jesuits as clearly as any one. Monino, the ambassador of Charles III of Spain, one of the most bitter of the anti-Jesuit sovereigns, relates in a dispatch, that the Pope had told him distinctly that he saw the real aim of his master. "I have long seen," said Clement, "to what they wish to arrive: it is the ruin of the Catholic religion; schism, perhaps heresy—this is the secret intention of the monarchs."

D'Alembert, one of the most distinguished and influential of the infidel party, openly exulted in the knowledge that the French Parliament and the Jansenists were but the tools of the atheistical "encyclopædists" in attacking the Jesuits. "The parliaments," he writes to Voltaire (May 4, 1762), "think they are serving religion; but they are serving reason without regarding it; they are exacting strict justice on behalf of philosophy, whose orders they receive without knowing it. It is not the Jansenists alone who are killing the Jesuits, *it is the encyclopædia.*"

Voltaire's horrible blasphemy would be too revolting for quotation, but that it is necessary to show that the cause of the Society was identified with that of Him whose name it bore. "Once," said he, writing to Helvetius, in 1761, "that we have destroyed the Jesuits, we shall have fine sport with Jesus Christ."*

When the work was done, Voltaire thus congratulated the Marquis of Villevieille: "I rejoice with my brave chevalier in the expulsion of the Jesuits. Oh, that we could exterminate all monks, who are worth nothing more than these knaves of Loyola!"

As for the kings, who gave an appearance of decency and regard for authority to a movement which aimed at the subversion of all laws, divine and human, they betrayed incessantly by the tone of their language that their sole object was the repression of a spiritual power which they found it impossible to reduce to submission to their selfish tyranny. At this fatal period the Catholic sovereigns of Europe were united in a deadly war against every thing that opposed their personal absolutism; themselves, for the most part, feeble in intellect, they were served by ministers who to a considerable degree of skill in the art of controlling the people and the nobles united an utter disregard of religious principle, and made the abolition of the Papal Supremacy over each national Church the key-stone of their political systems. In the carrying out these hateful theories the Jesuits were an unconquerable obstacle. Yielding to the purely secular demands of the sovereigns to an extent which we think occasionally mistaken, on the point of the Papal Supremacy they stood invincible and incorruptible. With education and the guidance of souls in the hands of the "knaves of Loyola," the establishment of national Churches against the authority of Rome was simply impossible.

The Jesuits, therefore, must be destroyed; they must be destroyed, however, perfectly legally, with decency, propriety, and at the same time effectively. No banishment from the soil of this or that country would suffice; if they existed on the face of the earth, they might return and trouble the repose of deified despotism. For this end no authority less than that of the Holy See would suffice; as one Pope had created the Society of Jesus, another must annihilate it. A league, accordingly, was entered into by these eminently "Catholic" princes, to force the Pope to abolish Jesuitism altogether. Their plan was, to threaten the Holy Father with menaces which must make him tremble for the general interests of religion, in case he refused to grant their desires. The whole matter resolved itself into a question of policy: would it be better to sacrifice the Jesuits, or to see France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, Parma, Venice, erect themselves into so many schismatic kingdoms, to be led on from one crime to another, and finally, perhaps, to emulate the example of the English Henry and Elizabeth, the open persecutors of the Catholic Church? One Catholic potentate alone stood firm. The greatest woman, nay, the greatest sovereign of her age, Maria Teresa of Austria, stood aloof from this conspiracy, in which the house of Bourbon led the way in trampling alike on the rights of the Christian and the liberties of mankind. Frightful and shameful indeed has been the after-destiny of this bitter anti-Jesuit family. The children of Maria Teresa have sat firmly on her throne; and after the shocks of a century of revolutions, her descendant is the only monarch of the old Catholic reigning families who now remains great and popular. The Bourbons, who seemed to have Catholic Europe almost in their grasp, have become a by-word for all that is feeble or faithless; and Europe pities every people that may still come under their sway.

While Benedict XIV lived, it was supposed by some persons that it was possible that an arrangement might be made under the auspices of that great Pontiff, by which a reconciliation should be effected between the Jesuits and their enemies. On his death, Clement XIII (Rezzonico) opposed the whole tenacity of his character and devotion to the resistance of the demands of the kings. When Clement died, the monarchs prepared for the crisis without a vestige of scruple or hesitation; their intrigues in the conclave which was to elect the new Pope assumed the character of an unconcealed dictation, the one point on which they insisted being the destruction of the Jesuits by the Pontiff about to be chosen. Their power among the Cardinals was so skilfully employed, that though the anti-Jesuit Cardinals were decidedly in the minority, a Cardinal was chosen of whom the suppression of the Society was undoubtingly expected. Ganganelli, a Franciscan, amiable, accomplished, pious, and of excellent abilities, was placed in the Chair of Peter, and took the title of Clement XIV. From the moment of his accession he suffered no rest from the Bourbons and their fellow-conspirators; at length he gave a promise in writing that he would suppress the Jesuits, and when that step was taken, he was persecuted till the Society should be no more. On the 21st of July, 1773, the brief of abolition was signed. The entire history of the machinations of the kings and the philosophers is given at length in F. de Ravignan's history; and it may be said, without exaggeration, that a more mournful and distressingly-interesting episode is scarcely to be read in the pages of the history of the Christian Church. As for the Jesuits themselves, they proved that many of the charges against them were false, by the absolute and unrepining submission which they rendered to the decree of the Supreme Pontiff.*

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* We suppress the frightful term which Voltaire was wont to apply to our Blessed Lord, and which he here uses in the original.

Such, then, is the great palpable fact which meets the eye of the inquirer at the outset of his investigation; so far the question is solved: the Jesuits were offered up a sacrifice, to appease the wrath of those who either avowedly hated Jesus Christ, or who sought to bind his Vicar in the chains of kingly domination. On this point we cannot forbear quoting the noble and affecting words with which F. de Ravignan concludes his history; words fervent with simplicity, and touching from the humility they breathe in every syllable. He quotes the well-known saying of M. de Ronald: "All the world knows that the expulsion of the Jesuits was the work of the passions, and the triumph of false doctrines; . . . if a Pope under constraint suppressed the Jesuits, a Pope in freedom re-established them;" and then he breaks out, with all the eloquence of a wounded heart:

"Nevertheless, notwithstanding the weightiest testimonies, notwithstanding the reparation made by true and impartial history, notwithstanding the solemn restoration pronounced by the Vicars of Jesus Christ, I cannot conceal from myself that the Society of Jesus always meets with hostile opinions, blind prejudices, and an opposition lasting and often full of hatred. Whence comes, then, I ask myself, this permanent aversion, of which the children of St. Ignatius have been the object at all times and in all places? I declare, in sincerity of conscience, and after a long study supported by facts, that this is a condition of affairs which I believe to be, humanly speaking, inexplicable. Whence, in fact, comes this hatred, this horror of the very name of Jesuit, in the minds not only of men condemned by public opinion for their impiety and anti-social doctrines, but also of certain men whose conduct, morals, learning, and perhaps piety, are well known?

"I willingly bow my head and humble myself without a reply, submitting myself to the justice of the Supreme Judge; but with the most confident conviction that this is an error, involuntarily adopted by these honorable adversaries.

"Nevertheless, I allow myself to ask in my turn a question:

"If the accusations urged against the Jesuits are well founded; if it is true that they have corrupted the morals of Christianity; that by a fatal laxity they have opened the door to all kinds of vice, under the mask of piety, as Pascal accused them of doing: if it is true that they have preached insubordination, instigated people to rise against their rulers, and even sharpened the regicide's dagger; if, on the other hand, they have fostered tyrannical and retrograde notions and changes; if, by the nature of their institute and spirit, they are and must be given to disturbance, to chicanery and intrigue; if they are thus guilty of the most contradictory prevarications, imbued at the same time with the most revolutionary and the most oppressive opinions and principles—how is it that tyrants have hated them and banished them? How is it that those who are the disturbers of the public peace, the enemies of all social order and all authority, have reviled them, persecuted them, and proscribed them in every way? Whence comes the inextinguishable hatred of these men, who ought to find in the morals and conduct of the Jesuits a justification of their own vices and crimes? How is it that they have not loved and caressed these prevaricating religious, since they must have found in them their own accomplices? How is it that they have not recognized and accepted these intriguers and busy bodies (as they were called by Charles III of Spain) as useful and powerful auxiliaries? How?—but I stop; these questions are my reply. Injustice has lied against itself, says the Holy Ghost: these contradictions are inexplicable, on the supposition that the accusations are true; grant them to be false, and then every contradiction, every difficulty disappears. Here, then, is the true case; against the Jesuits all the enemies of the Church, all the enemies of social happiness and order, have leagued with a savage union and steadfastness; on the other side the Jesuits have had—and, thanks be to God, they still have,—among their defenders the most devoted of all the chief supporters of religion and society; they have them for their most illustrious, their truest, their most venerable friends. What is the conclusion?

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* It ought always to be remembered, that the Brief of Abolition, while reciting the crimes of which the Jesuits were *accused*, pointedly abstains from expressing any belief that those accusations were deserved.

"But once more: how shall I account for certain honest prepossessions existing against us? In truth, I cannot do it satisfactorily: for I examine myself; I question my conscience, my intimate knowledge of the institute, of those who have embraced it; I take into consideration the matters which make up our life, and which made up those of our fathers; and I answer to myself, No! we deserve neither this hatred nor those prepossessions. But, I believe that God has heard the prayer of my blessed Father, who asked of the Lord that his children should always be the object of persecutions and trials. I believe in the hereditary traditions of certain professions and certain families, who think they would be renouncing their ancestors, if they loved and honored that which their fathers hated—the name of Jesuit. I believe that many persons accept prejudices and opinions without judging for themselves: that they do not think it necessary to condescend to understand us better by means of studying us more close at hand. I feel also, to the bottom of my heart, that men outrage good sense, not less than justice, when they suppose us, without proof, to be capable of the greatest wickedness, or at least of intrigues, plots, machinations, and a fabulous duplicity. It would rather be true and just to accuse us of too great a confidence in the persons who surround us, and often of unskilful management only too real, and this I say most sincerely.

"But I am bound to speak the language of serious reason and faith. We are priests, religious, and men like others; like other men, we have a right that the world should suppose we have a conscience, and Christian motives for what we think and do, until our acts are shown to belie our duties. The Jesuits alone are excepted from this law of fair judgment; and here, I own, I find an inexplicable enigma. God can explain it; in the designs of his wisdom, which I adore, it is his will that a small society of religious should be the object of unceasing prejudice, hatred, and even persecution. Blessed be his name!

"Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, owed his triumph to his poor and suffering life, to his ignominies, to his renunciation of his own will, to the pains of his passion, to his death, to his burial.

"It is enough for us to understand what is our lot upon earth, and to thank the Lord for ever for it. It is in humiliations, calumnies, persecutions, labors, pains, and labors misunderstood, in death itself, that we acquire our strength and our life; and it is with these arms that the Gospel has vanquished the world and hell. This is enough for my understanding and for my heart; I am silent, and I am comforted."

Such, then, is the interpretation of the fact, that the Catholic monarchs (such as they were) of Europe united to demand the destruction of the Jesuits, and that an enlightened Pontiff granted their request. The Christian man who can see in such a fact a proof or a presumption that the Jesuits deserved the suppression, estimates human affairs by a test which is to us incomprehensible. We pass on to some other considerations, explanatory of the popular feelings against the Society of Jesus, to which Father de Ravignan does not refer, but which bear directly on the question at issue, and which we think will furnish the candid observer with a light to guide him through the gloom of controversy.

It appears, then, to us purely impossible that, were not the Jesuits, as a body, thoroughly Christian, self-denying, and upright in their motives, and perfectly sound in their practical morals, their works should have been and be what they have been and are. We say nothing of individual exceptions; we do not attempt to justify even questionable cases of conduct or casuistry; nor do we claim for the Society any such preposterous superiority to other religious orders and other men as some of its eulogists pretend to on its behalf. We speak only of the Society as a whole; as a corporation in which some influence or other, whether bad or good, must be *predominant;* and which must give its character, as a character, to the Society, and by which, as a Society, it has an indefeasible claim to be judged. What, then, have the Jesuits done, and been doing, up to this very time, in the pulpit, in the confessional, in missions among the heathen, in dogmatic, moral and spiritual theology, and in general science and literature? The question can be answered in a moment by every person who possesses the mere elements of a Catholic library. Turn to your shelves and take down one after another the most important and admirable treatises you know of, on dogmatic, on moral, on spiritual subjects. See who are the writers who, as a class, stand unquestionably pre-eminent for the last three centuries; whose insight into Divine things has been most clear, whose spiritual perceptions have been most delicate and penetrating, whose grasp of theological science has been most large and vigorous. Read the record of missionary enterprise in America, in China, in Africa, among the rich, among the poor, among the free, among the slaves, among the prisoners; count up the names of those who have suffered martyrdom and all horrible sufferings for Christ's sake; cast your eye down the long list of classical editors, professors of mathematical and physical science, and laborers in general literature;—and then inquire how many of these have been members of the Society of Jesus; and when the extraordinary and astonishing sum-total has been added up, admit with us, that it is beyond the range of all possibility that such industry, such zeal, such self-sacrifice, such knowledge of spiritual things, should have come forth from a body of men governed by any spirit but that of Jesus Christ, or debased by a devotion to craft and dishonest selfishness, or antagonistic to the free cultivation of the human intelligence. If the Jesuits have not been devoted Catholic Christians, what men have been?

As to the mere *number* of books that have been published by members of the Society, it is, to those who have not examined the subject, absolutely amazing, and unquestionably betokens an activity of mind perfectly incompatible with that peculiar, slavish, designing, subtle, and intriguing character which is popularly attributed to them.* Who ever heard before, in the history of man, of persons such as the Jesuits are supposed to be, devoting themselves to such works as the Jesuits have accomplished in a profusion perfectly unparalleled? Their enemies may rage and denounce; their luke-warm friends may damn them with faint praise, and wish them all the while well out of the way; but the facts of what they have written, done, and suffered, cannot be obliterated from the past: and we declare that these facts cannot be reconciled with any theory except that which the Jesuits themselves profess regarding themselves. Observe, we do not say that they prove those extravagant encomiums which some of the *friends* of the Jesuits have put forward; or that they require us, in defending the Jesuits, to disparage other Catholics, or other men of science and letters;—all we say is, that, puzzle a man as you please with *rifaccimenti* from Pascal, stories about the Molinists, rumors of craft and intrigue, and accounts of the ill-will of many good Catholics against them—there the facts of Jesuit literature and history remain. If *they* have not served God with all their hearts and souls, who among us has thus served him?

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* A catalogue is now in course of publication containing the names of the Jesuits who have published books, large or small, since the foundation of the Society; with lists of their writings, and the various editions they have gone through. The number of *authors* amounts to more than *ten thousand;* and the first volume, which contains the catalogue of the works of only between seven and eight hundred of these, is a closely-printed imperial octavo of nearly 800 pages.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

The Church which alone can give it a saving meaning for our souls, has so often presented the life of our Blessed Lord to us; she has so often by her doctors and saints led us to meditate on the various mysteries of his life, his miracles, his parables, his ordinary and hidden life, his trials and above all his passion and death, that it seems almost out of place to treat of it in a passing fugitive way. Yet it is a theme ever ancient and ever new, and we may be pardoned for endeavoring to imitate that wise father of a family, who bringeth forth out of his treasure new things and old. Our purpose is not to give a detailed life, but to select such scenes or groups of scenes as seem most to portray some affection of that sacred heart, which from the first instant of its existence was wounded with love of fallen man, nor ceased to show that love till it ceased to beat on Calvary.

"The miracle," as Cardinal Wiseman beautifully observes, "was for the unbelieving multitude; the parable was for the heartless priest and scribe; for friends and dear ones were the ordinary and domestic actions of Christ's earthly life; for apostles and disciples were his words of eternal truth, the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven." Not that they are so exclusively, for all are so interwoven that like a beautiful mosaic each relieves and heightens the other, the gesture and the tone containing as deep instruction and deep mixture of love as the parable or the miracle to those who listened not to be convinced, for they already believed, but to draw in new draughts of love from that divine fountain.

SCENES DESCRIBED BY MARY.

In the scenes of our Lord's life which the evangelists have depicted, we find some indeed which they depict as eye witnesses, for St. Matthew and St. John certainly and St. Luke probably were constant companions of our Blessed Redeemer during his public life. The beloved apostle, especially, with St. Peter and St. James, were the blessed spectators of his glory on Thabor, his agony in the garden, and the chief witnesses as to his resurrection. So that when John writes, he tells us that he sets down "that which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled of the Word of Life."* Yet this can refer only to his public life. As to all that preceded whence did they derive their knowledge? Who told the listening evangelist the facts which proved that Jesus was the son of God, that he was conceived of a virgin, that he was born in a stable, adored by the wise men, sought out for slaughter by the usurping Herod? What lips could recount the words of the angel to that virgin whom the Trinity had from all eternity chosen to be mother of the Incarnate Word? What lips could have told those words which rise daily from so many Catholic hearts, short but unerring proofs that we believe and rejoice in the mystery of the incarnation, that we with the angelic host unite in pouring forth our congratulations to that Hebrew maiden in the very words of the messenger of God? Surely none but Mary's, none but those of her whom the litany calls queen of apostles, of her who is queen of evangelists, the first, the greatest witness of the mysteries of Redemption, without whom our faith is nothing.

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* 1 John i, 1.

"Thus the very groundwork of Christianity, the incarnation, rests upon one testimony, a unit, a single voice—that of the Blessed Virgin Mary." Let us then first recall the scenes of which she is our witness, and sitting like St. Luke at her blessed feet hear what she treasured up in her heart, to recount when God so inspired her.

I. THE ANNUNCIATION.

LAKE AND TOWN OF TIBERIAS.

Between the Lake of Tiberias and the Mediterranean in the land of Palestine, rises the solitary mountain of Thabor, its conelike form terminated by a plateau, while its sides are shaded by scattered groves of oak and carob or turpentine. On its western slope in a sort of natural basin, amid a rocky, uncultivated tract, which a few nopal and fruit trees could not redeem from the general gloom of the valley, lay nineteen centuries ago the little hamlet of Nazareth. A solitary fountain on the east supplied the villagers with water, and towards it often bent her way a maiden of the tribe of Juda, of the royal house of David, but like many other branches of that princely house reduced to utter poverty. Nurtured like a chosen dove amid the hills and walls of Jerusalem, the holy city, in the temple of

HILLS AND WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

the Lord, where her royal ancestors had first raised a shrine to the true God, whence Joas had gone forth to redeem his people, she was now the virgin wife of Joseph, a poor carpenter, princely like herself in origin.

Unknown or despised by the world, this humble virgin had been even before her existence an object of Divine complacency. Chosen to be the mother of the long expected Messiah, she had by the merits of her destined son been freed from the sin of Adam and its eternal woe, even as the patriarchs had been by the rites of the law. But it was her singular privilege to have been perpetually exempted from the bondage of Satan, from which all others, holy as they might have been, were exempted only after birth. The day arrived when she was to become the mother of the Most High, when one of the persons of the Trinity was to be made flesh in her womb. Yes: under that circumscribed blue sky in the depths of that narrow, sombre valley, in the shade of that little hill, whose ancient rocks seem even now rent by its bounds of joy at the conception of the divine infant, or its shudders of anguish when he expired on Calvary; here is the spot, the sacred spot of the globe, which God had chosen from all eternity to send down on earth his truth, his justice and his love incarnate in an infant God.

Mary was to receive the reward of her correspondence to the graces which God had so lavishly poured out upon her, and which had in her heart borne fruit a hundred fold. The soul of man cannot conceive the ravishing beauty of that heart, which had ever "heard the word of God and kept it." Well may the poet exclaim:

> "Ave Mari! blessed Maid!
> Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
> Who can express the love
> That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
> Making thy heart a shelter meet
> For Jesus, holy dove?"*

Mary was alone, tradition tells us, rapt in prayer, her household duties done. Her pure heart rose in ecstacy to God, when, as St. Luke from her own lips tells us, the radiant messenger of God appeared.

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* Keble.

By his bright entrance and his radiant vest,
In all his pomp the seraph stands confessed;
Above the maid his golden wing he spreads,
And o'er the scene celestial odor sheds.*

Gabriel, one of the seven who ever stand before the Lord, Gabriel who had so recently struck dumb the doubting Zachary, now enters humbly unto the poor cabin, home of humble toil, of simple hearts, of utter poverty. "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," said the messenger of God, "Blessed art thou among women." Mary must have been startled by this apparition and unwonted address; no fear glossed her veins, as it did those of her kinsman Zachary; she was troubled in her humility at words so strange; her only dread was that of being deceived by one who came to pour into her ear words of flattery. The angel saw her trouble. "Fear not Mary," he continued, "for thou hast found grace with God. Lo! thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son: and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Whatever had been Mary's surprise at the humble reverence paid her by the angelic speaker at first, this new announcement overwhelmed her with confusion. She to be the mother of the Messiah! of the king of Israel! For a moment she forgot that the Messiah was to be virgin-born, and remembering only her own vowed virginity, and the impossibility of her being in the natural order the mother of the royal child, she exclaimed, "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" But the angel reminded her by more fully declaring the mystery. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee: and therefore also the holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the son of God." To confirm his character as envoy of the Almighty he added, "And behold thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age; and this is the sixth month with her that is called barren; because no word shall be impossible with God." The annunciation had been made: the angel had fulfilled his mission, and the work of redemption depended on the will of Mary. Her consent was alone needed to enable the eternal word to become man. Full of gratitude and love to the Almighty, the Adonai of Israel, she exclaimed: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done to me according to thy word." AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH. Thabor still rears its sterile heights crowned by a ruin; Nazareth still nestles in its hollow side; the grot where the blessed Virgin immaculate received the Annunciation is now a subterranean chapel, in the extremity of which is a beautiful altar of white marble, before which eleven lamps are constantly burning, so many sentinels of the faith; while beneath the altar is the spot where the Immaculate Virgin knelt, and above, cut in stone, are those awful words, whose sublimity confounds our weak human reason,

"Verbum caro hic factum est."

Of the house in which Mary dwelt the foundations alone remain; the edifice itself is, as Catholics generally believe, that shown at Loretto.

Such is the site and such was the scene of the Incarnation of our Lord, the mystery of mysteries. Such was the scene which we commemorate when, at morning, noon and night the Angelus, the angel's bell, sounds over hill and valley, and lake and woodland of Catholic lands, and in the cloistered nooks, the hopes of Catholicity among us. This touching memorial of the Incarnation has always impressed the scoffer and the unbeliever, and a very pagan, whose pages teem with immorality, can say:

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* Wallace.

> "Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
>   The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
> Have felt that moment in its fullest power
>   Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
> While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
>   Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
> And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
>   And yet the forest leaves seem stirred with prayer."*

We might now follow the holy Virgin Mother of the Word, as rising in haste she went into the hilly country of Juda, her cousin's mountain home; admire her charity and zeal; behold our Lord, unborn, sanctifying his precursor in his mother's womb; witness the wonders which accompanied the Baptist's birth: meditate on the love which grew in the spotless mother's heart while she bore her divine Son in her womb—but we cannot dwell on each incident. Let us hasten as pilgrims to the deserted stable of Bethlehem.

THE HILLS OF JUDEA.

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* Byron.

MARY LEE:

*Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.**

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

Now, Lanty Hanlon saw all this long ago, and regulated his intercourse with the family to suit the case precisely. He asked no questions, made no apologies, came and went just as he pleased, and yet as he often was heard to say himself, knew as little about Mr. Lee or his private affairs as the blackest stranger in the kingdom!

Young, active, and fond of recreation, Lanty always found Araheera Head a capital spot to indulge in his favorite pastime of gunning and fishing, and shortly after Mr. Lee's arrival found that gentleman quite as fond of the sport as himself. And thus an intimacy grew up between them all at once—an intimacy by the way which each felt it his interest to cultivate—Lanty for sake of the light keeper's influence with the neighboring gentry, in whose power he often unfortunately found himself, and the light keeper for the sake of Lanty's skill as a sportsman in his frequent excursions on Lough Swilly. Besides, Lanty kept a pair of black greyhounds, the best ever ran on four feet, and the terror of all the game keepers in the three baronies. These enabled him to supply his friend with "hare's ear" for his flies, and if the truth must be told, with haunches for his table too, occasionally, without troubling his conscience greatly about the infraction of the game laws. Then he was moreover an excellent shot with either rifle or birding piece, and could bag a brace of grouse or wild ducks on seaside or mountain as prettily as the best landlord's son in the parish—always remembering to reserve the wings for Mr. Lee's and Uncle Jerry's fly hooks. Sometimes too, the light keeper would find a white trout for breakfast of a morning or a salmon for dinner, without any distinct recollection of having caught them himself or bought them from any particular fish-hawker of the neighborhood. For reasons such as these and others quite unnecessary to mention, Lanty soon became a constant and welcome visitor at Araheera Head, and indeed finally grew to be so special a favorite with the light keeper that he could hardly prevail on himself to take his boat or his gun without Lanty at his elbow. He even offered him a salary larger than his limited means could well afford, to live with him altogether, but Lanty invariably refused, preferring a free foot on the hill side after his dogs, and a ramble on the sea shore with his rifle, to all the inducements he could offer. These rambles, however, often brought him into trouble; but if they did, he always depended on Mr. Lee to get him out of it. On such occasions the honest light keeper would bluster and swear as stoutly as a Dutch burgomaster, never to speak another word in the villain's behalf, should it save him from the gallows, and often went even so far as to order the members of his family never to let the scoundrel inside his doors again, but somehow or other these resolutions never held out—all his indignation seemed to vanish in his sleep—and before the sun got up on the following morning, he was sure to despatch a note to Tom Petersham or some other gentleman of the neighborhood to beg their interest in the unfortunate fellow's behalf. Lanty in fact was never out of scrapes for a week together since Mr. Lee first saw him. He had either fallen foul of a bailiff, or beat a policeman, or cudgeled a game keeper, or speared a salmon by torchlight, or stole a game cock, or—something was always sure to be wrong, whenever he was absent three days at a time from Araheera Light House.

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* Copy right secured according to Law.

Intimate, however, as Lanty was with the family, he knew nothing of their history save what he picked up from an odd word dropped now and then between Mary Lee and the light keeper, or between himself and old Roger O'Shaughnessy, when they went up the tower of an evening to chat and trim the lamps together. What he learned from the latter however was never very satisfactory, for Roger considered himself too respectable and important a personage to hold much confidential intercourse with a light-headed scatterbrain like Lanty Hanlon. But whilst Roger said little of the family connexions directly, he indulged frequently in little sneers at the pretensions of the Donegal aristocracy, wondered where in the world they found the arms on their carriage panels, and if they did'nt one and all inherit their gentle blood from 'Shemus Sallagh' or Oliver Cromwell. This contemptuous way of speaking about his neighbors was plain enough, and Lanty understood it. The nobler families of the south was a subject on which Roger loved very much to descant in a sort of soliloquial tone, when he sat down of a summer's evening in the lantern to burnish up the reflectors with Lanty at his side. Many a long sigh would he draw talking over the olden times, when real lords and ladies used to throng the halls of a certain castle in the south (surrounded by their servants in splendid liveries) to drink the choicest wines or dance to the music of the old family harp; and if his companion ventured to inquire the name of the castle or of its owner, little information would he get from Roger O'Shaughnessy. Still studiously averse as Roger was to the revelation of family secrets, he could not hide from his quick-witted companion the conclusion warranted by his frequent though indirect allusions. Besides, Roger always wore a curious old fashioned coat when serving dinner, which contributed more perhaps than any thing else to enlighten Lanty as to the antecedents of the family. This coat was once a bottle green of fine texture, as might be seen by those shady little corners here and there where the sun had not been able to peep into, nor the wear and tear of half a century entirely to deface. With a few redeeming spots like these however excepted, the rest of the garment was faded, threadbare, and polished as the cuff of a sailor's jacket. The high stiff collar, the buff facings, and the long tails would have plainly shewed it had once been livery, even if the two lonely gilt buttons on the high waist behind bearing the family crest had been lost and gone with the rest of the brotherhood. Every day before the little bell rang for dinner, did Roger divest himself of his working dress, brush over the few white hairs that still remained to cover his polished scalp, and then put on his bottle green livery with as much care and tenderness as if it had been wove of spider's webb. Poor Roger. many a scold he got from Mr. Lee for keeping up his ridiculous old notions, and many a laugh had Mr. Petersham at his profound salutations, when he came to visit the family—but laugh or scold, it was the same to Roger—on he went practicing the same old habits despite every remonstrance.

This obscurity in which the history of the Lees was involved, coupled with the mysterious conduct of the stranger, led Lanty Hanlon to suspect some deep plotting between him and Else Curley. As for the latter he had little fear she would take part in any thing directly tending to bring misfortune on the light keeper or his family, but still she might meddle so far with the danger as to bring them into trouble without actually intending it—and all for the sake of gold, to obtain which he well knew the miserly old creature was prepared to run any risk, even that of her salvation. "Hooh!" he muttered, "for that matther, she'd go to the de'ils door and singe her ould beard at the key hole into the bargain to earn a sixpence; and as for you, *my augeuaugh*," he continued, gazing after the retreating figure of the stranger, "ye've the cut of a schamer about ye any way. Be all that's bad I niver saw ye with a fishin rod in yer hand, but ye put me in mind iv one i thim big long nosed cranes down there standing up to their knees in the wather, watchin round for the little innocent shiners to make a pounce on them. F'eth maybe its some sworn inimy i the family ye are keepin their thrail all the time since they left the south, or maybe its a sheriff's officer ye'd be in purshuit of an ould debt or by jaminy king who knows but yer some discordant shuithor sneakin afther Mary Lee. If yer that, I'd advize ye to lave the country or buy yer coffin. But whatsomever ye are, yer a chate any way, that's sartin, and so, may sweet bad luck attind ye *achushla*, and that's my prayer for ye night and mornin, sleepin and wakin," and Lanty shook his hand at the stranger as he disappeared over the brow of the hill, "and since ould Else has tuck ye in tow," he concluded, spitting on his stick and again heading for the mountains, "I'll just stand by an look on, but one thing I'll be bould to tell ye both, cute and all as ye are, that by the powers o' pewther ye'll have to rise early and thravel fast if ye hope to get the blind side iv one Lanty Hanlon."

Leaving Lanty to pursue his journey across Benraven we return to the stranger. After examining for some time the structure of the narrow iron bridge over the chasm called the devil's golsh, he raised the latch of the gate and finding it unlocked pushed it open. The light keeper's lodge facing him directly as he entered, was a long low cottage fronting full on the sea. The light tower rose up close by its side, with its great round lantern on top to the height of a hundred and fifty feet from the rock, as smooth and white as marble. The doors, walls and window sashes of the lodge were also white and as clean as human hands could make them, even the black stone steps by which he ascended to the hall door shone bright and spotless as polished ebony. The place, however, notwithstanding the care and trouble it cost, looked still and deserted. For full ten minutes the stranger stood in front of the house gazing round him, and yet no one came to bid him welcome. A little white bantam on the grass plot before the door scraping up the green sward and calling his family round him, was the only sign of life to be seen. In such a remote spot he naturally hoped the presence of a stranger in his garb would draw some one from the house, but he was mistaken. At length, tired of waiting, he advanced to the door and knocked, still there was no answer; he knocked again, and yet no one came. Then turning the handle and opening the door, he stepped over the threshold and found himself all at once in a long passage or entrance hall. On either side of this hall hung several spears and fowling pieces, here and there fishing rods resting in brass sockets against the wall, and suspended from the ceiling half a dozen or more reels of Jack lines with hooks and leads attached, ready for use. It was evident from their superior quality, and the excellent condition in which they were kept, these articles were used more for amusement than profit. Beyond, however, and near the opposite extremity of the passage hung two light oars of beautiful finish, and close beside them a small sail of Russia duck with its little sheet coiled carefully round it, and if one might judge from its appearance, but recently used. The stranger seemed to notice this last mentioned article with special interest, and the cold smile that overspread his long face as he looked at it, plainly showed he knew well by whose delicate fingers it was handled last. Proceeding along the hall like a connoisseur in a picture gallery, he came at last to an open door opening into a spacious parlor, and entering without further ceremony sat down on the first chair he met, and carelessly throwing up his feet on the seat of another, began to gaze about him like a man quite resolved to await the coming of some one should he wait till morning.

About this apartment, in which the stranger now found himself seated all alone, there was a general air of comfort and taste, which at once suggested the idea of a lady mistress far above what he might expect to find at a light keeper's lodge, and especially at so remote a point as Araheera Head. Nevertheless, though the room looked comfortable and every thing arranged in excellent taste, there was still nothing in it either new or fashionable. Massive picture frames with grim looking faces in the background hung here and there round the apartment, but their rich gilding was gone, and their edges stripped and black, made sad contrast with the newly painted walls. The harpsichord in the corner had lost its silver handles by which in olden times it was so often drawn out into the merry circle, and the ancient clock opposite, now silent as a tombstone, glared over at its once light hearted companion with a melancholy expression of countenance. They had doubtless been friends together for many a year, and in their early days had oft conversed pleasantly from opposite corners—each after his own fashion. But age, alas! had now left his mark on both. The clock's open good natured face was bleared and wrinkled, so much so indeed that its early associates could scarcely have recognized it; and the harpsichord's once burnished case had lost all its polish, and its edges were stripped and lean like the elbows of an old coat. Still though both were broken down and somewhat shabby, they were clean and decent, like old gentlemen who had seen better days. And there too, near the fireplace, sat the high-backed sofa with its heavily carved feet and double rows of brass nails along the edges. But conspicuous above all appeared the old family Bible lying in state upon the centre table under its vellum cover and iron clasps. Every thing in the room spoke eloquently of the past, for every thing looked ancient and venerable, even to the bird cage over the window where the grey linnet sat dozing with his head under his wing.

That apartment, dear reader, was an epitome of the history of Ireland, and might have furnished materials for a finer allegorical picture than ever Claude Lorraine drew—her heroes without a name or monument save those poor rotting shreds of canvass,—the fire of her music dying out day by day, nay—alas that we should say it,—almost as cold and dead as the blackened embers on her desolate shrines—her once brave and stalwart sons now wrapping their emaciated limbs in their tattered garments and resigning themselves without a struggle, to serfdom and the grave. Had the author of the "Giaour," who could see even in the fair but lifeless form of woman the picture of "Greece, but living Greece no more," had he lived to sit there and gaze around him, how much more sublime the inspiration he had drawn from the sad and crumbling relics. Yes, the nation was still living, but all her glories, save the glory of her faith, had departed.

But the stranger's heart was not one of that mould. On the contrary, he scanned every article of furniture in the room, with a cold, prying curiosity, that accorded ill with the fashionable sporting dress he wore, and having at last completed his survey, drew his chair to the centre table, and opened the sacred volume.

Had he been a lover of old books, he might have paused to examine the title page before he proceeded further, and the curiously illuminated letters it exhibited, but especially an ancient and copious note in the margin purporting to show that the book was printed at Madrid in the year 1467, by a native of Mentz, at royal request—a fact which might have greatly surprised those French and German litterateurs who claim for Louis XIV and Frederic II the honor of having been the only patrons of the art before that period. But the gentleman was either not of that class, or he was ignorant of the Latin tongue in which it was printed, for he ran his eye hastily over the page, without seeming to notice either date or language.

Without pausing a moment he turned over leaf after leaf, glancing merely at the top and bottom of the pages, and evidently in search of something he understood was to be found there. He spent some five or six minutes in this search, and at last having discovered what he sought, drew from his breast pocket a small book of tablets, copied what items he thought necessary, and then hastily closing the Bible (stealthily watching the doors of the apartment all the while) clasped it as before.

It happened in replacing the book he dropped something on the floor, and instantly picking it up, found it to be a silver beaded rosary with a gold crucifix attached and of exquisite workmanship. The image was of the purest gold, the nails in the hands and feet were diamonds of great brilliancy, and the cross on which the figure hung, ivory inlaid with some precious metal and bordered with small but costly pearls. It was evidently the relic of some pious ancestor two or three centuries back, for the beads were much worn, and the edges of the cross had lost their original sharpness and grown round and smooth from the wear and tear of years. It was curious to see how the stranger smiled as he held up the sacred trinket between his finger and thumb. A child could have read in his countenance how little he respected either the image or the reality—the cross or the crucified. Whilst engaged, however, in this contemptuous inspection of the venerable and precious relic,—the sneer on his face growing deeper as he gazed,—he was startled by a shadow suddenly darkening the window, and turning to see what it was, beheld the same countenance which smiled on him from the stern of the little boat an hour before, peeping through the glass. The face was so close to the window that the stranger might have seen from its flushed appearance, he had been mistaken for some familiar friend whose visit had been expected. The side light troubled her so much at first that she could see nothing distinctly in the room, and raising both hands to shade it off, happened to throw back the broad brimmed hat she wore, and thus revealed in full view to the stranger, now advanced within arms' length of the window, a countenance of extraordinary beauty. But there was little leisure left him to gaze upon it—for in another second the laughing girl had discovered her mistake, and startled by the close proximity of a face so utterly unknown to her, and trembling with shame and confusion at her apparent levity, she bounded back as if a spectre had confronted her, and flew away from the window like an affrighted bird.

The stranger called to her to stop and listen to his apology; he knocked on the glass, and even attempted to raise the sash and follow her, but all was in vain—away she ran over the green lawn, her dark tresses streaming back on the gentle breeze, and disappeared over the edge of the precipice. For an instant the disappointed sportsman stood spell-bound, hardly able to tell whether the form was a vision or a reality. And no wonder.—Her figure so light and airy, her extreme grace of motion even in the confusion and hurry of her flight, and the exquisite beauty of her modest face, might well indeed have raised such an illusion in minds far more philosophic than the stranger's.

And now again all was still as before, not a sound was to be heard but the sullen break of the sluggish wave against the rocks, or the occasional call of the little proud bantam still scraping on the green.

The sun had sunk by this time within an hour of his setting and crowned the far off summit of Benraven with golden light. The sky was cloudless and the air as balmy as the zephyrs that play round the base of the Himmalayas and fan the banks of the ancient Hydaspes. Stealing out from under the shadows of the island appeared the white sails of the coasting vessels, with scarce wind enough to give them motion,—so calm had it grown for the last hour; and away beyond them in the west rose the dark form of the Horn, round whose top the wings of countless sea birds might be seen wheeling and glinting in the rays of the setting sun. The scene was as grand and picturesque as one might care to look upon, and yet it seemed to awaken but little interest in the stranger. Indeed the sullen look of disappointment on his face as he gazed through the window on the world without, showed but slight relish for the poetry of nature. At last turning away abruptly from the casement when he saw there was no likelihood of the young lady returning, he retraced his steps to the hall door, and was just about to follow the visionary form to the edge of the rock, when to his great relief he heard the sharp crack of a rifle within twenty paces of where he stood. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw smoke curling slowly up from the sea, then a water spaniel sprang on the bank and began to shake the brine from his dripping sides, and finally a man in a pee jacket with his pantaloons rolled up over the tops of his boots and a gun in his hand suddenly made his appearance. He was apparently about fifty years of age, stout and hearty looking, and carried in his face as he approached the stranger a look of welcome which it was impossible for a moment to mistake.

"Good evening, sir," said he, touching his hat to his visitor, hardly able to utter the words, so exhausted was he in climbing up the rock.

The stranger slowly introduced his arms under his coat tails and made a grave and respectful inclination of his head.

"Sorry you found no one in the house to bid you welcome," said the stout gentleman, wiping the perspiration from his face.

"Rayther think the apology should come the other way," replied the stranger, drawling out his words.

"Oh! don't mind that, sir, don't mind," ejaculated the other, "when you found nobody in the house, you did perfectly right to make yourself as much at home as possible."

"Mr. Lee, I presume—the gentleman here in charge?"

"The same, sir, and quite at your service—that is, as soon as I can manage to catch breath again. Heigho! By George I hav'n't gone through as much these ten years before. That confounded Hollanhawk has the nine lives of a cat—and—and I verily believe a few to spare besides. Pheugh! heugh!"

"Been gunning, I perceive."

"Yes; fired fourteen balls—nine of them clean into his body, and there he is, yet, sound as ever."

"Well, now, that's rayther uncommon, aint it?" said the stranger, without moving an inch from his position, "should think one was enough."

"The bird 's not natural, sir," replied Mr. Lee, "that's the best explanation I can give it."

"Just so," said the stranger, nodding a stinted assent, "not natural."

"Besides," added Mr. Lee, "though he looks large in the water, the fellow is really as light as a feather. I believe in my soul, sir, you can no more pierce that bird with a ball than you can a piece of floating corkwood."

"Can't, eh?"

"No, sir, it's impossible. I'm living here eighteen months, or thereabouts, and during that time I can safely say I wasted more powder on him than would blow up the tower."

"Well, look here, why not snare him?"

"Snare him!"

"Why, yes, trap him by night, since you can't shoot him by day."

"Oh, tut, tut! no sir, the bird's game. Moreover, you might as well try to snare a fox in a market place."

"Well, take him flying and *meet* him with the ball," said the stranger, now thrusting his hands deep into his breeches pockets, and hitching up his cap behind with the collar of his coat; "seen swallows killed that way."

"What, swallows with a ball?"

"Yes, sir, boys can do it in the section of the country where I was raised."

The light keeper turned a sharp, searching eye on the stranger, and scanned him from head to foot without saying a syllable in reply. The last word sounded odd to his ear. In fact it suggested a sort of vegetable idea, and the figure of the man who uttered it helped to give that idea, ridiculous as it was, something of a specific form. The truth was, his tall lithe figure, freckled face, and long, straight, sandy hair, made up a parsnip or rather carrotty kind of personality that tickled the light keeper's fancy very much and made him laugh.

"Well," said the stranger, mistaking the laugh, "it requires considerable experience, I allow, but still our boys can do it, and as to that creetur there, I guess I can hit him flying myself."

"Flying! ha! ha! My dear sir the bird never flies."

"He's got wings, ha'n't he?"

"Can't certify as to that," responded the light keeper, "never saw any at least—and what's still more remarkable, he never quits this shore."

"Why, you don't mean that there particular bird, do you?"

"That identical bird, sir," responded the light keeper, pointing with his finger.

"He's got a mate, I reckon, and goes off once in a while, don't he?"

"No, sir, he has no mate—never had any," interrupted the light keeper.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, attempting a smile, "I'm not long in this section of the world, I allow, but I guess I've been raised too near one Phineas Barnum, you might hear of, to believe such a story as that," and the speaker thrust his hands down lower still into his pockets, and looked knowingly at the light keeper.

"I know nothing of Phineas Barnum," responded Mr. Lee, grounding his rifle and resting on the muzzle, "but I repeat to you, nevertheless, that the bird you see floating on the water there before your eyes, has never been out of this bay for the last eighteen months, and during that time was never seen in any other creature's company, man, bird or beast."

"Shoh, you don't say so—summer or winter? Why, I rayther think that's impossible, aint it?"

"Summer and winter are all the same to him," replied the light keeper. "I have seen him in January when the storm threatened to blow the lantern off the tower, and the sea to wash this little island and all it contains into the deep. I have seen him at such times sitting as calm and composed on the swells of the sea as a Turk on an Ottoman smoking his pipe. He's the sauciest villain that ever swam, sir—look at him now beyond the boat there—see how the rascal comes sailing up to us like a swan, with his arched neck and look of proud defiance."

"Is the piece loaded?" inquired the stranger, in a quiet, modest tone of voice.

"No, sir; load to suit yourself; there's the gun, and here's the powder and ball. By George, if you kill him, I'll say you are the best marksman in Donegal."

"My name is Weeks," said the stranger, slowly drawing the ramrod, "Mr. Ephraim Weeks."

"Weeks," repeated the light keeper, "rather a scarce name in this part of the world."

"Well, yes; I guess so—Ephraim C. B. Weeks," he added; "Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle of Crohan's my uncle, sir. You're acquainted less or more with the family, I presume?"

"Have heard of them, sir,—and quite a respectable family they are, by all accounts."

"Well, yes; pretty much so, I reckon, for this part of the country—should be happy to see you at Crohan, Mr. Lee, whenever you've a leisure hour to spend. My cousins often wonder you ha'n't called and brought Miss Lee with you of an evening."

"Your cousins are said to be very pious and of high literary acquirements," observed Mr. Lee, not appearing to value overmuch the invitation so unexpectedly and patronizingly tendered, "and I fear quite out of Miss Lee's sphere and mine. We are plain people here, sir, unambitious of further intercourse with the world, than what chance sends in our way. Are you ready, sir?

"All ready; and now have the goodness to remain just where you stand and look straight in the bird's eye, whilst I take aim." So saying, Weeks knelt down, and resting the muzzle of the rifle on a projecting rock, waited in that position for nearly five minutes, giving the bird time, as he said, to forget there was a second party in the play. "Now, then," he cried, at last, "hold your hand up, to attract his attention," and as Mr. Lee complied he took deliberate aim and fired.

"Capital shot!" exclaimed the light keeper. "Capital shot, by George,—not the first time you handled a rifle, I suspect."

"We-ell no—not exactly the first," drawled out Mr. Weeks, with a modest complacency that well became his grave, sallow countenance, "I've handled the article more than once, I guess."

Both now looked anxiously round, where the bird might be likely to rise, but no bird came up to dot the smooth surface of the water.

"Down rather longer than usual," said the light keeper, at length breaking silence, "and that's a sure sign you haven't touched a feather of him."

"Guess you're mistaken," responded Weeks, "he's floating out there somewhere as dead as a door nail. Ah! by cracky! there he is, lying flat on the water: see!"—and he pointed with one hand while he shaded his eyes with the other—"see, there he is!"

"Where? Ah, yes! by George! and there he is; well, now, who could have thought it!" exclaimed the light keeper, seemingly much delighted with the discovery.

The object, however, to which the stranger pointed happened to be a little whitish colored buoy, a few fathoms beyond a boat, that lay anchored within gun-shot of the island. As it rose and fell on the light swells of the sea, it looked by no means unlike a dead bird floating on its back. Mr. Lee saw the mistake in an instant and resolved to humor it.

"Dead as a herring!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and rubbing up his gray hair in an ecstacy of delight. "Ha, ha, the villain, he's caught at last."

"He'll never trouble you again, I'll bet," continued Weeks, coolly handing over the rifle. Then laying his hand quietly on Mr. Lee's shoulder he added, "I make you a present of the bird, my friend, for I really think you deserve it richly, after such an almighty waste of powder."

The light keeper gravely bowed his thanks.

"Well, there's one condition I would make, Mr. Lee, and I kinder think you'll not object to it, namely, that you stuff the creetur, and hang it up here in the passage among the fishing rods and jack-lines."

"Certainly, Mr. Weeks, most certainly, sir, your wishes must be gratified."

"And look here; you'll have the goodness to use this for a label," and he drew a card from a richly chased silver case he carried in his breast pocket and handed it to the light keeper; "affix this, if you please, to the upper mandible, that your visiters may know who shot the bird—not that I care to make a personal boast about it—for did you know me well, you would say if ever there *was* a man who despised boasting, that man is Ephraim C. B. Weeks. But I've a notion, somehow, that it would be just as well for the old European countries here to know what sorter people we are in the new world beyond, and I consequently think its the duty of every freeborn American, wherever he goes, to enlighten mankind as to the character, enterprise, social advancement and universal intelligence of his countrymen. Yes, sir, its a duty our people owe to oppressed and suffering humanity to make their habits, manners, customs, laws, government and policies known throughout the universal creation. If it be our duty as a nation to redeem the world from ignorance and slavery, as it is, beyond all question, then I say its the special duty of each and every citizen of that nation to contribute his portion to the advancement and final completion of the great work. We must be known, sir, in order to be imitated."

PASTORAL LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK,

BY THE GRACE OF GOD, AND FAVOR OF THE APOSTOLIC SEE, ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE:

To the Clergy and Faithful of the Diocese of Baltimore,

Grace and Peace in our Lord Jesus Christ.

It is our happiness, venerable brethren of the Clergy, and beloved brethren of the Laity, to have it in our power to communicate to you officially the solemn definition of our Holy Father, Pius IX, made from the chair of St. Peter, on the Feast of the Conception of the ever blessed Virgin Mary. Having received the answers of the bishops throughout the world to his encyclical letters of the 2d February, 1849, written from Gaeta, the place of his exile, he determined to yield to their solicitations, by proclaiming as a doctrine of the Catholic Church, that which was generally held and venerated, although heretofore not solemnly defined. The bishops who assembled on his invitation, to give greater solemnity to this act, unanimously urged him to pronounce the definition. The tradition which has always existed in the Church on this point, had suffered some obscuration in the twelfth and following centuries, in consequence of difficulties which perplexed the minds of some holy and learned men, to reconcile the testimonies of Scripture in regard to the natural descendants of our first parents, with the privilege claimed for the holy Virgin, as also to maintain the title of Christ as Saviour of all men, without questioning her exemption from original sin. The Church having regard to the sentiments of submission to her authority, which they sincerely professed, allowed their objections to be canvassed and discussed, that the truth might be placed in full light, whilst in the meantime she never ceased to give favor and sanction to the public veneration of the mystery itself, so that the festival in its honor, which at that period was celebrated in various local churches of Spain, France, England and other countries, was, at the close of the fifteenth century, adopted by the Roman Church, the See of Peter, and extended subsequently to the whole Church. The eastern Churches, in the seventh century, are known to have celebrated the conception of St. Anne, by which title they designated the same object as that which we venerate. The Apostolic tradition may be traced in the earlier ages through the oriental liturgies, which abound in high eulogies of the Virgin, styling her "most pure, most holy, altogether stainless, of more honor than the cherubim, and incomparably more glorious than the seraphim." If we be not able to trace the celebration of this festival to the earliest ages, it is no matter of surprise, since the assaults made by human pride on the great mysteries of the Divinity of Christ, and His Incarnation, necessarily directed the zeal of the Church to their maintenance and defence, leaving to times more advanced to manifest more fully the veneration of His Virgin Mother. When, in the fifth century Nestorius attempted to divide and distinguish the man Christ Jesus from the Eternal Word, who is God as the Father, it became necessary to defend the title of Mary, Mother of God, in order to explode the deadly error. As the faith triumphed, and men bowed in homage to the God-man, the Redeemer of mankind, it was natural that they should more maturely weigh and more distinctly honor the privileges of His Mother. That which from the beginning was acknowledged and proclaimed in general terms—her spotless purity and more than angelic perfection—was specifically venerated; and festivals in honor of her birth and of her conception were found worthy of approval by the ruler of the universal Church. "We must not doubt, dearly beloved," we use the words of St. Leo the Great, "that every Christian observance is intended to convey divine instruction, and that whatever usage is received by the Church in her worship, proceeds from apostolical tradition, and from the teaching of the Holy Spirit, who now also presides over the hearts of the faithful by His institutions, that all may guard them with docility, and wisely understand them."[*]

In regard to the objections formerly made against the doctrine now defined, we will observe that the exemption of the Blessed Virgin Mary from the stain of original sin, being by special privilege, in consequence of the high dignity for which she was chosen, is nowise inconsistent with the general subjection of the human race to that stain, as the Fathers of the Council of Trent intimated, by declaring that in the decrees concerning the communication of original sin to all the posterity of Adam, it was not their intention to include the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin. She also was redeemed by Jesus Christ, yet in a manner more complete than all others, since it was in regard of his merits, which were present to the Divine mind, that she was preserved from contracting sin. The observation of St. Augustine in reference to the controversy concerning the validity of baptism administered by heretics, is strictly applicable to this discussion. "The arguments on both sides of the dispute, as also the Scripture testimonies having been carefully examined, it may be said: What truth has declared, this we follow."[†] Again, "In this matter also, is the truth of the canonical Scriptures held by us, since we do that which has now obtained the sanction of the universal Church, which the authority of the Scriptures themselves commends; so that as holy Scripture cannot deceive, whoever fears to mistake in regard to this obscure question," (he spoke of it as it was in the early period of the controversy,) "should consult on it the Church herself, which holy Scripture most unequivocally points out."[‡] We may safely rely on the general usage of the Church, and still more on her solemn judgment, since it is impossible that she can introduce into her worship any element of superstition, or sanction by her teaching any error contrary to that truth which she is divinely commissioned to proclaim. The opposition of St. Cyprian to the general usage of admitting to the communion of the Church, persons baptized by sectarians, was powerless against the authority of St. Stephen, who then filled the chair of St. Peter, and who forbade any change to be made in the ancient practice. If for a time it occasioned some difficulty, on account of his high personal merit and undoubted zeal, it could not be regarded, from the moment that the general belief was fully ascertained. So, brethren, the hesitation of some holy men in reference to the point recently defined, easily admits of excuse: but now all doubt is at end, and faith yields her homage to God, whose revelation is declared and attested by His Church, the pillar and the ground of truth. "We ourselves," we borrow again the language of St. Augustine, "should not dare make such an assertion, were we not supported by the concordant authority of the whole Church, to which they also would doubtless have yielded, had the truth of this question been cleared up and declared in their time, and confirmed by a General Council."[§]

Although no General Council has been held for the decision of this doctrine, the declaration of the Council of Trent, that it meant not to include the Immaculate Virgin in its decrees concerning original sin, was a solemn expression of the conviction of the fathers, fully two-thirds of whom are known to have been disposed to define it. Some provincial councils, as that of Rheims, in 1849, had urged the Pontiff to pronounce the definition; which above a century ago the Spanish bishops had also demanded. The replies sent to the letters of his Holiness by nearly six hundred bishops, unanimously affirmed the doctrine, although a very small number, about four, were adverse to its definition, and others qualified their vote by considerations of expediency, whilst about five hundred and fifty strongly urged the decision. This very solemn expression of the sentiments and desires of the Catholic episcopate was supported by the unanimous action of the bishops assembled at Rome. Never was there witnessed so great unanimity in the decision of any doctrine. All opposition had ceased—the Virgin Mother was generally invoked in the public Litanies, as she had been saluted for ages by the piety of the Spanish nation: "Virgin conceived without stain of original sin." In the preface of the Mass her stainless conception was also proclaimed. Well then might the successor of St. Peter, for whose faith Christ prayed, that it may not fail, confirm with his high authority his brethren in a belief so fully received throughout the Church. In whatever way her voice is heard, whether by the chief Bishop, who is her natural organ, or by general councils, strengthened with his sanction, her children listen to it with docility, and give to God the homage of faith by captivating their understanding in obedience to Christ.

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[*] Serm. II de jejunio Pentecost.

[†] T. IX. L. iv, de Bapt. contra Donat. n. 9.

[‡] Ib. l. i, contra Crescon. Donat. n. 39.

[§] De Bapt l. ii, c. iv.

All doctrinal decisions are necessarily founded on divine revelation, for the assent of faith is due to that only which God has revealed. That revelation was fully made to the Apostles, who were taught by their Divine Master, and were promised the light of His Holy Spirit to teach them all truth. The Bishops, as successors of the Apostles, are heirs of the promises made to them, since Christ is to abide with them for ever, teaching all things as He originally delivered them. Yet they do not claim the right to impose any thing as of faith beyond that which was taught by the Apostles, and which has been handed down from their times. They do not found their decision on any new revelation subsequent to the Apostolic age; they lay claims to no inspiration, such as was granted to the sacred penmen; much less do they venture to form their judgment on human reasoning, or conjecture. Their rule and standard is divine tradition, by means of which the inspired books have come down to us, with their true interpretation, and those doctrines which are portions of that faith once delivered to the Saints. The general belief and uniform usage of the Church at the present time afford the strongest proof of such tradition, especially when a doctrine is attested, which being apparently in opposition to a defined dogma, could never have received countenance had it not come from the same source. The revelation then, of the exemption of the Blessed Virgin from all stain of original sin, is evident from the general persuasion of the Church manifested for ages in the celebration of the festival of her conception. The passages of Scripture which declare her full of grace and blessed amongst women, are consonant with this teaching; and the great prediction, which is called the first Gospel, that enmity should exist between the woman and the serpent, and between her seed and the seed of the serpent, and that the head of the serpent should be crushed, finds a splendid fulfilment in the mystery of the Incarnation, of which she was the immediate instrument. This sublime mystery requires us to remove from our idea of the Mother of Emmanuel, all that is unbecoming Her high dignity and intimate relation to Him. God, in revealing to us that in the fulness of time He sent into the world his Son made of a woman, warrants us in believing that she was made worthy to be His Mother, by every grace and privilege which His bounty might bestow. In acknowledging the gifts bestowed on Her, the Church only renders homage to the Incarnation, and gives a consistent view of all that is connected with it. Among the many instances of human blindness is the profession of faith in this mystery, without a due appreciation of the dignity of Her, who was made the living temple of the God made man, and whose assent to its accomplishment was a direct co-operation in the great work of man's redemption. St. Justin, St. Irenæus, St. Ephrem, and other early writers remark, that as Eve, by listening to the suggestions of the serpent, became the occasion of the fall of Adam, whose sin was the cause of the ruin of the whole human family, so Mary, by assenting to the message of the Angel, concurred in the incarnation of the Son of God, and to our redemption, which He effected by the effusion of His blood. "The one," says St. Ephrem, "was the cause of our death, so the other was of our life."* A high esteem and profound veneration of His holy Mother are necessarily produced by a lively faith in His incarnation. Whoever admires the Divine Wisdom which appears in His discourses, should exclaim with the pious woman of the Gospel: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts which gave Thee suck." Whoever recognizes Him as the Saviour and Lord of men, should, with the inspired Elizabeth, greet Her as blessed, as blessed is the fruit of Her womb. Whoever has even a faint idea of

* Hymn 35 de Eccl. apud Asemani l. i, Scriptorum Syrorum, p. 90.

the wonders of Divine goodness and love, which the Incarnation implies, must, with Mary herself, admire the great things which God hath wrought in Her, and join her in exulting praise: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth exult in God my Saviour. For He hath regarded the humility of His handmaid: for behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed. For He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name."

As our Holy Father authorized the Bishops on their return to their respective flocks to impart to them His special blessing with a plenary indulgence, we purpose to give it in our Metropolitan Church on Passion Sunday, which this year occurs on the twenty-fifth of March, the day on which the Feast of the Annunciation is ordinarily celebrated. For the obtaining of it, it is necessary to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and to offer up prayers for the welfare of our chief Bishop and of the whole Church of Christ. Whilst efforts are made to excite prejudice against his authority, by misrepresenting it as hostile to good government and human rights, and to our national independence, we should pray that the minds of our fellow-citizens may be enlightened to recognize in the successor of Peter, a father and pastor. In his exile his first thoughts were turned to vindicate the honor of the Virgin Mother, and recently, amidst the din of war between the great powers of Europe, his attention has again been directed to the same object. Confident in the efficacy of her prayers, he has placed himself and the whole flock entrusted to his care, under Her guardianship and protection. We also, brethren, feel happy in sharing the confidence which he cherishes in her intercession. We know that every good and perfect gift comes from the Father of Lights: we acknowledge Jesus Christ, the God-man, as our only Mediator of redemption: but being mindful of the place which the Virgin occupies in the divine economy—Her intimate relation to Her Divine Son—Her agency in the mystery of the Incarnation—Her influence, which obtained a miracle at the wedding-feast of Cana—Her sorrows at the foot of the Cross, we feel confident that her prayers will obtain for us great favors and blessings, now especially, that Her stainless innocence and perfection are so solemnly proclaimed. Jesus Christ is indeed, in a far higher sense, our advocate with God the Father, always living to intercede for us. Mary is a suppliant at His throne, a child of Adam, naturally conceived, and but for his redemption, liable to the stain of original sin. She can effectually plead our cause with Him, and despite of our manifold sins, obtain for us the grace of conversion and the application of His atonement. All who earnestly seek Her intercession, may confidently hope for grace and salvation. Let us ask, at the same time, succour in our necessities, relief in our afflictions, light and mercy for those who hate and calumniate us. The sweetness of Her benign influence will appear in the mitigation of those social evils which now press upon us, the mild virtues which constitute her a model of all perfection, will be reflected in her devout clients, and attract those with whom they hold intercourse: error and prejudice, like the mists of morning, will pass away, and many will be drawn after Her towards the King of ages, to worship and love Him.

You well know, brethren, that this is the great end to which our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is directed. We worship God alone with supreme homage: we honor Her, because it has pleased Him to adorn Her with His gifts, and raise Her to a dignity surpassing that of the seraphs and cherubs that surround His throne. Far be it from us to transfer to any creature, however elevated, that worship which belongs exclusively to our Creator and Lord. Pure and stainless as we hold Her to be, we by no means recognize in her any perfection which is not derived from divine bounty, and is not the fruit of the merits of her Son, from whose fulness even she has received the abundant measure of grace. With St. Epiphanius, we say: "Let Mary be honored: let God be adored." In proportion as you advance in the exercise of this devotion, your hearts will be moved to a more tender sense of the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption; you will be drawn nearer to the cross, to contemplate with the sorrowing mother her agonizing Son. The fruits of it will appear in your increased horror for sin, in the purity of your morals, and in your love for Jesus Christ.

We urge you once more, beloved brethren, to the exercise of patience, forbearance, and charity towards all mankind. Accept with submission from Divine Providence all the trials and afflictions which may befall you, and be careful only to give no occasion of scandal or offence. "Be ye humbled under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in the time of visitation: casting all your solicitude upon Him, for He hath care of you."

Given under our hand, at Baltimore, this fifth day of March, in the year of our Lord MDCCCLV.

†FRANCIS PATRICK,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

THOMAS FOLEY, Secretary.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Immaculate Conception of the most blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, a dogma of the Catholic Church. *By J. D. Bryant, M. D.* Boston: Dohoe. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This able treatise, drawn from all that Europe has produced on this great dogma, presents the reader with all the doctrine on the point as supported by reason, the scriptures, the liturgies, the early Fathers, the Church in her saints, her religious orders, her universities, her festivals, her canonical decrees. In this series of proofs the author clearly and ably examines the question as to St. Bernard and St. Thomas Aquinas, and concludes by a most graphic and eloquent description of the solemn day at Rome, Dec. 8, 1854. It is most creditable to the Catholics of the United States, even as an answer to Protestant slanders, that so able a theological treatise should be written by a layman.

2. Fabiola; or the Church of the Catacombs. London: Burns & Lambert. 1854.

This work generally, and we believe truly, ascribed to Cardinal Wiseman, is a most beautiful addition to our standard literature. Several magnificent efforts had been made to write classical novels, laying the scene in Rome or the Roman empire. Rutilius is indeed charming. The Epicurean, Christian in its tone, is marred to a Catholic by the exaltation of heresy: for poor Moore elevated Arianism over orthodoxy. Fabiola is as classic as it is pure: the author is as familiar with ancient Rome as Father Marchi; he paints the life of the citizens of Rome in the days of Diocletian with as much ease and grace as though he had mixed with them for years. As a tale he introduces SS. Sebastian, Agnes, Pancratius, their lives gave means to depict their characters; and this is done with the utmost skill: the dark day of persecution, the weak brother, the stealthy spy, the bloody tyrant, and blind, cruel monster, the mob, all live in the thrilling pages of this incomparable tale. Fabiola, the heroine, the haughty Roman lady, becomes, through the devotedness of her Christian slave, herself a Christian, and after witnessing the martyrdom of those whom she dearly loved, displayed in her own conduct the model of every Christian virtue.

3. Analytical Class-book of Botany, designed for Academies and private students, in two parts. Part I, Elements of Vegetable Structure and Physiology, by *Francis H. Green*. Part II, Systematic Botany, by *Joseph W. Congdon*. New York: Appleton & Co. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It would be very hard for any but the perfect botanist to say what is wanting to this excellent class-book. The charming science which the talented authors undertake to communicate to the uninitiated lovers of nature, is presented in a manner that cannot, we think, fail of fulfilling their intentions. With some exceptions, which it is almost impossible to avoid in the present condition of the sciences, there are no words, which by their size and form can be an obstacle to even the most simple-minded student. Many might, indeed, wish that the Greek words had given place to others more intelligible to the common run of naturalists, but it is not an easy matter to say, how they could, since even many English phrases are often necessary to explain all the idea that the one Greek word conveys. The work we consider an excellent one for school purposes, in which not the least of its advantages will be found in the plates, which are explained by, and help to explain in turn, the text.

4. Chemical Atlas, or the Chemistry of familiar objects, exhibiting the general principles of the science in a series of beautifully colored diagrams, and accompanied by explanatory esssays, by *Edward L. Youmans*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If we were asked by a young lover of science, what work we would recommend as an introduction to the interesting science of chemistry, we would most confidently name the one that heads this notice. Among all the works on that part of natural science, which have of late years been published, we do not know of one that presents its principles so briefly and yet so clearly. It is also a happy idea to apply to chemistry the method of diagrams, which has succeeded so well in the cognate sciences, and it is a wonder that some of our great ones did not sooner think of it. So easy indeed has the study been rendered by this application, that even without a professor the student may become in a short time familiar enough with all the laws and principles of the science, to be able to explain them to others. We are not at all surprised that so many professors and principals of academies should have spoken so favorably of it, for were we a professor we would discard every other class-book on the subject, in order to adopt it without delay. If there be one thing, however, which should please us, as religious reviewers, more than all the rest, we could easily find it in the spirit that continually without any effort raises the author's mind "from nature up to nature's God." It is exceedingly gratifying to see this manifested by one who is certainly no ignoramus, and the contrast it offers to the conduct of so many of our scientific men, who of late years begin to ape the incredulity and philosophism of Europe, is an honor to Mr. Youmans, of which he may be prouder than even of his great chemical knowledge.

5. Plane and Solid Geometry: to which is added plane and spherical Trigonometry and Mensuration, with all the necessary Logarithmic and Trigonometric tables, by *Geo. R. Perkins*, LL.D. N. York: Appleton & Co. 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

What we like in this work is the manner in which the definitions are explained. It would seem to us impossible for the young student not to comprehend them, after reading the lucid, yet simple manner in which they are proposed. Of the rest of the work we cannot say as much, for we have never seen in any of our modern mathematicians, that closeness of reasoning, nor that mutual connection of parts which we admired so much in old Euclid, when "et nos ergo manum ferulæ subduximus." The separation of the problems from their natural position among the theorems, always looks like a dislocation that needs the physician's care to reduce it. Dr. Perkins is a professor perhaps, and knows better.

6. Payson and Dunton's Penmanship. In 6 Parts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This excellent system is comprised in six parts, or copy-books, commencing with the first rudiments of writing, and terminating in a complete and finished style of penmanship. The great advantage of the system will be found in the style of the writing, which is given in specimens at the head of each page of the book. These specimens, or copies for imitation, are far superior to any we are acquainted with, they are natural and bear a striking resemblance to the hand writing of an accomplished master. The system moreover, will save the teacher much time and labor, and will be found exceedingly useful to those who may desire to improve their style of writing without the aid of an instructor.

7. Annals of the Propagation of the Faith: published and sold for the benefit of the Institution. No. XCIV. January, 1855. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The perusal of these truly edifying annals, must, at all times afford to the Catholic a pleasing and grateful entertainment. Apart from the meritorious object for which they are published, they constitute in themselves a miscellany of useful and instructive reading. Few, perhaps, of our readers are aware of the extent of the Catholic Missions in pagan lands; few are acquainted with the labors, sufferings, trials and privations of the zealous missionary, who has sacrificed all things to the work of charity and love.

The present number contains most interesting details from various parts of China, and bears ample testimony of the progress of our holy faith in that benighted country. The single mission of West Tong-King, where so many holy missionaries have obtained the crown of martyrdom, contains over 140,000 Christians. Other missions are equally as prosperous. While as Catholics we rejoice at this gratifying intelligence, it is our duty to aid in the good work by purchasing and disseminating the *Annals*.

Editors' Table.

Behold us, reader, once more brought *vis-a-vis* for our cherished intercourse, now for the fair and fickle month of April, the type of youth, the season of sunshine and showers, and of the budding forth of mingled fruits of good and evil.

Thus goes the world, good here, and evil there, for ever, though your enthusiast thinks that with certain changes already designed in his fertile mind, but never yet put in successful practice, that good only shall flourish; while your scowling misanthrope finds nothing but evil in the present, past, or future. And then what? Why the world wags on as ever, and human life passes like the fleeting month; men rejoice to-day, and weep to-morrow, to rejoice and weep again, with the every varying tide of all mortal affairs. The enthusiast and the misanthrope err equally in their philosophy—neither the one nor the other will make the world better or worse than it is, or than it has been since the fall of our first parents.

At this present time, some of us have reason to be sorrowful, not because the Christian world is united in weeping over the passion and death of Our Lord and Redeemer, for we can see through the sombre veil of the passion time our own redemption, and the glorious resurrection and triumphant ascension of Him who appeased the wrath of His Father against us, and opened to us the gates of Heaven, but because we see the lowering clouds of religious persecution and civil discord gathering over our devoted heads, and threatening us with manifold evils because we adhere to the religion of our fathers. Be it so; for three score and ten years we American Catholics have been basking in the sunshine of political freedom; we have enjoyed the happiness of citizenship in a land which has proclaimed pre-eminently religious liberty to all men; in return for which we have loved our country devotedly, and served her ever faithfully.

The facts are patent, and a decent respect for truth cannot deny them; but some enemy hath sown tares among us; evil passions have been aroused among a people whose religious differences have hitherto in no respect weakened their unity in common national interests, in the bonds of friendship, or in the alliances of intermarriages or of kindred blood. Now it is hinted abroad that Catholics are dangerous to the state, that they are not good citizens, that they cannot be true republicans. But where are the proofs, where the witnesses? Honesty and truth can bring against us neither the one nor the other. Yet the cries continue; the Anti-Catholic pulpit rings with them; a venal press expands and multiplies them, and they are echoed at the hustings.

Perhaps this unworthy crusade is but a phase of modern progress, but it should be remembered that not all progress tends upward. We fear that this progress is full of the elements of destruction; our enemies cannot throw bombshells into a promiscuous crowd, which will destroy only the objects of their hate. To destroy the religious freedom of Catholics under our government, is nothing more nor less than to throw a bombshell in the midst of all our institutions. Religious liberty once wrested from any conscientious and peaceful denomination of Christians, or Hebrews we may add, in this land, then indeed we may bid 'a long farewell to all our greatness.' It has been above all things the principal element of our unexampled prosperity. Let it be once taken away, and there follows, not only direct evil and injustice, but precedent for religious persecution in all countries to the end of time. The rulers of old governments and the framers of new may say: 'the principle of equal liberty to all religions has been fairly tested, and has proved to be a failure. Therefore we will have none of it.'

We by no means wish it understood that we are predicting the evils we so earnestly deprecate. We speak of tendencies abundantly expressed in the signs of the times. We see bigots and fanatics getting into the high places of the land; we see Protestant clergymen leaving their pulpits to enter upon the sin-stained arena of politics; we see legislative bodies entering upon the work of disfranchising Catholics; we see secret societies led on by parsons, and depraved politicians, professing relentless hostility to Catholics, proscribing them, slandering them, using all means fair and foul, to make them odious in the eyes of their fellow-citizens; we see members of these same secret societies perjuring themselves, and violating the laws of the land in open courts, because of oaths they have taken in secret to these societies, which they thus erect above the laws of the state, and above the divine laws; we see the forcible disbanding of military companies composed principally of Catholics, of whose loyalty there can be no question, who would certainly fight until death for the land of their birth or adoption; whose brethren are always relied upon even by the British government in its direst necessities, although the said government has never done any thing for their weal or happiness, as ours has; we see men escape from punishment who have maliciously destroyed the property of Catholics—nay, as the climax of contempt of laws where Catholic rights are in question, we see convent burners, incendiaries, petitioning a Know-Nothing legislature to indemnify them for having had to undergo trial for their crime; in short, it is useless to attempt to go over all the recent exhibitions of the spirit that exists to make us hateful, and then, by the support of a factitious public opinion, to crush us. Our past fidelity, our present moderation, goes for nothing; some sort of imaginary possibility that we may not always be true to our country is the pretext to bring us to ruin:

> "'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage,
> But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?"

It certainly is madness to break up the present fabric of our glorious institutions; it certainly will break it up, to destroy the religious liberty of any one denomination. Those sectarians who are ready and zealous now to rob Catholics of the most precious of civil rights, would soon find themselves, should their evil desires be gratified, in the situation of most of the early factions of the French revolution; it would soon be measured to them as they measured to us. Some of them are now tampering with the mob—we can only say to them, 'those who love the *mob*, shall perish by it!' The most discerning man of his age said during the first muttering thunders which ended in the French revolution, that if the Parisian mob was not repressed and social order maintained, "we shall see not only this capital, but every other city in France thrown into a state of indescribable anarchy, while the real friends of liberty, the enlightened patriots, now working for the best good of our country, will sink beneath a set of demagogues, who, with louder outcries for freedom on their tongues, will be in reality but a horde of savages, worse than the Neros of old."

We presume that our clerical and political opponents, or shall we call them persecutors, know how these words were verified; and what befell all classes, not only king and queen, and nobles, and priests, and nuns, but even mechanics, peasants, women, children, and all who had enemies to denounce them, whatever their professions, or practices. People were brought in crowds before the revolutionary tribunals, and we are told in general history, that accusation was read and sentence of death immediately pronounced, without even examination being had, to ascertain whether the subjects of the accusation were actually the persons before the court; but yet, "as this mode of exterminating the pretended enemies of the republic was too slow to satisfy the party in power, they shot and drowned the accused by hundreds."

Let us turn from this picture. There is good sense, virtue and honesty among our countrymen, and if they are misled for a time by unprincipled aspirants for power and place, we trust that 'sober second thought' will cause them to repel with scorn the counsels that are to give the death blow for ever to religious equality. Meanwhile, a transient (?) spirit of animosity against Catholicity will keep Catholics out of political offices of honor or profit as effectually as laws which would only disgrace the statute books; we do not repine at this, for it may be the means of keeping our co-religionists in the honest and laborious pursuits of every day life, and save them from the temptations and pollutions of politics.

In fine, come what may, let Catholics never fail in their duties to God and society; injured they may be, but crushed never; when the clouds are darkest over them let them remember the light above and beyond, which in the end will certainly triumph. And our word for this—the great agitation now in the Christian world, and the war against the Church will ultimately redound to her prosperity and to the salvation of many souls.

DICKINSON COLLEGE AND THE CIVILTA CATTOLICA.—Our classical friends of Dickinson College must be hard pushed for matter against their Catholic neighbors at home, when they go so far as Rome to find food for the fanatic propensities of the New York Evangelist. Truly charitable! they have finished the Augean work in America, and have no intention of narrowing down their philanthropic efforts to one country. They know Italian too, and can read Jesuit riddles with a wonderful acumen. Some people can see so far into a mill-stone! Besides, was it not a glorious act to carry the war into Africa, to beard the lion in his den, and if they were destined to fail in their attempt, like another Phæton, they are sure a whole river of lamentations would be poured over their remains, and some classic votary of the muses would write their epitaph: "quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ansis." Our friends, we expect, know a little Latin, and will pardon our quotation. The poor Roman Jesuits! how their ears must have tingled, as the old women readers of the N. Y. Evangelist gloated over the correspondence of Dickinson College! We imagine we hear them soliloquizing over the revelations of Dickinson erudition. What business had they to edit a magazine! How are the mighty fallen! The rulers of the world, the schemers, who make kings and cabinets succumb to their iron wills, the obscurants, the retrograde enemies of progress, the foes to liberty of thought, and the enlightenment of Europe and the world, descend to the petty occupation of writing a magazine! Preposterous!! Well—but it is true; so let us look at it. Pah! "temporal power of the Popes," the first [illegible] we open: "excommunication dissolves the tie of subjection and the oath of fideli[illegible] doctrine of these Jesuits horrible? If they would only let us alone w[illegible] and biblical organ-grinders, we would save them the trouble of so much ecclesiastical thunder and lightning. Who cares for excommunication in these days of light and progress? Didn't we send a parson into Hungary ready cocked and primed; but those tyrannical Austrians are better than crows for smelling powder, and he missed fire and had to go off by himself. What right had they to interfere in our concerns! These old popes and their grenadiers, the Jesuits, would do much better to say their prayers and leave the world to be governed by those who know how. But is it true they advocate the burning of heretics? Let us look again. Just as we thought, of course; what else could Jesuits do? So we read: "if the Church does not punish the heretics herself, but invokes the secular arm to do so, let the enemies of the Church remember, that this is voluntary moderation on her part." And the old women began to look with big eyes, as our French neighbors say, and turned round at every creak of the opening door, expecting to see some bloody-fisted Jesuit coming to bind them to a stake right off, without allowing even a moment's time to cry out for help. Meanwhile the poor Jesuits, who are "the outcasts of men, the opprobrium of the people," simple souls as they are, write ahead as if there was no mischief fermenting in those pages, over which they waste the midnight lamp and spend their energies. They are only thinking of Catholics, or those who call themselves Catholics, and are guilty of the unpardonable impertinence of telling those for whom they are writing that "it belongs to the Church alone to say how far the infraction of the civil laws is an infraction of the duties imposed by Catholicity, of which she claims to be the only competent judge." If they only tell their so called Catholic opponents to "reverence the Church and learn from her, what are the just limits of Christian meekness:" or if they call upon those opponents to declare whether they are heretics, in order to know what just estimate should be put on their interpretation of the Gospel: visions of stakes and racks, of the gibbets and fires of Smithfield, and of all the other raw-head and bloody bones, with which Protestant literature has been adorned for the last 200 years, come dancing before the affrighted imagination of some Dickinson correspondent, and the readers of the N. Y. Evangelist must be edified by his courage, and enlightened by his learning, and guarded by his vigilance from the impending storm. It will not much matter, whether the visions be lying ones or not: the will is as good as the deed: and the advocates of the higher law will be grateful to the sleepless watcher in Sion, and perhaps some fat calling, from which he may select for his own special comfort and consolation a pretty lamb with a golden fleece, will fall to his share in the distribution of favors. And this Dickinson wonder is not satisfied with taking care of his own methodical people, but in his generous solicitude would also gather under his wings the American Bishops. Verily the American Catholic must be covered with a debt of gratitude. Church and state! church and politics! what powerful and daring fellows these Jesuits are, to hurl at their Ecclesiastical Superiors their "paper bullets of the brain," and dare to cast censure on their proceedings. It was a bold attack surely, and can only be equalled by the Dickinson attack on the credulity of the readers of "the Evangelist," when reference in support of this calumny is given to a date on which no number of the Civilta was issued, (August 6, 1854.) But "lie bravely, lie strongly," was one of the maxims of their standard-bearer, and our friend of collegiate ability seems nowise disposed to allow the maxim to be a dead letter. When next he writes, we hope he will think that others know Italian as well as himself, or at least can understand it enough to know, when another "bears false witness against his neighbor."

THE LEADER.—We acknowledge the receipt of the *Leader*. It comes to us in a neat and convenient form—its tone is calm and dignified, and such as we like to see in a Catholic journal. We heartily wish it an encouragement worthy of the cause to which it is devoted, and worthy of the talent of its learned editor.

Record of Events.

From February 20, *to March* 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—A solemn *Requiem* was performed in the Sistine chapel, Jan. 29th, for the late king of Saxony. Cardinal Altieri, cousin to the deceased king, officiated; the pontiff himself was present, and pronounced the absolution from the throne.—A monument is to be erected to the memory of *Tasso*, and Pope Pius IX has placed his name at the head of a subscription for that purpose.—An Association of *Pilgrimage* to Jerusalem has been formed similar to that in Paris; those desirous to make the pilgrimage were to have sailed from Civita Vecchia on the first of March, and after spending thirty-six days in the Holy Land, to return to the place from which they started.—The obsequies for the *two queens* of Sardinia were performed in the church of the Holy Sudarium.—A very interesting marriage ceremony lately took place, which is thus noticed by the correspondent of the *Tablet:* "The parties were Richard Lamb, Esq., and Miss Georgiana Eaton, daughter of the authoress of 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' who was recently received into the Church. It appears, that by especial permission from his Holiness, the Pope, the ceremony took place at the Shrine of the Apostle, in the crypt of St. Peter's, and was performed by the Hon. and Very Rev. Monsignor Talbot. It is asserted that no other instance of a marriage in this privileged portion of the church is on record, nor do the archives of that basilica attest any previous registry of an *English* marriage there at all. It must, indeed, have been impressive; conducted by torchlight, at the foot of the Shrine of the Prince of the Apostles, surrounded by the tombs and memorials of past ages, the picture would vividly recall a similar rite of earliest Christianity in the Church of the Catacombs."—Among the English Catholics who bore tapers before his Holiness at St. Peter's on Candlemas day, were Lord Lovatt, Sir Jas. Fitzgerald, and Mr. Stourton. Sir James' sister took the veil at the convent of Sagro

Cuore the same evening.—An Association has been established among the pontifical troops of the garrison of Rome, for the religious and civil instruction of the soldiers. His Eminence, Cardinal Vannicelli, Archbishop of Ferrara, encouraged it by his presence, and gave lessons himself in reading and catechism to the private soldiers.

Naples.—Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm with which the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was received in the Neapolitan dominions. We take the following from the *Catholic Standard:*

"We have already described the brilliant procession which traversed the streets of Naples to give glory to the Holy Virgin, the magnificence of which was enhanced by the presence of the king and the royal family, with his court, and all the high dignitaries of the State. This religious ceremony was followed by a solemn military fete. Ferdinand II placed his army under the patronage of Immaculate Mary at a review, which brought together 35,000 men. The king went to the Champs de Mars with his family in splendid carriages. The hereditary prince was named colonel on this occasion. He showed himself, as it were, for the first time to the people, this being his political debut. His gravity, the ease and self-possession with which he commanded his regiment was much admired."

Sardinia.—This unhappy government still persists in its determination to destroy the religious institutions. The bill for the suppression of the convents and the sale of their estates and those of the Church, is still urged forward, to the infinite regret of the great body of the people, and to the grief especially of the bishops and the clergy, who have so strenuously petitioned against it. The Holy Father, overwhelmed with grief at the prospect of the affliction about to befall the Church in that kingdom, raised his paternal voice, and in an allocution delivered before the cardinals, entered a solemn protest against the measure. It is doubtful, however, whether his fatherly admonitions will have any effect on the infidel spirit which seems, of late, to direct the deliberations of the parliament of Turin.

Spain.—No particular change has taken place during the last month. The queen by a royal decree, restored to the rank of *Infanta* of Spain, Donna Josephine, the daughter of the Infant Don Francis de Paula, who married M. Guell y Rente. The *Tablet* of the 24th ult. thus speaks of the religious feeling of the people, notwithstanding the violence of those in power:

"Spain remains Catholic notwithstanding the efforts, violence, and sacrilege of revolution. There was on the 9th a magnificent ceremony in the church of the Incarnation at Madrid, in order to celebrate the triumph of the Immaculate Conception. The archbishop of Santiago officiated pontifically, and pronounced, with the remembrance of all that he had witnessed at Rome, a discourse which profoundly affected all present. On the 11th there was to be celebrated a solemnity in honor of the Blessed Virgin, which should surpass in magnificence every thing that had preceded it."

England.—It is stated in the late foreign papers, that a coadjutor is about to be given to his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, and in connection with this statement, the name of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Errington, bishop of Plymouth, was mentioned as the person most likely to be selected by the Holy See for that exalted station. The health of the cardinal is assigned as the reason for the appointment of a coadjutor.

Conversions.—The Rev. Edmund S. Foulkes, one of the most distinguished members of the University of Oxford, was received into the Catholic Church, at Paris, on the Feast of the Purification. Mr. Delancy, formerly a member of the University of Cambridge, and an Anglican minister, who, a short time ago, entered the Ecole des Carmes, to study theology, recently received minor orders from the hands of Cardinal Wiseman.

The proceedings in parliament were rather of an exciting character. Mr. Roebuck's motion to appoint a committee to investigate the management of the war, gave rise to much animated discussion. Several members of the new cabinet resigned in consequence of the motion. A bill was introduced to repeal the stamp on newspapers and substitute in lieu thereof a newspaper postage of one penny per four ounces weight.—Great distress prevailed among the laboring classes, and many thousands were for weeks without food excepting the supplies of charity; riots in consequence took place in Liverpool and London.

IRELAND.—The tenant right movement still continues to occupy considerable attention.—The fairs have been well attended, and cattle of all kinds commanded good prices.—The papers record the death of the Very Rev. Edward O'Rourke, which took place on 2d ultimo, at the Carmelite convent, Dublin.—Letters from Madeira give the gratifying intelligence that the health of Father Mathew was much improved.—Miss Ann Walsh, daughter of James Walsh, Esq., received the black veil at the Presentation convent, Tralee.

FRANCE.—"The dogmatic decree of the Immaculate Conception was published in the church of Notre Dame on the 18th inst. After the gospel, the decree was read in Latin by the Archbishop of Paris, who officiated, assisted by the Patriarch of Antioch. M. l'abbe James, canon, read it in French from the pulpit to the immense assemblage who filled the cathedral. The edifice was hung with white and blue drapery, on which was emblazoned the pontifical arms. Mass was followed by the 'Te Deum,' in which the entire congregation joined, and the ceremony was terminated by the Papal benediction."—*Dublin Tablet.*

Preparations for the war still progresses on an extensive scale. The emperor, at the latest dates, was to review the troops at St. Omer, and was expected to visit Boulogne. It was currently reported that he intended to proceed to the Crimea at an early date. This determination had caused much uneasiness, both in France and England, and was universally disapproved of by the papers. Rumor also has it that the empress contemplates a visit to the seat of war.

AUSTRIA.—Much interest is excited by the meeting of the congress at Vienna, for the purpose of arranging measures for bringing about a peace. Lord John Russell represents Great Britain; M. De Dourguelley, or perhaps a special minister, France; Count Buol, Austria; Riza Bey, Turkey; M. De Wedell, Prussia. Lord John Russell had arrived at Berlin, and was admitted to an audience with the king.

GERMANY.—"A terrible inundation of the Elbe occurred on the 2d ult. The damage done at Hamburg is estimated at from three to four millions of marks. In Hanover many of the dikes gave way, and the land was flooded for miles, causing much loss of property, and probably of life. At Cuxhaven there was but little shipping when the hurricane, which preceded the inundation, came on, and not much damage was done beyond the loss of spars and anchors. A steamer from Leith is reported to be lost at sea, and other sea-going steamers reached port with paddles and deck-works damaged."

THE CRIMEA.—Nothing of special interest has taken place during the last month. Preparations for an assault were actively progressing. The Russians made repeated sorties, but were vigorously repulsed. The weather was becoming more pleasant, and health of the troops generally good.

RUSSIA.—The most startling intelligence from this country is the death of the Czar. This announcement was made to the British Parliament on the night of the 3d inst., and is said to have been caused by apoplexy. The foreign papers generally give credit to the report, although it would seem to want confirmation.

The Russians were defeated in a great battle at Eupatoria, on the 17th Feb., by the Turks, with the loss of 500 killed and a much greater number wounded. An active war movement, however, is still kept up throughout the empire.

BAVARIA.—The King of Bavaria has lately "annulled the ministerial decree expelling the Sisters of the Holy Redeemer from Niederbronn. His majesty gave express orders that no one shall henceforth give any disturbance to these religious. This result is due, we are assured, to the active measures of the Apostolic Nuncio at Munich and to the spirited representations made by the courageous bishop of Spiers. The statesmen bureaucratic have been once more vanquished, because (says the 'Volkshalle') the prince has a head where his ministers have only paper."

PRUSSIA.—Prussia still maintains her neutral position in relation to the belligerent parties, taking no part in the contest beyond her exertions to bring about a peace. A Frankfort paper says: "The negotiations between the Cabinet of Berlin and those of Paris and London are still pending, and the counter-project recently proposed by Prussia is under discussion. It is said that the Prussian Cabinet insists on retaining the liberty of acceding or not to the interpretation of the conditions of peace, and of judging of a *causes belli;* it will not place itself in a position to be ruled by a decision of the majority, and to be led away by the ideas of another."

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

Inauguration of Loyola College.—The twenty-second of February was rendered memorable to the Catholics of Baltimore by the opening of the new College of the Jesuit Fathers which took place on that day. At an early hour the spacious hall in which the ceremonies were performed was filled, not only with Catholics, but a large number of Protestants, all of whom evinced the greatest interest in the exercises. Our space will not permit us to enter into particulars: suffice it to say, that the pupils acquitted themselves on the occasion with credit, and in a manner worthy of their professors. The Inaugural Address, by William George Read, Esq., was able and eloquent. The time and the occasion on which the inauguration of this institution took place, are suggestive of many important reflections: "If there could be a doubt," says the *Catholic Mirror*, "of the devotedness of the Catholic citizen, native or naturalized, to our common country's welfare, the proceedings of that day should set the doubt at rest forever. . . . . . The Professors know that 'he who loves not his country, loves nothing,' and they wished that the first voices of exultation that echoed in their halls, should impress on the youthful minds entrusted to their charge such a holy love for their country and such a zeal for her interests as time and the cares of after life should never be able to efface. Thus they answer the calumnies of their enemies. As early impressions are most lasting, their scholars will speak for them with the enthusiasm of their tender age, and the sentiments they carry to their homes will do more than volumes to refute the insidious tales of romancing politicians. When we consider the apathy of these politicians and of the so-called American party in commemorating this birth-day of Washington, and contrast it with the animation which filled a Jesuit institute of learning, we cannot but admire the impudence that brands the children of St. Ignatius as inimical to republicanism."

2. *Diocese of Charleston.*

Death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds.—With feelings of deep regret, we record the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds, second Bishop of the diocese of Charleston. Though aware of the feeble health of the lamented prelate, still we were unprepared for the mournful intelligence of his death. The following sketch of his life, and tribute to his memory, we take in part from the Catholic Miscellany.

Bishop Reynolds was born near Bardstown, Kentucky, on the 22d of August, 1796 His parents, who were distinguished for their piety, bestowed the utmost attention on his education, and by word and example trained his youthful mind to piety and virtue. At an early age he formed the generous resolution of consecrating himself to the service of God, in the holy ministry, and entered the Episcopal Seminary of Kentucky. He afterwards pursued and completed his theological studies at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. Shortly after his return to Kentucky, he was nominated Professor in St. Joseph's College, and was subsequently appointed to preside over that institution. In 1844 he was selected to fill the vacant See of Charleston. On the 19th of March he was consecrated at the Cathedral of Cincinnati, and proceeded without delay to take possession of his see.

During the eleven years of his Episcopate he labored with untiring zeal to promote the cause of religion. He watched with solicitude over the Catholic institutions, and strove earnestly and anxiously to encourage their growth, and to extend the sphere of their usefulness. His parental kindness, courtesy and generosity, endeared him to his clergy; his urbanity and gentle, yet dignified demeanor towards all, won for him respect, not only of Catholics, but even of those who belonged not to his spiritual jurisdiction. In him the poor, the afflicted and the distressed found a father, a consoler and a friend. The virtues which had so distinguished him during thirty years of a laborious ministry, shone more conspicuously as his life drew to a close. The patience and resignation with which he bore his suffering, especially during the last and painful stages of his disease—the congestion of the lungs—elicited the admiration of all who approached him. Even in his last hour, during the moments immediately preceding his dissolution, when his eyes unconsciously wandered around as if in quest of solace and aid, they ceased their wandering the moment they rested upon the image of his crucified Lord. He has passed from the scene of his labors; he sleeps by the side of his illustrious predecessor; yet his virtues survive, his memory is cherished in the hearts of the Catholics of Charleston.

The funeral of the lamented Bishop took place on the Thursday following his demise, at the Cathedral, attended by a large number of the clergy, and a numerous concourse of people. Solemn Mass of requiem was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, and the Very Rev. Dr. Ryder delivered the eulogy of the deceased. ***Requiescat in pace.***

Immediately after the funeral a meeting of the vestries of the church of the city was held at the Episcopal residence, at which the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch presided. After a few words from the chair in allusion to the mournful occasion which had called them together, the Hon. Judge Rice offered appropriate resolutions, which were unanimously adopted, and directed to be published.

3. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, has addressed an energetic memorial to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, respectfully remonstrating against the passage of an act entitled, "An Act relating to Corporations and to estates held for corporate, religious, and charitable uses." The bill, if carried into a law, would effect a radical change in the manner of holding Church property in the State. The learned prelate, after showing that it was entirely uncalled for by the Catholic laity, and consequently it cannot be considered necessary for their advantage or protection, observes:

"Though it is said to be demanded by the general principles of the country, the undersigned is not aware of, nor does he believe there exists in the constitution or laws of the United States, or in this State, any principle which would require such a measure; and he begs leave to say, that it appears to him, the principles contained in these are the only ones which should be binding on all good citizens; and that to make the views of one portion of the community—though a majority of the moment, a standard to which, without necessity, all others would be required to conform, is subversive of that liberty and that regard for general rights which has hitherto been the most valuable characteristic of the institutions of the country."

4. *Diocese of Hartford.*

Confirmation.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Hartford, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Mary's Church, Stonington, Ct., on the 11th ult., to eighty persons—and on the Sunday following administered the same Holy Sacrament to nearly three hundred children at St. Patrick's Church, New Haven, Conn.

Religious Reception.—Miss Anna Kananagh received the white veil and habit of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, from the hands of the same Rt. Rev. Bishop, in the chapel of our Lady of Mercy, Providence, Rhode Island. A solemn requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late Father Brady was celebrated in St. John's church, Middletown, on the 14th ult.

☞ Want of space compels us to curtail our table of Current Events in this number.

THE

Metropolitan.

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MEMOIR OF VISCOUNT DE CHATEAUBRIAND.

Concluded from page 78.

But the star of Buonaparte had now begun to wane. The allied armies having entered France, Chateaubriand openly declared himself in favor of the ancient dynasty. His sentiments were unequivocally expressed in a pamphlet, which he published in 1814, under the title of *Buonaparte et les Bourbons,* and which Louis XVIII acknowledged to have been worth to him an army. Upon the restoration of this monarch to the throne, Chateaubriand was appointed ambassador to Sweden; but he had not yet taken his departure, when it was announced that Buonaparte had again appeared on the soil of France. Our author advised the king to await his rival in Paris, but this suggestion was not followed. Louis XVIII proceeded to Gand, where Chateaubriand was a member of his council, in the capacity of Minister of the Interior, and drew up an able report on the condition of France, which was considered as a political manifesto. After the second restoration of the Bourbons, he declined a portfolio in connection with Fouche and Talleyrand. Called to a seat in the House of Peers, he attracted considerable attention by some of his speeches. Not less a friend of the Bourbons than of the liberties guarantied by the charter, he endeavored to conciliate the rights of the throne with those of the nation, and he beheld with indignation men, who had been too prominent during the revolutionary period, admitted to the royal councils and to various offices of the administration. Under the influence of these sentiments he published, in 1816, a pamphlet entitled *La Monarchie selon la Charte,* which was an able and popular defence of constitutional government, but by the order of Decazes, president of the council, the work was suppressed, and its author, although acquitted before the tribunals, was no longer numbered among the ministers of state. Deprived of his station and of his income, Chateaubriand was compelled to dispose of his library as a means of subsistence. At the same time, he established the *Conservateur,* a periodical opposed to the *Minerve,* the ministerial organ, and in conjunction with the Duc de Montmorency and others, he carried on a vigorous war against the favorite of the crown. The Cabinet of Decazes could not withstand such an antagonist; the daily assaults of the *Conservateur* made it waver, and the assassination of the Duke of Berri completed its downfall. On the accession of Mons. de Villele to power, Chateaubriand accepted the mission to Berlin. While he occupied this post, he won the attachment of the royal family, the confidence of the Prussian ministers, and the intimate friendship of the Duchess of Cumberland. In 1822, he succeeded Mons. Decazes as the representative of France at the Court of St. James, and soon afterwards crossed the Alps as a delegate to the Congress of Verona. Having distinguished himself in this assembly by eloquently pleading the cause of Greece and defending the interests of his own country in relation to the Spanish war, he returned to France and became minister of foreign affairs. While he held this station, he succeeded in effecting the intervention of his government in behalf of Ferdinand VII, notwithstanding the opposition of Mons. de Villele. He could not, however, maintain his position long, with the antipathies of the king and the jealousy of his prime minister against him. He accordingly retired from the cabinet in 1824, and re-entered the ranks of the liberal opposition, of which he soon became the leader. The contributions of his pen to the columns of the *Journal des Debats,* allowed not a moment's truce to the ministry. He assailed all the measures of the cabinet; the reduction of rents, the rights of primogeniture, the law of sacrilege, the dissolution of the national guard, all were denounced by him with a vigor and constancy which accomplished the fall of Mons. de Villele.

Such was the state of things when Louis XVIII was summoned from life, and Chateaubriand, carefully distinguishing the cause of the dynasty from that of its ministers, who according to him were unworthy of their position, published a pamphlet entitled *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* which was a new proof of his devotedness to the Bourbons. After the inauguration of Charles X, and the formation of the Martignac cabinet, he accepted a mission to Rome, after having declined the offer of a ministerial position. Upon the accession, however, of Prince Polignac to the office of foreign affairs, he immediately sent in his resignation and used his influence against the administration. The events which soon followed, justified his political views. The fatal ordinances of the government in July, 1830, against the liberty of the press and the right of suffrage, precipitated a revolution, which resulted in the exile of the *elder branch of the Bourbons.* In this crisis, Chateaubriand made an eloquent protest, in the House of Peers, against the change of dynasty, and advocated with all his ability the recognition of the Duke of Bordeaux and the appointment of a regent during his minority; but his efforts were fruitless, and the Duke of Orleans rose to power under the name of Louis Philippe.

Unwilling to pledge himself to this new state of things, he relinquished his dignity of peer of the realm, with his public honors and pensions, and retired, poor, into private life. The following year, however, he was roused from his political slumbers, and he published a pamphlet on the *Nouvelle Restauration*, and in 1832, a *Memoire sur la captivité de Madame la Duchesse de Berry*, whom he had visited in her prison, and in 1833, appeared another work entitled *Conclusions.* This last production was seized by the government, and the author was arraigned before the tribunals, but was acquitted by the jury. After a visit to Italy and the south of France, Chateaubriand paid his respects to the family of Charles X at Prague. On his return to Paris, he took no part in public affairs, and left his domestic privacy only to visit the Abbaye Aux-bois, where Madame Racamier assembled in her mansion the flower of the old French society. During the remainder of his life, he was occupied in the study of English literature, in writing the *Life of the*

Abbé de Rancé, and preparing his *Memoires d'outre-tombe.* The political revolution of February, 1848, which hurled Louis Philippe from the throne, did not surprise him because he had predicted it in 1830. Drawing near to his end when the insurrection of June broke forth at Paris, he spoke with admiration of the heroic death of the archbishop, and having received the last rites of religion with great sentiments of piety, he expired on the 4th of July, 1848. His remains were conveyed to St. Malo, his native city, and in compliance with his own request, were deposited in a tomb which the civil authority had prepared for him under a rock projecting into the sea. Mr. Ampere, in the name of the French Academy, delivered an address on the spot, and the Duke de Noailles, who succeeded him in that illustrious society, pronounced his eulogy at a public session held on the 6th of December, 1849.

Chateaubriand had rather a haughty bearing and spoke little. He was fond of praise, and bestowed it liberally upon others. With republican tastes, he defended and served the monarchical system as the established order, and was devoted to the Bourbon dynasty as a matter of honor. His political sentiments never changed, and he never ceased to be the advocate of enlightened liberty. His religious views once formed, he vindicated them by his writings, and honored them in the practice of his life. His disinterestedness was equal to his genius, and his beneficence was continually seconded by that of his wife. They were the founders of the asylum *Marie Therese* at Paris, a home for clergymen who are disabled by infirmity.

The works of Chateaubriand are: *Essai historique, politique et moral sur les révolutions anciennes et modernes, considerées dans leur rapport avec la revolution Française.* Londres, 1797, in 8vo. tome 1. In this work, the author in his attempts to assimilate the events and personages of the French revolution to those of antiquity, displays more imagination than reflection. The style as well as the substance of the volume betrays the youth and inexperience of the writer. He completed this *Essai* in 1814, observing that his political views had suffered no change. This was in fact true, as he espoused in his work the principles of constitutional monarchy, to which he had always adhered. To the honor of the author, he did not assert the same irreligious sentiments that had appeared in the *Essai*. These he nobly retracted in a series of notes which he added to the work, without deeming it necessary to expunge the objectionable passages from the context.

Atala, ou les amours de deux sauvages dans le desert. Paris, 1801, in 18mo. This little romance has been translated into several languages, and derives a singular charm from the vivid descriptions and impassioned sentiments which it contains. Religion, however, has justly censured the too voluptuous character of certain passages, which are unfit for the youthful eye.

Le Genie du Christianisme, or the Beauties of the Christian Religion. Paris, 1802, 3 vols. 8vo. Of all the works of Chateaubriand, this had the happiest influence upon his age and country. Voltaire and his school had too well succeeded in representing the dogmas of Christianity as absurd, its ceremonial ridiculous, and its influence hostile to the progress of knowledge. But Chateaubriand, by the magic power of his pen, produced a revolution in public sentiment. Addressing himself chiefly to the imagination and the heart, he compares the poets, philosophers, historians, orators and artists of modern times with those of pagan antiquity, and shows how religion dignifies and improves all that breathes its hallowed inspiration. The inaccuracies of thought and expression which appeared in the first edition, were corrected in the subsequent issues of the work.

Rene, an episode of the *Genie du Christianisme.* Paris, 1807, in 12mo. In this fiction the writer depicts the advantages of religious seclusion, by showing the wretchedness of solitude where God is not the sustaining thought in the soul of man.

Les Martyrs, ou Le Triumphe de la Religion Chretienne. Paris, 1810, 3 vols. in 8vo. The subject and characters of this work are borrowed from antiquity, sacred and profane. The author proves what he advances in his *Beauties of Christianity,* that religion, far more than mythology, ministers to poetic inspiration. The expiring civilization of paganism, Christianity emerging from the catacombs, the manners of the first Christians and those of the barbarous tribes of Germany, furnish the author with a varied and interesting theme, which he presents with all the attractions of the most cultivated style.

Itineraire de Paris a Jerusalem, et de Jerusalem a Paris, &c. Paris, 1811, 3 vols. in 8vo. This work, one of the most interesting from the pen of the illustrious author, is characterized by beauty and fidelity of description, grand and poetic allusions, a happy choice of anecdote, sound erudition, and a perfect acquaintance with antiquity. With the publication of his travels in the East, Chateaubriand considered his literary life brought to a close, as he soon after entered the career of politics, which continued until the downfall of Charles X, in 1830.

During that period he published a large number of works, relating chiefly to the political questions of the day. The more important are those entitled *De Buonaparte, des Bourbons, &c.*, 1814—*Reflexions Politiques*, 1814—*Melanges de Politique*, 1816—*De la Monarchie selon la Charte*, 1816. This treatise may be considered as the political programme of the author, and is divided into two parts. In the first he exposes the principles of representative government, the liberty of thought and of the press, &c., and in the second he urges the necessity of guarding against revolutionary license, and points out the rights of the clergy and the popular system of public instruction. In his *Etudes Historiques,* 2 vols. 8vo. 1826, he lays down three kinds of truth as forming the basis of all social order; religious truth, which is found only in the Christian faith; philosophical truth, or the freedom of the human mind in its efforts to discover and perfect intellectual, moral and physical science; political truth, or the union of order with liberty. From the alliance, separation or collision of these three principles, all the facts of history have emanated. The world's inhabitants he divides into three classes; pagans, Christians, and barbarians; and shows how, in the first centuries of our era, they existed together in a confused way, afterwards commingled in the medieval age, and finally constituted the society which now covers a vast portion of the globe. During the same year, 1826, the author published his *Natchez,* 2 vols. 8vo. containing his recollections of America, and *Aventures du dernier des Abencerages*, in 8vo., a romance not less charming than his Atala, and free from the objectionable character of that publication. The works that came from the author's pen after his retirement into private life, are, besides those mentioned above, *Essai sur la Literature Anglaise, &c.*, 2 vols. 8vo.—*Le Paradis perdu de Milton, traduction nouvelle*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1836—*Le Congrés de Verone*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1838—*Vie de l'Abbé de Rancé,* in 8vo. 1844, rather a picture of the manners of the French court in the 17th century than a life of the distinguished Trappist—but the pen of the immortal writer still displays the vigorous and glowing style of his earlier productions, though certain passages criticised by the religious press show that it is not unexceptionable.

The *Memoires d'outre-tombe*, a posthumous work of the author, was published at Paris in ten, and has been reprinted in this country in five volumes. Chateaubriand here sketches with a bold hand the picture of his whole life; a mixture of revery and action, of misfortune and contest, of glory and humiliation. We see grouping around him all the prominent events of contemporaneous history, which he explains and clears up. A remarkable variety exists in the subject-matter and in the tone of this work. The gayest and most magnificent descriptions of nature often appear side by side with the keenest satire upon society, and the loftiest considerations of philosophy and morals are blended with the most simple narrative. The vanity of human things appears here with striking effect, and the sadness which they inspire becomes still more impressive under the touches of that impassioned eloquence which describes them. At times, we discover in the writer the ingenious wit, and the clear, expressive and eminently French prose of Voltaire. These *Memoires,* however, are not faultless. The first part, in which he portrays the dreamy aspirations of his youth, may prove dangerous to the incautious reader. Critics charge the author with an affectation of false simplicity, with the abuse of neology and with a puerile vanity in speaking either in his own praise or otherwise. They pretend also that the work is overwrought, contains contradictions, and betrays sometimes in the same page the changing impressions of the author.

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE CHURCH.

Questions of the Soul. By I. T. Hecker. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

It is evident to the most superficial observer, that modern Deism is making astonishing progress in our country, especially in the eastern States—the former stronghold of Puritanism. The belief in the leading doctrines of Christianity is becoming vague and unsettled. The point that it has taken some nations three centuries to reach, we have gained in a generation. Doubt and indifference have succeeded to the most positive ideas in matters of faith,—and an absence of all restraint, to the most rigid church discipline. The change has been so great that were the stern Puritans to revisit us, they would not recognize as their descendants those who bear their names and boast of their deeds. But so it is, change follows change. The work of the so-called Reformation remains unaccomplished—for Reformation is still the watchword of the enthusiastic, the ardent and the hopeful amongst us who look for the good time, which is always coming, but sad to say, never comes—at least in the form in which they woo it.

Proceeding from this unsettled state of religious conviction, we discover two tendencies particularly manifest at the present time, essentially opposite and contradictory, and both diverging from the great central truth of Christianity. On one hand we perceive a decided leaning towards cold, hard disbelief, and a declension of faith, finally merging into, and becoming lost in, the grossest forms of materialism. This result is accelerated, not only by the wrangling of the sects as proclaimed in the confusion of tongues in which they urge their discordant claims, ending in the rejection of all, but measurably, by the undue importance assigned by the general voice, to material objects, and also, by the industrial triumphs realized in the subserviency of science to the mechanic arts and agriculture, and the impetus given to the commercial spirit by the practical application of steam, in effecting communication with distant points, bringing remote countries within reach, opening new regions and affording increased facilities for trade.

In view of these great achievements, man's self esteem is nourished. A false idea of greatness leads to a forgetfulness of his dependent state—he concentrates his affections on earthly objects and grasps at wealth and power, to minister to self gratification as his only good;—led astray by pride his intellect rebels against God,—he becomes indifferent to the high destiny for which he was created,—he departs farther and farther from the light of revelation till it becomes finally obscured and his proud and rebellious heart whispers to him "there is no God,—eat, drink, be merry,—die, and thy destiny is accomplished."

On the other hand a growing taste for investigation into matters beyond the domain of reason,—an arrogant questioning of the order ordained by Providence for the government of man and the regulation of the universe, has given rise to the most absurd theories and the most dangerous delusions; imposture and credulity are so mixed up as to render the original elements scarcely discernible, and the result is so eminently ridiculous as to provoke our laughter, did not indignation against the knaves and commiseration for the dupes, enlist our most serious attention. We behold some unfortunates rushing on self-destruction in order to hasten the solution of their doubts, whilst others—with shattered minds—close their search after forbidden knowledge within the walls of our insane asylums. The worm would be equal unto God,—and lo! he becomes less than man, in losing man's title to supremacy over the brute. This is the end of "modern spiritualism"—the extreme of "modern materialism." The "materialist," the scriptures emphatically declare to be "a fool"—the spiritualist is bereft of reason. Such indeed are the sad results of a deviation from divinely established and authoritative Christianity; nor need we be surprised thereat; for they are but the natural consequences of the religious revolt—but a confirmation of the predictions of those who saw the wide spread degradation which was to follow the separation from God, in the proclamation of the right of private judgment in matters of faith, and the erection of the scriptures into an element of contention, instead of a code subject only to the interpretation of a lawful tribunal.

When man loses his hold upon revelation, and casts loose from "the faith once delivered to the saints" and communion with them and their successors, he cannot long maintain a middle ground. If logical in following out the first step of departure from the infallible standard, he inevitably reaches one or the other extreme. Some there are, it is true, who remain undecided—and wavering, are lost;—but they are those of feeble intellect,—the bold, the daring and the skeptical reach the terminus sooner or later. When they once pass the great central truth—on one side of which is belief in every thing, on the other in nothing—the descent is rapid—the end certain.

But there are many who, retaining a portion of Christian truth, and dissatisfied with the unfruitfulness of Protestantism, in which they were nurtured, look for a new revelation. These men feel the instincts of a higher destiny; but pride and human respect, and the impressions of early training, draw them away from the fountain of living waters, where alone they can assuage their thirst after knowledge. Their vision is clouded to the perception of the beaten path—that, which has been followed for ages—which, opened by Christ, has been trodden by the army of his saints, and along which they have erected their signals. This is no flowery path, inviting to ease and luxurious repose, for duty points the way, and permits no wavering from her stern dictates. Behold, on either side, the warning crosses of those who fell whilst on their journey—bearing the yoke of Christ and in his service—and dying left them there, beacons to guide the steps of future travellers, as well as lights to animate and cheer them on. See! this, the Eagle of Hippo planted, and this, the Angel of the Schools; and these,—set up in later days—were borne by blessed Alphonsus, and heroic Xavier, and the friend of the poor—Vincent de Paul. What a perfect line! reaching to our own days. There are crosses of little children, of youths and maidens, of old men and women, of pontiffs and laymen, of freemen and slaves;—all conditions of life, all races, all colors are represented on this way;—from the ends of the earth they have been gathered into this path;—it is that which leads to eternal life—that connects earth and heaven;—there is no other—no newer—no easier,—no first class railroad line!—All who would make the journey must enter therein in humility like unto little children.

The regenerators of society and enthusiasts of our day, in their search after novelties, and in the various panaceas for the cure of the ills of life, forget or despise the warning conveyed in the case of the man who, condemned to everlasting separation from God, besought that a messenger might be sent to those on earth whom he loved, to admonish them of his fate, so that they might profit thereby. "They have Moses and the prophets" was the answer. Yes!—and we have the law of Christ and his ever-living, speaking, Church. No more signs can be expected—no more proofs. The commission, "Go, teach all," is a finality. There is no other organ for the enunciation and propagation of truth—no other source of knowledge—no other means for the communication of the tidings of salvation—no other guide to direct man in the attainment of the perfect realization of his destiny.

There is something so great in man, that even in his most fallen state he gives evidence of the nobility of his nature, and of the sublime destiny for which he was created. If Dives, though in hell, could feel compassion for his unfortunate brethren, and beg of God to send his messenger to them—that they might repent and be saved, with what divine charity must the souls of those be animated, who, having found God and his truth, enjoy while yet on earth a foretaste of their destiny in being united with God,—burn to proclaim the tidings to former companions who still wander in error—led astray by the passion and the pride of life—battling against the grosser modes of existence—cast about by every wind of doctrine—looking up to heaven for a new revelation—spurning that exemplified in the life of the God-man in all its details of precept, and practice, and denying the efficacy and sufficiency of that crowning act of redemption, accomplished at the price of his blood—blotting out the stain of Adam and rendering man once more a pleasing object in the sight of his creator.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of the little book—the title of which heads this article—written by one whose investigations have led him to the source of truth, and who desires to announce to all, the fulness of his joy and at the same time to clear away some of the mists of ignorance and prejudice that obscures the glorious vision from so many with whom he long held companionship in doubt and disappointment of the present—in hope of the future—the hope which with him has ended in fruition.

The preface at once enlists us by its out-spoken earnestness. Read the following extract:

> "One thing we can truly say of the following sheets; they are not idle speculations. Our heart is in them, and our life's results. That they may be a means to answer life's problem to earnest souls, is our only ambition. With this, knowing that truth is never spoken in vain, we send them forth."

Noble words!—seasonable, bold, and worthy of a Christian! They will, we believe, be a means of arresting the attention and indicating a guidance to many whose noblest aspirations have hitherto wanted a definite aim, and whose best acts have been rendered nugatory by misdirection. "Not always does doubt spring from deficiency,—in earnest hearts, it is but another form of faith and prayer"—are the cheering words of the author, addressed to those wanderers, if they will but turn their misgivings and irresolution to proper account, by offering them, a sacrifice of obedience, on the altar of faith. These "Questions of the Soul," if pondered well, and the answers duly weighed, will go far we believe to resolve doubts into certainty and lead to a line of action which can be pursued without fear or perplexity.

The author sets out with an inquiry into man's destiny and its nature. From the dignity of man, he shows, that God alone is the end of man and that his true destiny is, "to know, to love, to live for God." Respecting this destiny, Goethe and Schiller, Carlyle and Emerson, W. H. Channing and Margaret Fuller, are interrogated, but all fail in defining it satisfactorily. In the attempts so often made towards realizing a nobler mode of being—a more spiritual life—the author lays before us the ideas of Plato, Socrates, Pythagoras and others of the ancients, and notices their insufficiency to meet the requirements of man's nature, and their consequent decay and final passing away. Of the existence of a similar craving of the heart in the United States, he remarks,

> "There is a large class of persons in the United States who look for and seek a more spiritual and earnest life. There is scarcely an American family which will not testify to the truth of this statement, not only as a present fact but as a part of its history, by the efforts of some one or more of its members to realize such a life. One might almost say that this desire, after a more spiritual life, is one of the chief characteristics of the American people."

We have next a description of "Brook Farm," "Fruitland," and kindred experiments. The ideas, hopes and aspirations of the members are placed before us chiefly in their own words. Yet notwithstanding all that was noble, generous and unselfish, these enterprises were marked by barrenness—they came to nought.

Marking all these failures, the author exclaims—"Were all these high hopes but idle fancies and splendid insufficiencies? Were all these holy aspirations but illusions and deceptive dreams? Were these heroic sacrifices but evidences of minds deluded? Then is life a mockery." . . . . . "Is there a path?" . . . . . "There is, one that leads us to our final aim; who is the one that has discovered it, and standing out as a guide, can say to humanity ''Tis I; I am the way that leads to truth and life—follow me!'"

In Christ, the model,—his life the model life, is the answer to the question, "Is there a path?" In the chapters—"The model man"—"The model life"—embracing the life of Christ and the plan of redemption—we have, in vigorous style, and with a brevity rarely equalled, these momentous "questions" treated—the gospel language being freely introduced in the most happy manner in illustration and confirmation of the chief points.

The author next passes to the "Idea of the Church,"—what the Church should be, in order to manifest the continuance of Christ amongst men, in an authoritative guide and teacher, and to satisfy the demands of the soul in its passage to its final end,—"Where and which is this Church?" Are we "still to look for it in the future?"

> "What first claims our serious attention is the faith of the Church in which we were born and nurtured—the Protestant. Is the Protestant Church a true, kind

and loving mother, from whose breasts her children can draw copious streams of truth and love? or, is she a step-mother, heartless, cold, and are her breasts of stone? What is Protestantism?

"Protestantism courts free inquiry, and hails the disenthralled intellect of man with shouts of joy; and we on our side will meet it with earnest hearts, with minds bent upon pursuing the truth at all costs, and with brave resolves to embrace it, and be true to its behests lead where they may. What says Protestantism?"

Protestantism fails in realizing the "Idea of the Church!" at the important point so often reached by those who seek the truth, and where so many falter, turning into the ways that branch off on either side to "materialism" or "spiritualism." We quote the author's summing up of the result of his investigations at this interesting stage of the inquiry:

"If there be upon earth such a thing as the real Church of Christ, it must teach the same teachings, it must live the same life, it must work the same works, it must image, express, and body forth Jesus Christ himself. As he was the Teacher and Redeemer to the generations in which he lived, so must his Church be the Teacher and the Redeemer to all generations of the world until the end of time.

"We have tried Protestantism and found it wanting. It is inadequate to satisfy the wants of the heart, or to meet the demands of the intellect. Protestantism does not represent Christ.

"What now shall we do? What hope remains, or is there any left? Is the idea of the Church a dream? Is Christianity a delusion? Was Christ a mistaken enthusiast?—a merely human philosopher, whose system must die out when his personal influence has had time to pass away? At any rate, we will be honest; and to be honest and Christian men, and yet to be Protestant, we cannot.

"What shall we do? . . . . . We will go forward, but whither? To go outside of Christianity without the hope of one greater than Christ, is to go back, and plunge one's self once more in the darkness of heathenism. To attempt to improve Christianity from within, unless we are superior to Christ, is only to add another to the catalogue of religious frauds and impositions.

"The path grows narrower and narrower. There is no escape! What is left us? *Rome!!*

"What! Rome? Is it not an acknowledged fact that Rome and Romanism, Pope and Popery, have failed? Is not Romanism dead? nay, even buried? Would you in mockery of our woe send us to Rome? . . . . . Is it there, that the hunger of the soul after truth, and its cravings for love and beauty, are to be appeased? After all our wanderings, are we then to be brought back to the spot on which we turned our backs at the outset of our inquiries after truth?"

"What says Rome?" No one can long pursue the search after truth without the glorious vision of Rome arresting his attention and challenging his admiration and his love. No historian can trace the progress of men and nations, without being struck by the wonderful influence exerted by Rome in the original formation of the Christian society and in its reconstruction after the irruption of the barbarians, when was laid the foundations of our boasted civilization—Rome is the key of history. No poet can sing like him who strikes his lyre under the chastening of Rome, and lets its chords vibrate the whole future destiny of man, in paradise, in purgatory and in hell—Rome is the soul of poetry. No artist, untaught of Rome, can hope to fix upon his canvass, the ideal of our Virgin Mother—the glory of archangels, the martyrs' triumph, the heroic deeds of saints and holy ones—Rome is the protector of the arts, the seat of beauty and of truth.

Cathedral vast and humble church whisper alike of changeless Rome, and names of men and women, of cities, squares and streets, of consecrated days, of popular sports, of terms of courts, of mountains and valleys, of bays and headlands, of ships and marts of commerce, of discoveries and new lands—all, direct us thither, as the ancient, present, and ever to be perpetuated Church of God.

> "What," asks the author, "does Rome say to the questions that Protestantism has failed to answer? What says Rome to the need of an unerring and divine authority in religion?
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> "Rome declares distinctly and emphatically that in religion there is no other than an unerring and divine authority, and that none other should be obeyed. Such is Rome's answer to the question of authority.
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> "Rome tells us more; she says, that to deny and repudiate in religion all human authority, and to believe and obey nothing that does not rest on a divine basis, this it is to be Catholic. Such is Rome's answer to the supreme want of the heart—obedience. Rome, therefore, imposes upon no one a human authority. The man that occupies St. Peter's chair, as man, is no more than the measure of any other man. The man that occupies St. Peter's chair, as the successor of St. Peter, as the head of Christ's Church, and his representative on earth, his voice is Christ's voice. His voice is not only Christ's voice to others, but also to himself. The Pope, as a man and as a Catholic, is bound, first of all, to obey the authority of Christ, of which he is the representative, central organ and mouthpiece.
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> "The least instructed and most simple-minded Catholic obeys the authority of no man, whether he be a priest, a bishop, an archbishop, a cardinal, or the Pope himself. No Catholic, as Catholic, owes obedience to any other authority than the authority of God. Let any one venture to claim any other authority, or present any thing contrary to the divinely received dogmas and doctrines of the Church, and the whole Catholic world would be up in arms in an instant.
>
> "The Pope is equally subject to the doctrine of the Church as the poorest and humblest Catholic in the United States, and the conditions of salvation are the same for him as for any other Catholic. His obedience is just as great. It would not be a thing unheard of for a Pope to be refused absolution by a simple priest, his confessor. From this point of view, there reigns a most perfect equality in the Catholic Church. And while all obey, none feel degraded; on the contrary, the authority being divine, obedience, while it gives security, repose and peace to the heart, elevates, ennobles, and gives freedom to the mind."

He traces Rome's teaching—from "childhood" and her solicitude for the little ones, to "confession"—that so completely meets the needs of man's burthened conscience and washes away the stain of sin—comforts, consoles and directs the sinner on the re-opened path of peace and virtue,—thence to the "Eucharist," that blessed sacrament that fills the heart of man with love and unites him to God, and "Extreme Unction," that prepares him for the final passage to a happy eternity. In all these doctrines, the author shows how completely the Church applies herself to the necessities of the soul. "Thus," he exclaims,

> "The Catholic Church, the bride of Christ, the true mother of our souls, receives the infant at its birth by holy Baptism, yea, even before baptism, in preparing its birth by the sanctification of the marriage of its parents; and by her guidance through all the vicissitudes of life, and the helps of her holy sacraments, she leads it to the grave, and ceases not her hold upon her child beyond the grave, till she sees it safe and secure, a citizen of heaven, in its true home, in the bosom of God. She realizes the very ideal of a true and loving mother of souls.
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> "Though the soul has reached heaven, the bond of sympathy between it and the Church is not broken; it still continues to be her child,—yea, more hers now than ever, for the triumphant church in heaven, the militant church upon earth, and the suffering church in the place of purification, are one, and united closely in sympathy as one body.
>
> 'Bond of strange union; when we kneel
> With saints on earth, and saints on high
> Bound in mysterious sympathy.'

> "Such are the answers of the Catholic Church to the deep wants of man's heart; and in these answers, the heart finds full satisfaction, supreme repose, and perfect bliss. And we, on our part, have no fear, that the system of religion which satisfies fully the wants of the heart, is not strong enough to stand the severest tests of the most rigid logic. For, the affections of the heart are also guides to truth, and as unerring, when pure, as the logic of the understanding."

The writer next passes to "external testimony," and shows how the Church meets man's needs. By supplying spiritual direction, in the way she opens for those "who would realize in daily conduct the life of Christ, in all its purity, loveliness and beauty"—through her religious orders; by her inculcation of the practice of religious obedience, so entirely consistent with perfect liberty; by her approval of voluntary poverty for the love of Christ—in order to be like unto Christ; by her defence of chastity and wise sanction of celibacy, so that some at least of her children might be freed from the cares of life and the ties of family, and emancipated from the harassing restrictions consequent on making provision for the future of a narrow circle, and ready to depart with scrip and staff to proclaim the glad tidings to far lands, or to devote themselves more entirely to their vocation and realize in a more special manner the bequest of their divine Master by ministering unto his suffering members—the poor; by her sanction of self-denial and mortification, so that the disciple might imitate his Redeemer—take up his cross and follow him; by her love of nature, in pressing even material objects into her service, making them tributary to man, and do homage through him, to God,—in order that all things should praise their Creator.—"And why should she not," asks the author, "when all nature contributes to her most sacred functions, and takes an essential part in her worship?"

In the "exhortation" the author vividly depicts the glory and perfection of the Christian life.

> "To those who seek for true greatness, and a permanent basis for action, a divine basis for life,—a basis that will give to the intellect ever brighter visions of truth, to the heart irresistible impulses to love and heroism, and to the arm an unfailing strength; a life that will render them independent of all ties of kindred and friendship, and make them conquerors of the world, and masters of themselves; it is here, in these schools of religious discipline, they will find it, and all the means to make such a life their own. Out of these schools came the Jeromes, Augustines, Gregories, Bernards, Francises, the Vincent de Pauls, the Xaviers, and other great doctors and missionaries of the Church. Yes, the Catholic Church is the mother of great men, the nurse of heroes, and of an unfailing succession of saints and martyrs. It is the very nature of the Catholic faith when it takes root in the heart to make men superior to nature, and true heroes."

In "conclusion" he solves the question of questions.

> "Man has a destiny,—his end is God,—his life is divine. Jesus Christ is the complement of man,—the restorer of the race. The Catholic Church is the manifestation of Jesus Christ,—the organ by which Jesus Christ perpetuates his life upon earth, and the organ of man's restoration, and nature's restoration through man."

In taking our leave of this remarkable book, we would say to all who would wish to hear Rome's answer to the question of man's destiny, in its practical application to the life of the Christian, in leading him on to its accomplishment—"read this little work,"—it will amply repay perusal; for in addition to earnest, burning language, and a style, combining brevity with wonderful force—making every sentence tell on the reader, it abounds with the choicest quotations from writers of the transcendental school, who furnish conclusive evidence, in their own words, of the unsatisfying character of their attempts to render the individual independent of authority, and the hopelessness of their endeavors to imitate, even faintly, the divine life, which is only possible within the pale of the Church.

The writer has done well in compressing his matter; ponderous tomes are slighted by our people,—enough that we have the pith and marrow of the subject. This book goes forth to enlist many readers in the outer world, and as the "questions" are pertinent to the complexion of the times and the existing state of religious feeling, we are glad on this account, that the author has given it a popular form, and we welcome it as a valuable addition to our literature. We hail it as an instalment of a long list of contributions bearing the Christian impress, which shall go far to counteract the effects of the flood of anti-christian and licentious publications—native and imported—which pouring cheaply from the press, deluges the land and threatens a general demoralization and corruption of morals and manners. We accept it as the record of the throbbings of a generous and truly American heart, Catholic, and therefore, hopeful of the future of the republic. And what a glorious future! A passing ray lately swept before the vision of Mr. Bancroft, but he saw but dimly and undiscerningly the surpassing beauty of Christian America. To the eye of Faith it presents itself in unveiled splendor; this is the "manifest destiny" of which men talk, as did the pagans of "the unknown God,"—it is in their midst, though they know it not, though they ignore its presence, though they hate it or dispise it. The Church in America is the destiny of the republic—she shall make of us one people, and bind us in a common bond of union, and this shall be our future.

To the earnest, those who in sincerty seek the truth, and who in their search may have been led to "Brook Farm," or to "Fruitland"—to the investigation of "spiritualism," or into the mazes of "transcendentalism," we commend these "questions of the soul"—for them, the subject is all important.

That the author's hopes concerning the youth of our land, will be realized it is our consolation to believe; for therein consists the salvation of the republic. Those "who have no instilled misconceptions of the truth, and who, when it is seen, have the loyalty and the courage to embrace it," must look to Rome, and in the voice of Rome, recognize the echo of HIS voice—resounding through the centuries—who said, "HEAR THE CHURCH."

R. E.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

An Extract from a short poem, by REV. DR. FABER.

O PUREST of creatures! sweet Mother! sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother! and we
Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come down on this rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are boldly unfurled;
And the tempest-toss'd Church—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

The Church doth what God had first taught her to do;
He look'd o'er the world to find hearts that were true;
Through the ages, He look'd, and He found none but thee,
And he loved thy clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea!

SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE

Delivered in the Cathedral of Baltimore, March 15th, 1855, on the occasion of a funeral service for the late Bishop of Charleston. By Rev. C. I. White, D. D.*

> "Martha said to Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But now also I know that whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith to her, thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith to him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. Jesus said to her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one that liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever. Believest thou this? She saith to him, yea, Lord, I have believed that thou art Christ the son of the living God, who art come into this world." *John* xi.†

My Brethren:

The circumstances under which we are assembled, are but a repetition of the impressive and affecting scene recorded in the gospel, which represents to us Jesus and Martha conversing familiarly over the remains of Lazarus which lay mouldering in the grave. In that simple and touching language which only the most tender affection could inspire, she exposes to our Divine Saviour the poignancy of her grief: she lays open her sorrowing heart to that Heart which was love itself, and whose boundless compassion offered a true and only solace for all the ills of humanity. She does not appeal in vain. "Thy brother shall rise again," said the Saviour. . . . . . "I am the resurrection and the life; he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one who liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever." Such is the consoling language which the Son of God addresses also to us on the present occasion. A distinguished and venerated brother of the household of faith has been snatched away from us by the unsparing hand of death, and his friends, members of the same great family to which he belonged, hasten into the presence of Jesus Christ, to hear from him the word of comfort and of hope; and what does he say to us? "I am the resurrection and the life: he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live; and every one who liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever." Happy, my brethren, if like Martha, we accept with unfaltering faith these consoling declarations of the Son of God! Thrice happy, if it be given to us to understand the immortal hopes, the imperishable life of him who believes in Jesus Christ! This is the sublime, yet practical lesson we have to learn from the ceremonial of this day. We are assembled, not to mourn over the loss of a mere man; for man is nothing unless reflected in the mirror of the divinity: much less do we weep over the unbeliever, whose tomb is shrouded in everlasting terrors: we are come together, to contemplate the character of the Christian, and particularly the Christian priest and pontiff; to behold him, although cut off by the stern decree of death, yet advanced in the way of life; to view him still holding communion with us, still the object of our pious regard; and to refresh our minds and hearts by the mutual consolation which these considerations are calculated to inspire.

It was the happiness of our departed friend to be born of parents who were deeply impressed with the infinite importance of religion. They had emigrated from the State of Maryland to that of Kentucky, when the latter was still the haunt of the savage inhabitants of the forest; yet offering inducements to industry and enterprise which were not to be found in their former home. Looking, however, to the main point, which should always be the governing principle in the projects of life, the early Catholic settlers of Kentucky established themselves as far as practicable in the same part of the country, the vicinity of Bardstown, that they might enjoy more effectually the consolations of their religion. At the birth of Ignatius Reynolds, which occurred on the 20th of August, 1798, the Catholic community in that region were, comparatively speaking, well provided with zealous missionaries who neglected no means of promoting the spiritual welfare of their flock. In a few years, other laborers arrived in the vineyard; then the erection of an episcopal see and the establishment of institutions for the education of youth, gave a more effective organization to the Church in Kentucky, and threw round the rising generation that protection which is so necessary a safeguard of faith and morals.

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* It was designed to furnish an article in the form of a biographical memoir, but on reflection it was deemed more instructive and edifying to present the information as embodied in the following discourse.

† Gospel of the liturgy on the occasion of an interment.

But to the vigilance of his parents, and especially to the solicitude of a pious mother, was the young Reynolds chiefly indebted for that elevation of character which distinguished him through life. A pattern of every Christian virtue, and fully sensible of the paramount obligation incumbent on her, she taught him from the very dawn of reason to look up to heaven as the glorious end of his creation and the only worthy object of his aspirations. With what affectionate reverence, with what grateful veneration did he always speak of that mother, who had watched so assiduously over his childhood, to protect it against the blighting influence of the world, and to impress his mind and heart with every celestial grace! How justly did he cherish the memory of parents, who had proved themselves so devoted to his true happiness! For, here was the secret of that excellence and distinction to which he subsequently attained: here was the sowing of the precious seed which afterwards grew into a stately tree, and brought forth the fairest fruits of virtue.

Under these favorable auspices, Mr. Reynolds traversed successfully the period of youth, that critical age which, according to the declaration of the holy scriptures, determines the character of man for life. "A young man according to his way; even when he is old he will not depart from it."* The instance before us is but a confirmation of the inspired word. As the young Reynolds advanced in years, he beheld religion diffusing on every side her peaceful blessings, and under the impulse of those virtuous impressions which he had received under the parental roof, he availed himself with eagerness of the graces which she dispensed. He was equally diligent in the cultivation of the talents which God had bestowed upon him. His abilities were of no common order. Endowed with a quick comprehension and an exuberant fancy, he was naturally formed for the acquisition of knowledge, and he was assiduous in setting to profit the opportunities of instruction which his native State then afforded. But the absorbing object of his thoughts and aspirations was the science of the saints: for he well understood the utter worthlessness of all knowledge that did not tend ultimately to the sanctification of his soul.

Thus did the Almighty exhibit in his youthful character the germ of that high destiny to which he was called, and already mark him as a vessel of election, to publish to the world the saving doctrines of religion. No sooner had he acquired the rudiments of secular learning, than he manifested an inclination for the sacred sciences, and a desire to consecrate himself entirely to the service of the Church and the greater glory of God. With what joy these indications of his vocation to the ecclesiastical state were witnessed by his pious parents, may be better imagined than described: with what gratitude to heaven they were hailed by the chief pastor of the diocese, may be readily conceived, when we consider the rapid progress of religion in Kentucky during the first quarter of this century, the number of Catholics having increased in a ten-fold ratio, and presenting a harvest for the gathering of which the missionary force then in the field was altogether inadequate. Under these circumstances, the eminent qualities of our departed friend opened a bright perspective for that portion of the Church; and they who had the charge of his education, understood the importance of affording him every facility for the prosecution of his studies, and the thorough training of his heart to the spirit of the sanctuary. Under the able professors who then dispensed the light of sacred knowledge in the West, he drank deeply at the fount of theological lore, while he strove with unremitting assiduity to perfect himself in those virtues which became the sanctity of his profession. That nothing, however, should be omitted for the development of the excellent gifts he had received, and for turning them to the best advantage for the service of religion: (for the apostle would have the "man of God to be perfect and furnished to every good work,") he was advised to seek in the literary institutions of the East a more extensive acquaintance with the natural sciences. The Church of God presses every thing into her service for the refutation of error and the more successful diffusion of divine truth. It is the office of religion to lead men to God, and such also is the end of the beautiful creation around us. Hence science and art must always be the handmaids of religion, co-operating with her in proclaiming the magnificence, the wisdom and the goodness of the Almighty.

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* Prov. xxii, 6.

With these views, Mr. Reynolds repaired in December, 1821, to the ecclesiastical seminary of Baltimore, "the Alma Mater of religion in the West," and while he continued in that institution to occupy himself with various branches of sacred learning, he applied himself particularly to the study of chemistry and the mathematics, under the distinguished lecturers who then shed so much glory over old St. Mary's, not less by the splendor of their virtue than by the vastness of their scientific acquirements. Who can recall without a sense of grateful admiration, the memory of the Wheelers and the Chevignés; men who by the fervor of their genius animated their pupils to climb with cheerfulness the rugged steeps of knowledge, while in the modest virtue and unaffected piety of their lives they exhibited the true dignity of the Christian scholar! It was under these accomplished professors that our departed friend enriched his mind with the treasures of physical science. Having a peculiar taste and facility for the acquisition of these branches of learning, he soon became conversant with those wonderful evidences of divine power and wisdom, which are displayed in the laws of the universe; in those mighty orbs which traverse the boundless fields of space, and in the mysterious recesses of the earth beneath our feet: and his mind and heart became as it were attuned to the voice of inspiration, which calls upon the heavens and the earth, upon the sun and moon, upon all things, animate and inanimate, to proclaim the glory of the Most High.

But, the time had arrrived, when he was to communicate to others the store of knowledge which he had accumulated with so much industry. Having been promoted to the holy order of priesthood in October, 1823, by the Most Rev. Dr. Mareschal, he returned to his native State, where he became a professor in St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, which had been only a few years in operation, and which seemed to require some master mind to consolidate it as an institution of learning, and to give it increased respectability and efficiency in the eyes of the public, by the enlargement of its course of study. The energy and acquirements of Mr. Reynolds pointed him out as a fit person to preside over the interests of that establishment, which at the same time was embarrassed with a heavy indebtedness. His labors here were crowned with the most flattering success. The college was freed from its difficulties, and in a short space of time attained a degree of prosperity which could scarcely have been anticipated. But, whatever importance we may attach to a skilful economy, it will always be subordinate to that firmness of discipline, which is the conservative element of an educational institution. It was by a due enforcement of rule that the Rev. Mr. Reynolds maintained the reputation of the college, as a house where the premature independence of American youth could be effectively controlled, and made to bend under the dictates of reason and of law. All this, however, could not satisfy the lofty aspirations of the priest of God. What real joy could he have experienced, if in the midst of his arduous labors, he felt that he was only imparting to the mind of youth a knowledge that puffeth up, that would swell the heart with a vain self-complacency, and exert no influence for the great interests of eternity? Such indeed is the spirit of the age in which we live; for the genius of error is always the same, and we still hear among its deluded votaries loud and incessant clamorings for knowledge, as if mere knowledge were a panacea for all the miseries of our fallen condition, as if knowledge had not brought upon our first parents and all their posterity that endless train of evils to which they are doomed; as if the voice of experience did not proclaim in thunder-tones, that knowledge is now what it was in the very origin of time, a forbidden and fatal fruit, unless cultivated by the hand of piety. This was the principle that directed the exercises of St. Joseph's College, and could not fail to imbue the minds of its students with that high moral tone which was requisite to guide them safely amidst the future contingencies of life.

From the shades of classic retirement, where he had so assiduously trimmed the lamp of knowledge for the space of three years, Mr. Reynolds was called to a more prominent sphere, where he was to labor more directly to enkindle the purer flame of divine charity in the hearts of men. Appointed the pastor of Louisville, he was well selected to minister in the midst of a polished and enlightened population, to give to Catholicity that claim to public regard which it sometimes loses by the ignorance or rudeness of an incompetent clergyman. Not that religion courts the pride of this world, or seeks to flatter the passions of men: no—her delight is among the humble and the poor, for there she finds the livery of her divine Master: but, as her mission is also to confound the vain boastings of men by the power of truth, to strip all earthly greatness and happiness of their pretended worth; to vindicate the rights of that God whom she adores, and exhibit him as the deserving object of universal and undivided love, she makes her way even into that society where an empty show and deceitful joy predominate; like the apostle, she makes herself all to all, to win all to Christ: she employs all the resources of knowledge, she assumes all the graces of social refinement, that she may obtain as it were an audience at the tribunal of the human heart, and succeed perhaps in rescuing some deluded victim from an unhappy end. Such was the important and delicate office that devolved upon the pastor of Louisville: nor did he prove unequal to the task allotted. In manners affable and attractive; in conversation ready; in discussion learned and convincing; in preaching dignified, eloquent and instructive; in his ministrations to the sick and the poor, assiduous and devoted; in the general attentions required for the welfare of his flock, zealous and indefatigable; he exhibited the character of the true pastor as delineated by Eternal Wisdom in the gospel; he knew his sheep and his sheep knew him, and they heard his voice; and while he led them amid delightful pastures, he defended them from the assaults of the infernal wolves who sought to rob them of their everlasting inheritance. During the pastoral labors of Mr. Reynolds at Louisville, it became a place of considerable importance in a commercial point of view, and the seat of a large and increasing Catholic population: circumstances which induced the bishop of Bardstown, with the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, to transfer his episcopal see to the former city. At this time, about the commencement of 1841, our departed friend, who had just returned from a visit to Europe, which he had undertaken for the restoration of his enfeebled health, was appointed by the bishop his vicar general, a post of honor and jurisdiction which not only evinced the high character which he bore at home, but was the foreshadowing of another and loftier position to which he was called in the designs of providence.

Eighteen months had not elapsed, when the American church, and particularly the diocese of Charleston, was thrown into mourning by the decease of the illustrious Dr. England. May it not be said that letters and science, as well as religion, poured forth the accents of grief at the loss of that great man, whose genius had illuminated a whole hemisphere, whose apostolic labors would have shone conspicuous in the brightest periods of the Christian faith, whose eloquent voice had always been uplifted in defence of Catholic truth, whose powerful pen had ever been the terror of heresy, and whose simple virtues not less than his gigantic talents had won for him a universal admiration? Who was now to fill that chair which had become identified with the highest excellence that can adorn the mitre? In the judgment of the prelates who were assembled in the fifth provincial council of Baltimore, in May, 1843, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds was considered qualified by his eminent abilities, his extensive information, and his energetic spirit, to fill the vacant see, and he was accordingly consecrated the second bishop of Charleston, on the 19th of March of the following year, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell, in the Cathedral of Cincinnati.

This fact, as it seems to us, constitutes alone the highest eulogy that could be awarded to a prelate at the opening of his episcopal career; and if we hear Dr. Reynolds, on his arrival at the theatre of his future labors, expressing the earnest wish that the mantle of his illustrious predecessor had fallen upon his shoulders,* we behold in this sigh of humility but the promise of that devoted and unremitting zeal which distinguished his course to the end. If he was alarmed in looking back upon the void which had been created by the departed spirit of the mighty England, he was not insensible to the difficulties which lay before him. The vast extent of his diocese, embracing three of the largest states in the union; the small number of Catholics sparsely scattered over this wide territory, and in the midst of a people whose traditions and social habits were peculiarly opposed to the acceptance of Catholic truth; such was the character of the field in which he was destined to labor, and for the improvement of which he toiled incessantly, casting every where the precious seed of truth, and trusting to the blessing of the divine Husbandman for the cheering increase. I might speak to you in detail of the virtues which distinguished his episcopal administration; of his ever watchful solicitude for the interests of the flock committed to his care; of the progress of religion which crowned the efforts of his zeal; of his powerful advocacy of religious truth, in public and in private, "in season and out of season;" of the paternal kindness which he always manifested towards his clergy, whom he looked upon, not as subjects or menials, but as friends and brethren; of his enlarged hospitality which St. Paul enumerates among the characteristic virtues of a Christian bishop; of his charity to the poor, whom he assisted according to his ability; of his courteous and affable, yet dignified demeanor towards all men, which won for him the respect of all; of his disinterested spirit, no mean qualification in this age of materialism and money-worship; I might dwell upon each of these topics, which would suggest observations not less instructive to you than honorable to the memory of our departed friend: but there are certain prominent results of his ministry which embody to a certain extent all these virtues, which will be lasting monuments of his zeal, his wisdom and his piety, and to which therefore I must briefly call your attention.

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* These sentiments he expressed in the first pastoral letter which he addressed to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Charleston.

It has been truly said of the first bishop of Charleston that he was "the restorer of classical learning" in that city, by the establishment of an academy which offered to young men every facility for pursuing a liberal course of study, and at the same time gave an impulse to the formation of other similar institutions. The administration of his immediate successor was distinguished by the same zeal for the cause of education, which at length resulted in the foundation of a collegiate institute at Columbia, in South Carolina, by its present energetic principal, under whose skilful management it has risen to a high degree of prosperity, and been empowered by the State to confer literary honors. The successful operation of such an establishment in the diocese of Charleston reflects the more credit upon the zealous efforts of its clergy for the diffusion of knowledge, as it possesses but slender resources compared with other parts of the country, in which no institution of the kind has yet sprung into existence. But the facts which I have mentioned, are especially worthy of note as contributing to the mass of evidence which proves that the Catholic clergy are among the foremost, the most enterprising and the most successful patrons of knowledge and education in these United States as well as in every other region of the globe. There is no more brilliant chapter in the annals of mankind than that which records their patient labor and glorious achievements in the cause of science and of letters.

One of the main objects that occupied the thoughts of Dr. Reynolds, on his accession to the see of Charleston, was to rescue from oblivion the admirable writings of his illustrious predecessor. Those learned discussions which had so often confounded error, and shed a ray of light and hope into the benighted and desponding soul; those historical essays, which had so successfully vindicated the honor of the Church in days gone by, and thrown so much light upon our own ecclesiastical annals; those eloquent orations, which had so repeatedly held admiring thousands in breathless attention, were daily becoming more and more inaccessible as documents for reference, and, let it be said, great and irreparable would have been the loss, while a lasting stigma would have rested somewhere in the American church, if these precious remains of Dr. England's genius had been suffered to perish, or to lie buried amid the scattered leaves of periodicals and pamphlets which had become unknown to the public. But his worthy successor understood the full importance of collecting these literary treasures, and placing them in a form which would make them easily available to the student and the scholar. When he first announced his design to the Catholic community by a printed circular, soliciting their subscriptions to the publication, and their friendly co-operation in a work which had not merely a local interest, but regarded the welfare of the Church at large, his appeals were met with so much silent indifference, that he was seriously tempted to abandon the noble enterprise: but, by the encouraging counsels of friends he was stimulated to a renewed effort, in the face of almost insuperable difficulties, and that effort succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Posterity will honor him for this labor of love. In publishing the writings of his distinguished predecessor, he accomplished a great work: he rendered a signal service to science, to literature and to theology: he drew out from the mine the hidden gold, and gave it a free circulation for the benefit of his fellow-men.*

By his success in this undertaking, Dr. Reynolds immortalized the genius of Dr. England: but in the middle of the city of Charleston there stands a noble monument which will immortalize his own genius. That splendid cathedral, of vast proportions and costly finish, will tell future generations of the enlarged conceptions, the generous views, and the energetic spirit of him who commenced it and brought it to completion. The pontiff who will enter that hallowed enclosure, and putting on "the robe of glory" and "clothed with the perfection of power," will invoke upon his flock the Spirit of sanctification; the priest who will go up to the altar, and stretching forth "his hand to make a libation" and offering "of the blood of the grape," will renew the sacrifice of the Immaculate Lamb; the people who will come together "to adore the Lord their God," and to refresh their souls with the dews of heavenly grace; how will they bless the memory of him who erected amongst them a temple, so worthy the majesty of the Most High, so honorable to religion, so conducive to the spirit of piety and faith!

Thus, my brethren, does the venerated pontiff whose loss we deplore, live in the recollections of earth; but how much more in the radiant smiles of Heaven, amid the blissful realities of Infinite Perfection! If, as the Son of God assures us,

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* One of the most pleasing recollections of our intercourse with the late bishop of Charleston, was an occasion on which we were instrumental in animating him to perseverance in this design. In this heavy undertaking he was much aided by the advice and coöperation of Messrs. Murphy & Co., whose valuable assistance he acknowledged in the following card published in the Catholic Miscellany, a few weeks previous to his death:

"BISHOP ENGLAND'S WORKS.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston, in closing the account of sales of the first edition of Bishop England's Works, deems it an act of justice thus publicly to express his obligations to the firm of Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Catholic Publishers and Booksellers, Baltimore.

"Owing to the liberality of their arrangements with and for him in this the largest Catholic publication ever issued in the United States, and their zealous attention to the sales, 2,000 copies of this work in five large volumes, containing each upwards of 500 pages closely printed in double columns, have been published and successfully disposed of. Where many feared a great pecuniary loss, and few dared to hope for any profit, he has, through their untiring energy and great liberality, been enabled to meet the necessarily heavy expenses attending the enterprise, to distribute not a few copies among his friends within and without the Church, and to realize in addition the sum of two thousand dollars, which he has appropriated to religious and charitable objects.

"This success he feels to be due in a great measure to the exertions and admirable business arrangements of Messrs. Murphy & Co., to whom he wishes publicly to express his thanks.

"He requests, as an act of courtesy to himself, and of justice to that enterprising firm, that the several Catholic papers of the United States will insert this card."

"he who believeth in him, shall live, and every one who liveth and believeth in him, shall not die for ever," what must be the life of the Christian, the priest, the pontiff, whose whole existence was but one continued faith in the promises and the merits of the Saviour, and in the sublime institutions by which he achieves the immortality of his followers! What but the spirit of faith, a desire to live only for God, an ardent desire after heavenly things could have prompted him to renounce the world from his earliest years, to cut himself off from its pleasures and distinctions, and to embrace a life of toil, of anxiety, of perpetual restraint upon natural inclination, and of tremendous responsibility in the sight of God: what could have prompted such a choice, and fulfilled such a career, but a powerful faith in Jesus Christ, which would willingly endure with him the labor and humiliation of his cross, that it might share also in the glory of his eternal kingdom? He lives, then, and our faith loves to fancy him amid that galaxy of illustrious spirits that surround the throne of God; among the Ignatiuses, the Augustines, the Chrysostoms, the Gregories of old, or the Carrolls, the Mareschals, the Fenwicks, the Englands, who have continued to our own day the brilliant chain of the apostleship: but, if he has not attained to those blissful seats where Infinite Perfection reveals itself face to face to the elect; if he still lingers in that expiatory prison where the justice of God demands the payment of the last farthing, he calls upon us not to forget the claims of charity; he appeals to us, in the name of those family ties which bind together all the members of the Church, whether militant on earth, suffering in purgatory or triumphant in heaven, to abridge by our prayers and good works the period of his atonement, and to accelerate his admission to the joys of everlasting life. And, how eloquently does he urge us to the pursuit of that high destiny for which we have been created? How forcibly does he inculcate from the silent tomb the vanity of all human things! How impressively does he warn us in those words of inspired truth, "yesterday for me, to-day for thee"! No advantages of the world, no influence of wealth, no elevation of rank can ward off the fatal blow which will bring to nought the prospects and calculations of life. At the approach of death, all the boasted structures of worldly greatness must crumble into ruins, and do homage to the truth: "vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, except to love God and serve him alone." If we are impressed with this truth when we see our fellow-beings snatched away from life, it strikes us with peculiar force on an occasion like the present. The pontiffs of the Christian religion, the successors of the apostles, sinking one after another into the grave, and yet the hierarchy of the Church retaining all its majestic completeness and sacred efficiency, proclaim with irresistible power that every thing human will perish, and that nothing can remain as a source of hope, as a principle of life, but what bears the impress of holiness, of that consecration which the Christian ministry imparts. Let us resolve, then, to live by faith, to aspire after those blessings which religion dispenses, and we shall witness with composure the approach of our mortal dissolution. When descending into the darkness of the tomb, faith will light up the prospect before us, verifying the words of the apostle: "O death, where is thy victory, O death, where is thy sting?" for the declaration of Jesus Christ must be fulfilled: "I am the resurrection and the life, he who believeth in me, although he be dead, shall live, and every one who liveth and believeth in me, shall not die for ever."

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

THE NATIVITY.

The world was in peace; the adopted son of the great Cæsar held undisputed sway; from his Roman palace his power extended over many nations, and so vast was his empire that he ordered, in the words of scripture, "the whole world to be enrolled." Judea, the home of the people of God, heard the mandate of its foreign ruler, and the children of Jacob prepared to repair to the abode of their tribes and families to enable the Roman officers to take the census. On all sides men were journeying to distant points to meet at the cradle of their name. Down the steep side of the mountain where Nazareth lies perched, an aged man clad in his simple cloak is guiding an ass, that bears his young and gentle wife; he has exchanged the last farewell with kind neighbors before setting out on a long and painful journey. Poor as they are, a carpenter and his wife, they are both of the royal race of David and must reach the borders of the tribe of Juda, and Bethlehem, the distant town which gave the Prophet King to Sion. The year had far advanced; the rich harvests of Judea had long since been gath-

THE HARVEST OF JUDEA.

ered in; the hills were beginning to look bleak and desolate, and as they reached in their winding road the exposed summits, the wind came piercing. But Joseph and Mary never complained; in the command of the ruler they saw the voice of the Almighty and obeyed with joy and alacrity, without a murmur or complaint. Descending to the plain of Esdraelon they climbed the inhospitable hills of Samaria, where not a cup of cold water would be shared with them, and passing the fertile mount, where a schismatic temple rose to rival the shrine of God at Jerusalem, they came at last in sight of the holy city, of Sion, where their ancestors had reigned so long, but where a foreign tyrant, an Idumean, ruled, and the royal sons of Juda were ignored.

THE GATE OF JERUSALEM.

When at last the holy city appeared,—a dark towering mass in bold relief on the Mount of Olives and the blue sky beyond,—Joseph and Mary who had with pious hearts passed so many scenes of God's mercy or justice, now saluted with awe the holy city, and earnestly prayed that the Son of David might soon begin his glorious reign in the city of his father.

Entering in, they proceeded to the temple to offer their hearts and lives to the service of him who had bestowed such favors on them, and passing unnoticed the palace of their sires they left the city and wended their way to Bethlehem. Seated amid its vine-clad hills, the little city now bore a sombre hue, the hand of winter spread desolation around, and as they approached, the number of travellers hastening in, showed how numerous still was the scattered family of David. Relatives of the rich who passed or stood in the door-ways, yet strangers to them, the holy pair made their way to the inn in hopes of finding the usual traveller's cell. It was in vain that they sought a lodging, there was no room; in vain they appealed to the charity of the townsfolk, but there was none to open. Mary's beauty, her modesty, her pallor, her critical state, touched not even a mother in Bethlehem: the night came on, and Mary, the blessed Virgin Immaculate, with her pure spouse, stood in the now lone streets uncertain where to go, with no refuge from the cold and damp, no shelter where she might repose, for her hour had come to give birth to the Son of the Most High. But he had so ordained: the divine lover of poverty chose his birth place:

"No peaceful home upon his cradle smiled,
Guests rudely came and went where slept the royal child."

At last with a fervent prayer they leave the town, and finding near at hand a deserted cave, they enter as darkness closed around them. Here we may readily suppose, that Joseph kindled in haste a fire, and by its flickering light gathered the loose straw and spreading over it his garments formed a couch for Mary, and then securing the ass which bore her, sat down in silence. Then without anguish or travail, free from the pain imposed on Eve, as she had miraculously been freed from the transmitted sin of Eve, Mary gave birth to her divine Son. Wrapping him in swaddling clothes, she laid her new born babe in a manger, the cradle of the King of kings.

A manger scantly strewn with hay
  Becomes th' Eternal's bed;
And He who feeds each smallest bird,
  Himself with milk is fed.

It is too his shrine, and kneeling down, Mary adores him: while the air resounded with hymns and canticles of joy. The angels sang their notes of triumph "Glory be to God on high and peace on earth to men of good will." But it was not enough that Mary and Joseph should alone adore the Messiah, the long expected of nations, the desire of the everlasting hills; the angels hastened to the depth of a neighboring field where shepherds were keeping the night watch over their flocks. Encompassed in light they appeared to the amazed rustics, who fell prone with fear. "Fear not," said the angel, "lo! I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a saviour, who is the Christ our Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you; you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger." Obedient to the call they cry, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this word that is come to pass," and taking a lamb as an offering to the new born king, they left the flocks in the hands of God and hastened to Bethlehem. Led, doubtless, by the heavenly light which radiated from the royal cave, they entered in, and falling down in mute awe, adored with simple, unwavering faith the God of Israel, the Saviour.

But it was not only by humble shepherds that the man God was to be adored. Already in the distant East a miraculous star had called the faithful wise men to do him homage. The nations had not forgotten that a saviour was to arise from the house of Abraham, in the family of Jacob: "A star out of Jacob and a sceptre out of Israel," had been predicted by Balaam, the faithless prophet

"To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath;"*

but to some it came now a welcome messenger. Three holy learned men recognized in it the sign that the King of the Jews was about to be born, and leaving kindred, home and friends, set out to seek him. Jerusalem they expected to find in ecstacy at his birth, but it knew him not, and the wise men after filling Herod and the Jewish priests with trouble, learned that Bethlehem must be the spot of the Messiah's birth. Hastening on, they reached it before Mary and Joseph had left. A modest lodging had now been obtained, the census had been taken, and all was ready for departure when the three royal pilgrims arrived, wayworn and weary, but full of devotion and love, full too of faith which rose above the senses, and saw in the child of poverty the God of gods. Hastily drawing forth their presents, and guided by the star to the spot, they enter the humble dwelling, "rejoicing with exceeding great joy." Reaching the Mother and the Child divine, they fell down and adored him, and "opening their treasures, they offered him gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

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* Keble.

"Receive, sweet child! these marks of love,
Which figure forth thy power, thy fame,
Thou whom that Sire enthroned above,
Hast honored with a three-fold name!

The glitter of that golden hoard,
  That Sabæan incense, sweet perfume,
Proclaim thee mighty King and Lord,
  While shows the myrrh the dreary tomb,
It shows the tomb where God should lay,
  His mortal form deprived of breath,
Whence rising soon he spurned the clay,
  And burst through all the bonds of death."*

Warned by an angel the holy wise men withdrew silently from Bethlehem when their devotion was satisfied, full of faith and love, to return to their own lands and prepare all for the good tidings which that Infant Saviour would one day proclaim, and for the untold graces his ignominious death was to win for man; for who can doubt but that God revealed to these faithful pilgrims the secret of his future life; and who will doubt that ancient tradition which tells us that all became glorious martyrs to the faith.

Such are the mysteries of Bethlehem, the mysteries which Mary treasured in her heart and after the Pentecost announced to the apostles, and which on her word alone they proclaimed to the world as boldly and plainly as the miracles which they had witnessed. To Thomas, to Bartholomew, to James, she was the only evangelist, the only source whence they drew their narrative. The Blessed Virgin immaculate is so coupled with the Incarnation and its proof, that all who lessen her, soon see in Jesus a mere man. Let us, who adore Jesus as the Son of the living God, revere Mary his immaculate mother, as her on whose testimony alone we rely, a witness whose credibility we prove only by her spotless innocence, her heroic fortitude, her unfailing sweetness, her peerless holiness; in one word, her matchless virtue.

Next follow in the order of time the mysteries of the temple of Jerusalem: the presentation of the Divine Infant according to the law, the legal purification of the Blessed Virgin immaculate; for a purification such as other mothers needed, was not requisite for her.

"His throne thy bosom blest,
  O mother! undefiled—
That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
  Beseems the sinless child."†

With these are blended the recognition of the Saviour by holy Simeon and Anna, the canticle of benediction, the prophecy of our Saviour's passion and death, of our Lady's sorrows, and of her peculiar office of drawing sinners to the tribunal of penance "that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed." Of all these mysteries Mary is our witness, as she was the witness of the evangelists whose writings have reached us.

The flight into Egypt, the love of poverty which a St. Bonaventure so touchingly depicts, the stay of the infant Jesus in Jerusalem to show his mother that he would one day tear himself from her at the voice of the priests and tarry three days with the patriarchs beyond the tomb; these, too, are all facts which we learn from Mary: but, were we to dwell on each mystery, the world, as the beloved apostle tells us, would not contain the countless volumes we should need.

We will pass on to his public life.

* Wallace.

† Keble.

OUR NEW "AMERICAN" LITERATURE.

1. The Sons of the Sires; a history of the rise, progress and destiny of the American party, and its probable influence on the next presidential election. To which is added a review of the letter of the *Hon. Henry A. Wise* against the Know Nothings. By an American. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 223.
2. Stanhope Burleigh; the Jesuits in our homes. A novel by Helen Dhu. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 406. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1855.
3. The Arch-Bishop; or Romanism in the United States. By Orvilla S. Bellisle. Beautifully illustrated; sixth edition. Philadelphia: published by William White Smith. 1855. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 408.

A new literary era has dawned upon us. Henceforth Irving, Bancroft, Prescott, Cooper and Paulding are to be laid on the shelf; their productions have become already stale, and their pages, hitherto reputed so interesting and brilliant, begin to pall on the newly awakened literary taste. Their laurels have faded, and there is no longer any "speculation" in their dimmed and lustreless eyes! Nothing will now pass muster among "American" *litterateurs*, that is not strongly seasoned with Laurence Sterne's Cheshire cheese—*no popery*. This single ingredient has assumed a paramount importance; its absence renders the literary repast dull and insipid, while its presence in sufficient quantity whets the appetite and enlivens the social intercourse of the literary guests. So that a writer be orthodox in this more than Carthagenian hatred of Rome, he receives at once a sound *Protestant* "plenary indulgence" to violate at will good tase, all truth, and all decency, and to commit all possible and almost impossible faults of style, arrangement, and illustration. Whatever his faults, he may rest assured that they will be passed over, or leniently dealt with, and that in spite of them all, his writings will be widely circulated and greedily devoured by thousands of sympathizing "American" patriots, hungry for money and place! He may violate all the probabilities; his narrative or tale of fiction may not only be wanting in *vraisemblance*, but it may verge on the confines of the ridiculous, impossible, absurd; it matters not — he can utter nothing too startling for the belief of his politico-religious sympathizers.

Gullibility, inherited, it would seem, by Brother Jonathan from his good natured and respected sire, is the order of the day; and why should not the *knowing* book-seller or book-maker reap a golden harvest out of the *Know Nothing mania* of the age? Is not this the age of progress, the enlightened and glorious nineteenth century? The "almighty dollar" governs all things—more now than ever—and why should not our shrewd and calculating political *literati* make hay while the sun shines? They have an instinctive feeling that their time is short, and hence their eager haste to work rapidly these exuberant "no-popery" mines of untold wealth. More money has been *coined* by the Protestant ministers and their friends from the abuse of the Pope, than from all the banks that were ever chartered. And there is this difference in favor of the Pope's bank, that it has never yet been known to suspend or fail! For eighteen centuries it has bravely stood the brunt of all opposition, and the *run* of all adverse combinations. Why then, should the enterprising men of this enlightened age be prevented from carrying on a crusade, which besides being holy, has at all times proved so vastly profitable? Are not men now "wide awake" to the secret of money getting;

and why seek to debar them from entering upon this unfailing avenue to wealth? Is not this a progressive age? It is, verily!

A crisis has arrived. The Pope, not satisfied with imperial Rome and beautiful Italy, has cast a wistful glance at the teeming valley of the Mississippi, which his followers are preparing for his inheritance, though politically so weak, that he cannot maintain himself in his temporal sovereignty over his own insignificant states without foreign bayonets, his vaulting ambition seeks to make new conquests in the heart of a vast new continent! The Pope is verily coming, and let the friends of liberty beware!

"That power, ever ready for self-aggrandizement, looked with a wistful eye to the dominion of this broad land. The Mississippi valley would have made more than a second Italy. It would have been a magnificent seat for the Sovereign Pontiff, and then it would have been not only far more beautiful and extensive than the states now subject to the triple crown, but it would have yielded such handsome revenues. The Pope of Rome could have made it quite convenient to shift the seat of his dominions from the seven hills to that broad valley, seeing that he would not have broken the hearts of his people by leaving them."*

A terrible and unmitigated monster of ambition and tyranny must be this same poor Roman Pontiff! He claims universal dominion in temporals as well as in spirituals; and his followers not only allow, but support the claim!! Is any one hardy enough to deny a fact so palpable? If so, the proof, clear as day, is at hand! "The distinguished Bellarmine, the prince of their theologians, and the most eminent controversialist of his age," is brought forth in triumph, as the unimpeachable witness to the fact, that such is the Catholic doctrine!† What matters it, if Bellarmine says and *proves* the precise contrary of what they allege as his opinion, and in the very treatise, and in the very volume and book, to which the "no-popery" crusaders so boastingly refer? What matters it, that he, in that very book, devotes four full chapters to an elaborate refutation of the ultra and absurd opinion of a few obscure and obsolete theologians, to whose ridiculous notion he had referred only historically, and with a special view to its refutation? Few would have the opportunity or the inclination to refer to the original; most readers would swallow with relish the glaring imposture, and money would flow into the pockets of the *enterprising* falsifier of Bellarmine! Fewer still would probably be able or willing to detect the glaring forgery perpetrated on St. Thomas Aquinas,‡ whose views are diametrically opposite to what they are represented!§

As this falsification of Bellarmine is a pretty fair specimen of the unscrupulous manner in which our adversaries deal with Catholic authorities, we will, in serious sadness, devote a brief space to an exposition of the reckless trick attempted on "American" citizens in this enlightened nineteenth century, by men, too, wearing as a mask the holy garb of religion.

We have lying before us a handsome copy of Bellarmine's works, in six large folio volumes.‖ Though the distinguished writer is known to have advocated, as his own *private opinion*, certain papal prerogatives which are not only no doctrine of the Catholic Church, but which are repudiated by the great body of our theologians, yet, on the matter in question, he is clear and explicit:—a conclusive evidence that the principle, charged as a *doctrine* of the Church, has been banished even from the province of enlightened and sound Catholic *opinion*. Bellarmine lays down and fully establishes against all gain-sayers the three following propositions, which we will first give in the original, and then translate for the benefit of a portion of our readers:—

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* Sons of the Sires, pp. 57–8.

† Ibid. pp. 200–1.

‡ Ibid. p. 201.

§ See Bellarmine, *infra cit.*

‖ Edition of Venice, 1721.

"Quod ad primum attinet, tria ordine probabimus:

"Primo, Papam non esse dominum totius orbis;

"Secundo, Non esse dominum totius orbis Christiani;

"Tertio, Non esse dominum ullius provinciæ, aut oppidi, nullamque habere jure divino jurisdictionem mere temporalem."

"As regards the first point, we will prove three things in order:

"First, That the Pope is not the sovereign (lord) of the whole world;

"Second, That he is not the sovereign of the whole Christian world;

"Third, THAT HE IS NOT THE SOVEREIGN OF ANY PROVINCE, OR TOWN, AND THAT HE HAS, OF DIVINE RIGHT, NO MERELY TEMPORAL JURISDICTION WHATEVER."*

One would think that this is quite explicit enough to settle the question of Bellarmine's theory, in regard to the extent of papal jurisdiction. But how explain the gross dishonesty of those who so basely pervert his authority for their own vile purposes? Are they afraid of the truth, that they resort so readily to falsification? Have they adopted, as their line of conduct, the motto of the wicked, as set forth in the following passage of an inspired prophet?—"We have entered into a league with death, and we have made a covenant with hell. When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come near us; FOR WE HAVE PLACED OUR HOPE IN LIES, AND BY FALSEHOOD WE ARE PROTECTED!"† It would almost seem so. Else why resort so habitually to misstatement when there is a question of assailing the Catholic Church? Why constantly substitute calumny, garbling, and forgery for truthful statement and fair quotation?

That this is the ordinary system of tactics adopted by those who are now busy in inaugurating the new era of pure "American" *literature*, we will proceed still farther to show by facts and specifications. But our readers will, we trust, bear with us, if we occasionally drop the serious vein, and indulge in the humorous and satirical. If we cannot always carry out the principle of the Latin Poet—*Facit indignatio versum*,‡—we may avail ourselves of the privilege implied in the poet's question—*Quid vetat ridendo dicere verum?*§ The new *literateurs* often so far transgress the boundaries of probability, of possibility, and even of common *prudence*, in the notable art of—fabrication, as to stimulate the mirth of all sensible men, who are not wholly blinded by the "American" *literary* mania.

The Reverend ministers, who are the prime movers in the "American" crusade, have no intention of uniting Church and State,—not they. The Blue Laws of New England are not to be re-enacted; the elective franchise is not to be confined to sound church members of orthodox communions; Protestant heretics are not again to be expelled or executed; and even the poor crazed witches are to be henceforth left in perfect freedom to career the world, mounted on their favorite broomsticks! No union of Church and State is even contemplated,—O no! "The influence" of the new organization is to be "as gentle as the kissing zephyr," but "powerful as the gale that agitates the ocean to its profoundest

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[*] Ibid. vol. i, chap. 2, p. 433. He fully establishes all these propositions. *Ibid.* in chapters 2, 3, 4, and 5.

[†] Isaiah xxviii, 15.

[‡] Indignation makes the verse—or inspires the poet.

[§] Why not laughingly tell the truth?

depths;" and "having laid it down as a fundamental principle to interfere with none in their civil and religious rights, and to act without ostentation or restraint, they (the Know Nothings) cannot be otherwise than successful."[*] Again:—"Do they not resist all show of intolerance? Does not he (Mr. Wise of Va.) know that a fundamental principle of the party is—NO UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE? Does he not know that they contend for the largest liberty to all, consistent with the safety of the republic?—that they welcome the oppressed from all climes?—that they are pledged always to keep it a free asylum for all classes and creeds? If he did not know their principles, why write about them?[†]

Who so incredulous or wicked as to doubt any one of these "zephyr-like" professions of charity and love of liberty? Have they not been all triumphantly and *luminously* proved to the world, time and again, by the *light* of some five or six Catholic churches, burned to the ground, as a fitting sequel to the last anniversary celebration of our national independence? Has not the charity of these men for foreigners "of all classes and creeds" been signalized by the bloody civil feuds which have so often *immortalized* our principal cities, and in which poor strangers, who had fled hither for "an asylum" from oppression, have been hunted down like wolves by the mild, inoffensive, liberty loving, and "zephyr" breathing *lambs* of this new "American" fold? Did not the Reverend ministers exhibit their dove-like meekness and love of "the largest liberty," by uniting in the splendid funeral procession of the immaculate *Bill Poole*, who died nobly fighting under the American flag in a drinking saloon, with a genuine "American" curse on his lips against the blood-thirsty foreigners?[‡] Was not this same meek spirit exhibited in the popular demonstrations gotten up for the purpose of *welcoming* the Papal Nuncio, Monsignor Bedini, who came to our shores on a peaceful mission from a peaceful sovereign?

No union of church and state is contemplated; certainly not. No such idea ever entered the brain of the three thousand preachers, who sent the mammoth remonstrance to Congress against a measure strictly political! No such notion is entertained by the sixty ministers, who, at the call of their country, nobly descended from their pulpits, and *condescended* to serve in the late "praise-God-bare-bones" Parliament of Massachusetts! No such thought has entered the heads of those Reverend men of God who have been elected, "without any merits of their own,"—as they no doubt meekly avowed,—to the Congress of the United States; still less could any such notion be indulged in even as a temptation, by that numerous class of clerical aspirants who are now panting for State legislative or Congressional honors all over the republic! No, it is a base slander to suppose, for a moment, that any intention of uniting church and state, exists even among the dreams of the new organization, whose rule it is to act "without ostentation or restraint." As for "ostentation," they are certainly very *retiring and silent* in their habits; as to the "restraint," they own no other than that which consists in blind obedience to the dictates of their leaders!

They disavow all thoughts of persecution, being in favor of "the largest liberty," civil and religious! "They will not persecute Catholics, but they will take care that the Catholics do not persecute them."[§] How prudent their fore-east! How *discreet* their valor! "They will take care that Catholics do not persecute them:"—certainly. There is great and imminent danger of this frightful contingency! The Catholics in our republic already number about, or nearly, ONE TWELFTH PART of our population! There is actually one bloody Catholic for every twelve meek and inoffensive—"zephyr breathing"—Protestants! Have not the latter the strongest motives for fearing a terrible persecution from the former? May not a second St. Bartholomew's day dawn suddenly upon us? It reminds us of a large boy—some six feet high—binding securely the limbs of a small urchin of three feet six, lest the latter should inflict on him a terrible castigation!! It is about as *prudent*, and almost as *valiant!*

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[*] Sons of the Sires, p. 159. [†] Ibid. p. 195.

[‡] It has turned out that none of the ruffians, who were concerned in the death of their fit associate, *Poole*, were foreigners!

[§] Sons of the Sires, p. 121.

But the danger, if not present, is at least prospective. This is clearly proved by the claim of temporal sovereignty set up for the Pope and established by Bellarmine,—who, as we have seen, *proves* precisely the contrary,—"and by the defiant tone of Jesuitical bishops and archbishops of the Roman Church in this country. Their assumed superiority over all others, their haughty bearing, their arrogance and intolerance, became manifest, &c."*

When, how, and where? WE would really like to know. The official acts of our prelates are before the world; their pastoral charges, diocesan and conciliary, have been spread out over the land on the wings of of the press; nothing has been concealed. Let the passage be indicated, which breathes "arrogance, intolerance, or haughty bearing," and then the accusation will be made good. If such language cannot be quoted; if a contrary spirit altogether breathes throughout all those official documents, then may we safely say, that here, as elsewhere, our *literary* crusaders are reasoning by contraries, are building up their argument upon a foundation, existing only in their own brain, and are thus carrying out the motto quoted from Isaiah.

But preachers are not admitted to hold civil office in Virginia; and though the wisdom of this enactment is not questioned, Mr. Wise is severly rated with being most *unwise* and inconsistent, in sustaining the soundness of the principle involved in the law of his State. By advocating it, "he sets up *distinctions*, by imposing a disability upon men not for crime, but because they are ministers of religion;" thereby "throwing a dark and damning suspicion over their character as men of integrity," and "placing clergymen in the only other class excluded from official stations, viz.: duellists, or persons who have been convicted of great crimes and been the inmates of the State prison."† *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* The mysterious secret is here reluctantly disclosed! So, these Reverend men of God are not in favor of a union of Church and State; not they! They merely wish to be free from "the dark and damning suspicion against their character as men of integrity," that they may not, in their exclusion from civil office, be ranked with duelists and public felons! This foul suspicion must rest upon them, if they are excluded from the arena of wrangling political strife, and kept in their more elevated position of spirituality!! Verily, their *logic* is as acute, as their *literature* is refined!

But the Bible, the precious Bible, is in danger! The wicked "Romanists,"—from whose blood-stained hands this holy book of revelation was originally received, and to whom the very men who are now making so fierce an out-cry are indebted for their possession of it at all;—"are waging a Popish war against the Bible;" and "it was the apprehended danger that the Bible might, in this free land, be a second time sealed, aye and chained too, that caused the American people to arise to defend their rights, and wither the hand that would dare do this iniquity. The sentiment of not only the people, but also of the children of this nation, has been sung through the wide realm of this Union—'We won't give up the Bible, God's holy book of truth.'"*

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* Ibid. pp. 165 and 172.

† Ibid. pp. 208-9.

Oh no! "Don't give up the Bible;" that's the noble and soul-stirring battle-cry, which led your patriot fathers to victory in the memorable riots of Philadelphia; when the holy book was paraded through the streets in solemn procession, headed by Reverend ministers of God; and when, amidst profane maledictions and civil feuds, which made the streets run with the blood of murdered citizens, and in that *beautiful* light of burning Catholic Churches, houses, and libraries, which turned night into day and revealed the graves of the dead torn open and the corpses stripped of their valuable ornaments, this same hallowed battle-cry of "SPARE, OH SPARE, THE BIBLE!"—was raised from pious throats, as a divine warrant for all these deeds of sacrilege and blood!! O yes! stick to the cry about the Bible! It has nobly served your purpose more than once already, and why discard it now! What matters it, if all that outcry about the Catholics wishing to banish the Bible from the common schools, was *proved*, at the time, to be a base calumny, by the official report of the Protestant common school commissioners? What matters it, if the real issue is ignored or misrepresented; if the question in fact concerned the *version* to be read, and not *the Bible itself?* What matters it to tell the *truth*, when a *falsehood* will do as well, or much better? Is not the end holy, and "does not the end justify the means?" Has not the simple *truth* always proved powerless against the Catholic Church? Why then resort again to so paltry and ineffectual a means of attack? No, stick to the cry about the Bible; it has too often won you bloody, if not *golden* laurels, to be tamely abandoned in this age of enlightenment and progress!

You "need not stop to prove that the Catholic Church is the enemy of freedom in all its aspects. Her history, her doctrines, her spirit, her writers and her priests, have filled the world with monuments proclaiming the truth of this assertion."† Oh no! we beg you "not to stop" at such trifles, you who generally stop at nothing! Catholics "have filled the world with monuments," proclaiming, trumpet-tongued, their bitter and undying hatred of freedom! Only think of it! It was these same base traitors to all freedom, who filled the world with such monuments of tyranny, as *Magna Charta*, trial by jury, no taxation without representation, *habeas corpus*, stationary courts, and wise municipal laws and polity! It was they, who rescued Europe from barbarism, and re-established social order and well administered law! It was they, who built up the Free Cities, and "filled the the world" with such horrid "monuments" as the Republics of the Swiss Cantons, of Andorra, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Sienna, the northern Italian Cities, and San Marino! It was they, who first reared on this virgin continent the broad banner of universal freedom, civil and religious! Do not "stop," we pray you; the draught caused by the shouts of millions of freemen in the "dark ages" might give you cold, and impair your health, so valuable to "American" *literature* and freedom!

But the shade of Balmes torments you, "glaring at you with fiery eye-balls!" Don't be alarmed; you can easily quiet his ghost, as you did that of Bellarmine! All you have to do, is—precisely what you have *wisely* done—to make him say just the opposite of what he does say! Very simple, is it not; but was it not more *simple* to refer us to the very page, thereby facilitating the detection?* You "did not stop" to tell us that, *on that very page*,† Balmes uses this language: "We certainly have now (in Spain) no need of importing toleration from abroad; *it already exists among us so fully, that no one is afraid of being disturbed on account of his religious opinions.*"

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* Ibid. p. 217.

† Ibid. p. 168.

To cap the climax of "Popish horrors and abomination," the Jesuit's oath is alleged in full;‡ and capital is made out of the hair-breadth escape of Miss Bunkley from St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg!§ What does it matter, that "the Jesuit's oath" has been, already a hundred times, denounced as *a forgery*, and *proved* to be such? What difference does it make, that it bears on its very face unmistakeable marks of being a fabrication, and of being one, too, most clumsily made? What are these trifles to the *saints*, who will greedily swallow this, as they have already swallowed a thousand other absurdities, if possible, even more glaring and monstrous! Did they not devour with relish the veritable papal Bull of excommunication duly copied from Sterne's obscene romance—*Tristram Shandy!* Do we not live in an age of *enlightenment*, and who's afraid?

Then that admirable story of Miss Bunkley's miraculous escape from the dungeons of St. Joseph's. It is really capital! She might easily, at any hour of any day, have gone out quietly by the door; but this would have been decidedly tame and unromantic; she had a brilliant fancy and a romantic taste, and accordingly she wisely preferred getting out through the window in the night! No doubt, we shall soon have a most valuable accession to our "American" *Literature* in the shape of a rehash of "Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures;" and it will be about as valuable and as *truthful* as its illustrious proto-type! We hope only, for the honor of the country that it may be more decent.

But Rome does not change, while all else is changing around her! This is a serious charge, the changes upon which are rung with singular ability and eloquence!‖ Mercy on us! We are to have the *Spanish* Inquisition, the *French* St. Bartholomew's, and a thousand other horrors renewed among us in this noble land of freedom; all because *Rome* is so perverse as to be unchangeable in her *doctrines!!* We suppose that we are to have, too, an invasion of the Moors, and a *coup d'etat a la Napoleon*, besides, perhaps, an irruption from the grim-looking man in the moon, which would render us decidedly lunatics. The latter invasions are about as likely to occur as the former!

However, if Rome does not change, popular sentiment and opinion in our republic, it is freely avowed, are any thing but unchangeable. In this noble country of our birth and of our affection, "The members of the human family are constitutionally not more frail than their opinions are fluctuating. To-day, some of the unstable are devoted to a system which to-morrow they utterly repudiate."¶

Never, perhaps, was a truer thing said or written, whether by friend or foe. The class of "the unstable" is very numerous, and those composing it seem to be stricken with *mania* every lustrum;—near the eve of the presidential election. They generally, however, come to their senses again shortly after the election; and "the sober second thought" restores thus the equilibrium of the temporarily unbalanced popular mind. This periodical mania is not so very surprising after all, when we consider the means adopted to bring it about: when false statements, malicious reports, strong appeals to passion, and forgeries innumerable, are sown broad-cast over the land; by men, too, in whom the people have reason to confide as leaders. At present, when many of the leaders in the crusade are dignified with the title of *Reverend,*—from whose lips and pens nought but truth, and charity, and peace should be allowed to drop,—we are not greatly surprised that "the people" should be priest-ridden and kept in ignorance! But the reäction must and will come; and those who have contributed to delude honest thinking men will have a heavy account to settle with an indignant and betrayed community;—to say nothing of the far more awful reckoning at the bar of an offended and outraged God! Let them look to it in time! Time is short, eternity never ending!

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* Ibid. p. 168.

† P. 76, of Balmes—On Civilization, &c.; published in one large 8vo. volume by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore.

‡ P. 192, *note*. § P. 199. ‖ Ibid. p. 122 seqq. ¶ Ibid. p. 160.

We have confined ourselves to the work which is first on our list; partly because it has some *pretensions* to facts and reasoning, and partly because it was issued by one of our most extensive and enterprising book publishers;* whom we are, however, sorry to see giving currency to such matter. The other works above enumerated, are professedly *romances,* and in this respect, if in no other, they are far more honest than the one which we have reviewed;—they make no profession of telling the truth, and thus they do not sail under false colors. As romances, they are very far below mediocrity; and they are really worthy of no serious notice. We may, however, at some future time, waive this consideration, and amuse ourselves and our readers by hitting off their monstrous incongruities and absurdities. They are, in every respect, worthy the *literary* epoch which they contribute to inaugurate. They are suitable contributions to our "American" *Literature,*—we had almost written *Litter*-ature, and the pun, though bad, would probably have been at least as good as the subject. B. L.

VESPERS AT THE TRINITA DE MONTI.

Arise! the sun clouds warn us it is time—
The door swings open; let us enter here—
Up the steep steps with noiseless foot we climb,
As if they led to some celestial sphere.

Listen! the nuns are gliding in unseen—
And now begins the low, heart-melting strain,
Your tears are falling—let them fall—nor screen
From me your eyes—I know that sad, sweet pain.

Again! again! that penitential wail!
Your clasped hands tremble—now the voices die—
Let us go hence—your quivering lips turn pale;—
Hushed is the hymn so like an angel's sigh.

The day is fled—these walls are not our home—
Forth in the breeze of evening let us stand;
Come, lean on me as we descend to Rome,
From what has seemed the angels' spirit land. J. F. T.

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* Lippincott, Grambo & Co., of Philadelphia.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

As the speaker went on to develop his views on this great scheme for promoting the moral and social welfare of the human family, the light keeper held the card out before him, and read in bronzed copperplate the following address: Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut.

"Humph! By my word of honor," muttered Mr. Lee at last, "that's a very magnificent affair." Then running his eye over the person of his visiter, he seemed somewhat puzzled what to say. The card case protruding from his pocket, the rings on both hands, and the massive watch chain round his neck, were all apparently of the costliest description, and might well have adorned the person of the highest noble in the land; on the other hand, however, it struck him there was quite a contrast between the gentleman's language and personal appearance. How that happened he was at a loss to think, and therefore it was he made no reply, but kept glancing from the card to the stranger and from the stranger to the card.

"I rather think, Mr. Lee, you hav'n't met many of our people in your time, eh?"

The light keeper replied in the negative.

"Well, sir, you now see before you a real American—a free born American, sir,—a citizen of the great 'Model Republic,'" and the speaker again thrust his hands into his breeches pockets as deep as they could well go, shook up the silver at the bottom, and with a self complacent smile on his thin lips watched the light keeper's countenance for the effect of the startling announcement.

But Mr. Lee did no more than merely compliment him on his birth place, assuring him at the same time, he should always feel honored, as he did then, in making the acquaintance of a citizen of the republic of Washington, the model republic of the world. "But with respect to the stuffing," he continued, endeavoring to restrain a smile, "I fear there is none to be found here who understands it."

"Well, send it up to Crohan, I shall see to it myself; guess we Yankees know a little more of those things than you do here in 'the *green* Isle.'"

"No doubt of it, Mr. Weeks, no doubt of it—I'll send it immediately, and consider it a very special favor indeed."

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

"Now then, talking of Americans," said Weeks, arresting the light keeper by the arm as the latter began to move towards the lodge, "why don't you bring some of our men over here to enlighten you? You have natural talent enough, I guess, if you'd only proper means to develop it. Could you only get up an association with funds enough to pay Yankee lecturers, you would soon wake up to a sense of your capabilities. Employ our lecturers, sir, and send them over the country, from town to town and village to village, and I'll bet a fourpence they'll open your eyes wider than ever they opened before."

"Don't doubt it in the least," modestly replied the light keeper, "but won't you come in, and have some refreshment after your evening's exercise—come in, sir, and honor my little cabin with your presence at least."

"Hold on," said the American, again detaining the light keeper on the steps of the threshold. "Look here a minute, if you're not in a killing hurry. I should like to say a word or two about shooting that Holland Hawk—it may serve to show you what kind of people we are in the States. Well,—to begin with, we calculate never to miss a shot at either man, bird or beast. You may smile, sir, but its the fact, nevertheless. My mother had a cousin once, called Nathan Bigelow—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Weeks—let us step into my office, if you please; I've some orders to give—allow me—just for an instant."

"Well, look here," persisted the Yankee, "its only a word or two. I was just agoing to say that my mother had a cousin, once, called Nathan Bigelow, and a shrewd man Nathan was. Well, he was said to be somewhere about the shrewdest in that section of the country. So the folks thought all round. If there happened to be town meetin, Nathan was sure to be chairman. If referees were appointed by the District Judge on a heavy case of damages or the like, Nathan was certain to be one of them; or if the parson and deacon had a quarrel, Nathan was always called in to settle it. Then he was consulted by half the farmers round, coming on seed time, and by the select-men about the taxes, and sometimes by the new minister about the doctrine best suited to his congregation—though the fact is, Nathan never cared much for any particular kind of religion himself—that's a fact. So, as I was going to remark, cousin Nathan had a favorite saying of his own—"

"Hilloa, there!" interrupted the light keeper, "pray excuse me, Mr. Weeks—hilloa, there! I say. Are you all dead in there? Roger! let some one see to the lantern; its almost lighting time. Come in, Mr. Weeks, and take a seat at least."

"Wait a minute—well, as I was saying," he continued, still drawling out his words slowly, "as I was saying, cousin Bigelow had a favorite saying of his own, 'Take good care, boy, and don't waste your powder.' It always came ready to him, somehow, and he could apply it to every which thing in creation. Many a time, in the long winter nights, when cousin Nathan used to sit by the log fire in his great rocking chair, reading Tom Paine's 'Age of Reason,' and Martha Proudfut, his wife, knitting her stocking right opposite, with the 'Pilgrim's Progress' open on the table before her, and your humble servant in the corner, studying his book keeping—many a time, I say, did cousin Nathan turn round to me, without the least provocation in the world, and begin to illustrate the old maxim, 'Take good aim, boy, and don't waste your powder.' He made a —— well, he made it a kind of text to spin a sermon from, and a better sermon he could preach, ay, by a long chalk, than the best preacher in the district. He used to tell me, Nathan used, and if he did once he did a thousand times, that the old saying, simple as it sounded, had more genuine philosophy in it than Aristotle and Epictetus put together; and let me tell you, Mr. Lee, cousin Nathan had a terrible regard for these same authors—translations of course, for he was no great hand at the dead languages, coming, as he did, from the old Puritan stock—his great grandfather was a true blue May Flower. Well, Nathan was, to be plain about it—well, he was a caution I tell you in the philosopy line. He never professed much admiration for any but for great men, and these were what he called ticklers, because as he said himself they were the only men who ever tickled humanity in the right place, namely, Tom Paine, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington. George, he thought was the greatest man ever the world produced—and I guess, Mr. Lee," said the speaker with a knowing look, "if he didn't hit the mark, he hit somewhere within a mile of that neighborhood."

"Very true," assented the light keeper, "he certainly did. Washington was a great and a good man, all must admit that; and I trust your nation, in the first flush of its prosperity will not forget his wise counsels either."

"Hope not; well—what I was coming at, Nathan's old saying, 'Take good aim, boy, and don't waste your powder,' so constantly repeated, made a lasting impression on my mind. The fact is, Mr. Lee, he had a way of saying a thing that—well kind of burnt it into you like. There was no forgetting it nohow; it was a sort of searing of the —"

"Oh, botheration to him!" exclaimed the light keeper, no longer able to endure the tiresome description, chained as he was to the speaker, "what matters it what he was, he's dead long ago, I suppose, and gone to his account. But you'll excuse me, Mr. Weeks," he added a moment after, "you'll excuse me, I'm entirely ignorant you know, of your national characteristics. When we're longer acquainted I shall understand you better. And now my dear friend let us step into my room—but hold! who comes here?—by George it's Tom Petersham in the 'Water Hen' to pay us a visit."

CHAPTER V.

The little craft which so suddenly arrested the light keeper's eye, as he turned to enter the lodge, was already within five minutes sail of the long flight of steps leading up from the base of the rock to the light house yard. She was a yacht of small tonnage but elegantly moulded. Her white hull almost as low as the water and her light raking spars gave her a jaunty look, that seemed to please the Yankee exceedingly.

"Why by cracky that's an American boat, rig and hull" he exclaimed, "ha! I swonnie!—had her built at one of our ship-yards, I guess."

"She was built in Cork harbor," replied the light keeper. "Timber or plank, mast or spar, there's not an American chip in her."

"Not, eh?"

"No, sir, she's Irish every inch of her, from the truck to the keel. Tom Petersham wouldn't own her if she was anything else."

"He wouldn't, eh?"

The light keeper now seeing a boat approaching from the yacht, advanced to the head of the stairs and raised his hat to a gentleman who sat in the stern. The latter, as soon as the boat touched, stepped ashore and looked up.

"Hilloa there, Master Lee," he shouted as he ascended the steps,—"I couldn't pass without calling to pay my respects to my pretty Mary—to say nothing, (oh Lord! this is worse than Loughdearg for Father John!—bad luck to them for steps, they don't leave a breath in me) not to speak of the numerous injunctions respecting a promised visit from the saucy little baggage. Heigho! I say, Lee,—listen to me—this is steeper than the face of Gibraltar—and let me tell you, hugh! you must provide falls and tackle in future, if you'd have me visit you—forty-three steps! monstrous!! But who the deuce!—eh, whose *is* that?" he demanded, halting to take breath as he reached the top. "Who, in the name of all the Malvolias is he with all those gew-gaws under his sporting jacket?"

"Hush," said the light keeper, "he's a foreigner."

"Nonsense!—he's a cockney tailor come down to rusticate—eh, what?"

"No, sir, he's an American—and a real Yankee into the bargain."

"A Yankee!—the deuce he is."

"A native of Ducksville, State of Connecticut."

"Ho, ho! now I understand you, he's the Crohan man's cousin, or nephew or something of that kind to the Hardwrinkles. Very good, he's just the man I want; present me forthwith,—Kate wishes to see him, of all things, and swears she'll invite him to the castle herself, if I don't. Introduce me instantly, I'll see what he's like, and then ask him to visit us."

"Oh the young scamp," exclaimed the light keeper, laughing, "she's got some mischief in her mad pate, I warrant you. If the good gentleman only took a friend's advice, he would stay at home and keep clear of her company. But, come, I'll introduce you—at all hazards."

"Captain Petersham," said he taking off his hat, and motioning with the grace of a well bred gentleman, "let me present to you Mr. Weeks of Ducksville, Connecticut, United States. Mr. Weeks, Captain Petersham of Castle Gregory."

The American bowed low, but without saying a word or changing his position in the least. Not so Mr. Petersham, who despised in his heart all kind of formality, save and except the formalities of the duel ground, and these he understood well and could practice to perfection.

"What the plague, man!" he exclaimed, "don't be so stiff with me. Nonsense! you're an American citizen, and that's enough, sir; give me your hand. Duckville or Drakesville,—I don't care a barley-corn what ville you are, so you're a free American. Come, sir, let us be friends at once, and make no more pother about it."

"Excuse me, Captain Petersham, you make a mistake—my name aint Ducksville or Drakesville—my name is Weeks—Ephraim C. B. Weeks."

"Oh! hang the difference, man,—it's all the same—what matters it?" said the captain, "Come, let's join Lee in his office,—he's gone to order some refreshments, and I'm as dry myself as a whistle," and running his arm into the astonished American's, he dragged him along, speaking all the while with his usual rapidity. "Pshaugh! it's all balderdash—what's in a name?—why, man, it don't signify a straw what you're called."

"Well, no, not much, I reckon; but if it's just the same to you, I'd rather be called Weeks. Ephraim Weeks. Here's my card, sir, if you please ——"

"Card! psaugh—all humbug," interrupted the captain—"keep your cards, my dear sir, for those who are foolish enough to use the toities. But if you choose to be called Weeks, I'll call you Weeks, certainly, sir, and an excellent name it is for an American."

"Well, it's sort of handy for a business man," replied Weeks, looking sideways at his impetuous companion, as he hurried him on to the house.

"To-be-sure—to-be-sure—there's your Secretary of Legation, Mr.—Mr.—what the plague! I can never remember names—Mr. Mr.—oh! confound it—Linkimdoodie—or something of that sort,—well, sir, he's a fine fellow, that Linkimdoodle, a right honest thorough-going republican as I ever met in my life. He had an odd name, to-be-sure, but what of that?—No one minded it—any thing, you know, will do in a country like yours, where you've no houses yet, or pedigrees or things of that description to trouble you. And so you're staying at Crohan with the Hardwrinkles. Well, I can only say I'm sorry for it—they'll ruin you, that's all—ruin you, sir, body and soul. Why, listen to me —"

"The Hardwrinkles are my cousins, Captain Petersham," interrupted Weeks.

"Just so, I know, I understand all that—but you'll not be worth a rap farthing, sir, if you stay with them many months longer, notwithstanding."

"You don't say so!"

"I do, sir. They'll first reduce you down with psalm singing, till you're as flat as dish water and as weak as a wendle straw, and then finish you off with mock piety, private scandal, and weak tea. Take my advice, sir, and stay with them as little as possible. Come up to Castle Gregory, where there's some life to be had, and come as often as you can, too—we'll be always glad to see you. So then here we are in the light keeper's sanctum, and here comes Drake to welcome us. Hands off!—hands off, Drake—down, down, you old rogue, you're as wet as an otter—away and bring your mistress here, I want to see her. But what's the matter?—how now! growling at your guest?—ah! Drake, Drake, that's inhospitable—what has come over you, man? never saw you act so unirish before. Excuse me, sir, but take a seat, take a seat, and don't be surprised to see me make so free in another man's house,—its our custom here. Heigho!" he added, flinging himself down in an easy chair and his gold banded sea-cap over his shoulder, "it takes me a full half hour to recover breath after climbing those villainous steps. Heigho! and so you're an American citizen."

"Well, yes; I have that honor, sir."

"Right, sir,—and it is an honor—no doubt of it, sir. But how warm it is—eh!" and he snatched off his stock and wiped his face with his handkerchief. It's those outrageous stairs—eh! besides, I'm not feather weight either, I suppose. Humph!" he added, glancing over at his companion, "you have the advantage of me there, sir—you're thin."

"Yes, rather inclined that way," modestly replied Weeks, playing with his watch-chain."

"So much the better, sir, so much the better, you're in a more comfortable summer condition."

"Well, as to the Weeks side of the house," observed the American, by the way of explanation, "they were never what you might call fleshy people; but the Bigelows were about the lurgest boned men in all Connecticut. There was my mother's cousin, for example, one Nathan Bigelow —"

"By the Lord Harry, he's at Nathan again!" came rumbling along the hall, in the deep tones of the burly light keeper, as he hurried in from the tower to welcome his guests.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Weeks was at that moment in the act of speaking, so it was quite impossible for him to distinguish the words; otherwise he had understood better the comic smile on Captain Petersham's face, as that gentleman twirled his thumbs and gazed over at him from his easy chair.

"Let me see, you're somewhere about five feet six inches, aint you?" inquired Weeks.

"Yes, thereabouts."

"Well—now, as to the weight, I reckon you're two hundred or chock up to it."

"Very likely—I might be three, for aught I know," replied the captain, laughing.

"Well, cousin Nathan was taller by nearly two inches, and mother says before he lost his eye on muster day, he weighed close on two hundred and twenty-five. Still, cousin Nathan —"

"Hilloa, there! hilloa, Roger O'Shaughnessy," broke in the light keeper again, "are we never to see that brandy and water?—come along, man, only lift your feet and they'll fall themselves."

"Aye, aye," muttered the old man, shambling into the room in his old bottle green livery with the faded lace and the two solitary buttons, carrying a massive silver salver, on which appeared three tumblers and a decanter with something resembling brandy in the bottom of it. "Aye, aye," said he, "it's always the same—just for all the world as if he was at home in the ould castle. Heigh! heigh! Its nothing but Roger here, and Roger there—Roger bring the venison, Roger, where's the Champagne? Roger, where's the Burgundy? Roger, order this lord's carriage, and Roger order that lady's barouche. Heigh, heigh, heigh!" Here he was seized by a fit of coughing which had the good effect of terminating his catalogue of complaints. "Och, och!" said he at length when he recovered a little breath, "the Lord be with the time, Captain Petersham, (bowing with great formality to that gentleman,) when Roger had plenty of servants to help him. But sure there's no help for it now, and as I burned the candle I must burn the inch," and so saying, the old man turned to quit the room.

"Stop, Roger, hold on, what have you got here?" demanded the light keeper, holding up the decanter between him and the light.

"There, sir?"

"Yes, here, sir? look at it."

"Why it's brandy, av coorse—what else shud it be? but may-be it's wine yer honor wants—ugh! ugh!—what kind iv wine id you like, sir? I'll bring it immediately."

"Wine! you old schemer, you know there's not a drop of wine in the house."

"Me!"

"Aye, *you*; you know it well—nor hasn't been these twelve months."

"Och, och, the bad luck to us!" exclaimed Roger, raising his hands in grave astonishment, "it's wondherful—wondherful, entirely. His mimory's clane gone, sir, (turning to Captain Petersham). It's only the matther of four weeks, or so, since we got—let me see—ahem! ahem!—two pipes iv claret—one Madeira," and he began to count them on his fingers—"ahem! two iv claret—one Madeira —one —"

"Don't mind him, don't mind him," said the captain, rising from his easy chair and good naturedly laying his hand on Roger's shoulder, "he's enough to vex a saint. Well, well, Roger—let him do as he pleases; if he choose to refuse us a glass of wine in this beggarly way, why, we can remember it to him—that's all."

"Oh, my heart's broke wid him, yer honor."

"To be sure it is—you're a living martyr, Roger, ha, ha. I declare I don't see how you can stand it—it's insufferable—quite insufferable. Ha, ha."

"Och, och! I wish to patience he was back in his own ould castle, again, yer honor, for since the docthers ordhered him down here for the benefit of his health, there's no comfort to be had wid him, night or day—but shure if he didn't lose his mimory, it wouldn't be so bad, allthegither. And then I'm shamed out iv my life wid him. Why, if you'd only hear to him, Mr. Petersham—ahem! that's if you were a stranger, you know, sir; like that gentleman, you're most obedient, sir; and didn't know the differ, ye'd think there wasn't a screed iv dacency left about him, at all, at all," and as he thus went on to make his private complaints to the captain, and still however in a voice loud enough to be heard by the American; he kept ever and anon glancing at the great silver salver on the table, as if making a silent appeal to it for testimony against his master.

During this little conversation with Captain Petersham, the light keeper called him several times, but Roger was too much engaged to attend to him.

"Roger!—are you deaf?" cried his master at last, "Roger, I say."

"Sir, sir."

"Is this all the brandy you have in the house? Answer me, yes or no."

"Ahem! Answer you yes or no, why av coorse I'll answer you—that is, if I only knew what you mane."

"Well, look here," and Mr. Lee stepped over to the old man, and shook the decanter within an inch of his eyes, "you call this brandy?"

"Sartinly, sir, the best cagniac, it cost just seven —"

"Never mind the cost; you have here about three thimble-fuls or thereabouts—for three gentlemen."

"No, sir, there's a good half bottle, and more—ahem! ahem! it looks little, but it's on broad bottom, hem, its a broad bottom, sir."

"Well, now I want to know—if you've any more of the same left—that's plain enough, I think."

"Why dear me, such a question, och, och—and two casks untouched in —"

"Hold your lying tongue and answer me, sir, have you? yes or no."

"Yes, yes, puncheons of it."

"Go fetch it then, forthwith—go now instantly," and he pushed him gently towards the door.

"Sartinly, sir, sartinly," replied Roger, moving of off as fast as his old shaky limbs would carry him, the long skirts of his old bottle green coat, oscillating as he went. "Most sartinly, sir, it's aisy enough to do that—why, if I only knew what in the world ye were comin at, all the time, i'd have it here now."

"He's the greatest old plague, that, in the whole universe," said the light keeper: "not a respectable visitor ever comes to see us, but he acts just in the same way. He would make you believe, Mr. Weeks,—(Captain Petersham here, knows all about him long ago,) he would make you believe his master as rich as Crœsus, and staying down here only by advice of his physician. You observed the old bottle green livery he wears, well he has worn that, to my own knowledge, five and twenty years, and in all probability, his father before him, for as many more. As for this antiquated piece of plate on the table, he brings it out on every possible occasion. The old coat, and the old salver, are in fact his great standbys, and with these, he imagines he can make a show of 'dacency,' were the house as bare and empty as the ruins of Baelbec."

"Ha, ha, poor Roger," laughed the captain, "he's a regular Caleb Balderstone."

"Precisely—the only difference perhaps—that Caleb was a conception, and Roger, a reality."

"Balderstone," said Weeks, "let me see, worn't he something to the Balderstones of Skowhegan, down east."

"Ha ha," chuckled Captain Petersham, "can't say, as to that."

"Well, them Balderstones of Skowhegan were tremendous smart men, I tell you, and cousin Nathan says, they fought at Lexington, like tigers and catamounts."

"No no, Caleb was of quite another character," replied the light keeper. "He was born of a wizard, and shall live as long as the world lasts. Some, indeed, go so far as to say, that he and Campbell's last man, are destined to expire together."

"Well, he's not a mortal, I reckon."

"No, sir, he's immortal as the gods."

During this latter part of the conversation, Roger O'Shaughnessy had returned as far as the room door, and remained standing on the threshold, for a minute, or more, looking in. In the attitude he assumed, he presented a striking appearance. His once tall, and powerful frame, now bent and wasted with years,—the old laced coat hanging from his attenuated shoulders in empty folds,—the few white hairs that still remained brushed up on each side, and meeting in a crest, over his polished scalp; looked in truth like a fine old ruin, tottering to its fall, with all its friendly ivy dead in the dust, save a few weak, but faithful tendrils clinging to it still.

"Excuse me, Mr. Lee, for interrupting you," said Weeks, "but the old gentleman here at the door seems to want something."

"What! Roger, is it—well, Roger," demanded the light keeper, speaking over his shoulder, "what's the matter?"

"Ahem!" said Roger, "ahem! about the brandy, your honor."

"Well—about the brandy—where is it—why don't you bring it in?"

"The key—ahem! the key of the cellar, sir," said Roger, without venturing to look at his master.

"What of it?"

"Ahem! It's not to be found, sir, you or Miss Mary must have it."

"Me! I never touched the key in my life."

"Dear me, then," exclaimed Roger, "what's to be done, your honor?" The brandy's in the cellar, and there's no key to open it."

"I don't believe a word of it, Roger; but did you ask Miss Lee for the key?"

"She's not to be found, either, sir."

"Ha, ha!—I thought so. I knew all the time it would come to that at last"

"If you could put up for this time with some of the best old Innishowen, that ever was doubled," said Roger, "you can have a hogshead of it in a jiffey."

"Innishowen!" exclaimed the captain, "and put up with it, too! Nonsense! nonsense! Roger, bring it in here instantly. Why, you old villain, it's worth its weight in gold. Compare French brandy with Innishowen poteen, indeed! Why, the Irishman who would do that, should be sent to the stocks, and physicked with frogs and assafœtida. Begone, and fetch it instanter. Away! my time's up."

Roger soon returned with a bottle of excellent whiskey, of which we must not omit to say, Mr. Weeks declined to partake—nay, he absolutely rejected it in the most positive manner, as a thing entirely against his principles and entirely contrary to his habits of life. But the light keeper and his good neighbor, the lord of Castle Gregory, made no pretensions to such principles or habits; they filled their tumblers and drank to each other, and to the success of the Stars and Stripes, as a compliment to Mr. Weeks, in full bumpers of Irish grog, without fear or shame, reproach or remorse.

Captain Petersham had scarcely finished his draught, and flung the tumbler on the table, loudly protesting against all State Temperance Laws and Teetotal Societies, as being the provocation of half the drunkenness in the world, when a sailor, cap in hand, presented himself at the door.

"How now, Bradley—what's the matter?"

"Mr. Ratlin says, there's a blow comin up from the westward, sir, and in half an hour we'll have ebb tide. He awaits orders."

"Well, get the boat ready. I'll be with you in a second."

He now approached the window and glanced for an instant at the west. "There it comes, Lee," he exclaimed, "tumbling up in lumps over Tory Island; you'll have it whistling about your ears here in half an hour. I must get aboard the 'Water Hen' and pack on sail, or she'll not fetch Balgnus-treken to-night. But look here, who's that under the rock, there, speaking to Mistress Mary? He's a devlish fine looking young fellow, that, eh!"

The light keeper hastened to the window. "Hah! by George," he exclaimed, muttering the words to himself, the instant his eye rested on the person alluded to, "Hah, ha, so then he is back again."

"Who is he, Lee—eh—surely I've seen that young man before—who is he?"

Mr. Lee smiled and shook his head.

"Oh, hoh, that's it, is it? Very well, all right," said the captain, "if there's any thing particular about him keep it to yourself."

And having requested Mr. Lee to make his apology to Mary for running away so abruptly, and invited Mr. Weeks to visit as soon as possible, he hurried off without further delay to his yacht. The moment his foot touched her deck, she was seen crowding on every stitch of canvas that would draw, and then gracefully bending under the gentle pressure of the evening breeze, the little 'Water Hen' glided up the Swilly and soon disappeared in the deepening shadows of Rathmullen bluffs.

The light keeper had accompanied his friend to the head of the steps to bid him good bye and a fair voyage, and the American, taking advantage of his absence, instantly turned to the window and there kept watching Mary Lee and her companion so intently, and with so absorbing an interest, that old Roger had picked up his silver card case which had fallen from his pocket, and laid it on his knee, without his having noticed it in the least. The spot on which the young couple stood conversing, was a small patch of green sward directly above the narrow channel called the Devil's Gulsh, and canopied over by a long, flat, projecting rock. The place was some seventy feet above the roaring water, cut as it were in the face of the precipice, and nearly on a level with the window at which the American sat looking at them so intently. The distance between them was not more than thirty feet; yet near as it was, Weeks could have distinguished little more than their mere outlines had not the great lantern, now lit up, shed its flood of light full on their persons, revealing every motion and every feature distinctly to his gaze.

There was a shade of melancholy on the handsome face of the young man as he leaned on the boat hook with which he had climbed the rocks, and conversed with his fair companion. His black, waving hair fell in profusion over his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the silver mountings of a brace of small travelling pistols glinted in the clear lamp-light. His neck was entirely bare, as if the heat of the day or his previous exertions had obliged him to remove his cravat, and his whole bearing and deportment were that of a brave, self-reliant, fearless young fellow, of honest heart and ready hand. Mary Lee stood by his side, dressed in her green kirtle and straw hat, the picture of angelic loveliness. Her face, always smiling before, was now pale and thoughtful, as if the melancholy which shadowed the countenance of her companion had touched her heart. Her petite figure, as she leaned lightly against the rock, her modest eyes, bent on the green grass at her feet, her long auburn ringlets falling in showers over her shoulders, and above all, her unaffected simplicity of manner, gave her a striking resemblance to those beautiful creatures which Raphael paints in his Espousals of the Virgin. Once or twice she raised her eyes to those of her companion, but she as often turned them away, as if the sadness of his looks gave her pain. His gestures and motions were those of entreaty—but she, on her part, appeared to make no reply— save to shake her head and look up sorrowfully in his face. At length the voice of the light keeper was heard round the house, calling her in from the approaching storm, and she could stay no longer. As the moment of parting came, she drew from her bosom a little scapular and pressing it devoutly to her lips gently threw it over the young man's neck. She then gave him her hand, and bidding him farewell, sprung round the edge of the rock with the nimbleness of a fawn and disappeared in an instant. Her companion followed her with his eyes as long as she remained in sight, and then carefully concealing the little treasure she gave him in the folds of his breast, slowly turned and left the place.

"Well," said Mr. Weeks to himself as he turned from the window and leaned his elbow on the table beside him, "she's a handsome gal, that—no mistake about it; and that feller looks to be a purty smart kinder chap, too, and not ill lookin, either. But who in creation is he? There's some mystery about him, that's sartin. I could see that by the light keeper, when the captain inquired his name. But never mind, hold on for a bit, I'll soon learn the secret from mother Curley. That was some charm, I'll bet a fourpence, that thing she put round his neck—some papistry, I reckon. But aint she all-fired brazen faced, to go up there right straight before the window?—By cracky, they do up that kinder business sorter strange down here in these diggins—they're ahead of New Jersey by a long chalk. But after all, perhaps it's her favorite retreat, and the feller found her there. She expected him—sartin. I saw that by her face when she came peeking in at the window, and I rather suspect she worn't aware of Captain Petersham's arrival either, or that Ephraim Weeks was in the office with her uncle. Well, she's handsome—that's a fact—and with those hundred and fifty thousand dollars I know of to back her up, she's wife enough for any man. Ha, she little thinks what belongs to her tother side the big pond—and she won't either—till she's got her nose up to the hitchin post. She'll be skittish, I guess, at first, but I'll take the old woman's advice and coax her to it gently. She can only refuse, do her best, and when she does, why it's then time enough to put the screws on. They're poor as Job's turkeys, that's clear, and it won't be very hard to corner them up in a tight place. A month or two in limbo would settle the old chap's light keepin, and then the girl, proud and all as she is, might be glad ——"

Here he was suddenly interrupted in his reflections by the entrance of the two persons in whom he seemed to be so deeply interested.

"Here's an impudent, saucy little baggage, Mr. Weeks, who deserves to offer you an apology for her dog's very bad behaviour, to-day," said the light keeper, leading Mary in by the hand. "Miss Lee, sir, my sister's only daughter. Mary, this gentleman is Mr. Weeks, of Drakesville, Connecticut, United States."

"Ducksville, if you please, Mr. Lee, not Drakesville," said Weeks, after one of his profound inclinations to the young lady, "the difference aint much, but still —"

“O excuse me, excuse me, sir,” said the light keeper, “so it is—I made a mistake—Ducksville, my dear, State of Connecticut.”

“Allow me to offer you my card,” said Weeks, smiling faintly and patronizingly on the young girl, as he drew it slowly out from the silver case.

“Thank you, sir,” she replied, modestly courtesying and accepting the favor, without the least sign of surprise at the strangeness of the compliment.

“I regret very much, sir, the loss of your fishing lines this evening,” she said, but if you permit me, I shall replace them.”

“Pray, don't mention it,” replied Weeks, interrupting her. “You're exceedingly kind, Miss Lee, but I assure you I have lots of such traps to spare, and should, if any thing, rather decline.”

“Drake is a very bold fellow in the water, sir, and don't mind his mistress in the least, when there's any thing like game to be seen. But then, he's so good and faithful that we must forgive him a great many faults. Drake, Drake,” she cried, “where are you?” and as the brown curly haired old fellow came in, wagging his tail, she ordered him to kneel down before the gentleman and ask his pardon. But Drake, instead of kneeling as, no doubt, he was taught to do on such occasions, began to growl at the stranger, and would probably have sprung at him to tear him, if Mr. Lee had not promptly interposed his authority, and commanded him to leave the room.”

“How very strange,” said Mary, speaking to her uncle, “I never saw him act so rudely before.”

“Some kink the old fellow has got in his head. But I fear Mr. Weeks will find his first visit to us down here a very disagreeable one, so many things have conspired to make it so. First, the loss of his fishing tackle and his fine trout, to boot;—then the absence of the inmates here, and his having to sit so long alone before any one came to bid him welcome—and finally, the unkind and ungenerous behaviour of Drake; why, upon my word, Mr. Weeks, you must think Araheera light a very barbarous place to visit.”

“Oh, don't mind—don't mind,” replied Weeks. “I can get along, I guess, most any where. We'll make it all right yet. As for the loss of the flies and casting line, I feel quite pleased about it, since it has procured me the acquaintance of so lovely and accomplished a young lady as Miss Lee.”

Mary blushed, hung down her head, and tried to say something; but her confusion at so blunt and unexpected a compliment silenced her completely. The light keeper, however, came to her assistance.

“If you talk to her in that style, Mr. Weeks,” said he, “you'll play the deuce with her—see, she's all over blushes already.”

“We-el, I generally calculate to speak to the point, Mr. Lee. It was always my habit to be frank with every one, and I can safely say, I should be most willing to lose all the fishing tackle I ever owned, for the pleasure afforded me by this introduction; she's a most beautiful and amiable girl—there's no mistake about it;—and I'm not ashamed to say so, though you are her uncle.”

“Mary, the gentleman will set you crazy, if you stay here much longer—away with you,” he added, patting her affectionately on the cheek, “away into some corner, then, and hide your blushes; Mr. Weeks will excuse your further presence;”—and dropping her hand he permitted her to shrink back and glide away like a fairy out of the room.

“Well, I guess I sha'n't wait much longer, either,” said Weeks, picking up his cap and preparing to leave. “I see the storm's coming on, and I've got somewhat of a walk before me; but I was just a thinkin to come down here once in a while to have a day's fishin or so, and a talk about the United States at our leisure."

The light keeper smiled and assured him he should be happy to see him at any time, and cheerfully do all in his power to make his visit to the country, and particularly to Araheera Head, as agreeable as possible.

"And look'e here," said Weeks, buttoning his coat, "if there's any thing I can do to oblige you in the way of friendship, don't hesitate an instant, but tell me right out. It may happen you'd want a friend's advice, a—well, no matter, you understand me. I'm a single man, Mr. Lee, and have a leetle more at my banker's, I guess, than I've any particular occasion to use. Good afternoon, sir."

"Good bye, and thank you for your good will," said the light keeper, somewhat surprised at the stranger's liberality. "I shall most assuredly consult with you, Mr. Weeks, when occasion requires it."

"I say, hold on!" said Weeks again, turning back when half way down the avenue, "that bird, you'll not forget to send it, eh?—all right; guess I can get it up for you in pretty good shape." And waving his hand, he set out on his journey to Crohan, the residence of the Hardwrinkles.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Questions of the Soul. By *J. T. Hecker.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1855.

As this book is reviewed at greater length in another place by a new contributor, we omit our own notice and only mention it here, to thank the Messrs. Appleton, for their part in bringing a Catholic work before the American public. We are glad to see, that a house, that stands at the head of the profession, is above the mean prejudice, which debases so many, that should be more courageous, as they certainly need not fear any loss by showing themselves so. The conduct of the Messrs. Appleton gives us some hopes that after all the *true American* will be just, and in his justice generous enough to grant the meed of praise, which a good book should always receive, even if it does come from a Catholic.

2. Audin's History of the Life, Writings and Doctrines of Luther. A new translation by *William B. Turnbull.* Vol. II. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This work is upon our table, but we can do little more at present than acknowledge its receipt; in a future number, we shall take such a notice of it as its importance deserves. For the present, we refer our readers to the notice of the first volume, which appeared in the October number of the Metropolitan of last year.

3. Histoire Generale de L'Eglise: par *l'Abbé Darras*, ancien professeur au Séminaire de Troyes. 4 vol. in gr. 8vo. Paris: Louis Veves. 1854.

It is with real pleasure that we examined this truly solid, complete and highly interesting work, the fruit of much labor and the production of a superior talent for historiography. Rev. Mr. Darras, following the simple but grand ideal of Cardinal Baronius, guided by the vast, critical labors of Noël Alexander, Orsi and others more modern, who amended the comparatively few inaccuracies of the Annales and of their continuations, and assisted by many other authors who wrote the ecclesiastical history of the different nations and people, has happily succeeded in compiling one of the most useful and pleasing works on church history, which may be put into the hands of

Catholics. The abbé has wonderfully avoided diffuseness and languor, too frequently met with in modern historical works, which are rather a philosophy on history, than a simple, genuine relation of facts. Without effort he carries his reader on, and gently causes him to live, to labor, to suffer, to die with all the great saints and celebrated personages, who in the course eighteen centuries glorified and extended the kingdom of God on earth.

Hence we commend this work to the patronage of the Rev. Clergy and educated laity, as a valuable complement and ornament of their libraries.

The division of the work into eight epochs, lends us naturally to the remark, that they might have been determined by the consideration of the different great tasks, which providence, at different times, destined the Church to accomplish; ex. gr.

1st Epoch, from J. C. to St. Sylvester, or the age of persecution.

2d Epoch, from St. Sylvester to St. Leo, M. or the Church as apostle of civilized heathens.

3d Epoch, from St. Leo, M. to St. Zacharias, or the Church, mistress of barbarous nations.

4th Epoch, from St. Zacharias to St. Gregory VII, or the Church, foundress of states and monarchies.

5th Epoch, from St. Gregory to Innocent III, or the Church, the intrepid enemy of tyranny and arbitrary power of kings and emperors.

6th Epoch, from Innocent III to Innocent VIII, or the Church, observatrix of the evangelical counsels, and conservatrix of learning.

7th Epoch, from Innocent VIII to Urban VIII, or the Church, keeper of the faith and apostle of all nations.

8th Epoch, from Urban VIII to ——. If this epoch, as not a few imagine, be the last, the Church, realizing, to a remarkable degree, all the preceding characteristics, bids fair, to end without decay, as she began without infancy.

4. GROWTH IN HOLINESS, OR THE PROGRESS OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE, by *Frederick W. Faber, D. D.*, author of "All for Jesus." Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1855.

How many a time, as we feasted our souls on the sweet teachings of Richard of St. Victor, Cardinal Bona and Father Scaramelli, did we wish that some blessed soul, who knew how, would adorn our language with only a few even of the spiritual treasures they contained! We have in English many very valuable spiritual works, to be sure, but they are usually written in such a style or brought forward in such a way that they become impediments, instead of helps to virtue. Their tendency, a good one certainly, is to fill the mind with lofty ideas of the spiritual life, but they too frequently leave the plain practical ways of holiness altogether out of consideration. To say that we are satisfied, delighted with this little work of Father Faber's, would be to say too little. The very wants, under which we labored for a long time, and which we doubt not left a void in many a Catholic heart besides our own, are here amply repaid. If he had done no more than given us the three chapters on "the human spirit, spiritual idleness, and the office of spiritual director," he would be entitled to our eternal gratitude, and with all his zeal for souls we have no hesitation in saying, that he could not desire them greater good than he will bestow by these on thousands who will never hear his voice. No Catholic, in our humble opinion, should be without a copy of "Growth in Holiness:" which next to Thomas à Kempis and the Spiritual Combat, should always claim a portion of his study.

5. THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. By the *Rt. Rev. Bishop Ullathorne*. With the *approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. Pittsburg: George Quigley.

A press of duties has deprived us of the pleasure of reading this valuable treatise. In our next we hope to be able to give it that attention which its importance deserves; if indeed any notice of ours can add aught of value to a work from the pen of the eminent and learned Bishop of Birmingham, and which bears upon its title page the approbation of our own Most Rev. and venerable Archbishop. The very beautiful and attractive style in which the work is presented to the public does much credit to the publishers.

6. A VINDICATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, in a Series of Letters, to the Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Vermont. By *Francis Patrick Kenrick*, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have, through the kindness of the publishers, obtained a glimpse of the forthcoming work of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, in reply to two volumes of letters, addressed to him, by the Protestant Bishop of Vermont. As far as we have heard, Dr. Hopkins' work has caused no sensation, as the French term it, in this latitude. It is but a cold rehash of the old dish of Protestant theology. The author pompously styles it "The End of Controversy Controverted." Whoever has read "Milner's End of Controversy," may readily imagine what damage the distinguished Bishop of Vermont could do it. The only thing new in his book, are certain misrepresentations and perversions, in which, those who know the gentleman's antecedents, will recognize the author's artful and felicitous style of invention. Archbishop Kenrick, of course, has not lowered himself to the platform from which Dr. Hopkins has thought fit to assail the Catholic Church, but has contented himself with a dignified and learned vindication of Catholic doctrines, which at once lays bare the mis-statements of the Vermont divine, and exposes his plausible array of learning. We have no difficulty in anticipating the judgment readers will pass on the work of our learned and venerable Archbishop. It will greatly heighten his well established fame of defender of Catholic truth, and show to those who have the rashness to impugn it the folly of their efforts.

In a few days the energetic publishers will present the book to the reading community, and we feel assured it will speedily obtain the wide circulation it deserves.

7. FLORINE, PRINCESS OF BURGUNDY: A tale of the First Crusaders. By *the author of Bertha or the Pope and the Emperor*. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co. 1855.

The Catholic literati of England and Ireland have at last begun to imitate their neighbours across the channel in their application of fiction to a religious purpose, and although they have entered but lately into the lists, have already in many respects equaled, if not surpassed, their more imaginative brethern on the continent. If all their series of tales, novels, &c., by whatever name they be called, keep only the reputation the first volumes have obtained, the minister of God will no longer have to caution his flock so frequently against novel-reading and its dangerous tendencies, but will be obliged to recommend even as an antidote against other evil influences the perusal of such as this one, which we place at the head of our article. It is indeed "a tale of deep and abiding interest and of much instruction," but unlike the most of novels, it leaves no unhealthy action in the mind after its perusal. On the contrary, while it absorbs the faculties so that it is very difficult to lay it aside, when once taken up, it fills the soul with a horror for vice and a love for virtue, an esteem for what is generous and noble, and a desire to emulate the good and great in their meritorious actions, that it might almost be recommended as a book for spiritual reading. Certainly our youth in reading will not be rendered worse, but in many respects will derive great advantage from it.

8. MEMOIR OF PIERRE TOUSSAINT; born a slave. By *Mrs. H. F. Lee.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1854.

We are happy to see that this little work running through so many editions. A negro and a Catholic, he was universally esteemed in quarters where both qualities are objectionable: the latter as much as the former even in literary circles, and would-be learned societies. Toussaint was an excellent Catholic, and the talented authoress has portrayed his religious character in a manner deserving of the highest praise. As a contribution to Catholic Literature, it deserves a place in every Catholic Library, and it will, we trust, soon be known to all who share the same faith.

9. La Religion du Nord de la France avant le Christianisme. *Par Louis de Baecker.* Lille: Vanackere. 1854.

We confess ourselves disappointed in this work. Associating in our minds the land of France, with the Celtic races, we hoped to find in it a full dissertation on the Druidical worship and its remains. It is however a most valuable contribution to even English history, being translations of two old Runic Poems, in which are developed the whole of the Woden theology and manners, which the Saxons introduced into Britain.

10. Manuel de l'Archeologie Nationale. Par *Corblet:* Paris. 1854.

We commend this work to our American ethnologists: if the tumuli, flint arrowheads, stone hatchets or *casselêtes*, which are described and represented in it, do not correspond exactly with those found in America our eyes are much deceived. In fact Mr. Schoolcraft could use electrotypes of this French work to illustrate his "History, Condition, &c. of the Indian Tribes."

11. Miranda Elliot, or the Voice of the Spirit. By *S. H. M.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

This novel is intended to illustrate the workings of a conscientious spirit in the heroine, whom the author takes from her infancy and brings to womanhood in his own peculiar way. It has the common run of incidents, on which novelists ring so many changes and may be, we suppose, presented as a fair specimen of that legion of spirits, with which our literature is haunted. The author however, has nothing to boast of: the narrative is tolerably good, but the philosophy or whatever he chooses to call it, is often arrant nonsense, and where there is sense, destroys the interest, which the narrative sometimes excites in the reader. As usual with Protestant writers he could not avoid showing the disposition of his mind and heart against Catholicity, a pretty exemplification of conscientiousness rendered the more conspicuous by his ungenerous inuendoes against a body of religious women, whom the whole world delights to honor for their generous sacrifice of self, to the cause of suffering humanity. But romancing, it seems, cannot at this time suit the palate of novel-readers without the piquant no-popery sauce of the fanatic or the know-nothing.

12. Kate Aylesford: a story of the Refugees. By *Charles J. Peterson.* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The author of this story is no novice in novel-writing. His "Cruising in the last War" is a popular book, full of graphic delineations of stirring scenes. The present work is based upon the partizan warfare of the revolutionary war.

The heroine, Kate Aylesford, is "according to statute in such cases made and provided," beautiful, accomplished, graceful and loving, a sort of tender Di Vernon; she is brave, self-possessed, resolute and rich; possessing in short, an unusual share of attractions. The hero, Major Gerdon, is an officer in the American army, and is like most heroes, an average man, whose business it is to fall in love with the heroine, rescue her from perils and finally marry her. Then we have a villain, who has been early betrothed to the fair one, and finding it impossible to win her affections, attempts to run off with her, but is foiled and perishes.

Such is the simple plot upon which the author has managed to bring some very good description, and which he has contrived to fill up with stirring adventures, spiritedly told. The first scene, a wreck off the coast of New Jersey and rescue, is very well drawn, and the interest of the reader becomes very intense during the progress of the story. Then we have a graphic account of a fire in the woods, and a narrow escape from its terrors.

One of the subordinate characters, Uncle Lawrence, is a plain farmer, who has served under Washington, and who tells, with great effect, the story of the surprise of the Hessians, and their complete discomfiture at Trenton. We have other conflicts with the refugees; and those desperate villains, who spring up at such periods of internal commotions, and who, under the name of cow-boys, and other euphonious titles, earned for themselves, during the revolutionary war, such a garland of infamy, are sketched with vigor and truth.

Indeed, the writer appears to have carefully studied the habits, manners and feelings of the times. Altogether, the book is a good one, decidedly above the common level of such works, and contains nothing contrary to good morals or refined feelings.

13. NELLY BRACKEN: a tale of forty years ago. By *Annie Chambers Bradford.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1855.

This is the first offering of Miss Bradford to the spirit of romance, and is not without its merit, as far superior in our judgment to the Miranda Elliot above noticed, as the authoress does not claim for herself so much knowledge of human nature and its destinies. It is simply a tale, but earnestly, in some places even eloquently, told. The heroine is, like many romantically inclined misses, rather touched in the head and led thereby into some things not at all improbable, such as a marriage with a handsome scoundrel, of whom she rids herself, and from whom Providence rids her in order to unite her destinies with one who will and does make her as happy as this earth can make one. There is of course some accident from time to time among the various characters, to prove that "the course of true love never runs smooth," but the proprieties are always observed with strict care, and there is less kissing and embracing than one might expect from a young and enthusiastic writer. On the whole then we would say, if we must have novels and tales, and it seems decided that we must, we would rather have one such as this Nelly Bracken than a cart load of the trash, which has been of late years ruining the taste for sound literature, and sapping the very foundations of morality.

14. YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM. By Q. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a very pleasant book. It is a gallery of forty-five or fifty portraits, sketched by an Englishman, who has been connected with the London press, and probably contributed them to periodicals before collecting them in a volume in this country. There are notices of such persons as Horace Vernet, Moore, Bulwer, D'Israeli, Anderson, Haydon, Kean, Janin, Julia Grisi, Lola Montez, Berreyer, Bayard Taylor, De Meyer, Guizot, Mrs. Trollope, and others of equal distinction in literature, politics, or art.

The statements of the clever author do not lead us to suppose that he had any very intimate association with the greater portion of the persons described. Very often, he narrates but a single interview and conversation. The consequence is, that while the book is extremely interesting as a sort of morning visit chat with eminent individuals, we find in it very little of that analytic power which might give it permanence in literature. In its mode of treatment, it rather lacks variety, and we think it would have been better with the omission of some details about Opera Singers and *danseuses*, which are not required for the edification of well regulated society. With this exception, we commend "YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM" to our readers as a delightful and entertaining companion for the domestic circle.

15. SOUTHWARD HO! A SPELL OF SUNSHINE. By *W. Gilmor Simms.* Redfield, New York. J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

Our countryman, Simms, is so general a favorite that it is hardly necessary to do more than announce a new work from his industrious pen, to ensure its welcome by the public. SOUTHWARD HO! is a sort of Marine Decameron. A Southerner who happens to be caught in New York in midsummer, suddenly resolves, in spite of the season, to travel towards the Mountains of Carolina and Georgia instead of sipping water at Saratoga or dipping into the sea at Newport. After a lively interview with a scoffing New Yorker, in which the health and diversions of the South are capitally vindicated, the latter suddenly resolves to join our hero on the "good Steamer Marion;" and, as the voyagers and their companions are borne towards Charleston, they entertain one another with the tales that are chronicled in this volume. Sketches from all parts of the world, and of various epochs, are racily interspersed with romance, humor, eloquence, fancy, and wit. We have been particularly charmed by the graphic delineations of American scenery and character. Mr. Simms paints the features of his country with a bold, bright, and truthful brush. The skill and variety with which he has embellished the present work, will add very largely to his reputation as a national artist.

Editors' Table.

May.—Once more we greet the balmy zephyrs of the month of May. The hoary frosts of winter have passed away, the chilling blasts of early spring have disappeared and the season of buds and flowers with all its charms has again returned—nature has arisen from winter's ice-bound tomb, and has come forth in her gayest attire. The flowery heath, the soft and delicate foliage of the trees, the gentle breeze, the sweet scent of the grove, the verdure of the fields, the innocent warbling of the feathered tribe, all remind us of the first of May!

> "The sweet birds are warbling
> From arbor to spray
> And cheerfully singing
> Of spring time and May;
> Merry May, merry May!"

The month of May, which brings with it so many charms, has for the Catholic more than ordinary interest. The Church like a tender mother, ever solicitous for the welfare of her children, loses no occasion of inviting them to virtue, of withdrawing them from the transitory things of earth, and directing them to the lasting joys of another and a better world. Each day in the year she has dedicated to some particular saint, whose example she sets before us to encourage us in our pilgrimage through this vale of sorrow to the bright land of promise beyond the grave. But while she sets apart a single day for devotion to the other saints, a whole month is dedicated to the Mother of God. During the month of May, the Church in a special manner invites her children to honor, to love and invoke the patronage of the Immaculate Queen of Heaven.

As the devotion of the month of May in honor of the blessed Virgin is now so extensively practiced, a few words in reference to its origin cannot prove otherwise than interesting.

During the early part of the sixteenth century *Father Lalomia*, a professor in one of the Jesuit colleges in Italy, proposed to the pupils of his class to perform each day during the month of May, some special devotion to the Mother of God. The happy suggestion was joyfully seconded by his pupils, and accordingly, a statue of the blessed Virgin was placed upon a table at the end of the class-room. Before this humble altar, which they fervently decorated with flowers, the venerable Father and his pupils daily assembled and recited certain prayers in honor of Mary, and made a short meditation on the virtues of her life. The Fathers of the college remarked with much gratification, the fervent piety, which from that period distinguished the members of Father Lalomia's class—an evidence how pleasing this devotion was to the Mother of God. On the returning May, the devotion which was commenced in a single class, was extended to the whole college. The effect was most remarkable. Boys who had been heretofore untractable, now became models of obedience and docility: those who had been remiss in the practice of their religion, now flew to the confessional: the slothful and indolent became examples in the punctual and faithful discharge of their scholastic duties: the praises of Mary were heard from every tongue, her statue was daily crowned, and her altar strewed with flowers.

The Fathers, seeing the good effects which the devotion of the month of May produced in this single college, immediately introduced it into all their colleges in Italy and in other countries of Europe; and as they went forth from these institutions on the mission, they established the devotion among the faithful, and thus it spread from church to church until it has at length become almost universal.

That this devotion, so beautiful, so sublime in itself, should captivate the hearts of fervent and pious Catholics and become so extensively practiced, is only a matter of surprise to those who understand not the institutions of the Catholic Church. Devotion to the Mother of God is coeval with the apostolic ages; it has descended with the faith, and those periods which have been most remarkable for piety and virtue, have been proportionably distinguished for their filial devotion to the Queen of Heaven. In every age her name has been revered; the most illustrious saints sought her aid and invoked her intercession. Former ages have honored her as the Mother of God, the Queen of angels, and the mediatrix of men before the throne of her divine Son. But it has been reserved for our own time to witness the realization of that honor which former ages sought to confer on Mary. It has been reserved for our own illustrious and venerable Pontiff, Pius IX, to add another gem to her diadem, to affix another title to her Litany, and to bid her children, in all the fervor of their hearts, to invoke her as the chosen of heaven—*Mother conceived without sin.*

THE WREATH OF MAY.—From a manuscript, called *The Wreath of May*, in honor of the blessed Virgin, we select the following verses. The Wreath, which we regret has never been completed, is ingeniously composed from the language of flowers, selecting for each day in the month some flower, which is taken as the emblem of some virtue. Thus: Snow-drop, *Hope;* the Daisy, *Innocence*, &c.

THIRD DAY.

OLIVE—*Peace.* HAZEL—*Reconciliation.*

Who can tell the sweet emotion;
  Who the sunshine of the heart,
Who the filial, fond devotion
  And the life that joys impart,
Such as blessed the aged Noah,
  When the dove returned once more
From her mission o'er the water,
  Bearing high the olive's flower.

Yet were those emotions sweeter,
  And that sunshine far more bright,
And that filial offering better,
  And more joyous his delight,
When above his altar, spanning,
  With its beauteous arch, the earth;
Pledge of reconciliation,
  God's bow of promise had its birth.

Dearest Mother! thus did heaven
  Echo to the hymns of joy;
Choir to choir responsive driven,
  By the bliss without alloy,
Which they felt when first existence
  Dawned thy stainless soul upon,
When the Father blessed his daughter,
  And prepared her for his Son:

When the Holy Spirit blessed thee
  With the gifts no other had,

And with heavenly love caressed thee
  In that bridal robe arrayed;
For thou wast the olive branchlet,
  Carried by the heavenly dove
To the deluged earth restoring
  Heaven's pure gift of peace and love.

And the earth, as sweetly ringing
  Came the anthems of the sky,
Leaped for gladness, gently springing
  From her depths of misery.
For she felt within her glowing,
  All the ardor that above
Burns so brightly in the angels,
  In the home of perfect love.

Dearest Mother! on thy altar,
  Lay we down this simple wreath:
Guide thy children, as we falter,
  Safely through this vale of death.
To thy sacred heart devoted
  Thou on us bestowest peace;
Reconciled to heaven we pray thee
  Till this dangerous life shall cease.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MASSACHUSETTS AND THE VISITATION OF CONVENTS.—After the course of the Massachusetts Legislature in regard to the Charlestown Convent, it was hard to imagine any thing, in the way of bigotry and narrow-mindedness, which that Honorable Body might not be brought to perpetrate. That one transaction contained within itself the elements of all possible fanaticism to come. The power to oppress and the pettiest disposition to exercise it; ignorance wilful and ignorance blind; unmanly vindictiveness and insensibility to the commonest suggestions of charity or shame; all were involved in it. The recent demonstration of the legislative committee upon the Academy of the Sisters of Notre Dame, at Roxbury, has therefore nothing new about it, in spirit or in principle. It is no symptom of a new distemper, but only a new evidence of the malignity of the old virus. In this part of the world we do not think that such a thing could easily happen. It is true, we are afraid, that there are some good people among us, who would be quite willing to see a convent burned, now and then—with its inmates, if convenient. A good many might be found, no doubt, in the highly orthodox circles, who would gladly exercise the privilege of inspecting our Catholic institutions—who would rejoice in the blessed opportunity of holding inquests in the cellars and out-houses, and of spying out the scarlet of Babylon in the dye of the bed curtains. But, in the main, fanaticism and persecution here, were they to break into the fold, would come like wolves, howling and fierce. They would hardly condescend to steal in, like hen-roost vermin. Indeed such expeditions as the Roxbury visitation could with difficulty be gotten up outside of New England. There is something in the bad traits of the popular character, there, which seems exclusively adapted to such performances—a mixture of gossiping and sanctimoniousness—of intolerance and scandal-mongering—of puritanism and pruriency—such as can be found no where else. It is as if a blended portrait were painted of John Knox and Paul Pry. The indignant and manly expressions of the Boston press, upon the present occasion, afford us grateful assurance that the intelligent communities of Massachusetts have risen above the level of this. It may be some time, however, before the legislature shall have reached an equal elevation, for it unfortunately happens, as a general rule, now-a-days, that legislative assemblies represent any thing but the best phases of their constituencies.

The occurrence at Roxbury has been the means of making public—what, we confess we had not previously known—the existence in the Massachusetts Legislature, of a "Joint Special Committee on the Inspection of Convents and Nunneries," which by special order has been "authorized and instructed to visit and examine" such institutions, together with "theological seminaries" and the like, and report to the Legislature! Now we presume that no man who has read the Constitution of the United States (to say nothing of the Constitution of Massachusetts) can fail to know, that the legislature has no authority, itself, and can "authorize" no committee, to violate the sanctity of a private dwelling, whether it be the home of an individual or of an association of individuals. Every "political first class book" in New England teaches boys, before they have reached the dignity of trowsers, that a man's house is his castle, the door of which can only be opened, against his will, by an officer armed with the warrant of the law, supported by oath and issued for probable cause by a competent tribunal. The invasion, in any particular, of this fundamental right of the citizen, is a criminal offence and a civil wrong—as all the world knows—which no legislative action is competent to shield from punishment. The Legislature, *en masse*, might be driven by force from any threshold they might seek to cross without warrant, and any necessary violence might be lawfully used to repel them. Such is the unquestioned law of the land, which no power can alter, while the national Constitution lasts.

The honorable gentlemen who got up the Nunnery Committee of course knew all this, and would have shouted it from the house-tops if there had been a runaway negro to be concealed or rescued. But it was only a question of the rights of "Papists," which was quite another matter. They knew that if they asked admittance to any Catholic institution, and it was refused, they would make more capital out of the refusal than out of all their visitations and inspections. They knew therefore that they could safely set up the pretence of doing the thing by consent—while they were, in fact, exercising a moral coercion which, in the diseased state of public and partisan opinion, was as irresistible as brute force and not half as honest. They knew that the very closing of a door in their honorable faces would insure the gathering of a mob to force it open—so they proceeded on their errand, quite satisfied that they should have their own way in it. Two omnibus loads of legislators and invited assistants, (including a police officer and an alderman) girded up their loins for an onslaught on the "abominations" of "the man of sin." There were at Roxbury, in a small school-house, seven unprotected women, from whose rosaries and prayer-books the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was in peril—and behold, the omnibuses descended upon them. The academy was taken, like the pump in Salmagundi, without the loss of a man. And great rejoicing there was, on account thereof, throughout the ancient commonwealth—and there was heard, no doubt, as Mr. Whittier once heard, when a fugitive slave was hidden—

"The shaft of Bunker, calling to that of Lexington!—"

But apart from the poetry of the subject,—it is conceded on all hands—as indeed the evidence taken demonstrates—that the honorable committee and their followers acted in utter contempt of the restraints which gentlemen instinctively observe, and which the veriest boors are usually deterred from disregarding, by the salutary dread of being kicked. The comments of the press attracted the attention of the Legislature to the subject. An attempt was at first made to stifle inquiry, but a committee of investigation was finally ordered, before which a good deal of testimony has been taken. The gentlemen charged with the indecencies in question are themselves to testify, and will of course make their case as fair as they can, but they cannot alter the verdict which the public has already passed, upon the facts as at first disclosed and since substantiated. Our readers will be edified, to learn that one of the most important questions discussed, when the matter was before the legislature, and inquired of by the investigating committee, was—whether the cortége of the Committee on Nunneries had been victualled and conveyed at the public expense. It was bad enough to have disgraced the commonwealth—but who could bear the odium of putting the commonwealth in for the omnibus tickets! Alas! our eastern brethren, some how or other, will always manage to make the constitution subordinate to the constitutional currency.

What will the result of these things be? If a Catholic committee were to visit and insult the inmates of a Protestant religious institution, we think the question would have a speedy solution. As it is, we can only hope—and we do in fact believe—that the effect of the incident we are discussing will be favorable to the cause of truth and moderation. The American people, when brought to proper reflection, have a scorn of what is wrong and a contempt for what is unmanly. They will never willingly make themselves parties to petty tyranny, and when they see the consequences of the intolerance, which has been commended to them under the attractive name of "Americanism," they will spurn it from them, with disgust, as an unclean thing. We are not so sanguine as to hope that we shall ever see the "anti-Popery" expounders ashamed of themselves—but we incline to think that before long the public will be satisfied that they ought to be.

P. S. Since writing the above, we perceive that the Committee of Investigation has reported the substantial truth of the charges made in the newspapers, and has recommended—that the matter be dropped! This was certainly the wisest course, and probably the most becoming, as the Legislature can hardly misrepresent public opinion so far as to have any respect for itself. We remember to have seen it stated, last winter, in the "Carlisle Volunteer," (a Protestant journal) that sixty clergymen—forty-eight Methodists, four Presbyterians, four Baptists, two Universalists and two "scattering"—were members elect of the Honorable body in question. This will readily explain the Nunnery crusade, and the hasty disposition to cover up its disgusting details. We shall consider ourselves at liberty, hereafter, to judge the zeal of such good Christians for "religious freedom," by their demonstrations upon the present occasion—precisely as we shall interpret the sincerity of the "Maine Law" fanatics among them, by their willingness to be economically drunk on the Commonwealth's Champagne.

The Cincinnati Election Riots.—While the Legislature of Massachusetts, on the one side, has been illustrating the religious tendencies and results of the "American" organization, the brethren in Cincinnati, on the other, have been presenting its political operation in an equally attractive point of view. We do not propose entering into the melancholy details of riot, persecution and bloodshed, which have lately given to the chief city of the West such unenviable notoriety. Our readers are no doubt sadly familiar with them already, and, with ourselves, would be happy to forget them. To us, such occurrences cause no surprise. From the first, we have believed that fanaticism and intolerance, religious and political, have been at the bottom of the whole "American movement," and have given to it what strength it has possessed. We are satisfied that every demonstration of its power will substantiate this theory, and that every accession of strength to the party will diminish its inclination to wear the veil of patriotism and Americanism. The really honest and patriotic persons who have become involved in the movement are already finding this out, and we are persuaded that every day's experience will force the conviction upon them. In this point of view, such excesses as those at Cincinnati will not be without some redeeming consequences. They will open the eyes of the doubting and recall the wavering to a sense of manliness and duty. It is impossible that a party can long maintain the semblance of devotion to freedom, when oppression is one of its fundamental tenets, and it is perhaps best for society and for the purposes of warning and example that the developments of its true character should be exhibited conspicuously and at once. From all appearances, we are not likely to be kept long in the dark, if overt acts of violence and wrong can throw any light on the mysteries of the "lodges."

The Sisters of the Adoration of Reparation.—Among the many beautiful chapels in Paris, none are more attractive than that of the Sisters of the Adoration of Reparation. There night and day are to be seen members of this community, keeping watch as it were, before the door of the tabernacle, and pouring out their most fervent aspirations in reparation of the insults and blasphemies daily offered to the ever adorable sacrament of the altar. As this institution already occupies a prominent position, especially in France, we doubt not, but that the following brief outline of its origin will prove interesting:

"This institute arose, most providentially for Paris, in June, 1848, when the capital was torn by civil war. Whilst the cannon was roaring, and the world was sunk in terror and alarm, some pious women assembled themselves in a chapel in the Rue d'Enfer. Shortly afterwards they obtained the immense and singular privilege of having the Holy Sacrament exposed day and night, that they might pray with Jesus, in Jesus, and by Jesus, the living and true victim of France. Moses, praying upon the mountains, obtained of God the victory for Israel; and these Sisters came to fill the place of a new Moses, to drive away the misfortunes with which France and the world were threatened, and have already suffered. M. Affre, before he laid down his life for his flock in so sublime a manner, had blessed the pious design with which God had inspired them, to pray day and night in order to repair the insults offered to God by sins of all kinds, more especially for the blasphemies and profanation of the holy day of Sunday so common in our day. Some time after the death of the Archbishop, the Vicar Capitular granted permission to have the Holy Sacrament exposed day and night; the work was established, and the regular community commenced its existence on the 6th of August, 1849. The venerable and pious successor of the heroic Archbishop gave a provisional approval of the work of the Adoration of Reparation so unexpectedly arisen amidst the misfortunes of France, together with all its privileges. He gave it his powerful protection, that it might live and prosper; and six months afterwards he gave it his definitive approbation. The blessing of God descended upon this admirable work; and the Cardinal established it soon afterwards at Lyons. The number of Sisters increased wonderfully, and they were able to accomplish their principal work and add to it the work of retreats and all the other ends of the institute. A very wise organization distinguished this new society, the title given to it by Rome. It is divided into three branches—the regular Sisters, whose end is the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exposed day and night in their chapel, as well as needlework; the Secular Sisters, who employ their powers in connection with the community, and may afterwards expand outwardly and give themselves to spiritual and corporal charity; and, lastly the simply associated, who are united by bonds less close with the society, partaking however, in an especial manner, in the prayers, the works, and the merits of the institute. We cannot enter upon all the titles by which this new society recommends itself, and the position which God seems to have allotted it in His Church; but we will add that, at the request of the Archbishop of Paris and Lyons, Rome has confirmed it by a special Brief, and granted indulgences to it which no other institute has ever, to our knowledge, obtained. All the faithful may, beside all other indulgences, obtain a plenary one by meditating every day one hour in the chapel on the Passion."

The Origin of the Angelus.—The following is the origin of the *Angelus* according to *Abbé Orsini:*

"In the commencement of the fourteenth century, Pope John XXII, justly alarmed at the conquests of the Mussulmans, instituted a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, called the *Ave Maria;* this prayer, for which was chosen the most delightful hour of the day, that of sunset, was repeated through France and England at the first toll of the *curfew* bell. Every Catholic then recited the three *Hail Marys* for the success of the Christian arms, and prayed to the Blessed Virgin for union, peace and prosperity in all kingdoms professing the true faith. Louis IX instituted the *Angelus*, such as it is now practised amongst us, in honor of the mystery of the Incarnation, and expressed his desire that besides the evening prayer, which was said for the general peace of Christian states, a special prayer at noon should be offered for the tranquility of his kingdom. 'It is ordained to all Frenchmen, knights, men-at-arms and civilians, to place themselves on both knees at the sound of the mid-day bell, to bless themselves devoutly and offer a prayer to Our Lady, imploring peace and tranquility.' The ordinance was executed with the greatest exactitude, a proof that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin had been fondly cherished at that time. In the fifteenth century, at the first toll of the *Angelus*, there was not a Frenchman, whether in his house or in the streets, whether in the fields or on the road, who did not immediately fall on his knees to pray to Mary. This duty over, travellers and wayfarers arose and continued their journey."

Record of Events.

From March 20, to April 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—*Embassy to the Emperor Alexander.*—The death of the Emperor Nicholas appears to have afforded to the Court of Rome some increased probability of a peaceful solution of the Eastern question without the necessity of further bloodshed, and also of the probability of some concessions being made in favor of the Catholics of Russia. To effect so desirable an object, to urge the advantages of peace, and to congratulate the new emperor upon his accession to the throne, the Holy Father has determined to send an envoy extraordinary to the Court of St. Petersburg.

The report that appeared in several quarters of the resignation of Cardinal Antonelli, is destitute of foundation. The eminent secretary of State continues in his office, nor is there any change expected in the Papal cabinet at present.—The rejoicings and festivity in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception still continue. The English Catholics at Rome celebrated the *Triduo* with extraordinary magnificence in one of the Jesuit churches. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Brown, bishop of Newport, preached in English; sermons in Italian were also delivered.—The Pope has put forth no excommunication as yet against the promoters of the anti-monastic law in Piedmont. Indeed his attention is rather diverted from the latter country by the proceedings of a similar character in Spain, which will probably lead to a suspension of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Court of Madrid. The Spanish minister had arrived, but it was doubtful whether his mission would be recognized.—An unusual spectacle lately took place in Rome—the punishment of death inflicted on an unfortunate criminal, convicted of a most atrocious murder.—A trial was going on at Genoa which attracts much interest. The accused is an unfortunate priest, who has long led a disreputable life and has been mixed up in various political revolutions since 1821. He now stands charged with the murder of another priest named Bartolomeo Battaro.—The electro-telegraph line has lately been put in operation between Rome and Bologna, and the first experiment tried upon it was a message from the prelate commissary of the legations and the Bolognese municipality returning thanks to the Holy Father for so advantageous a public work, and imploring his apostolic benediction.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian government has made a reply to the declaration of war on the part of Russia, repelling the charge of ingratitude set forth in the declaration. Since the passage of the bill for the suppression of the convents by the deputies, there has been a lull in the interest in parliamentary proceedings. In the progress of the bill through the senate, it is likely to be subjected to a modification. It is supposed that the present members of those religious retreats shall be allowed to remain, but that in future, a limit shall be put to the number of the various sacred orders.—Submarine telegraph communication between the continent and the island of Sardinia has been completed and is now in successful operation.

SPAIN.—Late papers inform us that great damage has been done at Bayonne by the inundation from the Pyrenees. Lower Cambo was submerged and Bayonne was partly inundated.—The Cortes had passed a bill for the popular election of the senate.—Don Carlos, Infant of Spain, died recently; his funeral took place at Trieste, and was attended with great magnificence.

FRANCE.—The most active war preparations still progress throughout the empire. On the 20th ult. the emperor reviewed a large body of the imperial guards, and distributed three stands of colors. In the course of the address which he delivered on the occasion, he said: "Soldiers! the army is the true nobility of our country. It preserves intact from age to age, the traditions of glory and of national honor, and your genealogical tree is here [pointing to the colors]. It marks, at each generation, a new victory. Take, then, these flags; I confide them to your honor, your courage, and your patriotism." Rapturous applause greeted this oration. Large numbers of troops were daily embarking for the East.—Nothing is said definitely of the determination of the emperor to visit the seat of war; probably this will now depend on the result of the Vienna conference. It was rumored that his majesty, accompanied by the Empress Eugenie, intended shortly to visit England.—Nothing could exceed the devotion and the piety of the faithful of Paris during the holy season of Lent. At nearly all the churches some special exercise was performed; and the sacred edifices were constantly thronged. The cathedral of Notre Dame was rendered particularly attractive by the discourses of the distinguished Jesuit, ***Father Felix***, which were delivered every Sunday.

England.—The committee of inquiry into the state of the army before Sebastopol has been in session for a number of days, and still continues to prosecute its labors. Earl Lucan, Colonel Kinlock, commissariat officer, and J. McDolald, administrator of the London Times' Fund, have been examined. The evidence confirms the most exaggerated statement of mismanagement.—The government was actively reënforcing the army in the Crimea, and transporting provisions and military stores to the seat of war. The proceedings in parliament were not of any special interest. The most important measure was the passage of the bill relating to newspaper stamp duties. The bill declares, that: "from and after the passing of the act, it shall not be compulsory (except for the purpose of free transmission by post) to print any newspaper on paper stamped, for denoting the duties imposed by the law on newspapers, and no person shall be subject or liable to any penalty or forfeiture for printing, publishing, selling, or having in his possession any unstamped publication." Periodical publications printed on stamps to be transmitted by post free of postage.

Mr. Heywood, in the Commons, obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the law of marriage, so as to admit of union with a deceased wife's sister or niece.—Riots had taken place among the colliers, in the neighborhood of Staffordshire and Bilston. The disturbance was finally suppressed, and a number of the rioters were arrested and committed for trial.—A dissolution of parliament is talked of as likely to take place shortly. —A bill to reform the system of national education was introduced by Sir John Pakington, and passed its first reading. It has been favorably received, and its passage is possible.—His Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman, delivered a lecture in St. Martin's Hall, before the Islington Catholic Popular Club, taking for his subject, "the future historian's views of the present war."

Conversion of Mr. Palmer of Magdalen College, Oxford.—"This distinguished clergyman of the Church of England was received into the Church at Rome on the 28th ult., and confirmed on the 1st inst., by the Bishop of Newport and Menevia. Mr. Palmer has always been remarkable for the earnestness and sincerity of purpose with which he has for many years pursued his inquiries upon the question of Church authority. Dissatisfied with the utter hollowness of the Protestant system, and with what is called the Anglo-Catholic theory, he was for a long time led to contemplate the hope of a union, either personal or corporate, with the separated Greeks, and actually, we believe, endeavoured to negotiate it with the authorities of that communion. Failing in this attempt, he repaired to the Centre of Unity, and there came into contact with the eminent Father Passaglia, of the Society of Jesus. From an antagonist he soon passed into a disciple, and at length entered into a Spiritual Retreat under the Fathers of the Roman College. He entered the Retreat as an humble inquirer, and came forth a Catholic."—*Tablet.*

Ireland.—The anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was celebrated with much enthusiasm, but passed off quietly.—The weather was favorable, and preparations for the spring crops were being actively made.—The long looked for report in relation to the

College of Maynooth, has at length appeared. It is exceedingly favorable to the college, and has greatly exasperated the Orange press, which pronounces it "a sham."—A memorial signed by over fifty newspaper proprietors in Ireland has been presented to the House of Commons, against any alteration in the newspaper stamp act. In this the memorialists say:

"That there is no general dissatisfaction with the present law regulating the stamp duties on newspapers, and that its operation has been to produce a newspaper press of higher character than is found in any other country.

"That the bill proposes to remove all securities against libel or offences against public order and morality.

"That the effect of the measure would be to lower the character of the newspaper press in this country by the competition for cheapness, and by the increase in the number of publications, diminishing the means of incurring the large outlay made by every respectable journal—thus tending, in reality, not to cheapen, but to enhance the cost of valuable information."

The Earl of Carlisle has been appointed to succeed the Earl of St. Germans in the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The ceremony of his installation took place at Dublin on the 20th ultimo.—Mr. Eugene Curry, professor of the Irish language in the Catholic University of Ireland, delivered the first of a course of lectures on the Irish language and literature at the university Hall, Stephen's Green.—The Rev. Edward McCabe, curate of the metropolitan church has been elevated to the episcopal dignity and goes as bishop of Grahamstown, Cape of Good Hope.

Prosecution against a Catholic Priest—Acquittal.—At the Derry Assizes last week, the grand jury found true bills for riot against the various parties charged with the attack on Roman Catholics in Newtownlimvaddy, on Sunday evening, the 3rd of September last. The charge of feloniously discharging a pistol, which was trumped up against the Rev. James Conway, C. C., as a "set-off" to the prosecution for riot, has just been disposed of. The jury, made up of nine Protestants and three Catholics, returned a verdict of acquittal immediately on the conclusion of the charge of the learned judge. The conduct of Mr. Justice Crampton has been most impartial throughout, and has very much contributed to restore confidence in the tribunals of the land. He has given general satisfaction.—*Tablet.*

A correspondent of the Catholic Standard thus speaks of the distress caused by *ejection* in some parts of Ireland:

"In this district there are several poor families, who are in great want and misery. They consist principally of widows, with large families, who have been evicted from their houses and holdings of land, and are now living in wretchedly poor little cabins, without food, fire, and clothing, with sickness amongst them—very great objects of charity."

Death of a Patriarchal Clergyman.—At Kilmore, on the 21st ult., the Rev. John Fitzgerald, parish priest of St. John's, died at the venerable age of 105 years. For 75 years he officiated in the ministry, and was ever distinguished by zeal and piety.

Russia.—When closing our last record, the rumored death of the Emperor of Russia was announced. Later arrivals have confirmed the truth of what at first seemed almost incredible. The Russian Czar is dead! The great, the proud, the sanguinary ruler of the North, whose will was the imperious law of fifty millions of people, has passed from the scene of his despotic power. The Liverpool Times of the 3rd ult., commenting on this event, uses the following language:

"The fate which has overtaken this great but unscrupulous monarch, supposing him to have died a natural, and not like many of his predecessors, a violent death, demonstrates, in the strongest possible manner how feeble the most potent become when unsustained by that moral power which is stronger than cannons or bayonets, or the most deadly instruments of war. Twelve months back, before the declaration of hostilities, Nicholas Romanoff, who now lies a mass of clay in his ancestral halls on the Neva, was the most proud, the most powerful, and the most arrogant sovereign on this planet;

but this small interval of time has served to reduce him to a condition more pitiable than the humblest of his serfs, for in his nefarious attempts to subjugate a weak and a near neighbor, he outraged justice, provoked the hostility of the Western Powers, stirred up resistance throughout Europe to his dictation, and lived long enough to discover that the prepared strength of a long reign and an almost boundless empire, was utterly futile in the pursuit of a bad purpose. The most conservative ruler in the world fell almost literally by his own hand, when he pushed his aggressions on the property of others beyond the bounds of endurance. He died not of old age, but of a broken heart—of the disappointment caused by the utter failure of all his schemes of aggrandizement, the prostration of all his hopes,—a terrible example of the effects of unhallowed ambition."

That Nicholas was a tyrant, all will admit, who are in any manner acquainted with his history; that he was an unprincipled persecutor of the Catholic Church, is written in the blood that flowed from his Catholic subjects, almost from the very commencement of his reign. His persecution of the clergy, and his brutal treatment of the nuns, are familiar to evey reader. When the united Greeks of ancient Ruthenian Poland, were violently incorporated with the Orthodox Church, the Czar pretended that, inasmuch as the heads of the clergy had submitted to the supremacy of the Holy Russian Synod, all the faithful were bound to follow. Whoever did not accept this decision was treated as an apostate. An apostate loses his civil rights, according to the Russian law, and incurs the penalty of the *knout* if he be a serf, and that of exile to Siberia if he belong to the nobility. Hence the number of victims, who suffered in consequence of this decision may be reckoned by thousands.

The grand duke Alexander, the late emperor's eldest son, ascended the throne under the title of Alexander II. Whether the new emperor will pursue the same line of policy as his father it is impossible yet to conjecture. If, however, we may take the following as an index of his course, we may conclude that the peace of Europe is yet far distant:

"It was on the 7th of March that the *corps diplomatique* waited upon the new emperor at the imperial winter palace. The emperor advanced into their midst, and in a firm and expressive voice first thanked them for the sympathy they had evinced on the occasion of the terrible calamity which had befallen Russia. He then said that in ascending the throne he was animated by the same sentiments as the Emperor Nicholas, his father, and the Emperor Alexander, his uncle. He added that the views of his father were not always well understood, and that latterly wrong conceptions had been formed at times of his policy; that policy was a conservative policy.

"If the Holy Alliance, he said, no longer exists, I hope that the principle upon which it rested may still prevail, and serve as a link of union between the different states. 'For my part,' he said, 'I am disposed to give peace to Europe, if honorable conditions are offered to Russia, but if the conditions offered are not so, I prefer perishing to accepting them.'"

Austria.—The Peace Conference at Vienna was in session at the latest dates; little progress, however, had been made in the business for which it had been convened, at least so far as the public have been able to learn. What had been proposed, agreed upon or rejected, were rather matters of conjecture than of certainty. It was rumored, however, that the conference had come to a stand upon some point, and that the Russian envoy had requested time to consult his government.—The empress was delivered of a princess on the 5th ult. On the day following its birth, the youthful archduchess received baptism attended with all the splendid ceremonial usual on such occasions, and took the name of *Sophia Frederica Dorothea Maria Josepha.*

Germany. *Religious Communities.*—In the diocese of Cologne there are already fifty-four, of which ten are convents of men and forty-four of women. One only of these convents—that of the Carmelites at Cologne—is devoted to contemplation, the rest are occupied in active works of charity, as the education of youth or care of the sick.

The Rev. Jesuit fathers are now established at Tyrnau and at Presburg. The daughters of St. Vincent of Paul multiply greatly. They have convents now at Szathmar-

Pinkafeld, Pesth, Szegedin-Szegsard, Wesprim, Guns, Stuhl-Weisenbourgh, Eunfkirchen, Totis, &c. Mgr. Emeric de Palugyay, bishop of Neutra, is about to build them a convent.—A distinguished writer, M. Augustus Lewald, and the pastor of a free congregation, M. Giese, have been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church, the latter at Munster.—The German papers inform us that Mgr. the Archbishop of Freiburg has, by a recent circular, permitted the Curés of his archdiocese to communicate with the high ecclesiastical council of Carlsruhe upon questions relative to the ecclesiastical endowments. Except in this case, all communication with the excommunicated body remains interdicted.

Germany is now feeling the sad effects of political divisions consequent upon the religious divisions introduced by the Reformation. Austria is taking her stand upon a purely national and German ground, which is bringing her more and more into harmony with the western powers; while Prussia, her implacable and jealous rival, seeks to impede a movement which did not originate with her, and in which she could only play a secondary part.

Prussian influence has indeed been too fatal to Catholicism in Bavaria, for the Bavarian Catholics to accept and aid its plans. The appointments lately made to various chairs in the University of Munich, and many other things, which have deeply wounded the Catholic instincts of the good people of Bavaria are distinctly traceable to this source.

Belgium.—The proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception took place in the churches of Brussels on last Sunday. The greatest zeal and enthusiasm were evinced by people of all ranks: from an early hour the churches were filled with crowds of the faithful, and were not empty during the entire day. Masses, offices, sermons, and Vespers, were attended with the utmost devotion. All the pulpits resounded with the praises of the Virgin, and were surrounded by the faithful, who came in crowds to hear of the new honor decreed to the Queen of heaven and earth. In the evening a brilliant illumination took place throughout the entire city. There was not a single street, great or small, which did not take a part in this popular manifestation. Many of the hotels were magnificently decorated.

Algiers.—It is gratifying to the Catholic to see with what piety and lively joy the dogma of the Immaculate Conception has every where been received. The following account of its reception in Africa is but another proof of the deep veneration of the faithful every where for the Mother of God:

"On the day when they received the decree of the Holy See, declaring the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin to be an article of faith, in every church of the colony a solemn benediction was celebrated on Sexagesima Sunday. I shall only speak now of Algiers. For several hours before the ceremony, the sacred edifice was filled with people, and crowds thronged about the church door, in the Place, and in all the neighboring streets. The façade and the towers of the cathedral were illuminated. For that evening all receptions and invitations were put aside, for all were anxious to hear the decree of the Holy Father, and the discourse pronounced by the bishop of Algiers. None of the public functionaries were absent from the ceremony. It began at eight o'clock in the evening, with the chant of the 'Ave Maris Stella,' the music of which was composed for the occasion by Baron Bron, private secretary of the Prefect of Algiers. The Pope's letters were then read from the pulpit, after which the bishop of Algiers in a very clear and striking discourse, explained the constitution of the Church, and her conduct in the definition of articles of faith. The prelate answered the remarks of certain public journals which had supported their arguments by quotations from the Fathers, forgetting meanwhile the last words of St. Bernard in his letters to the Canons of Lyons: 'I submit every thing to the examination and authority of the Roman Church, and I am ready to alter my opinions, as soon as she shall have spoken.' The audience were visibly moved when the bishop announced that in memory of this glorious definition, a 'chapelle de pelerinage,' dedicated to the Immaculate Virgin, was to be erected by means of voluntary subscription between St. Eugene and Algiers."

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

We learn that our Most Rev. Archbishop is about to make a visitation of his diocese, to commence on the 22d inst., and terminate on the 30th of May. A Provincial Council is to be convened in our city, on the 6th of May, and continue in session a week.

The Young Catholic Friend's Society, and the Catholic Institute of this city, in connection with the authorities of Georgetown College, and the various Catholic societies of the District and Alexandria, have determined to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrims, to take place on the 15th of the coming month. The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler is to deliver the oration on the occasion. The annual collection for the benefit of St. Charles' College was taken up in all the churches in the diocese on Easter Sunday: full returns have not yet been received.

Religious Reception.—On the feast of St. Joseph, Miss Mary Williamson, of Baltimore county, was admitted to the religious habit in the Convent of the Visitation, Washington City, D. C. Rev. H. De Neckere, S. J., officiated, and Rev. Dr. White preached on the occasion.

On the morning of the 9th, at the Chapel of St. Francis de Sales, Mount de Sales, near Baltimore, Miss Caroline Dunlevy, of Baltimore, was received to the religious habit, taking the name of Sister Mary de Chantal.

On the same occasion, Sisters Margaret Mary Alicocque, Mary Martina, and Mary Claude Simplicia made their solemn profession of the three religious vows. Very Rev. H. B. Coskery presided, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Hickey and Parsons.—*Mirror.*

2. *Diocese of Philadelphia.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, bishop of Philadelphia, has returned from his visit to the Eternal City. On his way, he availed himself of the opportunity of paying a visit to his native Bohemia. The following account of his reception there, which we take from the Catholic Instructor will be read with interest:

"The bishop arrived at his native place, Srachatic, at 11 o'clock, A. M., whither the prelate was conveyed on a sled drawn by four horses, as is customary in those countries, and which the people, out of respect and love for him, obliged him to accept, that he might thus accelerate his journey because of the intense cold. At a distance of two miles from the aforesaid town, the 'guard civic' and a large number of people were to meet the respected dignitary, and thus to conduct him in a long train to town, and before all to the temple of the Most High God, at whose entrance the beloved prelate was received by the dean and numerous clergy of the place and its environs, and an immensely large number of people, comprising at the same time all the civil officers of the place and vicinity. The dean congratulated the Rt. Rev. Prelate in a short, but very appropriate address, comparing him to St. Paul, apostle of the nations, requesting of him as the greatest favor for the moment, his apostolical blessing

"In his reply, the Right Rev. Bishop expressed the most affectionate and cordial thanks to the reverend speaker, and the surrounding crowds, for their kind reception, alluding among other things to the following particulars: that it was just on the very day, 3d of February, nineteen years ago, since he left his home for the missions in North America.

"After the usual thanksgiving in the temple of the Most High for his safe arrival, the Right Rev. Prelate was thence conducted in a splendid carriage, and in the midst of innumerable crowds of people of every kind and description, to his father's residence, where, at the principal entrance, a venerable old man nearly ninety years of age, stood in the greatest expectation, scarcely believing in the reality of what was going on before his own sight, bathed in tears of joy and of consolation, distrusting as it were his own conviction, that the prelate whom he was to receive in his trembling arms, and to see another 'Joseph's face,' should be his own son, thus escorted with cries of jubilation and 'hosanna,' by the crowds prostrated on the ground in order to receive the American apostle's blessing. A most touching and impressive scene for all spectators."

Dedication.—The dedication of the chapel of the house of the Good Shepherd took place on Sunday, the 15th inst. Mass was celebrated and the ceremony of dedication performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty; the sermon on the occasion was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.

3. *Archdiocese of New York.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York arrived from Liverpool on the 26th ult. in excellent health. Since his return the learned prelate has been obliged to address the public through the columns of the New York papers, in answer to various slanderous charges, alike injurious to himself and to the Catholic community. In the course of a reply to certain incorrect statements of senator Brooks, the archbishop used the following pointed language:

"If there be an intention among the public men of this country to disfranchise Catholics—to abridge them of their rights—in the name of all that is honorable, I would say let it be done by a manly and noble declaration to that effect. If Protestantism cannot thrive in this country unless it have some one or more denominations to degrade and trample upon, as in Great Britain and Ireland, let it speak out and candidly make known the fact. If defamation in aggregate and in detail can accomplish it, the Catholics of this country will soon be degraded enough in the minds of their fellow-citizens."

The degree of doctor of divinity has been conferred on the Rev. J. M. Forbes, pastor of St. Ann's church.

4. *Diocese of Boston.*

The church of St. Martin at Templeton, Mass., was lately dedicated. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick officiated and preached on the occasion; and during his discourse he used the following words in alluding to the outcry that is now being made in this country against Catholicity;—words which every Catholic should treasure up in his memory during these days of persecution: "They may deprive us of the privilege of being citizens of the commonwealth, but they cannot deprive us of being citizens of heaven." The Rt. Rev. Prelate at the time administered confirmation to forty-five persons.—*Pilot.*

The Nunnery Committee.—A committee was appointed by the Massachusetts legislature to inspect schools, colleges, convents, &c. This committee in the discharge of its duty, among other places visited Roxbury, and proceeded without any previous notice, to the academy of the Sisters Notre Dame, which was occupied by seven sisters and the young ladies, boarders in that establishment. Here the committee demeaned themselves in a manner so unbecoming gentlemen, that their conduct drew forth the severest denunciation of the secular press of Boston and other places. The charges against the committee drew the attention of the legislature to the subject; a second committee was appointed to investigate the conduct of the first. This body met at the State House, and called before it several witnesses, among whom was the lady superior of the academy at Roxbury. The testimony of these witnesses generally sustained the charges made by the press. The report, however, made no specific charge against any member of the committee. This report was accepted by the House. Whether this will end an affair which would disgrace any community, not already incapable of being further disgraced, we must leave to the future to determine.

5. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati has given notice of his intention of holding a Provincial Council. The Right Rev. Prelates of the province will assemble at Cincinnati during the coming month.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

1. *Church Property Bills.*—A bill passed the Michigan Legislature which provides: "all church property shall vest and descend, with the improvements, in perpetual succession to, and shall be held by, the trustees provided in the act, in trust for such church, congregation or society. No bishop, vicar or ecclesiastic of any name, or any officer or member of any religious, educational or charitable institution, shall have, possess or exercise any power, capacity or franchise of a corporation sole, so far as relates to the taking, holding, managing, selling or transmitting property, gifts, grants, devises, bequests, conveyance or lease of real estate." A similar bill has passed the legislature of New York.

2. A bill has been introduced in the legislature of California to amend the law on divorces, which provides: that "where the parties have agreed to separate for one year, and they have not cohabited for that period, it shall be grounds for a divorce. It provides, further, that if it shall appear to the District Judge that the parties are in continual strife, and are incapable of being reconciled, then he shall have power to grant a divorce." This is truly an age of progress and of moral regeneration!

3. The only really important measure that passed the New York legislature, was a bill providing for compensation to parties whose property may be injured or destroyed by mobs or riots. It renders the city or county in which such property is situated responsible, in an action on behalf of the party suffering the damage, provided the destruction of the property was not aided or permitted by the carelessness of the owner.

4. *Election Riots.*—Serious election riots took place at Cincinnati on the 2d inst. The Know Nothings seemed determined to carry the day, without much scruple as to the means. In their determination they were opposed resolutely by a body of German infidels, known as "Freemen" and "Turners," the same party which was the cause of the disgraceful proceedings against Monsignor Bedini, the Papal envoy. Fire-arms were freely used, and even a small cannon was dragged through the streets by the Know Nothings, who finally proceeded to several wards, in which they were defeated and destroyed the ballot-boxes, and burned the tickets. The judges, however, had counted the tickets previously to their destruction, and were thus enabled to make a return. The result showed the defeat of the Know Nothing party by a large majority.

5. Some uneasiness has been felt in regard to our relation with Spain, growing out of certain difficulties with Cuba. The Spanish authorities there had ordered or permitted the search of several American vessels. Apprehensions, however, seem to have subsided.

IV.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS OF THE DEFINITION OF THE DOGMA OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—We are happy to learn, are passing rapidly through the press, and will appear in a few days. The first sheets we have seen assure us, it will be all our enterprising Catholic publishers promised to make it, a worthy and durable memorial of its subject. The splendid engraving of our Blessed Lady, which embellishes the volume, is the same struck by order of the Holy Father on the occasion of the solemn definition. The materials used are of the finest quality:—the paper, the large clear type, the elegance of the press-work, are admirable. Above all, the publishers are using their best efforts to secure a thorough accuracy in the text. We trust they have not counted too largely on the piety of the children of Mary, who ought to possess themselves of so valuable a token of the great event, which has produced a universal rejoicing throughout the Church.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

In other ages, those who withdrew from the Catholic Church were rent into parties, by diversity of opinion on points of dogma. In our age, however, dogmatic theology has become too absolute to afford matter for a schism: the only resource left is to fly to *Theologia Moralis,* to find some new point on which to differ, as creeds and symbols are no longer binding. Sin abounds, or rather sins abound: yet not in sufficient number to please some tastes, and a new commandment is added to the decalogue.

Many men in England rolled in luxurious ease on the wealth hoarded up by their ancestors in the successful prosecution of the slave trade. They had time to view slavery at leisure: they viewed it at a distance, that the latter quality might lend an enchantment which proximity would dispel: they viewed it and agreed that it was a sin to own a slave. Such being the case, you may perhaps suppose that they like some foolish people in the middle ages, gave up the property which had been acquired by the slave trade, and devoted it to the relief of the enslaved descendants of those whom their forefathers had wronged. No! no! They held on to that, but took the public money to manumit the slaves in the colonies: and the world applauded their heroic sacrifice.

The fever then passed to America: and all Protestantism was asked to accept the new commandment, "Thou shalt not hold a slave." Those who had no slaves agreed; those who had, refused. The justified man at the north would not communicate with the sinner of the south. A schism ensued, and there arose a Methodist church north, and a Methodist church south, and what was sin in the north was no sin at the south; so that a man dying in Charleston would go to heaven, who had he died at New York, would, *cæteris paribus,* have had to go the other way.

Other religious sects split on the same rock and divided: the Episcopalians long held back, but now even some of their bishops denounce slavery, and their papers take the same ground. Last year three thousand Protestant clergymen of various denominations rebuked Congress, and in the name of the Almighty denounced the Nebraska bill.

Throughout the land only one religious body has kept aloof from this political question which threatens to convulse the union, and that body is one which every pulpit, newspaper and brawler charges with ever interfering in politics. The Catholic Church alone stands aloof, and though most powerful at the north gives no countenance to abolitionism. For this offence Catholicity has drawn on it the ire of those who denounced Congress. Soaring aloft in the murky clouds of his German Pantheism, and mist-veiled unintelligibility of infidelity, Theodore Parker of Boston cries, "There are noble ministers of all sects save the Catholic. I never knew of a Catholic priest who favored freedom in America; a slave himself, the mediæval! theocracy!! eats the heart!!! out from the celibate!!!! monk!!!!!"

Some years since, the late Pope, the unswerving Gregory XVI, issued a bull against the slave trade, a traffic very extensively carried on in the northern cities even now. A member of the Cabinet at Washington, himself a southerner, thereupon denounced the Pope and the Catholics as abolitionists: and at the very same time the abolitionists denounced us as fautors of slavery, and sent an address to President Boyer to induce him to exclude Bishop England, who had been sent to St. Domingo as apostolic legate.

It may therefore not be amiss to state briefly what the Catholic Church holds on the question of slavery: what she has done for the temporal and eternal well-being of the slave in preceding ages and in our own, and what it does for the freed negroes in the United States. We shall endeavor to establish this point: that as the Catholic Church alone by gradual and gentle steps abolished slavery in Europe, so she alone can abolish it in America.

Has the Catholic Church taken any stand in the matter of slavery?

We follow no new lights;
  The path our fathers trod
We travel in the trusting hope,
  That it doth lead to God.
Our Fathers' ancient hope,
  Our Fathers' ancient way,
We hold, nor turn to worship yet
  At shrines of yesterday.

It may be well for new made creeds to ordain and determine until they have at last a settled system. Synods and conventions, classes and quarterly meetings may well meet in the nineteenth century to determine what is, and what is not, sin. Ages since, when Christianity superseded the worship of Baal, Woden, and Jupiter, our ancestors learned the decalogue and its exposition. Heirs of their Christianity, we hold like them that it is not a sin forbidden by the law of God to hold a fellow man in bondage. The apostolic men who converted the pagan nations of Europe, the Gaul, the German, the Briton and the Celt, nowhere required the slave holder to manumit his serfs. The scholastic theologians of the middle ages, patrons as they were of human liberty, never in their most subtle argumentations discovered a sin in the relation of master and slave. The relation of servitude had existed from the time when man began to war on man, from the time when society began to deprive the culprit of his liberty and make him a servant of the people: it existed in our Saviour's time, and is nowhere condemned in the gospel: it existed until the Church in the middle ages, ages of light and Christian heroism, abolished slavery not by anathema, not by distorting the gospel doctrine, or usurping God's prerogative, but by counsel, advice, example, her great and mighty weapons.

So too in our day, when wealth madly pursued seems to govern the world, men are found to denounce the possession of property as a sin, and to call for a division, in order to remedy the evils which materialism has produced. But what is the course of the Church? She, too, sees the evil; she saw it before, when the Crusades opened to Europe the rich commerce of the East; she then checked the evil not by making sin what was not sin, but by counsel and example; by creating religious orders to glory in their poverty; to ennoble poverty; to exalt poverty; so that kings laid down their crowns and merchants left their counting-rooms to become as poor as Lazarus at the rich man's gate.

To return to the doctrine of the Catholic Church on the question of slavery, we cannot do better than translate from the Moral Theology of the present Archbishop of Baltimore the principal passages relating to this relation; merely adding, that moderate in his opinions here, as on every other topic, he gives the opinion of the moralists whom the Church has constantly approved.

"As all men," says Archbishop Kenrick, "are by the law of nature equal, no one is by nature master of another; yet by the law of nations not only the dominion of jurisdiction, but also the dominion of property is granted to man over man: and this the old law ratified. (Exod. xxi; Lev. xxv). The apostles found slavery existing amongst most nations and did not condemn it. (Ephes. vi, 5). With these authorities before her eyes, the Church in the Council of Gangres anathematized those who seduced slaves from their owners on a pretext of religion: but as far as it could, favored human liberty, by exhorting masters to manumit their slaves, until, slavery having been gradually and insensibly abolished, Alexander III, in 1167, forbade Christians to be held as slaves." (*Kenrick, Theol. Mor.* vol. i, p. 255.)*

He then proceeds to treat of slavery in the United States. "What," he asks, "is to be thought of slavery as it exists in the Southern and Western States? Truly in this plenitude of liberty in which we all glory, it is to be regretted that there are so many slaves, and that to prevent their rising, laws have been passed to prevent their education, often a serious hindrance to the practices of religion. But in this condition of the republic, nothing is to be done against the laws." (*Ibid.* 256.)

"It may be asked, whether masters may retain as slaves, men whose ancestors seem to have been unjustly brought hither from Africa? We think the answer must be affirmative, for defect of title must be considered cured by lapse of time, otherwise the state of society would be ever uncertain, in constant danger of outbreaks." (*Ibid.* 258.)

Such is the doctrine which he lays down as regards the owner and his rights: and he proceeds to discuss the duties arising out of the relation of master and slave. Then as to third parties, he no less clearly lays down their duties: "Nor should we do or say any thing illegally by which slaves may be liberated, or on account of which they may be discontented with their state." (*Ibid.* 257). "We have the authority of the apostles before us: those who neglect it, seeking for humanity sake, to disturb the whole state of society, generally render the condition of slaves worse than before." (*Ibid.* 257).

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* See also Bishop England's Works, vol. iii, p. 118: "All our theologians have from the earliest epoch sustained, that though in a state of pure nature all men are equal, yet the natural law does not prohibit one man from having dominion over the useful action of another as his slave; provided this dominion be obtained by a just title."

Such is the doctrine of the Church as formally laid down by the highest theological authority in the United States: and it is repeated in the letters of the late Bishop England on slavery, addressed to the Hon. John Forsyth. To the able letters of the Bishop of Charleston we refer all who wish authorities for the opinion of the Church at various epochs, authorities showing a perfect uniformity of sentiment.

The Catholic Church acknowledges slavery as a civil institution. When Bishop England was asked, "whether he was friendly to the existence or continuation of slavery," he replied, "I am not—but I also see the impossibility of now abolishing it here. When it can and ought to be abolished, is a question for the legislature and not for me." In like manner the Church has always left it to the civil power to abolish slavery, but has at all times shown her love for the slave and her desire to secure his manumission.

At the establishment of the Church, slavery was universal; and the word "servant" in the Scriptures is rarely susceptible of the meaning of hireling: its general signification is that of slave. As Christianity spread it made the slave more resigned to his lot, the master more indulgent to one whom he had learned to regard as his fellow member in Christ, heir like himself to the eternal promises. Even as early as the canons and constitutions of the apostles this is inculcated; and the next step of the Church was to check the power of life and death which the Roman law gave the master over his slave. In 305 the Council of Elvira subjected to a penance of seven years the mistress who, by excessive punishment, caused the death of her slave; and reduced the period of penance to five years only when the mistress had no intention of causing death. So generally was this step welcomed, that in 320 Constantine formally took the power of life and death from the master, and gave the civil judges sole cognizance of offences committed by slaves. To confirm this the Church in the Synod of Epaone excommunicated any man who slew his slave without the knowledge of the judge.

The marriage of slaves was the next object of attention. "It was imperatively demanded, by the very nature of the case, that some restraint should be placed upon that absolute power which the owners had and sometimes used of wantonly separating man and wife." The State passed laws preventing it, and the Church by its censures checked concubinage and gave security to marriage.

The next step was to encourage the manumission of worthy slaves: this was done frequently in church, in the presence of the bishop and with something of a religious formality. Ere long slavery was to a great extent abolished throughout the Roman empire.

It arose again, however, introduced by the northern nations. The Scandinavians were the great pirates and slave dealers of the north: they carried off captives from various parts and sold them on the continent: but this slavery too yielded to the general spread of Christianity and faded away, leaving it as a kind of axiom that no Christian could be held as a slave.

A third period of slavery arose from the antagonism of Christianity and Mohammedanism on the Mediterranean. According even to the doctrine of the English jurist, Lord Coke, there is necessarily perpetual war between the Christians as servants of Christ and Mohammedans as subjects of the devil: and the captive Moor was sold as a slave in the same way that in Moorish Spain and the Barbary States the Christian prisoner was reduced to bondage. The wars against the Moors led to invasions of Africa, to negro slavery, and to its transplantation from Africa to Europe. The discovery of America and the want of laborers in the new states formed by the Spaniards and Portuguese, led to the transplantation of slavery to the new world; the Dutch first taking the lead as slave traders.

Every European nation that settled any portion of America recognized the right of reducing infidels to slavery and acted on it: the Indians as pagans were every where sold as slaves: and with the English the fact that the poor red man had been converted and baptized by French or Spanish missionaries did not save him. New England, where books are now written to depict with all the zealous glow of virtuous indignation, the manner in which the Indians were enslaved in the West Indies, then found those very West Indies a most convenient market for Indian slaves, taken in war like the Pequods and Narragansetts, or seized by treachery like the Abenakis and Micmacs, or taken on predatory excursions like "the Christian converts of the Spanish priests" on the Apalachee.

With the rapid extinction of the Indians ceased the slavery of the red man: that of the negro has been perpetuated in America. Canada, a colony of France was, we venture to say, never sullied by slavery: but it prevailed in New England, the Dutch colony on the Hudson, the Swedish settlements on the Delaware, and in all the English colonies to the south, as well as in the Spanish and Portuguese possessions in other parts. A wide difference, however, prevailed between the Catholic and the Protestant colonies in regard to the slaves. The former by law required the slaves to be instructed in Christianity and secured to them certain rights and privileges: the latter recollecting the old maxim, that Christianity and slavery were incompatible, prohibited the baptism of slaves, and resisted every attempt made to instruct them. Even in our day the legislation of many States shows that this feeling has not entirely died away.

In the space which a magazine can afford to devote, we cannot give any thing like a history of negro slavery in the various parts of America. To show what Catholicity has done for the negroes, we may cite a few examples:

At the close of the sixteenth century, Father Alphonso de Sandoval, a Jesuit, devoted himself entirely to the good of the negro slaves, but in his labors, devotedness and care of those unfortunate men was far surpassed by his successor, the blessed Peter Claver, whose wonderful life has so recently been set before us as a model. From 1615 to 1650 this apostolic man was, to use his own language, the slave of the slave. He boarded the slavers that came to Carthagena before they came to land, in order to console the poor African; he tended the sick, instructed all. Landed and placed in the shops for sale, they were still his care: sold on plantations or in the city he visited them regularly: his church was theirs alone: the rich whites had plenty to minister to them, he was the priest, the friend, the slave of the poor negro. He procured them refreshments, amusements for their holidays, he superintended their whole conduct, was ever interceding for them with their masters. Far from the conduct of the modern friends of the black, he did not incite them to revolt: on the contrary, he used every argument which Faith could supply to reconcile them to their lot. What was the result? His power was unlimited. "He seemed to haunt the city like a very spirit. If the wild music which they brought from Africa tempted the negroes to join in the lascivious dance, the Father's form suddenly appeared among them and they fled at his approach. Nay, it happened at times, that if a negro approached a negress in the streets, and words of evil intent were spoken between them, all on a sudden, with the cry "Father Claver is coming!" they would break away from each other, though the bystanders looked around and saw no Father Claver there. When the lash was about to descend mercilessly on the trembling slave, as though he knew by instinct where his negroes were suffering, his appearance arrested the uplifted arm." Wherever a poor outcast slave lay neglected in hut or hovel or by the way-side, his all-seeing charity discovered him and bore him in his arms to some hospital.

His mighty example ennobled more slaves, liberated more, exalted more than all the societies ever erected for the amelioration of the condition of the black. Color was forgotten: the slave, submissive to his master, won respect: the brutal master forbore to ill treat one whom a Claver held in respect.*

Almost at the same time a mulatto was the object of the veneration of Lima. The blessed Martin Porras, a lay brother of the order of St. Dominic, was the son of a negress: but in spite of his color, ignoble birth and humble capacity, he acquired by the influence of his virtues an unlimited power over the minds of men. But he never forgot his origin; he was a poor mulatto; infirmarian in the hospital, he always sought to humble himself to all: of his mother's enslaved race he was ever the friend, the consoler and the guide. His example was not without its effect: men who revered Porras on bended knee as a living temple of the Holy Ghost, could not but treat their negroes with forbearance.

But these cases were in distant parts. We have a striking one which occurred in the city of New York in the year 1741, that is, more than a century ago. The city was then alarmed by reports of a negro plot to burn the city and massacre the inhabitants: of course no plot in those days could do without the Irish having a share in it: an Irish army was accordingly to join the insurgents, a priest was then required to complete all: an unfortunate non-juring Anglican clergyman, a sharer in what would now be called the Puseyism of Atterbury's party, was, unfortunately for himself, pronounced to be a Catholic priest in disguise. All was now ready: arrests were made, trials had, white men hanged, black men burnt. The number of innocent men who perished from poor Mr. Ury down to poor negro Cuffee is perfectly appalling.

Of the negroes concerned in this plot some were Spanish negroes taken on a Spanish vessel in time of war and sold as slaves, instead of being treated as prisoners of war, for they were freed men. Most, however, of those executed were negroes raised in the colony by English or Dutch families. The former were wronged, and could scarcely be blamed for attempting to recover their natural freedom, had they really done so; the latter were turning on those who had owned them from the cradle, to whom they were bound by many ties. But what is more, the former showed education; talent, all that constitutes a man; the latter were like dumb cattle. Unaided by a lawyer, for every member of the bar was arrayed against them, the Spanish negroes took objections which certainly would have weight with any but a prejudiced judge; yet in spite of all their arguments and testimony they were condemned. The New York negroes made no attempt at defence, and were indeed incapable of making any. In many cases they made any accusation or admission that was asked. At the stake the difference was even greater. The poor native negroes were led out like so many brutes, unattended by any clergyman, with no attempt to convert them, but chained to the stake and burned amid their howls of despair. The conduct of the Spanish, and consequently Catholic, negroes was striking, even to the savage Justice Horsmanden, who chronicles the plot. Priest there was none to prepare them for death; they were left to themselves. "Juan de Sylva, the Spanish negro," says Horsmanden, "condemned for the conspiracy, was this day executed according to sentence; he was neatly dressed in a white shirt, jacket, drawers and stockings, behaved decently, prayed in Spanish, kissed a crucifix, insisting on his innocence to the last."*

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* See the Life of the Blessed Claver, by Fleuriau.

To come to our own times, we can refer to the case of Pierre Toussaint, the well known barber at New York, who died a year or so ago, and whose biography has been so beautifully written by Mrs. Lee. He was a Catholic. Despite his color he was universally esteemed among us for his piety and zeal, no less than for his many other solid virtues. His Church made no distinction with regard to him. Dear to her in life, he was equally so in death; his body was carried to St. Peter's church, where he had so long worshipped, and where he, like many other New York Catholics, had more than once seen a negro priest officiate at the altar. At his obsequies the church was filled chiefly by whites, and none would have known that the deceased was not some person of rank. The pastor in his address made no allusion to his color: he dwelt on the virtues of the deceased, his charity to the poor and afflicted, and on the loss which all had sustained in the death of so excellent a man.† And this man was born a slave in St. Domingo, but under the influence of religion was content with his lot. When his mistress fled to this country he attended her, and still deeming himself a slave gave her all he earned. To all who told him he was free he turned a deaf ear: his mistress on her death bed alone released him, for he would not permit her to do so before. Such was the man into whom Catholicity had transformed the brutalized slave.

But this is not all. The exertions of the Catholic Church in the United States in behalf of the negro are not limited to isolated cases. While every Catholic republic on the continent frees the slave, and restores freedom to all, while Mexico makes Texas free soil for us to restore it to the realm of slavery, the Catholics in the United States cannot remain behind. There exists in Baltimore an institution known but to few, an institution which it has long been our wish to see extended to other parts of the country: this is the house of Oblates, Sisters of Providence. The members of this Society are all colored women, who, like the Sisters of Charity, bind themselves by religious vows, and devote their lives to the education of colored girls. They were founded on the 5th of June, 1829, by the Rev. Mr. Joubert, long the pastor of the colored Catholics at Baltimore. The Holy See acknowledged them as a religious society in 1831, and granted them many spiritual advantages and privileges. Here a few colored women renounce the world to consecrate themselves to God and the Christian education of colored girls. The object of such an institution is of great importance all will allow, and on greater reflection will be seen to surpass in true philanthropy, the greatest works of northern abolitionism. Since its institution it has trained numbers of girls, who as servants, and later as wives and mothers, have perpetuated faith, piety and Christian virtues in their humble rank in life.

But we must give further details.—We have given examples enough to show the course of Catholicity in regard to the slave: this policy has not been without its effect. Every Catholic republic in America has abolished slavery; it exists indeed in the empire of Brazil and the Spanish Antilles, but even there shows the influence of the Church. There is at Rio Janeiro a touching instance of the power of faith, which shows the operation of Catholicity on the heart of the slave. Several years since, an African prince, whose revenues were derived from the slaves whom he supplied to the vessels engaged in that traffic, attacked a petty inland tribe and burning its village, carried off most of the inhabitants. Among the number thus hurried off to the slaver's hold was the king of the tribe, who was ere long sold in the market of Rio Janeiro to an English Catholic merchant. At first he little brooked the harsh lot which had fallen to him, but instructed in the rudiments of Christianity he became a fervent Catholic. Now, although as he walks the streets, a slave, with a heavy burthen on his shoulders, his former subjects bend the knee in reverence to their fallen king, still he has no regret for his lost power or liberty. In his slavery he views a kindly interposition of heaven, which thus rudely indeed but most wisely, drew him from the shades of paganism to the light of the gospel. He is content to remain a slave.

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* Horsmanden's Negro Plot, (Ed. 1810) 320.

† Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, born a slave. Boston: 1854.

Wherever slavery exists cases of oppression will necessarily occur, for nowhere can a power be found in the hands of man which is not at times abused. To remedy these, to relieve the oppressed, has no less been the care of the Church, not by societies to abolish slavery, but by appeals to the principles of the master, and often, very often, by redeeming the ill treated slaves or obtaining for them more kindly masters. Many instances of this kind have occurred, even in the United States where our Catholic clergy are least numerous, in the slave states. Touching was the case of two young ladies redeemed by the exertions of Bishop England. A planter purchased a very light mulatto girl, of excellent disposition, manners and education; he was soon won by her good qualities and married her, but unfortunately neglected to make out her manumission in due form of law. She died previously to him, having borne two daughters, who were educated at the Ursuline convent at Charleston. On their father's death, these young ladies, elegant, virtuous, accomplished, entered into possession of their father's property, but a distant relative discovering the fact that their mother had never been legally freed, claimed not only the property but the ladies themselves. They were in the eye of the law, slaves, and part of their father's estate. Using all his *legal* rights he exposed the ladies for sale, and the Catholics, headed by their bishop, raised means to purchase and free them.

Such examples show that the Catholics of the United States are not insensible to the sufferings of the slave, when he actually suffers, nor to his social, moral or religious welfare. Believing that heaven is open alike to the bond and the free, the Church has sought less to free them from the fetters of man, than from the fetters of sin. She has her mission, and fulfils it: fulfilling it of yore she repeatedly induced mankind in country after country to raise the slave from his degraded station to an equal rank with his master: where she finds it now she makes no distinction within her walls between white and black, slave and freeman. All must kneel side by side before her altars; and in fact all do: she gives the same sacraments to the poor negro slave, or more degraded free negro, that she does to the monarch; she makes and can make no distinction between them, and no Catholic ever finds it strange to see that the holy Benedict of St. Philadelphia, though a black, was made superior of a white convent in his lifetime, or canonized after his death.

The Catholic Church in the United States stands alone, immoveable, unchangeable, the only conservative body in the land, the only body which does not take a partisan stand or send out its propagandists. Attacked, she does not resist; reviled, she does not revile: she advances doing good. She has liberated the slave whereever she had the power, and did so with the full consent of the slaveholder.

The present abolition movement began several years ago, and has produced only one result, the stability of slavery. Since the agitation began no state has enfranchised its slaves; on the contrary, Texas, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, which would naturally have been free territory, have all been added to the domain of slavery. And in these slave states the laws against the slaves are more severe than ever, and all attempts to ameliorate the condition of the negro have been neutralized. In one word, the emancipation of the slave has been retarded, perhaps for a century.

Convinced of this, that abolitionism is in itself wrong, that it is injurious instead of beneficial to the slave; that moderation and the exercise of Christian charity alone will effect the liberation and what is more, the elevation of the negro slave, Catholics must ever stand aloof from the abolition movement, and in their own way labor to effect the great end; and few we think who have followed us through this article, will entertain any other opinion than our own, that if slavery ever is abolished, it will be by the Catholic Church in her own calm, steady, lawful way.

THE IMAGE BREAKERS.

A LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA.

From the German of Heinrich V. Kleist.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the rage for image breaking prevailed so generally in the Low Countries, three brothers, young students of Wittenberg, happened to meet with a fourth, a Preacher of Antwerp, in the city of Aix-la-Chapelle. They had come to this city to lay claim to an inheritance that had been left them by a forgotten uncle, and had already passed some time there before they were joined by their brother. After spending a few days together talking over the strange doings that had lately taken place in the Netherlands, it occurred to them that the Sisters of the Convent of St. Cecilia, which at that time lay before the gates of the city, were to celebrate the festival of Corpus Christi with great solemnity in a few days. Full of the fanaticism of youth, and excited by the example of the Hollanders, they immediately resolved to take advantage of the opportunity so that the city of Aix-la-Chapelle should be no longer without having had *its* share in the glory of image breaking.

The Preacher had already more than once taken part in similar enterprises and now undertook to be the leader. He communicated his plan to a number of young fellows, students and merchants' sons, adherents of the new doctrine, and on the eve of the festival assembled them all at a tavern, where they spent the night carousing, drinking and denouncing Popery. They agreed on the signal at which they were to start the work of destruction, by shattering the windows that were highly ornamented with scriptural paintings, and as soon as day showed itself on the spires and chimney tops of the city, they sallied forth, armed with axes and bills and all kinds of instruments of violence. Confident of receiving great support from the people, they repaired to the cathedral, fully resolved to commence proceedings the moment the bells rang.

The abbess, to whom at the dawn of day a friend had given warning of the danger impending over the convent, sent repeatedly, but in vain, to the imperial commandant of the city for the protection of a guard. The officer, himself an enemy of the Papacy, and therefore at least secretly favorable to the new religion, declined giving assistance as unnecessary, assuring her that not even a shadow of danger threatened herself or the convent.

In the mean time the hour approached when the ceremonies were to commence, and the nuns, disturbed and full of the most painful apprehensions, repaired to Mass. There were none to protect them but the steward and a few armed servants, who took their post at the door of the church.

In convents, the nuns, accustomed to play on all kinds of musical instruments, conducted their own choirs; and often with a precision, an intelligence, a feeling unknown in choirs consisting of male performers, (perhaps from the feminine nature of this mysterious art). But unfortunately Sister Antonia, the regular conductress, had fallen sick a few days before of a nervous fever, so that in addition to the mischief feared from the four godless brothers, who could be seen now and then covered up in their cloaks among the pillars of the church, the convent was in the deepest perplexity for the want of some one to direct the appropriate music. The abbess on the preceding evening, thinking that all the effects of Sister Antonia's little attack would have passed away before morning, had determined on playing a very old, strange Mass composed by some unknown Italian master, by means of which, on account of a peculiar sacredness and grandeur which it revealed, the choir had already, on several occasions, accomplished wonders. Now, more than ever, persisting in this intention, she sent messenger after messenger to learn how the sister was, but continually heard that she lay in a state of unconsciousness, and at last all expectations of having her to direct the choir had to be given up in despair.

In the mean time the ruffians, now more than two hundred in number, of all ages and ranks, for though the affair and its authors were still a secret, sufficient help had been secured, had penetrated the cathedral, armed with axes and crowbars, and some alarming acts had already occurred. The few armed servants standing at the doors had been treated in the grossest manner, and the appearance of the nuns going here and there in the necessary performance of their pious duties became the signal for the most scandalous and shameless remarks. The steward, dismayed at the threatening aspect of affairs, took refuge in the choir, and, on his knees, implored the abbess to suspend the celebration and to place herself and the convent immediately under the protection of the commander of the city. But the abbess, immovable in her resolution, could not endure the idea of deferring, through fear of man, a solemnity undertaken in the honor of the Most High God; she reminded the steward that it was his duty to maintain order during the celebration of the sacred ceremonies, and to defend the church to the last extremity. Just then the clock struck the hour to begin, and the courageous lady ordered the nuns who stood around her, trembling and in tears, to take any Mass, no matter what, and, whatever the consequences, to commence at once.

The sisters immediately took their places: the scores of a Mass which they had often played before were distributed, the musical instruments were tried and tuned, and all were on the point of beginning, when suddenly Sister Antonia fresh and strong as ever, or at least only a little paler than usual, made her appearance before them. She carried under her arm the old Italian Mass about which the abbess had been so anxious. To the eager questions of the astonished sisters how she had recovered so quickly, she only replied, "no matter, dear friends, no matter!" distributed the parts, and glowing with enthusiasm, took her place at the organ to direct, as of old, the wonderful Mass. All at once, it seemed as if a heavenly consolation had descended on the hearts of these pious women; with one accord they arranged themselves before the stands, they commenced, filled as it were with inspiration: the very state of trepidation into which they had been thrown lent its aid in lifting their voices, as if on wings, up to the divinest regions of harmony. The Mass was performed with the most majestic musical splendor; from the first moment to the last not a breath was heard in the church; particularly at the *Gloria in Excelsis*, when it seemed as if the whole congregation had ceased to live. The consequence was that the four brothers and their crew did not even disturb the dust on the floor and that the convent long afterwards continued in existence, in fact until the conclusion of the Thirty Years' War, when it was secularized by virtue of an article in the Treaty of Westphalia.

Six years afterwards, when the circumstance was almost forgotten, the mother of these four young men arrived in Aix-la-Chapelle from the Hague, her native town. Full of misgivings regarding their fate, she made application to the magistrate to learn, at least, in what direction they had gone. The latest intelligence regarding them that had been received in the Netherlands was contained, as she told the magistrate, in a letter written by the Preacher six years ago on the evening before the festival of *Corpus Christi*, to a friend of his, a School Teacher in Antwerp. In this, on four closely written pages, he had given with great clearness, though in rather an extravagant style, an account of the preparations made for the contemplated attack of a certain Convent of St. Cecilia. To the contents of this letter, however, she only alluded generally, and for some time the magistrate could tell her nothing; at last he remembered that at a period of time corresponding with that specified, four young men, whose name and native country were unknown, had been placed in the Insane Asylum just then completed. But it was under an excess of religious fervor that these unhappy creatures were suffering, and as their conduct was intimated by her informant to be always extremely gloomy and melancholy, the mother, unhappily too well aware of the haughty, impetuous disposition of her sons, at first gave little heed to this information, more particularly so, as the individuals were spoken of as being Catholics. However, greatly struck at last, by the many coincident remarks made regarding them, she went immediately to the Insane Asylum, accompanied by a city officer, and asked the manager to grant her a sight of those four unhappy men that had been six years under his charge.

But who can describe the horror of the mother at recognizing her own sons? She knew them at the first glance the moment she came to the door. They were clothed in long black cassocks, and seated around a table supporting a crucifix, they leant on the leaf with folded arms and seemed totally absorbed in prayer. The poor lady was scarcely able to ask what they were doing there. According to the attendant's reply they were only occupied as usual in admiring the Saviour, for as themselves had often asserted, they could see more plainly than others that *He* was the Son of the only God. She was also told that they had been leading this spiritual life ever since their admission, that they slept little, ate little, that except on a very rare occasion no sound ever escaped their lips, only regularly once in the twenty-four hours, at midnight, they raised themselves from their chairs, and with voices that made the windows crack, intoned the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. The attendant also assured her that they were in perfect bodily health, that no one could deny them, though habitually solemn and rather stern, a certain cheerfulness of disposition, and that on one or two occasions when people pitied them as deranged, they compassionately shrugged their shoulders, and plainly declared that if the good citizens of Aix-la-Chapelle only knew as much as *they*, they would soon abandon all their worldly pursuits and unite with them in chanting the Gloria around the crucifix.

The lady could endure this terrible sight no longer, and returned or rather was carried back to her hotel in a dreadful state of agitation. Extremely anxious, however, to learn the occasion of this frightful catastrophe, she repaired next morning to the house of Herr Veit Gotthelf. For, mention having been made of this man in the Preacher's letter, it now occurred to her that he had probably taken some part in the projected attack on the convent. The Herr Veit Gotthelf, a cloth merchant, had become in the mean time the father of a family, and was now one of the most respectable men in the city. He received the strange lady with great kindness, and, as soon as he understood the object of her visit, manifested much emotion. Recovering himself however immediately, he requested her to be seated, closed the chamber door, and gave her the following account of the result of the unholy attempt made by her sons six years before.

I was intimately acquainted with your sons, my dear lady, and since there can be no danger in making the disclosure *to you*, I intend to declare every thing openly and without reserve. Yes, we did entertain the intention announced in the letter. For carrying it out fully every preparation had been made, every precaution had been taken which a most impious ingenuity could suggest, and how it failed after all I have never yet been able to understand. Heaven, I really believe, took the convent belonging to these holy ladies under its protection. For know, that outside the walls of our then badly governed city more than three hundred ruffians, armed with axes and pitch balls, were waiting for nothing but the signal from the Preacher to level the church with the dust. Even our party inside, in their impatience, had already permitted themselves to indulge in several wanton outrages that were to be introductory to more decisive measures. But at the very commencement of the music, to our great surprise we beheld your sons, seized as it were with an uncontrollable agitation, simultaneously take off their hats with the strangest air. Slowly, and as if interiorly moved, they placed their hands on their downcast faces, and after an affecting pause in the chorus, the Preacher suddenly turned round to us, and with a loud and terrible voice told us to uncover our heads. In vain did several of his companions touch him on the shoulders, and in loud whispers demand the signal to commence the image breaking. Instead of answering them, he folded his hands crosswise on his breast, sunk on his knees to the ground, bent forwards until his forehead touched the dust of the floor, and together with his brothers, whose actions had been entirely similar, commenced to murmur with pious earnestness those prayers at which he had just before been scoffing so profanely. Utterly confounded at this sight, the crowd of unhappy fanatics deprived of their leaders, remained standing uneasily and irresolutely, until the conclusion of that mysterious piece of music that was so wonderfully streaming from the organ gallery. Just then several arrests were made by order of the commandant, a few who had made themselves most prominent in the previous disorders were carried off, and the rest of the band seeing that nothing was to be done, availed themselves of the opportunity and slipped away in the dense crowd that was now pouring forth from the doors of the church.

In the evening I made several inquiries for your sons at their hotel, but finding that they had not returned, I proceeded with a few friends back again to the convent to learn something about them from the servants who with some soldiers of the guard were still standing at the doors. But, my dear lady, how can I express my consternation at seeing these four young men, stretched at full length before the altar, their foreheads still touching the earth, their arms still folded, and their forms motionless and silent as if they had been changed into stone? In vain did the steward who arrived at the moment for a long time continue to pull them by the dress and shake them by the arm whilst he ordered them to quit the church; for it was now getting dark and no one else had remained behind. At last raising themselves up with a dreamy air, they looked at him, apparently without understanding one word that he said, until taking them by the arm, with the assistance of the attendants, he led them outside the church and left them standing before the gate. After remaining there awhile almost unconscious of our presence, they at last followed us into the city, though not without many sighs and heart-rending glances towards the cathedral that now glowed brightly behind us in the last rays of the setting sun.

To be continued.

ASCENT TO THE VALLEY OF MEXICO.

'Twas already late in the afternoon; and our weary Diligence still continued its slow and toilsome ascent of the mountain. We were wearied with ennui and expectation; the prospect around had been one monotonous chain of forests, rising continually one above the other, since we left the *hacienda.* Pine trees of unparalleled height covered immense areas and stretched away as far as we could see, their towering height sometimes shutting out the sun overhead, and leaving one total unbroken line of shadow. You looked out into the dark gloom of their recesses, where the lizard and the turtle fled away from the sound of the vehicle, alarmed at the sudden intrusion upon their solitudes; wild parrots chattered in the tree tops, and the song and fluttering of innumerable birds told how productive were the depths that gave shelter and nourishment to such a numerous species.

A certain degree of grandeur was not, however, unmixed with the pervading gloom of these forests; you stand at least ten thousand feet from the level of the ocean; the atmosphere has become rare and bracing—and an occasional cloud may be seen rolling away like a mist, over the face of the mountains, leaving a moisture upon every thing; the whole scene wears an aspect of that gloomy grandeur that stamps a saddening impress within you, while you feel that you are in the midst of a great solitude, that you have passed away from the busy haunts of men, and are standing alone in the presence of that great Omnipotence whose hand alone had created those wondrous mountains, and whose glory and greatness you are every where beholding.

Occasionally a breach in the forest gives you a more cheerful and wider view; and scaling one of those jutting crags—that seem ready to leave their slender hold, and to crash upon the massy forests beneath them—you catch a glimpse of the far off prospect you have left behind.

Beautiful little prairies lie studded here and there, stretching away between the mountains; tall oaks and pimentos, now gradually disappearing rise up from the mild savannahs, and long lines of the maguay—"*Agave Americana*"—wind in perspective round the basis of the hills and spread their giant arms away to the hacienda beyond. Here you catch a little of the sunlight and the calm serene air coming with it, you could sit for hours and gaze over that long unbroken vista of hill and country, and that heart must indeed be one of adamant, that would not be impressed with the immensity and magnitude of that All-wise Power, whose directing hand heaped layer upon layer of that great chain of Cordillera, hoarding up treasures for ages yet unborn, purifying the valleys with their cool breath, and hemming within their enclosures some of the fairest portions of creation, as though the brand of the first born was yet to be erased, and time was but embellishing this fair country for a second and happier race.

All day long had we continued the toilsome ascent; occasionally breaking the monotony—when our tedious progress would admit of our getting out—by walking, climbing the precipices, penetrating the thickets and occasionally scattering the feathered tribe with a blaze or two of our rifles. It was in this neighborhood that I discovered for the first time that beautiful native bird the *Trogon*, whose celebrity is so well known for the magnificence of its plumage and the superb coloring of its feathers. The sparkling green and gold of its neck and breast, and its dark, swooping tail, spotted with white, so surprised me that I forgot in the admiration of the moment that I held my fowling piece within my hand, and before I recovered my self-possession the beautiful charmer was gone beyond my reach. I had seen some portion of its plumage before in the academy of Puebla, but it is now very rarely met with; being so eagerly sought after by the artist for the mosaic blending of its colors, its numbers have been gradually reduced. I look upon it at present as the last living representative of that old Aztec grandeur, when its rich feathers adorned the heads and garnished the mantles of the *caciques*.

It was now closing on sunset and each moment we looked eagerly forward for a break in the long line of dulness ahead; my friend Miguel, however, promised us a rich reward for our toil, if we would but withhold our patience for one league further, and the much wished for summit would be gained. It was one of the most delicious evenings I had yet experienced in the country, and although the tall forests around had limited our view of heavenward, yet the clear blue spot above our heads, and the balmy atmosphere that prevailed, convinced me of that beautiful climate which I had ever heard reigned upon the borders of the table land; and it is certainly not an exaggeration of the traveller, when he experiences for the first time, after rising from out the sand clad and suffocating valleys below, the cool, exhilarating atmosphere of the mountains that overlook them. He overreaches his expectation; the closing of the day gives a better coloring to his picture, when the mellow sun throws its slanting beams across the mountains and through the avenues of the forests, and the pleasant breeze comes dancing among the foliage and rustling in the branches of the tall pimento.

Onward and upward, still dragged our lumbering conveyance; still rose upon the breeze the pensive hum of the postillion, and the crack of his long *manopla* reverberated from tree to tree, awakening the echoes far into the woods; now we jolted over broken roads, cut up by time and rains, and down zig-zag precipices, coming with a splurge into some villainous mud-pool, almost starting our bones with the whirl and the shock. The uproar of Pedro at such times, joined in consonance with our other grievances, as he urged out the utmost of his jaded animals with all the antithesis of sound and speech, of which only those who have experienced staging among the Spaniards, have, or can form any idea.

To me, whose time was but a jot one way or the other, it was of little concern what obstacles debarred our progress, or for the moment, how slowly we rumbled along; but my mirth was often excited by the impatience of our little fellow traveller, the German, whose countenance would ever undergo the most ludicrous changes as we jolted along through gulleys and ruts, tumbling him right and left, and at every lurch eliciting a native oath, whether upon the coach, the roads, or the whole republic of Mexico itself, I was unable to learn, being totally ignorant of all the High Dutch jargon he was uttering with so much volubility. He held himself prepared on all occasions for an attack on the road; positively asserting we would be called to a stand still before we got over the mountain. He had with him two of Colt's revolvers, which he took the greatest possible care to display, while ever and anon his little ferrety eyes would peer cautiously out, as if expecting each moment to hear the report of an *escopeta*, and a body of half civilized rancheros rush out from the woods and thickets on our left. What would ever become of poor Dutchy on such an important occasion, it is impossible to tell; for without doubt his well lined rotundity, in the event of a skirmish, would admit of an easy mark for the lance of any bold face guerilla.

Much, however, as any of us disrelished an adventure of this sort just then, yet I must confess, I secretly wished I could define the outline of some tall fellows, starting up from the shadows of the crags, and a dozen or two of carbines gleaming among the foliage; and I verily believe I could have flung them my purse, and my thanks at the same moment, and deemed myself fortunate at getting rid of both at such a rare treat to the picturesque. However, my desire was not to be gratified; and I had to be content with the scene as it was, which needed but the flutter of a bandit's ribbon to make it the wildest, gloomiest picture of the kind I had ever beheld.

Immense buttresses of porphyritic rock and crags of limestone rose up on our right, some splintered and fissured as though rent asunder by the fierce tempests that rage with so much violence during the equinoctial periods, shivering the trunks of the forest and deluging the valleys below with cataracts of rain. It is evident that the broken ridges of rock, which lie scattered over the rough undulations of the mountains, and even in the valleys, have been dislodged, either by the force of the elements above, or those beneath them; for upon the slightest examination, the same lines of strata, the same admixture of either gniess, conglomerate or felspar is observed that you had before traced in its full embodiment; and it is awful to reflect, with what destructive force the tornado visits these mountain regions, when it loosens the beds of rock and snaps the gigantic pine and fir trees as though they were but reeds. We had passed now from the region of oaks; but an occasional one, with the hoar of centuries upon it, stoops over the road, its stunted branches exuberant with the woodbine, and sending a beauty and fragrance even to this otherwise wild and desolate region. The oaks at the base of these mountains grow to immense sizes, and I myself discovered one with a girth around of full fifteen feet and a complete shell within, for upon inserting my cane in one of the fissures of its trunk, it penetrated over five feet without touching the opposite side. Such trees I am told are numerous, though this was the only one of such dimensions I had seen in the country; and I have no doubt but they afford a comfortable nestling place for the wolf or the snake, although during our whole journey on the table land I never once encountered either; the inhabitants are fully sensible of the presence of the former and frequently hunt them with dogs, through the valleys and up into the highest regions of the mountains.

We got over at last this rough undulated region, and once more we stole with a gentle pace up the winding stairway, the swooping birds blending their notes with the mellow voice of the evening, and our fears of murderous brigands and gloomy glens dispelled with the soft scenes and ever changing beauty that now surrounded us.

I lay with my head dangling out of the window, making my cogitations upon the sunny welcome of the valley and its capital, and wondering at the strong heart of Cortez, who, with his handful of desperate followers, fought, not only the rough passages of these toilsome mountains, but a great nation, powerfully defended by nature and by the savage desperation of its inhabitants. What a courageous, untiring energy had that man again to return to the same scenes of slaughter and sacrifice, where twice before, his little army had been broken and almost annihilated, by fatigue, war and privation, and yet, even while his last and most disastrous escape was thrilling in his memory, he starts anew from *Tlascala*, and amidst a scene of unparalleled butchery and arson, he enters the capital of the emperors a final conqueror. Nothing could subdue his ambition; no human adversity could quell his thirst for conquest.

Whilst wandering thus among the events of centuries long gone by, I was suddenly startled by the familiar shout of Pedro—who, by the way, always uttered a sort of semi-war whoop, when any thing of importance was to be seen—and at the sound, Miguel and myself—as if by instinct—jumped from our seats, and without waiting for Pedro to draw in his animals, burst from the vehicle, and putting our limbs to the test, scampered ahead with eagerness and precipitancy.

A slight curve in the road brought us suddenly to a stand still, and we were dazzled with a scene of such surpassing loveliness, that once beheld can never be forgotten. No country in the world can surpass Mexico for the splendor of its scenery, and standing as I did within one of the loftiest recesses of that stupendous mountain, and looking out over the enchanting prospect that stretched away before me, I could not help thinking what a dream of golden days the conqueror had, when he stood as I did, for the first time, and gloated over the princely capital and its hundred tributaries, that lay before him, basking in the sunshine of wealth and prosperity. Well might it arouse the cupidity of the Spaniard! That beautiful country, its ripe breath coming up in the winds, nourishing the rosy fruit, and beating upon the wearied brow of the traveller. Well might the blind and immortal poet have gathered the scenes of his paradise from that lovely valley! The dream of its poetry is realized; for without doubt no spot in the world could establish a better claim to the contested site of the fatal apple tree. Far away upon the very verge of the horizon, rise the continuous peaks that encircle its broad bosom; beautiful sheets of lake, lie dotted here and there, and the rays of the falling sun dance lightly upon their pale surface, and spreads its sheen over the glittering towers far away in the dim outlines of the city. The smaller towns and rancho's, that were scattered at intervals over the valley, were but an indistinct mass, hardly discernible to the eye; but the green of the stretching maize fields, the woods and clustering orchards all slept quietly below, impressing you with the languidness of their repose, their delightful and indolent plenitude, that knows but little of cultivation, or the artful study of our own northern agriculturists.

Far to the left soared the two volcanoes, Popocatapetl and Ixtaccihautl: still the same as when the smoke of the *Teocallis* ascended like theirs to the heavens; their white crests sparkling with the brilliancy of silver, as they shoot away into the sky, resplendent amidst the surrounding blue, and the golden rays of the departing sun disporting on their summits. Revered monuments of that departed age, when their vexed bosoms belched fire and ashes, and their dread illuminations extended far and wide, enveloping the great plateau in one deep flood of crimson.

Still does the Indian hail their snow clad peaks, and with a reverential awe, bow submissively to the hand that robbed him of that barbaric greatness, when the blaze of a hundred hecatombs appeased the wrath of the fire mountain,—

"When the gory altars smoked incense
To the mountain god whose blaze immense
Vomited skulls of criminal heads,
And threatened the valley with fire to spread.
When the *Tezcatlipo* balanced its golden rod,
And millions fearfully worshiped its nod,
When the mystic rites,
By midnight lights,
And fire of aloes the priestess said:
'That by the will of the golden god,
The earthquake through the world had sped,
And the *tortoise* come back to its watery bed!'"

We caught the scene in its most propitious hour; when every thing was defined in the clear calm of sundown, not a speck marring the mingled blue and crimson overhead, and the very breath as it stole past seemed hushed with a reverential silence, as if in prayer for its departed kings, whose funeral dirge is the light sway of the orange, still blowing its fragrance, where centuries ago, the rude Aztec shaded his dusky limbs, and revelled in all the conscious indolence of his beautiful, but polluted country.

How long I may have remained gazing at the beautiful panorama, I know not; but I was aroused as if from a dream by the loud signal of Pedro, and turning I discovered my companions making impatient gestures for me to return, and with a reluctant heart I turned into the road, pulled a branch from one of the saplings that grew overhead as a remembrance of the spot, and in a few minutes more, we were descending the limestone declivities and rough angular passages of the valley side.

'TWILL BE ALL THE SAME IN A HUNDRED YEARS!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-word to conjure up smiles and tears!
O, how oft do I muse, 'mid the thoughtless and gay,
On the marvellous truth that these words convey!
And *can* it be so? Must the valiant and free
Have their tenure of life on this frail decree?
Are the trophies they've reared and the glories they've won
Only castles of frost-work confronting the sun?
And must all that's as joyous and brilliant to view
As a midsummer dream, be as perishing too?
Then have pity, ye proud ones—be gentle, ye great,
O remember how mercy beseemeth your state;
For the rust that consumeth the sword of the brave
Is eating the chain of the manacled slave,
And the conqueror's frowns and his victim's tears
Will be all the same in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
What a spell-work to conjure up smiles and tears!
How dark are your fortunes, ye sons of the soil,
Whose heirloom is sorrow, whose birthright is toil!
Yet envy not those who have glory and gold,
By the sweat of the poor and the blood of the bold;
For 'tis coming, howe'er they may flaunt in their pride,
The day when they'll moulder to dust by your side.
Death uniteth the children of toil and of sloth,
And the democrat reptiles carouse upon both;
For time, as he speeds on his viewless wings,
Disenamels and withers all earthly things;
And the knight's white plume, and the shepherd's crook,
And the minstrel's pipe, and the scholar's book,
And the emperor's crown, and his Cossacks' spears,
Will be dust alike in a hundred years!

'Twill be all the same in a hundred years!
O most magical fountain of smiles and tears!
To think that our hopes, like the flowers of June,
Which we love so much, should be lost so soon!
Then what meaneth the chase after phantom joys?
Or the breaking of human hearts for toys?
Or the veteran's pride in his crafty schemes?
Or "the passion of youth for its darling dreams?"
Or the aiming at ends that we never can span?
Or the deadly aversion of man for man?
What availeth it all? O, ye sages, say,—
Or the miser's joy in his brilliant clay?
Or the lover's zeal for his matchless prize—
The enchanting maid with the starry eyes?
Or the feverish conflict of hopes and fears,
If 'tis all the same in a hundred years?

Ah! 'tis not the same in a hundred years,
How clear soever the case appears;
For know ye not that beyond the grave,
Far, far beyond, where the cedars wave
On the Syrian mountains, or where the stars
Come glittering forth in their golden cars,
There bloometh a land of perennial bliss,
Where we smile to think of the tears in this?
And the pilgrim reaching that radiant shore
Has the thought of death in his heart no more,
But layeth his staff and sandals down
For the victor's palm and the monarch's crown.
And the mother meets in that tranquil sphere
The delightful child she had wept for here;
And the warrior's sword that protects the right
Is bejewelled with stars of undying light;
And we quaff of the same immortal cup,
While the orphan smiles, and the slave looks up!
So be glad, my heart, and forget thy tears,
For 'tis NOT the same in a hundred years!—*Dublin Telegraph.*

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

ROME, July 23d.

The fatigues and exhaustion of travelling threw me into a fever that confined me to my room for several days, but I am fully recompensed for this temporary suffering, by the happiness of having heard mass yesterday at "The mother and head of all the churches of Rome and of the world,"[*] the basilica[†] of St. John of Lateran. The Commander-in-chief and his staff had been invited to this ceremony by the chapter. Through the kindness of a French priest, the abbè Janault, well known to his countrymen for his unfailing politeness, I obtained a very good seat in the choir. It was there, then, in a church of which French monarchs were formerly the protectors, at the foot of these sacred altars, that I saw all the chiefs of the army assembled together for the first time. I was almost entranced with the scene, and could hardly restrain my tears; the brilliant uniforms, the immense throng of suppliants, the vast cathedral glittering with marbles and gildings, the colossal statues, the pictures of incalculable price, the antique mosaics, the melodious hymns, into which broke from time to time glorious bursts of military music; these, and above all the solemnity of the occasion, gave the ceremony an air of heavenly magnificence that at once exalted the soul and filled it with sensations of divinest joy.

When mass was over, the Dean invited the Commander-in-chief and all the officers into the apartments of the palace, where a magnificent collation, consisting of fruits, pastry, ices and sherbets had been prepared. There General Oudinot drank the following toast:

"To the health of our Holy Father! May the generous sentiments of our noble Pontiff never meet an obstacle to their application; may he live long surrounded with the love of his subjects as he is to-day with our respect and devotion. To the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX!"

In the mean time, as I of course took no part in the collation, I made the most of the opportunity of examining the basilica. It derives its name from that Plautius Lateranus who was put to death by Nero's order for his implication in the conspiracy of Piso. His palace on Mt. Cœlius, confiscated with the rest of his property, and annexed to the imperial patrimony, was finally presented by Constantine the Great to Pope Sylvester. This pontiff in 325 ordered a basilica to be erected on the spot, which became the first episcopal church of the Popes, in which they have ever since continued to take possession of the holy see. It was soon the object of the veneration of the faithful and of the liberality of the emperors and the people. It obtained the surnames of "the Palace of God" and "the Golden Basilica" from the richness and splendor of its ornaments, and also that of "the Asylum of Mercy," from having been the first Christian temple that possessed the right of asylum.

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[*] The inscription over the portal.

[†] The word "basilica," meaning "royal," was first applied by the Greeks to that part of the king's house where justice was administered. It was the name afterwards generally given by the Romans to their halls of justice. The Christians, abhorring the old temples of paganism, preferred these halls for the celebration of their sacred rites for which they were well adapted; the simplicity of their construction and their vast size requiring but a slight modification. To this day throughout Italy the altar retains the name of tribune, as it occupies that part of the building where the judge was accustomed to sit. Basilica soon became the general name for any Christian temple, but it is now applied only to the oldest or most highly honored. The seven basilicas of Rome are St. Peter's, St. John of Lateran's, St. Mary Major's, St. Paul beyond the walls, St. Laurence beyond the walls, St. Sebastian and St. John of Jerusalem.

It had been called the church of the Holy Saviour until 1194, when Pope Lucian II placed it under the protection of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. Burned in 1308 through the imprudence of a workman, it was rebuilt on a plan that was only partly original, and so enriched with decorations and embellishments, that it lost much of its primitive simplicity. Its principal front, the work of Alexander Galileo, executed during the pontificate of Clement XII, has a more imposing effect, it is said, than that of St. Peter's. Under the grand portico, which is supported by twenty-four marble pillars, I saw the colossal statue of Constantine which had been found in the baths, and under the northern portico that of our Henry IV, the work of Cordier. There are five entrances: one called *La Santa,* is never opened but on Jubilee year. The interior consisting of five naves and ornamented with marble statues of the twelve apostles, has a grand effect; your eyes are almost dazzled with the architectural details of sculpture, painting, and general ornamentation.

It would require a volume to give a list of the wonders at which I long continued to gaze with mingled reverence and delight. There is the chief altar, with four granite pillars sustaining the Gothic tabernacle where among other sacred relics the heads of SS. Peter and Paul are still preserved; there is the magnificent altar of the Holy Sacrament, bearing a tabernacle blazing with precious stones placed between two angels of gilded bronze, and four pillars of antique marble; there is the richly empanelled ceiling where I was not long in discovering the ancient escutcheon of our kings; the very floor is covered with mosaics.

The chapels are for the most part very grand, but the most beautiful of all is that of the Corsini's, of which all I will at present say, is that it surpassed the highest degree of perfection that my imagination could conceive. In a subterranean chapel I noticed particularly a painting of the Blessed Virgin with the lifeless body of the Redeemer in her arms; nothing could be more touching than the expression of grief on the face of the tender mother contemplating her divine Son: it brought the tears into my eyes. The chapel of Torlonia is not yet finished, but they say it will rival the Corsini's in magnificence.

From the basilica we proceeded to a building close by, known by the name of "Scala Santa." It contains a mysterious chapel called the "Sancta Sanctorum," or "Sacred things of the Sainted," from the great number of relics preserved there, among which may be mentioned a very ancient and deeply revered portrait of our Saviour, said to have been painted by St. Luke. To the sanctuary, into which even the Pope himself can rarely enter, you are conducted by three stairways; the middle one, the "Scala Santa" or "Holy Stair," properly so called, consists of twenty-eight steps of white marble that formerly belonged to the palace of Pilate in Jerusalem. It is to be ascended on the knees in memory of our Lord's passion; you descend by the others. I perceived several Romans thus engaged, and I am told that even princes of royal blood may be often seen, rosary in hand, performing the pious task. I need hardly mention that penetrated with reverence and awe, I did not depart without pressing my lips to the holy steps that had been sanctified by the feet of the Redeemer.*

Thence we went to visit the Baptistery, built by Constantine to receive baptism from the hands of St. Sylvester. This edifice often ravaged in the old sieges of Rome, was restored to magnificence by the labors of Gregory XIII and Urban VIII. It consists of a basin of basalt surrounded by a double row of pillars of antique porphyry, and it is situated half way between two charming chapels dedicated to St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. I admired some splendid frescoes representing different passages in the life of the founder, particularly his conversion to Christianity, and the famous appearance of the luminous cross. It is here that infidels becoming Christians receive baptism on holy Saturday.

We also visited the palace of Lateran, for more than a thousand years the residence of the pontiffs, where so many councils have been held and error so often condemned. It was rebuilt by Sextus V in 1586, and now contains a museum remarkable for its immense collection of antiquities. Here can be seen many of the most beautiful ancient mosaics and statues; of the latter, the famous one of Sophocles which connoisseurs admire so much, and that wonderful specimen of Grecian physical beauty which we can still behold in the celebrated Antinous.

Crossing the square on our return home, we saw some French regiments going through their evolutions with the same coolness and regularity that they would have displayed at Strasburg or Metz. The admirable conduct of our troops generally, in a city captured with so much labor and blood, can not be too highly extolled. Since their arrival here, though provocation has not been wanting, not a murder, not a robbery, not a single act of violence or even of insubordination, has been laid to their charge. Heaven will assuredly bless such noble hearts engaged in such a glorious cause!

I returned home delighted with a morning's labor that had filled my heart with so many good thoughts and excited in my soul so many Christian recollections.

Adieu. I shall soon write again.

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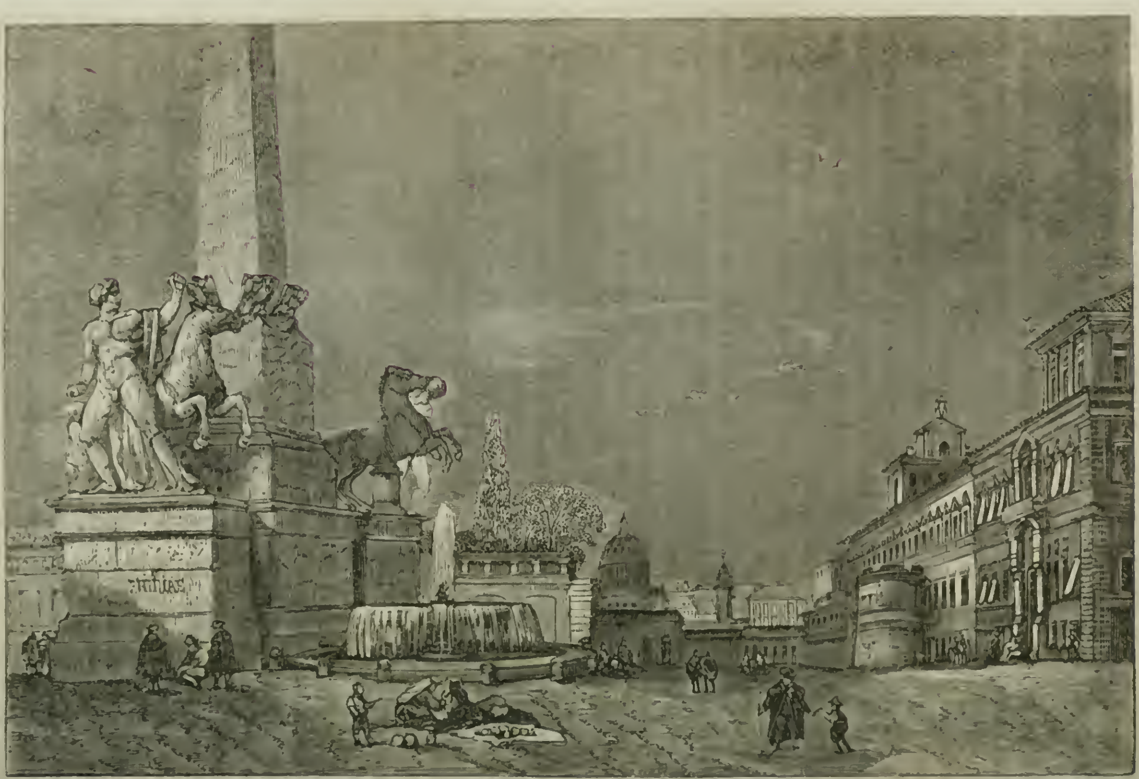
* The steps of the Scala Santa are now covered with wood, to preserve them from being worn away by the continual crowd of suppliants.



PLACE DE MONTE CAVALLO.

CHAPTER III.

An Adventure—The lost Child—Assassination of Rossi—The Seven Hills—Life in Rome.

ROME, July 24th, 1849.

I HASTEN to resume my pen, for I have many things to tell you. First, about my own adventures, to which, though I confess not very surprising, you may have the goodness to listen; and then, concerning a mournful drama that has lately startled Europe, of whose interesting details I have just been put in possession.

I left my hotel very early this morning, to hear mass and to enjoy the fresh cool air. Two fiery horses, recently broken, whirled me rapidly through narrow and steep streets, the names of which I do not yet know. Relying altogether on the skill of my Roman coachman, I occupied myself in looking at the churches, the palaces, and edifices of all kinds that were passing before me, when, all at once, shrill cries assailed my ears. The horses suddenly halt, and people make a rush towards the carriage. A man dressed in black, the same whose powerful arm had stopped the horses when dashing at full speed over the round and slippery stones, holds up before the eyes of the crowd a little child two or three years of age. It was all the affair of a second: I knew not what to make of it, till the man in black approached me and said in excellent French, with a mild, harmonious voice, "I hope, madam, you will have the kindness to take this child home to his mother."

"Very willingly, sir," I replied with emotion, for at last I understood what had occurred.

The infant, abandoned to himself by the person in whose care he had been left, had crawled out into the middle of the street, and would, infallibly, have been trampled to death by the horses, but for the presence of mind, and the promptitude of action displayed by the gentleman in black, who had chanced to be passing by.

A vegetable-woman recognized the child and told me where its mother lived: I invited the stranger, or rather my countryman, who had so bravely rescued the poor infant from certain death, to accompany me. He hesitated some moments, for he would fain escape the gratitude of the family; but seeing me pale and trembling at the idea of the misfortune that would have occurred but for his intervention, he consented at last to accept a place in the carriage. I recommended the coachman to be more careful in future, took the child on my knees, and we left the place amid a murmur of applause that had succeeded the terrified screams of the multitude.

Now I could remark, at my leisure, the dress and the general appearance of my companion. He was still young, and of a mild, but intellectual countenance. A large overcoat, buttoned up to the chin, and the complete absence of all pretension, revealed the ecclesiastic under the secular dress. I soon learned, in fact, that he was the abbé Dotti, and had been many years living in Rome. His name immediately struck me as familiar, and I remembered that he had been mentioned among the clergymen, who, like M. Luquet, the abbé du Cosquet and M. de Merodi, had shown admirable devotion in their attention to the wounded soldiers.

"These Romans are incredibly negligent," said he, smiling, however, with an air of kindness at the little fellow, half naked, sitting in my lap; "their children are so often left to themselves, that I am surprised they do not meet with more accidents."

"Where are we?" I inquired. "Have we far to go before we arrive at the place indicated?"

"About half a mile, madam."

I stopped the carriage to purchase some cakes for the child, who seemed rather frightened at seeing only strange faces around him. As I was making my purchase, a travelling dealer, carrying on his back a kind of basket ornamented with branches, came up to offer for sale some slices of watermelons, prettily arranged among the green leaves, with the usual taste of these people. This sight was so agreeable, that I joined the watermelons to the cakes: both seemed to rejoice the little fellow very much and he was soon quite at his ease.

"What great palace is that?" I asked the abbé, as I resumed my seat in the carriage.

"That is the palace of the Chancellory, madam."

"Is it not there the Count Rossi, was assassinated?"

"Precisely, I was passing by the square at the very moment he was entering that little court which you see from here. It was a terrible scene, and the recollection of it still fills me with horror."

"Would you be good enough to relate it, sir? for the details of the mournful event are entirely unknown to me."

The abbé sighed like a man still impressed with a painful remembrance; but he acceded to my request.

"You are of course aware," said he, "that the Holy Father, in the difficulties, in which he found himself placed by the guilty ambition of some rebellious subjects, thought proper to call the Count Rossi to the ministry, offering him the first place in the council.

"Pellegrino Rossi, born at Carrara, was tall and commanding in stature: his countenance expressed disdain and his temper was passionate: but he possessed a subtle, penetrating intellect, vast information, and a pithy and persuasive eloquence. Banished from his country, in consequence of the political contests in which he had engaged at an early age, he retired to Geneva, and there gained great reputation as a lawyer and an orator. Subsequently he removed to Paris, where he was greatly distinguished for the splendor of his talents. Becoming naturalized, and made a French peer, he was appointed ambassador to Rome by Louis Philip, and, after the revolution of February, he continued to reside in this city, being unwilling to submit to the authority of the republic.

Count Rossi was 61 years old when appointed chief minister by Pius IX. His comprehensive mind had measured at a glance all the difficulties of such a position: he accepted it only with repugnance, and after holding long discussions with the Duke d'Harcourt to obtain the consent of France. A religious sentiment, which perhaps had never completely abandoned him, and which in his later years had been aroused more strongly than ever, influenced his decision, and he resigned himself with devotion to the service of the Sovereign Pontiff. An indefatigable minister, he displayed talents, zeal, and an energy that made his enemies tremble, and inspired them with the plot of which he became the victim.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

BAPTISM—ASSEMBLES DISCIPLES.

The scenes of our Lord's infancy, so consoling to the poor and afflicted, so full of food for contemplation and tender meditation, have been handed down to us by Mary's care, from Mary's lips. His succeeding years, from his flight into Egypt, years when ripening age brought forth the more endearing qualities, which had been concealed beneath the veil of helpless infancy, have with one exception, been shrouded from us. Consoling indeed for his servants, when treated as aliens and enemies, would it be to know how the man God bore reproach and ignominy from the Egyptian unbeliever: consoling in poverty to witness him at his daily toil; ill paid, defrauded and despised. But here contemplation alone can follow him, no recorded words remain to tell us what Mary must have related.

Except one incident, instructive alike of his divine mission, his infinite wisdom, his future passion and resurrection, we know nothing of our Saviour till he reached the age of thirty, "He was subject to Joseph and Mary," alone is told us. He now resolved to begin his public life. It was the age when the law permitted a man to speak in public, and to that law he had ever conformed. He announced his resolve to his Blessed Mother. With anguish had she looked forward to this day of trial, when she was to surrender her beloved son to toil and death. Solemn and affecting was their parting.

"A son that never did amiss,
That never shamed his mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer."*

Jesus could not be unmoved by his mother's grief and forebodings; but he reminded her to offer him as her forefather Abraham had offered his only son, as the mother of the Macchabees had offered all. Then poor and unfriended he descended the hill side of Nazareth and turned towards the Jordan. Sinless, he was to take the livery of sin; like a sinner was he to be baptized, like a weak mortal be exposed to the temptations of Satan.

His precursor, John the son of Zachary and Elizabeth, was already announcing the advent of the Messiah and calling people to penance. From his baptizing those who were sincerely penitent he had already received the name of Baptist. Leaving the desert of Judea he had gone to

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* Keble.

"Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,"

THE RIVER JORDAN.

and there was visited by thousands, some led by curiosity, some expecting to see the long expected Messiah, some moved by true devotion.

"There to thy sacred limbs the camel gave
A garment coarse; the rock a bed supplied;
The stream thy thirst; locusts and honey wild
Thy hunger satisfied."*

His teachings full of the spirit of God were suited to every rank: plain and simple, they went to the hearts of his hearers, and few indeed could gaze on his wasted form, his harsh covering, less a protection than a torment, and not feel compunction for the luxurious ease and comfort lavished on their own sinful bodies.

Like his Divine Redeemer he spoke with authority: the haughty Scribes and Pharisees met his stern rebuke, but to the humble, contrite sinner he was all gentleness.

After a long and painful journey, in which solitary his thoughts turned to himself, and made him taste in anticipation the bitter cup of Calvary, Jesus reached the desert, where John was baptizing at Bethabara beyond the Jordan,† at a spot some

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* Caswall.

† John, i, 28.

leagues from its mouth, opposite to Jericho, which lay far to the left, beyond a broken plain of deep ravines and awful chasms, rendered more frightful by the long thorny willowy plants that cover it. On the right, hidden in part by a mountain height, stretched away in the distance the dreary basin of Lake Asphaltites, "the Dead Sea," doom and tomb alike of the guilty cities, whose punishment however, was to be less in the day of fearful reckoning than that of those cities, which were about to hear the words of the Messiah, to see his wondrous works, yet turn away unfaithful, unconverted. At Bethabara, where John then was, both banks of the Jordan, that "river of judgment," were lined with pliant osiers, stately poplars and tamarinds, fair blooming oleanders, and other trees and shrubs, where birds unnumbered built their nests, and wild beasts lurked by day or prowled by night.

THE DEAD SEA.

John was not alone when Jesus approached; many of his disciples were around him, to whom he had already announced the Christ. By divine inspiration he now recognized the Redeemer, even as he had recognized him when still unborn, even as God's saints recognize his presence in the tabernacle of his love.

"Behold!" he cried, "behold the lamb of God, behold him who taketh away the sin of the world. This is he of whom I said: after me cometh a man, who is preferred before me, because he was before me. And I knew him not, but that he may be made manifest in Israel, therefore am I come baptizing in water."*

Jesus meanwhile approached and presented himself for baptism; but John conscious of his own unworthiness, shrunk from subjecting his Divine Master to the ceremony of humiliation. "I ought to be baptized of thee and comest thou to me." But Jesus replied; "Suffer me for this time: for so it becometh us to fulfill all justice." Then John yielded, and our Divine Lord stepped into the stream: and his precursor, poured over his sacred brow the water, which thenceforth sanctified, became in baptism possessed of divine power, washing away sin, when poured in virtue of his blood, and in his all powerful name.

"A youth arrayed in vest of camel's hair,
Standing upon a rock projecting there,
Poured forth the waters on the son of God,
From out the rapids of the crystal flood;
A chosen band stands on the verdant sward,
In snow white garments to receive their Lord;
The Holy Spirit hastens from above,
And hovers o'er him like a gentle dove
Sent from his glory by the Eternal Sire,
With beams adorned and circumfused with fire."

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* John, i, 29-31.

For when the baptism was ended, and Jesus stepped forth from the stream rapt in prayer; "Lo, the heavens were opened to him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove, and coming upon him, and a voice from heaven was heard proclaiming, This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Thus did the Almighty Father announce his beloved Son to the world, thus was the mystery of the adorable Trinity clearly presented to the world; the voice of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost descending.

John full of consolation and joy, could now like Simeon exclaim: "Now O Lord thou dost dismiss thy servant according to thy word in peace, because mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all thy people."

He had been warned by the Almighty—"He upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining upon him, he it is that baptizeth in the Holy Ghost," and now that he had seen the Holy Ghost descend as a dove, and remain upon Jesus, he declared again to his disciples: "This is the Son of God." His mission was ended. "This my joy is filled. He must increase and I diminish." But his disciples clung to him, and only on a subsequent day, when our Lord returned from that frightful wilderness, where for forty days and nights he had prepared himself for his mission by fasting and prayer: tempted by Satan, but overcoming him by humility and love of God,—it was only after this, that when John again pointed to Jesus, exclaiming: "Behold the Lamb of God," that two of his disciples, apparently John and Andrew, followed our Lord to his humble abode, and hung in ecstacy on his divine lips. Andrew on the next day brought Simon, whom our Lord named Peter, or his Rock, Philip and Bartholomew were next added to his little company of disciples, as he was about to return to Galilee.

THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—VIII.

CHAPTER VIII.

Continued from p. 730, Vol 2.

HOW THE RAVEN THREW AWAY THE POISONED BREAD.

When now that region far and wide, began to be inflamed with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and many leaving the secular life, might bow their necks under the light yoke of the Redeemer, as it is the custom of the wicked to envy others the virtue which they do not desire for themselves, a presbyter of a neighboring church, Florentius by name, and grandfather of our own Florentius the subdeacon, stung with the malice of the evil one, began to be jealous of the exercises of the holy man, and to disparage his manner of life, and to prevent as many as he could from going to visit him. And when he found that he could not hinder his progress, but that the fame of his good life went on increasing, and that many, only by hearing the story of his praises, instantly embraced the higher state of life, goaded yet more and more by the stings of envy, he grew daily worse: because the applause of that good life he coveted, indeed, but for the praiseworthy life itself, he cared nothing. At length in the blindness of his gloomy heart, he went so far as to send to the servant of Almighty God, poisoned bread, as if for a blessing. The man of God accepted it with thanks, but the hidden bane did not lie hid from him. At the hour of his repast, a raven was wont to come from the neighboring forest, and take bread from his hand. And when it had come in the usual manner, the man of God threw to the raven the bread which the presbyter had sent him, and commanded it, saying: "in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, take up this bread and cast it in a place where no man shall be able find it." Then the raven, with open beak and expanded wings, began to run to and fro around the bread, to croak and as it were to declare that he was ready to obey, but was not able to fulfil the command. But he charged it again and again, saying: "lift! lift boldly, and hurl it where it cannot be found." And after some delay, the raven seized it, raised and bore it away. At the end of three hours, having thrown away the bread, it returned to the man of God, and received from his hand its usual portion.

The venerable Father, however, seeing that the priest had designs upon his life, grieved for him rather than for himself. But Florentius, when he could not kill the body of the master, exerted himself to destroy the souls of the disciples: wherefore, in the garden of that house where Benedict resided, he introduced seven girls, who holding each other by the hand, and dancing naked before them, were to kindle their minds with criminal lust. Which the holy man discovering from his cell, and fearing the fall of his frailer disciples, and considering it was done only to persecute himself, he gave place to hatred, and appointed over each of the monasteries he had established, a superior chosen from the brothers attached to the same; and taking with himself a few of the monks, he changed his place of residence. And shortly after he thus meekly retired before the malignity of the other, Almighty God smote terribly this last. For as the presbyter stood in his balcony, exulting at the news that Benedict had retreated, while every other part of the whole house stood firm, this balcony fell, and crushed to death the enemy of Benedict. Maurus, the disciple of the holy man, supposing it ought to be made known immediately to the venerable Father, who was distant about ten miles from that place, sent in haste, saying: "come back, for the one who persecuted thee is killed!" Hearing which, the man of God, Benedict, gave way to mournful lamentations, for that his enemy was fallen, and that his disciple should exult at the death of the persecutor. Wherefore also he imposed a penance upon that disciple, because by such a message, he had presumed to rejoice in the destruction of their enemy.

Peter.—These things are wonderful and indeed awful! In the water produced from the rock, I remember Moses [Num. xx. 11]; in the iron which swam upon the water, Eliseus [4 Kings, vi, 7]; in the walking upon the water, Peter [Matt. xiv, 29]; in the obedience of the raven, Elias [3 Kings, xvii, 6]; and in his sorrow for the death of his enemy, I see David [2 Kings, i, 11]. This man, as I think, was full of the spirit of all the saints.

Gregory.—The holy Benedict, Peter, had the spirit of the one true God, who by the grace of his redemption hath filled the hearts of all the elect, of whom John saith: "That was the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world." Of whom also it is written: "Of his fulness we all have received." Holy men indeed could hold these powers from the Lord, but not communicate them to others. But He gave the signs of virtue to his subjects, and promised to be himself the sign of Jonas to his enemies: so that he was pleased to die before the proud, and to rise before the humble: whereby the former should see what they might despise, and the latter what, with reverence, they should love. From which mystery it hath come to pass, that while the proud regard the shame of death, the humble instead of death partake of the glory of his power.

Peter.—May I ask to what place the holy man removed, after these things, or if he showed other mighty works again in those parts.

Gregory.—The holy man removing thence changed his place, but not his enemy. For afterwards he engaged in conflicts by so much the more serious, as he met the Prince of Evil himself in open combat. The town of Cassino is situated on the side of a lofty mountain, which holds the town as it were upon its lap, but rising far above, and reaching away to a distance of three miles, it seems to lift its head to the skies. There was upon it a temple of remote age, in which Apollo was worshipped by the silly rustics, after the manner of the ancient heathen. On every side were groves devoted to the service of demons, in which, even as in the times of the unbelievers, the insane multitude was wearying itself with sacrilegious sacrifices. The man of God therefore coming hither, broke in pieces the idol, overturned the altar, burned the groves, and in the temple of Apollo established the chapel of blessed Martin, and where Apollo's altar had stood, built that of St. John; while with unwearied preaching he summoned to the faith the people in all that neighborhood. But the old enemy of man resenting this, not secretly nor in a dream, but in plain sight, obtruded himself upon the presence of the Father, and with loud clamors complained of the violence done to him, so that even the brothers could hear the voice, though they might not discern his shape. And as the venerable Father told his disciples, there appeared to him, bodily, the enemy of our race, most horrible and on fire, who seemed to be raging with flaming mouth and eyes against him. What he said indeed, all heard: at first he called him by name. But when the man of God made no answer, he broke out into abuse. For when he cried, "Benedict! Benedict!" and no answer whatever was given, immediately he went on; "O cursed one! Maledict! and not Benedict! what hast thou to do with me? why dost thou persecute me?"

But now let us turn to other combats of the servant of God, which the malignant spirit waged against him with full intent, though the occasions of victory he thereby furnished, were not so intended.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE ROCK THAT WAS LIFTED AT THE SAINT'S PRAYERS.

One day while the brothers were at work building the cells of the monastery, there lay at hand a stone which they intended to raise upon the building. And when two or three were not able to lift it, many others joined with them, but still it remained as immovable as if it had taken root in the earth: by which might be very plainly understood, that the evil spirit himself sat upon it, when so great a force of men could not move it. In this trouble therefore they sent to the man of God, asking that he would come and by his prayers expel the evil one, so that the stone might be raised. Shortly after, he came, and praying gave his blessing, when the heavy rock was lifted as readily as though it had no weight.

CHAPTER X.

OF THE PHANTOM FIRE OF THE KITCHEN.

Then in his presence, the holy man would have them to dig up the earth in the same place. When having dug to some depth, the brothers found there a brazen idol. This, for the time, happened to be thrown into the kitchen, when all at once fire seemed to break forth, and in the eyes of all the monks showed as if the whole building where the kitchen was situated was about to be consumed; and while with throwing water and as if extinguishing the fire, a great tumult was created, the man of God disturbed by the noise, approached. He, considering that the fire, because not seen by himself, existed only in the imagination of the brethren, immediately bowed his head in prayer; and calling back the brothers whom he found to be deluded by the false fire, admonished them to sign themselves with the cross, that their eyes might be opened to see how the building stood unhurt, and that the flames were an illusion of the evil spirit.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE YOUNG NOVICE CRUSHED BY A FALLING WALL, AND MADE WHOLE BY THE SAINT'S PRAYERS.

Another time while the brothers were building a wall, which it was necessary for certain reasons to carry up to an unusual height, the man of God abode in prayer within his cell. To whom the evil spirit appeared, and contemptuously advised him to go and see the brethren at work. This the holy man immediately notified to the brethren by a messenger, saying: "Brothers, be on your guard, for in this hour Satan comes to you." But he who carried the word scarcely finished speaking, when the malignant spirit overthrew the wall on which they were employed; and this falling upon a little boy, a novice and the son of a senator, buried him beneath the ruins. All sorrowful and deeply afflicted, not by the destruction of the wall, but by the injury of their brother, strove to make known as soon as possible the sad accident to the venerable Father Benedict. The Father thereupon bid them bring the mutilated child to him. To do which they were forced to carry him upon a blanket; because the rocks from the wall had not only bruised his limbs, but fractured his bones. The holy man directed them to lay him out immediately in his cell, upon the mat whereon he was accustomed to pray, and sending all out from his cell, shut the door, and most earnestly bowed down to prayer. Wonderful to relate, that same hour he sent him forth without a wound, and well as before, to the same labor, that together with the brothers, he himself should complete the wall, with whose death the evil spirit had thought to insult Benedict.

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE MONKS WHO PARTOOK OF FOOD WHILE AWAY FROM THE MONASTERY.

About this time also the man of God began to be distinguished with the spirit of prophecy; to predict future events, and to reveal things absent as if present. It was a custom of the house, that whenever the brothers might go abroad upon any business, they should not taste food or drink outside of the monastery. And while this point of discipline was strictly observed, one day they went out on some affair which detained them to a late hour, when thinking to rest at the house of a religious woman, they entered and partook of food. Late in the day they returned to the monastery, and according to custom went to ask the blessing of the Father. When he immediately questioned them: "where did you eat?" They answering, "no where;" he says: "why tell this falsehood? Did you not enter the house of such a woman? Did you not take such and such food? Did you not drink so many cups?" And as the venerable Father named to them the dwelling of the woman, the kinds of food and the number of the potations, remembering all they had done, they fell terrified at his feet, and confessed their fault. Immediately however he forgave them, considering that it would not happen again, since they knew him though absent to be in spirit present to them.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE MAN OF GOD KNEW THAT THE BROTHER OF VALENTINIANUS HAD EATEN ON THE ROAD.

Again, the brother of Valentinianus, the monk whom I have mentioned above, was a layman, but a very devout person. Who, that he might have the prayers of the servant of God, and might see his brother, was accustomed every year to come fasting, from his own place, to the monastery. One day, therefore, while journeying to the monastery, another traveller joined him, who carried with him his wallet of provisions for the road. And after some hours had passed on, he said: "come brother, let us eat something, to help us on the way." To whom he answered: "far from it, brother, I may not do so, for I am always accustomed to approach the venerable Father Benedict, fasting." Receiving which answer, his fellow traveller was silent for a time. But after journeying a little farther, he proposed again that they should take food. The one who had determined to keep his fast, would not consent. He who had invited him to eat was silent, and consented to keep on fasting a little longer. And after they had travelled a long way, and with the late hour were weary from their walk, they found by the road a meadow and spring of water, with whatever else might seem to make it delightful for a resting place. Then the companion says: "Lo, the water! the meadow! See the pleasant place, where we can refresh ourselves and rest a little, that afterwards we may have strength to finish our journey safely." Since therefore the words were grateful to the ear, and the places charming to the eye, moved by the third solicitation, he consented and ate; toward evening he arrived at the monastery. And being presented to the venerable Father Benedict, he asked a blessing for himself; but then the holy man charged him with what he had done on the way, saying: "How is this, brother, that the evil spirit who spoke to thee through thy fellow-traveller, could not persuade thee the first, nor the second time, but the third time he prevailed, and brought thee to do his will?" Then he, acknowledging the frailty of his poor feeble mind, prostrate at his feet, wept and blushed for his fault, by so much the more, as he was conscious that the Father Benedict even absent had witnessed his imperfection.

Peter.—I perceive that the holy man breathed the spirit of Eliseus, who when his disciple was absent continued present to him.

CHAPTER XIV.

HOW HE DETECTED THE FRAUD OF KING TOTILA.

Gregory.—Wait but a little, Peter, and you shall hear what is still more wonderful.

In the times of the Goths, when Totila, their king, had heard how the holy man was possessed of the gift of prophecy, proceeding to his monastery, he halted a short distance from it and sent forward a message that he was coming. And when immediately word was sent back from the monastery, inviting him to do so, he in the perfidiousness of his heart, attempted to find out whether the holy man were a prophet. There was a sword bearer of his, named Riggo, to whom he gave his own sandals, invested him with the royal robes, and ordered him to go as if in his person, to the man of God. And with him, for courtiers, he sent three of his knights, who were especially in his confidence, namely: Vult, Roderic and Blidin, to walk at his side, pretending before the servant of God that he was Totila. And he added also other officers and attendants, that both from his retinue and his royal robes, he might be supposed to be the king. Thus decorated, and followed by all his train, Riggo entered the monastery, where the man of God was seated far in the distance. Who, when he saw him approaching, and as soon as he was within hearing, called out: "Put off, my son, put off that dress; it is not thine." And now Riggo fell upon the earth faint with fear, because he had presumed to mock so great a man; and all who had come with him, sunk down in consternation. Then rising up, they by no means presumed to come nearer to him, but returning to their king, related with trembling how speedily they had been detected.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER VI.

"Ha, ha! very well, I declare! and so there you are at last!" said uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles to his forehead and peering at Dr. Camberwell as he entered the room, a few days after the events related in the last chapter.

"Good morning, sir, how d'ye do?" said the doctor, "any calls since I left?"

"No; none but Lanty Hanlon," replied Mr. Guirkie, pulling down his spectacles again, and resuming his employment, "and there's a mallard wing he brought me," pointing at it sideways with his eye, "not worth a brass button."

"Don't doubt it in the least," observed the doctor, "couldn't expect any thing else."

"Why—just look at it. Mrs. Motherly's blue drake out in the yard there has better feathers for a June trout by all odds."

"It looks like the wing of a young gray turkey, don't it?"

"Upon my word it's a fact—the spots are as big as the point of my thumb, every one of them."

"Well you'll find Lanty out yet, some day or other I suspect," said the doctor, sitting down on the sofa apparently much fatigued. "He's the most bothersome fellow in the parish."

"It was about the child he came," resumed Mr. Guirkie, "I had almost forgotten it, about that widow woman's child down at Ballymastacken."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The measles," responded uncle Jerry.

"The measles!"

"Yes, and I prescribed," said uncle Jerry, "in your absence; so I suppose you'll scold me for it, eh?"

"Scold you! no. Why should I scold you? Upon my word, you know quite enough about the profession to turn doctor yourself. And so you prescribed;—what did you give him?"

"Gin, of course—good Hollands, and to be taken freely."

"Capital," said the doctor, "the very best medicine you could order."

"Well, so I thought. But only at a certain stage of the disease, eh?"

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

"Oh, of course, at the incipient stage!"

"Very true," said uncle Jerry, "that's just it, precisely," and he laid down the fly he was dressing, to wax a silk thread, whilst he still continued the subject, apparently much interested, "that's exactly the very thing; taken at the proper time it's the very best medicine in the world. It saved my life once, in Trinidad, when attacked by the small pox."

"Possible?"

"Yes, sir, and I have invariably recommended it in similar cases, ever since."

"No other calls?"

"None to speak of. That Mr. Weeks was here about his headache, or face ache, or whatever ache you please to call it."

"Neuralgia I rather think; and a pretty troublesome acquaintance it is to get rid of."

"I declare," said uncle Jerry, snapping the thread which he should have had the patience to cut with the scissors, "I declare and vow it matters very little whether he ever gets rid of it. He's but a very poor concern, that same Mr. Weeks."

"Oh, I see you have been disputing again, ha! ha!"

"Very well, it's not my fault if we have. I'm sure I never dispute with any one, if I can avoid it."

"No; but still you manage to do it, notwithstanding," said the doctor.

"Never, upon my word and honor," replied Mr. Guirkie, "except when it's forced on me. (There now that hook's as blunt as the very beetle," and he flung it pettishly into the grate.) "I can't sit patiently by, and hear the man still contending that a red hackle is the best in May and June. You wouldn't expect that, I suppose, eh?"

"He must be very unreasonable," yawned the doctor, his eyes half closed from fatigue and want of sleep, for he had been up all night. "Yes, indeed, very unreasonable."

"It was actually presumptuous, considering all my experience to the contrary."

The doctor made an effort to open his eyes and nod.

"I tried to reason him out of it. Upon my word, I reasoned with him as mildly as I would with a child, but you might as well reason with a madman. Why, sir, he's as wrong-headed as a mule, that man, humble and all as he seems. He's a cheat, doctor, that's the whole sum and substance of it."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, rousing himself a little and speaking in a half irritable, half conciliatory tone, "let him have his own way; the point, after all, is not of vital interest to any body, I suppose."

"No, it's of no great consequence, I allow," said uncle Jerry, raising his spectacles a second time to his forehead and looking across the table at the doctor in a manner more impressive than usual. "No, sir, I admit that freely, but the man is exceedingly presumptuous—remarkably so, for a stranger—and I'm much mistaken, doctor, if you yourself, with all your stoicism, would surrender to such a person without protest. Moreover, sir, the gentleman—if he be a gentleman—should avoid provoking me to argument in my own house where he knows he has me at a disadvantage. I say, doctor, it was very indelicate of him, think what you please about it."

"And why do you let the man trouble you at all, if you think so little of him?"

"Trouble me? Oh! I declare," exclaimed uncle Jerry, taking off his spectacles at last and pitching them on the table with a very dissatisfied air, for he was evidently disappointed in the little interest his friend seemed to take in the subject. "Trouble me—why, I vow to goodness, he may go to Halifax and fish for sculpins if he like, for aught I care one way or other. But am I bound to adopt his errors against both reason and conscience, am I?"

"By no means, why should you?"

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Guirkie, "that's all I want to know," and as if there was no more to be said on the subject, he reached over again for the spectacles: "I know very well," he added, as he looked through them before he put them on, "I know it's quite right that every man should choose whatever side of a question pleases him best; it's republican and democratic, and has always been my way, and ever shall as long as I live; but still I have no hesitation in saying this much, doctor, that it's morally impossible for the man who never ties a horn on a hare's ear, because the natural fly don't wear horns except in July and August, I say that the man who maintains that doctrine, never caught better than graculs or shiners in his life. That's precisely what I think of it, and I shall take occasion to tell the gentleman so at our next meeting."

"Shall I bring in the breakfast?" inquired the housekeeper, opening the door softly, and waiting till uncle Jerry had finished before she interrupted the conversation.

"The breakfast!" he repeated, checking at once the current of his thoughts and looking across at the doctor, now fairly a-doze on the sofa. "The breakfast! I declare that's a fact: well, now, upon my word, I'm the most selfish, thoughtless man in the whole world. There he has been out at sick calls all night and hasn't had a morsel yet to break his fast. Certainly," he replied, nodding at the housekeeper, "certainly, ma'am, send it in by all means."

When the door closed, Mr. Guirkie again resumed his employment, making occasional remarks, now and then, on the quality of the crottel, hare's ear, tinsel catgut and the other various requisites for fly dressing. These observations he intended should reach the doctor, but they did not; for the doctor was asleep. At length having finished his task and put up the materials in their usual place, he came round and touched the sleeper gently on the shoulder.

"Wake up," said he, "and prepare for breakfast, it's just coming in. But how is this, doctor? why dear me! now that I'm near you, one would think you were after a week's march in the Indies. I declare a Seapoy after a three day's drill couldn't look worse. A tedious case, I suppose?"

"Very," muttered the doctor, "very bad, indeed."

"Don't doubt it in the least, you look like it."

"Shocking."

"I declare! and it detained you since midnight?"

"Yes, I left here a few minutes after twelve, with Father John," he replied, yawning and rubbing his eyes as he spoke. "You heard the dog bark at the time under your chamber window—I was afraid he might have disturbed you."

"Heard him! why he set all the dogs in the parish a barking, and they didn't stop for an hour after. I declare he's the most unreasonable animal in that respect I ever heard, at home or abroad. Still it's a conscientious matter with him I suppose, and so we shouldn't blame him. Hah indeed! it was a very shocking case."

"Fourteen of a crew cast ashore on Ballyhanan beach," said Dr. Camberwell, raising up his sleepy eyes sympathetically to those of his venerable relation.

"Fourteen of a crew!! Oh, may the Lord have mercy on them!" exclaimed uncle Jerry in pious astonishment. "That's awful."

"A schooner from New York, bound for Dublin," continued the doctor. "She foundered off Tory Island four days ago. The crew, with the exception of the first mate, who went down with the vessel, took to the long boat, and after drifting about all that time were at length driven ashore last night on Ballyhanan strand."

"May the Lord protect us!" exclaimed uncle Jerry again, slapping his knees with the palms of his hands, and looking terrified at the doctor—"oh dear, oh dear, all dead, all dead?"

"No, no, not *all*," quickly responded the doctor. "Six of them are still living, the rest were dead before we reached the shore."

"The Lord have mercy on them," muttered Mr. Guirkie to himself.

"Were it not for the unwearied attention, and devoted charity of Miss Lee, the light keeper's daughter, I verily believe every soul of them had perished."

"Perished!—after reaching the shore—that's terrible to think of."

"Well, under God, she was the principal means of saving their lives."

"The angel!" exclaimed uncle Jerry, "I must see her immediately."

"Upon my word I believe she's more of an angel than any thing else," said the doctor.

"She *is* one I tell you—there's no doubt of it whatever—you can see it in her face."

"So you have seen her, then. I thought you had never called at the light-house since this new keeper came."

"Neither have I. 'Twas at the chapel I saw her—and that, only for a second or two. She was kneeling before the picture of the Virgin, and I declare, glancing from one to the other, I could hardly tell which was the lovelier. I have never forgotten that face since for a single day,—it haunts me sleeping and waking, every feature of it seems to me just as familiar as my own."

"It was really one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw," continued the doctor, "to see her kneeling there on the cabin floor administering relief to the poor sufferers. She looked to me the very image of a young sister of mercy I used to see long ago, gliding round the sick beds in the Dublin hospital."

"So full of piety, and so gentle," said uncle Jerry.

"Yes, once as she touched the parched lips of the little cabin boy, with a spoonful of wine and water, her tears fell on his face, it was impossible —"

"I know it," said uncle Jerry, "it was impossible to look at her, without—hem, without feeling—hem, it was very affecting."

"The warm drops as they fell made him raise his eyes to her face, and then such a look of love and gratitude as he gave her, I never saw on human face before."

"It's the goodness of God, doctor, that sends us such creatures, now and again, to reconcile us to our miserable humanity."

"Certainly."

"We should otherwise forget our destiny altogether."

"No doubt of it."

"He scatters them over the dark world, here and there, to brighten and beautify it, as he scatters the stars over the clouded heavens."

"But to return to the sufferers," said the doctor, afraid Mr. Guirkie should fly off into one of his rhapsodies, "one poor fellow, a negro, was all but dead when I left."

"Dear me! all but dead."

"Yes, and had seven of his toes broken besides,

"Lord save us!—seven toes broken!—that's frightful," exclaimed uncle Jerry.

"Four on one foot, and three on the other."

"Most shocking!—and what makes it still worse, he's of the despised race; but the rest—where are they?"

"In the cabin."

"What!—all huddled up together, the living with the dead."

"Why, there was no other place to put them—no house, you know, within a mile of the strand."

"Oh, no! of course not; why should there!" exclaimed uncle Jerry, a little irritated at the disappointment. "Why should there? No, no, there's never any thing where it ought to be. I believe in my soul if there had been a house there, not a shipwreck should ever have happened within leagues of it."

"Don't doubt it in the least," assented the doctor.

"Cross purposes, sir, that's it, cross purposes—every thing in creation pulling against every other thing. It's outrageous—no house there, where of all places in the world it ought to be—I declare to my conscience it's insufferable."

"I know it," said the doctor, "it's too bad to be sure, but so it chances to be."

"Chances! nonsense—there's no such thing as chance—don't believe in it at all." And clasping his hands round his knee, he lifted up his little leg, and commenced rocking away in his chair—a habit he had when any thing troubled him. He asked no more questions; what he heard already supplied him with materials enough for a picture—and he drew it, and gazed at it, till the tears fell in big drops on the carpet. He saw the poor wrecked sailors, stretched on the damp floor of the warren keeper's hut, as plainly as if he had been there in person standing over them."

"Well, there's no use in fretting about it," said he at length, letting his leg fall, and looking out at the rain pattering against the window panes, "it can't be helped I suppose. They'll die, every soul of them, for want of good fresh air and kindly treatment. I know they will. Can nothing be done? I wish to heaven I was there myself; but where's the use of wishing any thing about it; the doctor would never consent to it in such a storm as this. So here I must wait patiently I suppose, and make the best of it. As for that negro, he'll die; oh there's no doubt of it in the world: he'll die, of course, just because he is a negro, and no one to care for him. As for Mary Lee, she may be a tender hearted gentle creature as ever lived, and no one who ever saw her once, could think otherwise; but she's a timid fawny thing I fear, and won't venture near enough, to wet his lips with a spoonful of sangaree, or whisper a kind word in his ear, to keep his heart from sinking. Ay, that's the effect of a black skin—always, always. It was just so in St. Domingo and Alabama, and all over the world. But never mind, never mind, there's a good time coming. It won't be so in heaven, ha, ha," and Mr. Guirkie rubbed his hands smartly together, and chuckled at the thought, "no, no, that's one comfort at least, it won't be so in heaven."

"Why, dear me! there's the doctor fast asleep!" exclaimed the housekeeper, laying down the tray with the breakfast on the table. "Please wake him up, Mr. Guirkie, he needs some refreshment, and should take it hot."

"Never mind him," replied uncle Jerry, a little impatiently, "never mind him. Go away, Mrs. Motherly, if you please, and don't jar the door. I'll wake him the next time he turns over;" and wiping his spectacles with the tail of his morning gown, he commenced reading a newspaper that lay on the table.

Now it happened the paper was a week old or more, and Mr. Guirkie had read it over, advertisements and all, a good half dozen times already. For it being the only paper taken at the cottage, he always tried, as he said himself, to make the most of it. It was not, therefore, with a view either to entertainment or information that he snapped it up so suddenly as he did, but merely to divert his mind from thinking of the wrecked sailors, and particularly the negro with the broken toes. Mr. Guirkie, as the reader may have suspected, was gentle and full of tender sympathies, and when a case with any thing peculiarly melancholy in it, like the one in question, chanced to get hold of his heart, he never could manage very well to shake it out of it. It was only, therefore, with the desperate hope of excluding from his imagination the picture he had drawn so vividly but a few minutes before, that he clutched the paper so vigorously between his hands and ran his eye so rapidly over the print. It happened, however, notwithstanding the effort he made that his success was by no means complete, for he soon began a sort of low dry whistle without tune or music to it, evidently intended to help the newspaper. When he had read down half a column or more with this accompaniment, he found it, as he always found it before, to be a total failure, and that do what he would, the picture kept always breaking in upon him. At last, unable to resist any longer, he flung the newspaper on the floor, and starting up in a sort of desperation, paced up and down the room, his slippers clattering the while against his heels and his hands as usual clasped behind his back.

"Mr. Guirkie," said the housekeeper, opening the door gently, "Mr. Guirkie."

"What," said Mr. Guirkie, turning on his steps and throwing up his spectacles from his forehead till they were lost in his bushy, gray hair, "what's the matter?"

"Lanty Hanlon's come for more of that medicine, sir, and says the child's doin bravely, and sir, he brought ye the other wing of the wild duck."

"Mrs. Motherly," said uncle Jerry, approaching the door and drawing himself primly up, "I'm engaged. Don't you understand? I'm engaged, ma'am."

"Yes, sir, but ——"

"Well, but, ma'am, I'm not to be imposed on. That fellow has had more gin already than would cure half the parish—quit the room, if you please, and tell that scoundrel to quit the house."

Again Mr. Guirkie turned to the window and looked out on the stormy sky, muttering to himself all the while in short, ejaculatory sentences. At first they were low and hollow, but grew more audible and the words more distinct in proportion as the picture before his mind's eye grew darker.

"Oh nonsense," said he at last, in a declamatory whisper, for he was still afraid to wake the doctor. "Nonsense! nonsense! there's no use whatever in attempting it. And what's more, there never was any use. It was just so, always, just the same old story over and over again, and I verily believe I'm a greater fool now, than I was twenty years ago. Last week I couldn't rest till I saw that distressed widow, just as if it were my business to console widows, just as if it ought to concern me a copper, whether her landlord ejected her or not. But the explanation of it all is, Mr. Jeremiah Guirkie, since that's the name you like to go by, the explanation of it all is, that you're an incorrigible simpleton. Yes, sir, that's the short and long of it. And I saw that very word, last Friday on the doctor's lips, when I gave Lanty the half crown for the hackle, as plain as the light there, only he didn't let it drop. Well, he thought so, of course, why shouldn't he. For ever meddling with other people's business, and neglecting my own. And now, here comes that shipwreck just at the heels of the Weeks' affair to worry me again. Well, all we can say about it, let the negro die,—why not, he's not the first that died neglected. And why should it concern you?" he continued, stopping short and looking at himself in the mirror above the mantel, "why should it concern you, sir, one way or other? You're mighty charitable, ar'n't you? Take a friend's advice, sir, and mind your own business: you'll have plenty to do; ay, and if the truth were told, more than ever you did do in your life. Of all the people in the world, you're not the very man expected to keep the life in these sailors or solder new toes on that unfortunate negro, are you?"

Here the soliloquy was interrupted by the doctor speaking in his sleep. Mr. Guirkie turned his head slowly around, and stood in that twisted position for a second or two, looking at the dreamer and waiting to catch the next words. There was a wonderful deal of benevolence in his face as it thus appeared in half profile. The little round blue eyes so full of soft and gentle expression—an expression which his recent effort to steel his heart against the influence of pity had not abated in the least, the small mouth with the corners turned slightly up, like uncle Toby's when listening to Corporal Trim, the smooth, unwrinkled, rosy cheeks, and stiff gray hair standing on end, all tended to convince the beholder of Mr. Guirkie's eccentric habits and kindly nature.

Again the doctor muttered something, and then Mr. Guirkie moved gently over and bent his head down to catch the words.

"The negro! the negro!" ejaculated the sleeper.

"That's it—the negro, of course," repeated uncle Jerry. "He must die—that's what you mean."

"Mary Lee," continued the dreamer, "warm blankets!—the decoction!" and abruptly turning on his side he concluded with a groan that told how fatigued he was, after the labors of the previous night.

"Very well," said Mr. Guirkie, kicking off his slippers, "that puts an end to it. I have no longer a shadow of doubt about my obligations. It's evidently my duty to go down and visit them. That's as plain as the sun, and the doctor's dream is clearly providential," and sitting down on the chair he put on his shoes, and then drew over his leggings from the footstool. "As for the rain," he continued, looking out of the window, "I don't care a farthing about it, one way or other. Neither the heat of the Indies nor the cold of the Canadas has taken a feather out of me, yet. I'm just as good for all practical purposes as ever I was. To be sure it rains and blows hard and fast, but I'm no sugar loaf to melt in the rain, nor a jack straw to be blown away with the wind."

Talking in this strain, he put on his leggings. But he put them on as he always did, in a very careless, slovenly sort of way—omitting a button here and there in his way up to the knees. This time especially he was in somewhat of a hurry, and his thoughts had nothing whatever to do with the buttons. Next he opened his desk as silently as possible, and took out what seemed to be a pocket book, looking round stealthily at the doctor as he secured it under his vest, and finally retired to his chamber to don his seal skin cap and drab surtout with the double cape, a riding dress he never laid aside summer or winter, and from which no one in the neighborhood ever thought of dissociating the idea of uncle Jerry Guirkie. These hasty preparations concluded, he stepped on tiptoe from the parlor and closed the door noiselessly behind him, leaving the doctor sleeping soundly on the sofa, and the breakfast cooling beside him on the table.

On reaching the housekeeper's door, however, great as his hurry was he paused and seemed to deliberate. He was thinking whether he should apprise her of his intended journey, or steal out unobserved. There was danger both ways. If he told, she might wake up the doctor and detain him; if he did not, his absence in such stormy weather might occasion alarm for his safety. Three or four times he coughed and hem'd slightly at the threshold, bringing his knuckle each time within an inch of the door, and as often drawing it back. At length, however, the fear of giving alarm predominated, and summoning courage, he knocked—but it was a knock in which there was no sign of authority—or rather it was the gentle tap of a child coming to beg alms at a gentleman's back door.

"Mrs. Motherly!" said he, putting his lips to the key-hole and speaking under his breath, "Mrs Motherly! I'm going out a little, but you needn't disturb yourself. I don't require your services in the least—not in any possible way whatever."

But Mrs. Motherly knew better. She had lived now nearly five years in the family, and understood Mr. Guirkie well, and all about him. Her long residence and her well known fidelity gave her a respectable claim on his consideration, which indeed, however inconvenient he often found it, he never failed to acknowledge. For a long time after she came into the family, Mrs. Motherly kept continually remonstrating with Mr. Guirkie on his foolish ways, as she loved to call them, and frequently when provoked would venture even to scold him sharply, but still in a respectful and affectionate manner—sometimes for his reckless neglect of his health, sometimes for spending his money on objects undeserving of charity, (for uncle Jerry had the habit of slipping a sixpence now and again to the beggars whom Mrs. Motherly thought it her duty to drive from the door,) but most of all for his inveterate disregard of his dress and personal appearance. Of late years, however, she had given him up in despair; relinquishing all hopes of ever being able to correct him, and came at last to the wise conclusion that destined as she was to remain a fixture in the place, and since she could not reform him, why, like a prudent woman, she would let him have his own way and try to do the best she could for him. Still there was one little peculiarity in Mr. Guirkie's conduct, especially for the last year or so, which Mrs. Motherly sometimes found it rather hard to put up with, and that was, his want of regard for her feelings in presence of third parties—the doctor and his sister of course excepted—this was particularly the case when company happened to be at the house, or when he chanced to come across her any where beyond the walls of the cottage. Alone with her at home he was as tractable as a child; for the fact was, and it may as well be told now as again, the fact was, he feared Mrs. Motherly. It's no doubt a lamentable admission, but not the less true for all that. And the reason was clear: Mrs. Motherly was a woman of such excellent qualities in her way, that uncle Jerry could not help entertaining a great respect for her; then she took such a lively interest in his affairs that he felt she had a good right to his confidence, and he yielded it willingly; and last of all, with all her humility she had such force of character, that he generally found it easier to submit than quarrel with her. Whether our readers of the sterner sex—and we write down the word sex in order to save it from growing entirely obsolete—whether they shall ever agree to adopt Mr. Guirkie's rule of conduct in this respect as the safest and the wisest is more than we dare to predict; but still we might venture to say, judging from the present aspect of things and making all necessary allowance for the progressive spirit of the age, that such a revolution in the ordinary relations of life would not, after all, be so very extraordinary an event.

In the house and alone with Mrs. Motherly, uncle Jerry as we have said already, was as tractable as a child. He would turn back at her bidding, were his very foot in the stirrup, and sit down to let her sew a button on his shirt or tie a more becoming knot on his cravat—nay, sometimes when hard pressed, would hand her his purse for safe keeping—a precaution, by the way, she generally took when she suspected him of going up to the Blind Fiddler's in the Cairn or down to the widow with the three twins at Ballymastacken. From home, however, or in presence of strangers, he was quite another man. On such occasions, his whole bearing towards her underwent a change. He would draw himself up to the very highest stretch of his dignity, address her in a dictatorial tone, and otherwise deport himself towards her as if he regarded her in no other light than that of an ordinary waiting woman. When any one about the table chanced to make honorable mention of Mrs. Motherly, which indeed those who were aware of uncle Jerry's little weakness often did for their own amusement, it was amusing to see then how the old man would pout his lips, throw himself back, and admit with a patronizing air, that she was—really was an honest, trustworthy servant—had her little whims, to be sure, as every one had—but, nevertheless, was a right trusty and obedient housekeeper.

This change in Mr. Guirkie's conduct towards her, Mrs. Motherly was for a long time unable to account for, and the anxiety she felt about the cause of it was far more painful to her than the thing itself. The secret of all was, however, and the reader must be told it by all means, the secret was, that uncle Jerry's friends were in the habit of plaguing him about Mrs. Motherly; that is to say, about certain little leanings in that direction. They made no direct, specific charges—not one—but they kept forever indulging in sly winks and inuendoes, which mortified the poor man much more than plain downright accusations. Amongst these friends, Mr. Thomas Petersham, or Captain Tom Petersham, as he was generally called, held a conspicuous place. Mr. Petersham, as the reader may have seen already, was a good natured, jolly sort of a man as one might care to meet with any where. He cracked a good joke, rode a good horse, kept a good table, sung a good song, sailed the fastest yacht between Fanit Point and the Skerries, and never looked or felt happier in his life than when he had uncle Jerry at his elbow to hob-nob with him after dinner. This gentleman had so often plagued Mr. Guirkie—and he did it in a quiet, provoking way, his eye sparkling the while with the spirit of the grape and mischief together—that the good little man at last thought it prudent to assume a cold and distant reserve towards his respectable housekeeper in the presence of strangers, in order, we suppose, to offset disagreeable suspicions. Now of all men in the world Mr. Guirkie would be the last to think of such an attachment. The thing was entirely out of the course of his thoughts; or if the idea ever could by any chance cross his mind, he would, very probably, walk up to the looking glass and laugh himself out of countenance for entertaining it for an instant. He was now sixty years of age, but as hale and hearty as he was at twenty-five—a wealthy, happy old bachelor, who had travelled half the world over—been in all sorts of society—studied men and books till he grew tired of both, and at last settled down quietly at Greenmount, resolved to spend the remainder of his days and his money as far away from city life as possible, without the remotest idea of ever changing his condition.

As for Mrs. Motherly, poor soul, the thought of a nearer or holier relation between them than that of an honest, faithful servant to a kind, indulgent master, never entered her mind. She never, to be sure, looked on herself as an ordinary house servant. She was above that, both by early education and household accomplishments, and she knew it; and every one else knew it just as well, the moment she made her appearance. It was as plain as the alphabet. Her clean white apron, her neat well plaited cap, her bunch of polished keys at her girdle, and above all her intelligent, respectable countenance, bespoke at once her authority and the right she had to exercise it. As for any thing beyond that, she never dreamt of it. And so uncle Jerry and Mrs. Motherly lived very happily together, each well satisfied with the other, the latter yielding a reasonable obedience and the former exercising a reasonable authority. If any thing ever did happen, once in a long time, to create a little dryness between them, it was sure to be that unfortunate habit he had of treating her unkindly before company. In vain did she try to shame him out of it, when she had him to herself all alone of a quiet evening after tea—he with his flies and she with her stocking sitting cosily together; in vain did she draw on his nice sense of propriety to rebuke him, nay, sometimes when more than commonly provoked, actually charge him to his face with having taken an ungentlemanly advantage of her position to mortify her. All was in vain. To every complaint she made on that head, uncle Jerry turning away his face to hide his confusion, and making many a *hem* and *hah* to clear his throat, would invariably acknowledge that it might appear strange, but he had his own reasons for it. This indeed was all the explanation he ever gave, and do what she would, all Mrs. Motherly could ever get out of him. But to return.

"Mrs. Motherly," whispered uncle Jerry through they keyhole, "Mrs. Motherly," he repeated in a hard underbreath. "I'm going out a little, but you needn't trouble yourself in the least about it, and please tell the doctor when he wakes, that I'll return presently."

But the good woman turned the key in the lock, before he had quite done speaking, and presented herself before him, her left hand pressed against her plump side, and a look of astonishment, half affected, half real, pictured in her face.

Uncle Jerry raised himself suddenly up from his stooping posture, and gazed at Mrs. Motherly without saying a word.

"Well," at length ejaculated the latter, breaking silence, "what's the matter?"

"Why!" responded Mr. Guirkie, "what *is* the matter. It's no harm to go out, I suppose."

"No, but what does it *mean?*" inquired the matron, surveying the diminutive figure of Mr. Guirkie from head to foot, "what does it mean, in such weather as this?"

"Well, that's it, it may look a little odd, to be sure, but I can't help it."

"Why good gracious, look at the rain streaming down the window. Is it crazy you are, to venture out in such a hurricane."

"Oh, it's not so bad as that, Mrs. Motherly."

"Bad!—it's a downright water spout."

"Well, never mind—it won't signify. I'll return as soon as possible."

"And where, may I ask sir, do you propose to go?" inquired Mrs. Motherly, folding her arms in her apron, and looking like one who thinks she has a right to put the question.

"Go," repeated uncle Jerry.

"Yes. It can't surely be any thing less than life and death, that would bring you out such a day as this, after the rackin cough you had yesterday."

"Well, that's just it," replied uncle Jerry—"it's a very serious affair; but you need feel no concern about my ketching cold. I'm now very prudent, I assure you in that respect," and he buttoned another button in the breast of his coat.

"Prudent! the Lord be about us, and save us, just listen to that! Well, may I never do harm, if that don't beat Banagher out and out. Prudent, humph! were you prudent, when you gave your new under coat to the Blind Fiddler last week, and came home to me shivering, like an old pensioner in an ague fit—were you?"

"Hush! hush!—you needn't speak so loud, Mrs. Motherly," he replied, glancing at the parlor door, "I acknowledge I was wrong in that instance, and what more can you expect of me?"

"And were you prudent, when you gave the five shilling piece to that villain of an old soldier, Manus McGillaway, till he got drunk and stole six of my geese, that the like of them weren't to be seen in the parish."

"And how could I foresee? —"

"Yes, sir, but you did, though; you knew in your heart and soul he was a thief, and especially when he got drunk, that nothing was too hot or heavy for him. You knew that well, sir. And what's more, Mr. Guirkie, you encourage the villain in his thievery, to my own knowledge."

"I encourage him?" exclaimed uncle Jerry.

"Yes sir, *you*. When Mr. Petersham sent him that wet day last week for his coat to Castle Gregory, with a token to his sister, it was six bottles of brandy, he asked for instead of the coat, and you gave him a shilling out of your own very fingers, for playing the trick."

"I declare!" exclaimed uncle Jerry again, after a moment's reflection, "I believe I must admit —"

"Oh, admit—you're very good at admissions, but where's the use of them, ar'n't you just as bad as ever, after all your promises and admissions? God help me, any way, my heart's broke with you, so it is."

"Indeed," replied uncle Jerry, tapping his lips with the but of his riding whip, and looking as crest fallen, as a boy caught stealing apples, "indeed it's nothing but the truth, I'm very troublesome, I suppose, to every body I have any dealings with. But you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly, it's time I was gone, if I mean to go at all," and he began to sidle off from his housekeeper towards the hall door.

"Stop," cried Mrs. Motherly, as he lifted the latch, "you're not going out that way, are you."

"What way?"

"Why look at your leggings," and she pointed towards them with her finger.

"My leggings!"

"Yes, don't you see you've buttoned them on the wrong legs."

"That's nonsense! that's absurd—the wrong legs!"

"Absurd or not, it's the fact, nevertheless, the tongues are both on the inside, and the buttons too."

"Well, I declare," said uncle Jerry, turning his little leg round and round, as if seeking for some pretext, on which to justify the blunder; "I declare," he repeated, "I declare upon my word and honor, it's very strange, but surely I must have been asleep, when I put them on."

"Oh you needn't be trying to make any excuses about it—it's just of a piece with all the rest," said Mrs. Motherly, handing him a chair to sit on, while she knelt down beside him, to adjust the difficulty, "that's the first time you buttoned your own leggings, these five years," she continued, "and you buttoned them wrong. It ought to be a lesson to you, Mr. Guirkie; it ought to teach you, that you can do nothing right."

"Well," replied Mr. Guirkie, with a little more irritation in the tone of voice, than usual, "I'm not so particular about the buttons, perhaps, as I ought to be, but it's only a small matter after all, make the best of it."

"Small matter, indeed! I would like to know what part of your dress, you're particular about, large or small."

"Hush, Mrs. Motherly, hush I say, or you'll wake the doctor."

"I'll not hush, sir, I can't hush, I'm responsible for you, and I must speak."

"And can't you speak without raising the town," said Mr. Guirkie, slapping his seal skin cap down on his knees, and scratching his grey head in utter perplexity, "can't you speak with some sort of moderation, ma'am?"

"No, I can't, for you won't let me—but no matter, you may go—you may go, sir," she continued, rising from her kneeling posture, and shaking both hands at him, as if she would shake herself clean and clear of him for evermore. "You may go—I'll not be accountable for you any longer—not another hour, sir, and if you come back dead to us, don't blame any one for it but yourself."

Mr. Guirkie, lost not a moment in quitting the house, as soon as Mrs. Motherly withdrew her opposition, but rushed out through the rain, ambling his way, as fast as his legs would carry him to the stable, and mounted Scotchy, already saddled and bridled, for a journey.

Hardly, however, had he got his foot in the stirrup, when Mrs. Motherly, accompanied by Dr. Camberwell, whom she had just waked up, came running out to detain him.

But it was too late; uncle Jerry was already in the saddle, and in the act of gathering up the reins.

"Let him go," he cried, as he saw the doctor approaching under an umbrella, bare-headed, and blear-eyed for want of sleep, "let the horse go you scoundrel, let him go," and giving Scotchy a cut on the flank, off he trotted down the avenue towards Ballyhanan beach, the rain pouring on him in torrents, and the cape of his drab surtout flapping about his ears.

"May the Lord pity you, poor man," exclaimed Mrs. Motherly, gazing after him till he turned the corner, "may the Lord pity you."

"Amen," replied the doctor, closing his umbrella at the door, and retreating backwards into the house, "he's an extraordinary individual."

QUERIES.

Is it any body's business,
  If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
  If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
  That the meaning you all may know,
Is it any body's business
  If a lady has a beau?

If a person on the walk,
  Whether great or whether small,
Is it any body's business
  Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person
  As he's calling any where,
Is it any body's business
  What his business may be there?

The substance of my query,
  Simply stated, would be this,—
Is it any body's business
  What another's business is?
If it is, and if it isn't,
  We would really like to know,
For we are certain if it isn't
  That some people make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
  And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers,
  Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher
  Until the meddler learns
It were better in the future
  To mind his (her) own concerns.

PASTORAL LETTER.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE AND THE BISHOPS AND OTHER
PRELATES ASSEMBLED IN PROVINCIAL COUNCIL AT BALTIMORE,
TO THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL OF THEIR CHARGE:

Grace unto you, and peace be multiplied.

With feelings of deep gratitude to Almighty God for the blessings, both social and religious, which we enjoy, we have assembled with a view, by mutual consultation, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit whom we have earnestly invoked, to provide for the maintenance and advancement of discipline and piety in the dioceses which form our ecclesiastical province. But a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first Provincial Council was held in this city, at which seven prelates were present. The multiplication of Sees, of which there are now forty-one, besides two Apostolic Vicariates, has led to the increase of the number of provinces, of which there are seven: yet the See of Baltimore has now seven suffragans. Two, indeed, of the dioceses are in a widowed state, pestilence having carried away the late Bishop of Savannah, whilst, after the example of St. Charles Borromeo, day and night he ministered religious aid to its victims; and a lingering and severe disease having more recently brought to a close the life of the late Bishop of Charleston, which was marked by untiring activity and great usefulness. Another prelate, not charged with the government of any dioces, from the responsibility of which his humility shrank, but distinguished for piety and devotedness, gave his life for the faithful of Christ, as a volunteer in the cause of charity, aiding the Bishop of Savannah in affording the consolations of religion to the sick and dying. Shortly after the National Council, which was held three years ago, a prelate who was born in this city, and passed in it the greater part of his life, as a student and professor in the college of St. Mary, which he governed during several years as president, with great success, until he was chosen first Bishop of Natchez, died in the city of Frederick, in this State, when preparing to return to his See. Thus death has thinned our ranks, and given us the important warning, that we also may be soon summoned to render an account of our stewardship to the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls.

Our first solemn act and decree in council has been the acceptance of the definition made by our holy father, Pope Pius IX, in the assembly of cardinals and bishops, in the basilic of St. Peter, on the festival of the conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. At the urgent solicitation of the bishops throughout the world, and of those especially gathered around him on that occasion, from the chair of St. Peter, he declared and defined that the doctrine which holds that the most Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first moment of her conception, by a special grace and privilege of Almighty God, in view of the merits of Christ Jesus the Saviour of mankind, was preserved free from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by Almighty God, and must therefore be firmly and constantly believed by all the faithful. It is an undeniable fact that difficulty and doubt perplexed the minds of several learned and devoted men, especially since the twelfth century, in regard to this privilege, which was, nevertheless, strenuously affirmed by others, who were ready to suffer death for its maintenance as a truth of revelation, and was solemnly recognized by the celebration of the festival in several local churches, and at least during the last four centuries in the Apostolic Church of Rome, and throughout the Universal Church. It may embarrass some to understand why it was not defined at an earlier period. The Church, brethren, is not accustomed to define doctrines unless when they are assailed. She received from Christ our Lord, through His Apostles, the entire deposit of revealed truth, which she has preserved in its integrity, regulating her worship accordingly: but each doctrine was successively defined, with greater precision and clearness, when it became necessary to protect it against the subtle devices of innovators. When the great mysteries were assailed, she lost no time in vain discussions, and used no measures of compromise, but on the authority of ancient faith and tradition, she proscribed the pernicious errors which were broached in opposition to them. Greater forbearance is exercised when undefined points of a secondary character are called in question by those who sincerely believe the settled doctrines of faith, and who err only in reasoning, with no proud or perverse disposition. It does not appear that any of the ancient sectaries denied the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin : on the contrary Pelagius and Julian, his follower, availed themselves of the general persuasion of the faithful, that she was without sin, to oppose the teaching of the Church which St. Augustin triumphantly defended, that all men are born in sin, and fall into actual transgression. Pelagius enumerated many saints whose virtues are recorded in scripture, and closed the list by the Virgin Mary, observing that Christian piety obliges us to acknowledge that the Mother of our Lord and Saviour was without sin. St. Augustin used great circumspection in his reply, lest by an unqualified concession he should afford his adversary an undue advantage, but he did not hesitate to say, that all those holy personages would acknowledge themselves sinners, if they could re-appear on earth and give testimony, excepting the Blessed Virgin Mary. As to her he declined entertaining any question, when sin is spoken of, since the honor of our Lord requires us to hold that she received grace to overcome sin in every respect, being made worthy to conceive and bring forth Him who was altogether sinless.[*] Julian pursued the matter farther, and reproached Augustin with dishonoring Mary more than Jovinian had dishonored her, who contended, that, in becoming a mother, she lost her virginal integrity, whilst Augustin, by affirming that all but Christ were born in sin, made Mary herself the bond-slave of Satan. The holy doctor replied, that he did not represent her in this light, since the grace of the new birth prevented such necessity.[†] Whatever obscurity may appear in this answer, it is manifest that the general persuasion of the exemption of Mary from all stain of sin can alone account for the confidence with which the objection was urged, and the reserve with which it was met by the champion of orthodoxy. Of this ancient, nay primitive tradition, we have satisfactory evidence in the language of the Oriental liturgies, which style her all stainless, highly blessed, more honored than the cherubim and more glorious than the seraphim. The terms applied to her in the sacred scriptures are justly interpreted in their highest acceptation and greatest force, inasmuch as her dignity of Mother of God so requires. She is truly blessed among women, full of grace. He that is mighty hath done great things for her, and holy is His name. Although we acknowledge that Jesus Christ our Lord has crushed the serpent's head, and restored us to the grace from which we fell in Adam, yet we recognize Mary as the woman who is in necessary opposition to the serpent, and who also, according to the ancient version employed by St. Ambrose,[‡] and appealed to by St. Bernard, crushed the head of the serpent by giving birth to the Redeemer. "What other woman," says the latter, "think you, did God foretell when He said to the serpent ; 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman?' And if you still doubt that He speaks of Mary, listen to what follows: 'She shall crush thy head.' For whom was this victory reserved, but for Mary?"[§]

There is respectable authority for believing that the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin was distinctly honored in the Eastern churches by a specific festival at a very early period. In the West the festival appears to be of much later institution, and to have originated in the zeal of individuals in various local churches. St. Bernard, who lived in the twelfth century, rebuked the canons of Lyons, in France, for establishing it without the sanction of the Holy See, whose judgment he professed his readiness to follow. He seems to have understood it as regarding the corporal conception, rather than the animation, or creation and infusion of the soul. This did not prevent the celebration spreading to other churches. St. Thomas, of Aquin, did not venture to reprobate it, since it was known to the Holy See, which tolerated it, and he suggested that it might be understood of the sanctification, which he was convinced took place immediately on animation, that is when life was first imparted. "It is reasonably believed," he observes, "that the Blessed Virgin Mary, who brought forth the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, received greater privileges of grace than all others, and was sanctified in the womb."* The primitive tradition of the holiness of the Virgin from the moment of her existence was so strongly impressed on the minds of all, that the whole question turned on this point, whether she was sanctified in the very act of animation, or the moment afterwards. Had any one asserted that Mary was a child of wrath, born in sin, he would have found himself in opposition to the whole body of theologians, and to the general sentiment of the Church. It was indeed admitted by all that the conception of the Blessed Virgin was natural, and consequently of itself liable to the original stain, which created difficulty in asserting her exemption from it, and opened the way to scholastic subtleties and distinctions. It was well known that Christ was the Redeemer of the whole human race, and that Mary, as a natural descendant of Adam, needed redemption: whence a difficulty arose to explain how she was, in fact, redeemed, if she had contracted no stain of sin. Thus the close examination of this subject served for a time to throw some obscurity on the primitive tradition of the sinless perfection of the Mother of our Lord, although it has ultimately resulted in giving to this doctrine that entire clearness and distinction which enabled the chief Bishop to declare and define it authoritatively. The permission of the discussion, and the liberty for a time allowed to support either opinion, without branding the other as heresy, prove indeed, that the revelation of the immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin was not then defined: but the general belief in its existence is fairly gathered from the deep conviction of all that she was immediately sanctified, and from the celebration of the festival, which continued and spread throughout the whole Church. The postponement of the definition during so many ages, since the rise of the controversy is, then, to be accounted for by the fact that the dispute was raised within the Church by persons most devoted to the honor of the Virgin Mother, and most submissive to ecclesiastical authority, and that it was involved in partial obscurity by the difficulty of reconciling the tradition in this respect with other acknowledged dogmas, as also by the approximation of sentiment among the disputants, although with some diversity of language. At all times, the Popes, in all the provisional measures which they adopted, intimated that the matter was reserved for the final judgment of the Holy See, and showed favor to the sentiment which asserted the privilege. That decision has at length been pronounced after the most mature examination, and on the fullest evidence of the persuasion of the bishops, clergy and faithful generally, so that we may in the language of St. Augustin, say, that the cause is now finally decided. St. Bernard thus addressed Pope Innocent II, on an occasion of controversy concerning doctrine: "It is fit that all dangers and scandals that spring up in the kingdom of God, and especially such as regard faith, should be referred to your Apostolical authority. For I deem it just, that the injuries inflicted on faith should be redressed there particularly, where faith cannot suffer loss. This is the prerogative of your See; for, to what other was it ever said: 'I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith may not fail.'"†

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[*] L. de Natura et Gratia, c. xxxvi, n. 42.

[†] Op. imp. Contra Julian. l. iv, 122.

[‡] L. de fuga sæculi, c. vii.

[§] Hom. Super Missus est, n. 4.

In defining the revealed doctrines the Pope does not propose his own individual sentiment, but the belief of the Catholic Church, testified by the bishops, and collected from the various monuments and testimonies of Christian antiquity. "The church of Christ," says our holy Father in his decree, "being the faithful guardian and defender of the dogmas deposited with her, changes nothing in them, takes nothing from them, adds nothing to them, but with all industry handling ancient truths faithfully and wisely, whatever may have been indistinct in ancient times, and implied in the faith of the fathers, she studies to refine and polish in such a way that those ancient dogmas of heavenly origin may receive evidence, light, distinctness, whilst at the same time they retain their fulness, integrity, propriety, and that they may grow, only however in their own kind, namely, in the same dogma, in the same sense, and in the same sentiment." This view of the mode of proceeding observed in ascertaining primitive tradition is presented by the ancient writer St. Vincent, of Lerins, whose very words are borrowed by the Pontiff.* The recent decision should not then startle or offend those who are wont to appeal to this venerable writer as guarding against innovation by insisting on maintaining the doctrines which were held always, every where and by all. It is manifest, that in the application of this rule he does not require absolute universality and conformity of sentiment, and does not exclude the action and judgment of the Church, to whom it belongs, to ascertain and declare the ancient and general belief of her members. To her the promises of Christ are made, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her, so that error can never corrupt her teaching, or superstition defile her worship.

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* III p. Summæ, qu. xxvii, Art. I. Conclusio.

† Ep. ad Innoc. II.

Brethren, the mystery of the Incarnation of our Lord necessarily disposes us to form the most exalted idea of Her who was its chief and honored instrument. She was reverently greeted by an angel of God, and assured of His special favor, and her consent was awaited before the Word was made flesh for our salvation. Who can hesitate to say with the devout woman, whose exclamation to our Saviour is recorded in the Gospel: "Blessed is the womb that bore Thee, and the breasts which gave Thee suck?" Who shall not be anxious to fulfil the prophecy uttered by herself: "Behold, henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." No idea which we can form of her holiness can well exceed the eulogies of the ancient liturgies, which pronounce her all stainless, all holy, more than blessed. Her merits are said, by St. Gegory the Great, to exceed those of all the choirs of angels, and to reach to the foot of the very throne of Deity.† The more highly you venerate her, the more practically you will manifest your belief in the Incarnation.

It is vainly imagined by some, that the recognition of the immaculate conception and the other privileges of the Virgin Mother, raises her to the level of her Divine Son, who is holy, pure, undefiled, and separated from sinners. The sanctity and perfection of Jesus Christ necessarily result from the assumption of human nature by the Word of God; whilst she possesses no excellence but by the free gift of God, who bestowed on her grace and gifts to prepare and qualify her for the dignity of Mother of our Redeemer. Elizabeth, although connected with her by the natural tie of kindred, admired her condescension in vouchsafing to visit her: "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?" It is this intimate relation to Christ which entitles her to the highest veneration that a mere creature can receive. There is no danger whatever of confounding her with her Divine Son, whilst she is acknowledged to owe all things to the bounty of God, and to have received all in consideration of the merits of Christ. Those who fancy that she is unduly exalted, betray a low estimate of the mystery of the Incarnation, and seem like the Arians to regard Christ our Lord as a mere creature highly privileged, since otherwise they would have no ground for asserting that Mary is raised to a level with Him. We, on the contrary, who venerate her, are constantly reminded that Her Son is the Incarnate Word, born of the Father before all ages, and consubstantial with Him, God of God, light of light, true God of true God. Hence the devotion to her serves as an outwork and protection to the belief of the mystery of the Incarnation, so that whenever Mary is honored, Christ is adored. On the other hand, the neglect of this devotion disposes men to regard Him in a merely human light, as is proved by the spread of Unitarian and Rationalistic views in countries where she is no longer venerated.

We are naturally reminded by the mention of the Virgin Mother of our Lord, of the chaste spouses of Christ, who are engaged throughout this province in various works of piety and charity. They do not stand in need of our testimony or eulogy: since their good works have secured for them the esteem and respect of our fellow-citizens generally. They truly are the precious portion of the flock, as St. Cyprian designates Christian virgins, and their prayers ascend as grateful incense to their Divine Spouse, whilst their example is reflected in those committed to their care, who come forth from their institutions to adorn society in various walks of life. We exhort them to persevere in their holy purpose, with fervent spirit, serving the Lord, and imitating the stainless purity and entire devotedness of His immaculate Mother. Her modesty, which made her troubled at the unexpected appearance of the angel in human form, and at his address, is pointed out by St. Ambrose as worthy of special imitation, since "it particularly recommends the Mother of our Lord, and abundantly proves her fitness for the dignity for which she was chosen."‡

Venerable Brethren of the clergy, our joy and our crown, our-fellow laborers in the vineyard of the Lord, continue to console us by your piety and zeal, and to preach the word of God in season and out of season. Let it be your study especially to train youth to piety, that they may become useful members of society and of the Church, serving God in holiness and justice all their days. Cultivate and foster the pious dispositions of those especially who desire to devote themselves to the sacred ministry, that a sufficient number of laborers may be provided for the harvest, which is great. Use all diligence and care to reform and correct the morals of the faithful entrusted to your charge, that they may give no occasion for scandal or offence, but that in all things they may show forth by virtuous example the maxims of the gospel. It behooves you to pray for them with great earnestness, in order to secure the divine blessing for your labors, since it is only the grace of God which can convert sinners from the error of their way. Pray then, with humility and fervor, between the porch and the altar, crying from your hearts: "Spare, O Lord, spare thy people." Your own example will be more powerful than the most eloquent language to move them to piety. Avoid all that might give occasion of offence to any one, lest our ministry be blamed. Ask especially, through the intercession of the Mother of our Lord, the great gift of stainless purity of life, that you may worthily offer the lamb without stain.

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* Commonitorium. † L. I. in 1 Reg. c. v. ‡ De officiis l. I. c. xviii.

Beloved Brethren of the laity, we embrace you all with paternal affection, and entreat you to walk circumspectly, for the days are evil. You know what manner of precepts we have given you in the name of the Lord Jesus. For this is the will of God your sanctification. Be peaceable, sober, just and faithful in the performance of all duties towards all mankind. Practice patience, forbearance, charity towards all. In the exercise of your rights as free citizens, remember your responsibility to God, and act as freemen, but not as having liberty as a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God. Respect and obey the constituted authorities, for all power is from God, and they that resist, resist the ordinances of God, and purchase for themselves damnation. To the General and State Governments you owe allegiance in all that regards the civil order: the authorities of the Church challenge your obedience in the things of salvation. We have no need of pressing this distinction which you fully understand, and constantly observe. You know that we have uniformly taught you both publicly and privately, to perform all the duties of good citizens, and that we have never exacted of you, as we ourselves have never made even to the highest ecclesiastical authority, any engagements inconsistent with the duties we owe to the country and its laws. On every opportune occasion we have avowed these principles, and even in our communications to the late Pontiff, we rejected as a calumny the imputation that we were in civil matters subject to his authority. Be not disturbed at the misstatements of our tenets which are daily made, or at the effort to deprive us of our civil rights, and of the confidence and esteem of our fellow citizens. Formidable as is the combination for this purpose, we do not despair that the justice and good sense of the nation will soon discover the groundless character of the suspicions thrown on the fidelity of Catholics, whose religion teaches them to respect and maintain the established order of society, under whatsoever form of government they may be placed. Brethren, let the light of your example shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven. Pray for the conversion and salvation of all men, for this is the will of God, who desires that all men may be saved, and may come to the knowledge of the truth.

Given under our hands in Provincial Council at Baltimore, the 13*th day of May, in the year of our Lord* 1855.

† FRANCIS PATRICK, *Archbishop of Baltimore.*
† RICHARD VINCENT, *Bishop of Wheeling.*
† MICHAEL, *Bishop of Pittsburg.*
† JOHN, *Bishop of Richmond.*
† JOHN NEPOMUCENE, *Bishop of Philadelphia.*
† JOSUE, *Bishop of Erie.*
JOHN BARRY, *Administrator of Savannah.*
P. N. LYNCH, D. D., *Administrator of Charleston*

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Primacy of the Apostolic See Vindicated. By *Francis Patrick Kenrick*, Archbishop of Baltimore. Fourth revised and enlarged edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

That a work of such a solid and grave character as this, should have required a fourth edition in order to meet the wants of the Catholic public, is an evidence of popularity we hardly expected from this age of frivolous and light reading. It is no less a proof that however superficial a character we bear to a casual observer, there is yet a love for what is really good existing among us, which goes far to redeem its defects, and which will not fail to bring forth its fruits in due season. It would be superfluous in us, considering this, to enter upon a lengthy commendation of the work itself; and we abstain from it the more willingly, because other and abler hands have at other times done it almost ample justice. The differences between this and former editions consist, as we learn from the Author's preface, in the omission of some portions, which only regarded temporary difficulties, now happily removed by the conversion of those who had given utterance to them, and in the greater polish given to other parts, so as to render the work a permanent light to those, who, yet tossed upon the waves of every doctrine, desire however faintly to reach the harbor of truth in the end. Such we know it will prove, if it be used according to the spirit and intention of its illustrious author.

2. The Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. An Exposition. By the *Rt. Rev. Bishop Ullathorne*—with the approbation of the *Most Rev. Archbishop* of Baltimore. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Among the many testimonials of filial devotion to the Holy See and of tender affection for the ever blessed Virgin Mother of God, which the late definition of the Roman Pontiff has elicited from the learned, this little work of Bishop Ullathorne deservedly holds a prominent position. When we first took it up, we thought we were going to read a calm but cold theological disquisition, in which according to the dispassionate nature of the schools, every argument in favor of the dogma would be nakedly exhibited and every objection that could be proposed would be submitted to the merciless scalpel of the logical anatomist, until reason satisfied with the authority of the one and the utter want of consistency in the other, would give her assent and close the discussion by a decision as cold and formal as all the preliminaries had been. But we soon found how impossible it was for the devout client of Mary to be cold and inanimate when the subject of his writing was of her privileges. We were not then astonished, though we were delightfully surprised to read upon almost every page some of those natural effusions of affection with which the child loves to honor his mother. Read the whole chapter "on the principle of exception from law," a subject which in its very expression conveys the idea of dry argumentation. Yet you will see how the voice of the prophet makes these dry bones to join together in the praise of the Immaculate. "And certainly He who preserved the three children from being touched by the fire in the midst of which they walked uninjured, and who preserved the bush unconsumed in the midst of the burning flame, could preserve Mary untouched from the burning fuel of concupiscence. He who took up Elias in the fiery chariot, so that he tasted not of death, could in the chariot of his ardent love, set Mary on high above the law of sin. He who sent down the dews of heaven upon Gideon's fleece, whilst all besides was dry and parched, could send the dew of his graces upon the immaculate and most pure Virgin, whilst it was dry upon all the world besides. And He who held back the waves of that Jordan, that the ark of the Old Testament might pass untouched and honored through its bed, could hold back the wave of Adam, lest it overflow the ark of the New Testament beneath its defiling floods." Thus he sums up his arguments to prove that God in the exercise of His omnipotent love could exempt Mary from the law of spiritual death. "Fear not: thou shalt not die: this law is not made for thee, but for all others." Or again, when speaking of original sin and its effects, how eloquently does he show that it should not have been transmitted to the Mother of God. "Grace may remove the sin and blot out the culpability, as day removes the darkness of the night; but as when the night is gone, it leaves its effects behind—the cold, the fogs, the frosts and the keen blasts, so after original sin has departed, there remain debilities, habits, depraved emotions, penalties, and above all, that irreparable loss of original innocence, which, like lost virginity, can never be restored. However atoned for, that dishonor rests on the soul, like the stain on the escutcheon, which no after deeds can succeed in erasing. And what is that stain, but that the supernatural image of God had been blotted out, but that the soul had been beforetimes disinherited of life, but that she had been hated of God, but that in the language of scripture, she had been 'a vessel of contumely,' and of the 'mass of corruption.' And if our faith will not allow that the Blessed Mary ever contracted actual sin, though but venial, though but the dust, which touches the beauty of the soul without wounding deeply, still less destroying its charity; if, as St. Thomas says: 'She would not have been a suitable Mother of God, if she had sinned at any time, because, as in Proverbs it is written, the glory of children are their parents, consequently the ignominy of the mother is reflected on the son:' if then neither our faith nor our piety will allow that those motes and specks of sin fell ever on the face of Mary, how can we suppose that she had been entirely covered and penetrated with sin of another kind, as with a pestilential leprosy?" We wish our space would allow us to give some extracts from the conclusion, in which the Ven. Bishop has allowed his heart to speak more freely; but our readers have no doubt already enjoyed its sweetness, and we must trespass no longer. The book is small indeed, but contains most precious jewels of thought, sweetly enchased in appropriate language. One only thing we had hoped for, but were not gratified. We had expected that he, to whom the legend of his life reports that the Saviour of the world addressed these comforting words: "thou hast written well of me, Thomas:" the angel of the schools, whose profound knowledge seemed to his contemporaries to equal him to the cherubim in all that relates to divine science, would have been proved to have deserved as well of the Mother as he had of the Son. It is true, our faith does not depend upon the teaching of St. Thomas of Aquin, however learned and holy, but upon the Church alone, which is "the pillar and the ground of truth," but it would have been so consoling to have found him with us in this as in others, that we cannot but regret that the venerable Bishop's purpose did not lead him to a more thorough vindication of the innocence of the great light of the middle ages. He has however said enough to show us how willingly the saint would have bowed to the decision of the Apostolic See, the centre of unity, had it been deemed proper, by Him who is to teach her all truth, that this dogma should then have been published. We must therefore be satisfied and express our joyful thanks to the Rt. Rev. Author for the pleasure we have experienced in reading his work.

3. Blind Agnese, or the Little Spouse of the Blessed Sacrament. By *Cecilia Caddell.* New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.

We have read this little volume with much pleasure. It belongs to that class of literature so much needed in this country—*literature for the young*. From the touching and interesting details of the poverty and affliction of Little Agnese, the tender hearts of children will melt in sympathy, while from her example they will learn the sweet lesson of devotion to the ever adorable Sacrament of the altar. Parents should procure this book for their children. It may and will produce fruit a hundred fold.

4. The Southern Quarterly Review. Charleston: C. Mortimer.

The April number of this able Review is upon our table. It contains as usual much valuable information, and will amply repay perusal. Among the many excellent articles it contains, the one entitled the "Chief Justices of the Supreme Court," is especially deserving of notice. In it the author pays a merited tribute to the eminent abilities and moral worth of our own venerable Chief Justice Taney. The Review is worthy of the reputation it has attained—being one of the ablest quarterlies in the country.

5. The Methodist Magazine. Baltimore: Alexander W. McLeod.

We acknowledge the receipt of the May number of this work, the first we have seen, and after a careful perusal, we freely accord to it the praise of being a periodical of high literary merit and of being conducted upon high toned and honorable principles. Though professedly the exponent of the doctrines of a particular denomination, yet unlike so many other works of the kind, it is free from every word or allusion that could, in the remotest degree, wound the religious feelings of the professors of any creed. No dark insinuations or ungentlemanly epithets defile its pages. In this respect we are especially pleased with the work, and would earnestly recommend it as a model to some of our contemporaries, who seem to regard it as a part of their *editorial*, if not their Christian duty, to vilify and misrepresent their neighbors.

6. THE CHRISTIAN VIRTUES AND THE MEANS FOR OBTAINING THEM. By *S. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori:* newly translated from the Italian and edited by ***Robert A. Coffin**, C. SS. R.* New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother.

The little works, which form the staple of this book, are already well known in this country and have been appreciated, as they merit, by all pious Catholics. We have looked with some little care to see, if F. Coffin has avoided the blemishes, which a former publication had overlooked, and are rejoiced to find this collection ***read so English.*** How gratifying must it be to the Saint, from whose zealous spirit they sprung, to see that even though removed from the earth, he yet preaches in these works and continually realizes that the word of his God is not void among men! This is the true "Library of Translations," a library, every work of which we can safely recommend, for no greater happiness can the soul desire than the possession of "the Christian Virtues and the means for obtaining them." We are not surprised then that the two primates of Ireland, learned and holy men themselves, should consider it "an immense advantage," "which should rejoice the heart of every one, who is anxious for the progress of piety in the world." The scrupulous care with which F. Coffin performs his part commends itself on every page.

Editors' Table.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.—We are gratified at being able to chronicle a salutary reaction of the public mind, from the absurd and pernicious excitement which prevailed, a short time since, in regard to our national relations with Spain.

Until the reign of the Peace Societies shall have been established among men—which we hardly look for, in our day and generation—we presume that cases will from time to time arise, in which the fearful alternative of war may with difficulty be avoided. Such cases, however, must grow fewer and fewer, as the civilizing influences of Christianity shall spread themselves and governments shall become more and more subservient to their legitimate object—the happiness and prosperity of the governed. In a republic like ours, with the very principles of whose political existence wars of ambition and aggression are essentially in conflict, the occasions of necessary strife would at worst be rare, even if our position were subordinate among the nations of the earth. But, with our preponderating power and increasing population and resources, we are removed farther and farther, day by day, from the chances of encroachment on the part of other countries, so that war may almost be said to have been stricken already from the catalogue of evils which we have really to dread.

As to war with Spain, in particular, we do not hesitate to say, that so far as causes of strife have come to the public knowledge, the very suggestion of its necessity or propriety seems to us to be nothing short of the merest and baldest iniquity—iniquity, not merely as it regards Spain—the contemplated usurpation of her territory and slaughter of her people—but iniquity in reference to ourselves, our prosperity, our national decency—the lives of our citizens. There is not a candid man, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, who does not know, in his own heart, that neither our government nor our people has any thing to apprehend, or does in fact apprehend any thing, from hostile designs on the part of Spain. The whole pretence to the contrary is, we all well know, a simple, unadulterated fiction. Our power and the weakness of Spain—our proximity to her most valuable possession—our greedy anxiety to wrest it from her and to find a plausible pretext for doing so—are so palpably before her eyes, that we must assume utter madness on the part of her rulers, before we can imagine that they desire to offend or provoke us. The supposition that she is emboldened to do what she otherwise would not do, by a secret alliance with Great Britain and France, is too shallow and idle to deserve comment. We can imagine circumstances under which those nations might find it politic to unite, for the purpose of preventing us from seizing Cuba—but the idea that they could combine to encourage Spain in offering us gratuitous insult, is simply preposterous. Equally so is the notion, promulgated in certain quarters, that the Spanish government contemplates converting Cuba into a second St. Domingo, by an emancipation of the slaves. If this were true, it would be hard to conceive why Spain should be exhausting her already insufficient revenue, year after year, in the support of fleets and armies to protect and keep the island. Why cherish life in so expensive a way, if she has resolved to commit suicide? The slightest familiarity with Peninsular politics is sufficient to teach any one, that emancipation, in Cuba, was never dreamed of by the government, except as a last, desperate, self-annihilating stroke, in the event of a successful irruption of our people.

Truth requires us to confess, what no well informed man can be ignorant of—that all these suggestions of causes for war are empty excuses and pretexts for indulging our desire to possess the property of our neighbor. They are palpable attempts to manufacture public opinion, and to pave the way for the triumph of a freebooting spirit over our national honor, the obligation of treaties and the duties of common honesty. Until capital was sought to be made for politicians and money for needy adventurers, by proclaiming the necessity of "annexing" Cuba, the dangers of that island's proximity were never known to the most timid of our statesmen. No one ever heard of the "outrage" business, until filibusterism became popular and it was important to render Spain unpopular. We never required that the Captain-general of Cuba should have power to settle quarrels, until we had established it as a principle to pick them. The waters of the Gulf of Mexico were never called "our waters," until we had determined to claim whatever might be in them. We had studied geography full fifty years as a nation, before we dreamed of deriving title to foreign territory on the ground of "geographical necessity." That, with the knowledge of these things before them, our government or people should be seduced or goaded into the shedding of human blood, in a bad cause—upon the faith of assumptions which are so false that they will not stand the test of a moment's honest challenge—would be foul shame. It is therefore with feelings of profound gratitude to Providence that we have witnessed the return of the public mind to a sense of truth and justice. We sincerely trust that no new aberrations may place our national good name and the blessings of peace again in jeopardy.

It is very possible that the authorities of Cuba, in the excitement of necessary vigilance, may have gone, in some cases, beyond the letter of their strict rights. We do not know that they have done so, but it may well be. Men cannot be calm when murder and rapine are at their doors. If the Spanish officers have transgressed under such circumstances, the proper amends will of course be made, if they have not been made already. But before treating such natural occurrences as ground of quarrel and bloodshed, we should first place ourselves in the right, by removing the primary cause of danger—by putting an end to filibusterism, or at all events ceasing to encourage it. If our laws and customs do not enable us to do this, we should view the consequences with some forbearance. Above all, we should inquire what our own conduct would be, in like case. If one American citizen is to be found, who, under similar circumstances, would require our national vessels to be casuistically scrupulous, in their mode of guarding our shores from piratical invasion—we are prepared to acknowledge ourselves in the wrong, and surrender the argument.

GREAT MEN AND LITTLE MEN.—We are unhappily called upon, every day, to notice the gradual lowering of the standard, intellectual and moral, by which the fitness of men is tested for official dignity and station. It seems as if, among our public servants, the race—not of the giants, for that has long since passed away—but even of the respectable mediocrities—has become almost extinct. It is a sad reflection, but it cannot well be otherwise, so long as men are chosen for office not because of their ability or their integrity—their services or their capacity to serve—but because of their religious bigotry, their political fanaticism, or their opinions touching the philosophy of grogshops. In the nature of things, it is only the lower class of politicians and adventurers who will degrade themselves to the level of such tests—if in fact, for such people, there be any level lower than their own. But we have no room to generalize. The following extracts will illustrate our meaning, as well as a volume of disquisitions. The first is a quotation from the message of the governor of Connecticut—the promised land of nutmegs and notions. After laying down a general scheme of moral and political regeneration, by giving the right of suffrage to negroes, preventing the drinking of whiskey and keeping up the abolition excitement, his Excellency enters at large into the evil of immigration and the naturalization of foreigners—especially "the blind followers of ecclesiastical despotism." By a natural process he passes from this point to the "anti Popery" platform, upon which he delivers himself, as follows:

> "But as a matter of policy connected with the privilege of citizenship conferred upon an alien, we have a right to inquire how far the allegiance due from members of the Romish Church is compatible with the allegiance due their adopted country. If we find that combinations for political action exist, composed of members of a Church throwing her entire vote one way or the other, as the wishes, feelings or interests of those controlling it may dictate, and further, if we find these combinations to be but instruments in the hands of demagogues, then a strong reason is formed why longer residence should be required before the alien can be naturalized."

We invoke the admiration of our readers for the logic of his Excellency's recommendations and the process by which he gets at them. If the allegiance of "members of the Romish Church" be incompatible with "the allegiance due their adopted country," it is quite clear that they ought not to be naturalized at all, and it is hard to see how "longer residence" is going to mend the matter, unless the "Know Nothing" naturalization laws should provide for the establishment of a board of missionaries connected with the Custom House, whose duty it should be to convert the foreigners in question, *pari passu*, to orthodox views of the catechism and the constitution. One thing however is manifest—if "longer residence" in the country suffices to make an alien Catholic trustworthy in his allegiance, these of us who have had the good luck never to have resided any where else, may have the consolation of knowing that we have possibly outgrown or out-resided our original and congenital proclivity to treason! This is no small satisfaction, as things now go.

But his Excellency "stops the way." The other extract to which we refer bears the signature of one who was never a governor, we believe, and who, happily for his patriotism and his sense of his country's dignity, was called to his account before governors had become altogether what they are. We leave our readers to judge from a comparison, how far apart great men and little men are.

> "It seems to be the American destiny, the mission which has been intrusted to us here on this shore of the Atlantic, the great conception and the great duty to which we are born, to show that all sects, and all denominations, professing reverence for the authority of the author of our being and belief in his revelations, may be safely tolerated without prejudice either to our religion or our liberties.
>
> "We are Protestants, generally speaking; but you all know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judicature of the United States, a Roman Catholic; and no man, I suppose, through the whole United States, imagines that the judicature is less safe; that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief Justice of the United States has been, and is a firm adherent of that religion. And so it is in every department of society among us.
>
> "In both houses of Congress, in all public offices, we proceed on the idea that a man's religious belief is a matter above human law; that it is a question to be settled between him and his Maker, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for adopting or rejecting revealed truth.
>
> "And here is the great distinction which is sometimes overlooked, and which I am afraid is now too often overlooked, in New England, the glorious inheritance of the sons of Pilgrims.
>
> "Men, for their religious sentiments, are accountable to God, and God only.
>
> "DANIEL WEBSTER."

ANTI-POPERY LITERATURE.—There is an old saying, that when a certain sort of people disagree, honest folks are likely to come by their own. The Circuit Court of the United States in New York, has recently contributed an item, in verification of this respectable proverb. Our readers have no doubt seen, of late, the announcement of a work in press, with the terrific title of "*My Book, or the Veil Uplifted; A Tale of Popish Intrigue and Policy, by Josephine M. Bunkley, late novice at St. Joseph's, Maryland, including a narrative of her residence at and escape from that Institution.*"

It appears that the interesting young person whose millinery is to be handled for the public edification, has fallen into the hands of the Philistines. She has filed a bill for an injunction to prohibit the publication of the awful narrative referred to, insisting that the persons who promise to uplift her veil have no right whatever to meddle with the same, not having paid her for the privilege of doing so, but having fraudulently got possession of the said veil, with all the copy-right horrors and terrors behind it.

Messrs. Davenport, De Witt & Tisdale, of New York, and a certain Mr. Beale, an editor of Norfolk, are the parties charged with this nefarious conspiracy against the "novice," and the affidavits which they have filed in their defence, disclose a state of facts, which must be eminently refreshing to the "anti-popery" faithful, as well as illustrative of the celestial motives which animate their holy cause. We quote from the published reports in the New York papers.

> "Mr. De Witt states that on the 15th of January last, he received proposals from Charles H. Beale, of Norfolk, Va., editor of the Daily News, to publish *a work which he was preparing, said to be a tale of Roman Catholic intrigue and superstition, having a political bearing, and favoring the 'Know-Nothing' movement, which was to embrace the experience of Miss Bunkley while at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Md.* Wm. S. Tisdale, a literary man of New York, having occasional business connections with De Witt & Davenport, wrote to Miss Bunkley with reference to a book of her experience in the convent, which she showed to Beale, between whom and De Witt & Davenport a long correspondence followed. In March, Beale made some definite proposal to De Witt & Davenport to publish the work, which they accepted, as follows: they agreed to pay all costs of publication, and give Beale fifteen per cent. of the sales, or fifteen cents a copy, as it was to be a dollar book, which would amount to more than half the profits. *The book was written by a lady of Virginia, employed by Beale, who asked the complainant for an account of her experience to add to it, which she gave, with authority to use his discretion in publishing it. The deponent had seen Miss Bunkley's MSS. They would not make more than twenty pages out of three hundred and forty-four which the work would contain, and were full of grammatical errors, and unfit for publication, wherefore they were re-written by Beale.* It was agreed between them that she should have one-half the per cent. of the copyright. Beale sent the MSS. to deponent, with Miss Bunkley's knowledge and consent, and she knew that the contract had been made."

The "lady of Virginia" appears to have been a certain Miss Mary J. Upshur, who, in her affidavit, sets forth "that on or about the 10th of December, 1854, at the request of Mr. Charles H. Beale, who informed her that *he was engaged in writing a book in which would be introduced the statement of Miss Bunkley's exposure at the institution of St. Joseph, near Emmitsburg, Maryland, she consented to assist him in writing and composing the same. She (Miss Upshur) did compose and now avows herself the sole author of so much of the book entitled, 'My Book, or the Veil Uplifted,' as is comprised between the first paragraph on the seventy-fifth page*," &c. Mr. John T. Francis, however, "Clerk of the District Court of Virginia, at Norfolk," is not willing that Miss Upshur should bear the palm of such labors alone, for he files his affidavit, in which he declares, "that the whole of *the book proper*, or that part distinct from Miss Bunkley's statement, was composed and written by Miss Mary J. Upshur and himself, and that they are the sole authors thereof. With respect to the statement of Miss Bunkley, *it is impossible to particularize what portions are original.*"

Other facts, not contained in the fair novice's manuscript, and "among which is an incident described in the ninth chapter, wherein a priest kisses her, Miss Bunkley," came, Mr. Francis swears, to himself and a Mr. Dunbar, directly from the lips of the lady. These, we presume, from the specimen, constitute the book improper, and their character was such that it was obviously more delicate they should be told than written, and more natural that they should be communicated to the male than the female adjuncts of Miss Bunkley.

But the "veil" of Miss B. is not alone in being the prey of evil men. She herself appears to have fallen into the clutches of a certain "Dr. Andrews, of Perth Amboy, N. J.," of whom the paternal Bunkley gives the following description:

"Mr. Bunkley said he had never known Dr. Andrews until he visited Norfolk last winter; that after his daughter's escape from the convent, Dr. Andrews had corresponded with her upon that subject; that when Dr. Andrews was at Norfolk, he entered his name as 'Jones' at the hotel there, and gave as a reason that he was employed on a secret mission, as a secret agent of the United States Post Office Department; he said he '*believed Dr. Andrews was a Jesuit or a d——d scoundrel.*' * * * * He (Bunkley) was quite excited, and said he must go and see the Hon. Erastus Brooks"—a very ungrateful return, we must say, to the Honorable Erastus, for his labors in the good cause, that the very mention of a Jesuit or a scoundrel should remind Mr. Bunkley of him so instantaneously!

But we have not room for a full report of the proceedings. As to the pecuniary results of the enterprise, Mr. Dunbar makes oath that "it was understood at the time that Mr. Beale was to have control of the publication of the work, and that Miss Bunkley should receive one-fourth of the net profits arising therefrom. . . . . A Mr. Brickhouse was to advance the necessary funds for the publication, for which he was to receive one-fourth, and Mr. Beale one-half of the net profits accruing from the sale of the book." Mr. Dusenberry, the solicitor of Miss Bunkley, wound up the evidence with an affidavit from her "to the effect that *she had furnished two hundred pages of the book*, and had submitted them to Beale at his solicitation; and that she never gave him any authority to publish the work; that she had seen a copy of the work now restrained, and had marked the pages which she had written, word for word, and also the passages which had been introduced."

The Court, in its decision, sustained the injunction temporarily, but refused to make it perpetual. We have not seen the grounds of the determination, but presume that the result will be a compromise, unless it be now too late for the work to have its contemplated influence upon the Virginia election.

Upon these developments—elicited only by a quarrel of the conspirators over the anticipated wages of their sin, we have hardly a word to say. If the facts do not tell their own story, there is no story to be told. It is established by the oaths of the parties themselves, that the work purporting to be by Miss Bunkley and intended to be imposed on the public as hers, is not hers, even upon the showing of her own affidavit made for the purpose of claiming as much of it as she could swear to. It is shown, unless there be perjury, that she lent herself—or rather sold herself, for money—to a scheme of fraud upon the community; that she was unable to write twenty pages, in grammatical English, out of a high-flown narrative of three hundred and forty-four, which she was willing should be sold as her own: that her statement was never even asked for to form a book of itself, but only to be "embraced," or "introduced in," or "to add to" a book of fiction, composed by other people and as purely imaginative as "Gulliver's Travels" or "Sinbad the Sailor." It is made perfectly clear, that besides being intended as a source of profit—a disingenuous contrivance for getting the money of other people—the work, of which Miss Bunkley was to claim maternity, was gotten up to have "a political bearing," and to "favor the Know-Nothing movement," by a concerted slander of "Roman Catholic intrigue and superstition," put forth in the name of a person whose previous connection with a religious institution might give it the appearance of truth.

If, after such a disclosure of motives and practices, made under the most solemn judicial sanction, any portion of the Protestant community will continue to read and to believe such books, and to denounce and hunt down Catholics upon the faith of them, we trust that they will, at all events, forego the mockery of excuses, and admit that they persecute for persecution's sake. If that can, by possibility, be a good cause, which knowingly and willingly adopts such means and such agents, the distinction between falsehood and truth is at an end, and public virtue is identical with private shame.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have seen a report of Judge Nelson's opinion. He refuses to hear the defence that Miss Bunkley is not the author of the book, in the face of the assertion, by the same parties, on the title-page, that she is. So the conspirators are caught in their own trap! The Judge further treats the defence of a license from Miss Bunkley to publish, as not made out by the proof. On this point, he relies on the testimony of her father. Neither Dr. Andrews nor the Hon. Mr. Brooks is alluded to in the opinion.

Record of Events.

From April 20, to May 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Owing to want of space, we are obliged to omit the greater part of an interesting letter from our correspondent at Rome. The following extract, however, will be read with interest:

Rome, March 24th, 1855.

It had been the desire of Pius IX that a memorial should be erected at his private expense to commemorate the celebrated definition: for this object an antique column was transported from a central part of the city where it had long lain in obscurity, to the piazza di Spagna, and a commission was given to Obici, a distinguished sculptor, for a statue of Mary, of colossal size, to be cast in bronze, and placed at the summit. No sooner was the intention of his Holiness made known, than offerings came in profusely from ecclesiastical and other bodies, among the latest of which on record was that of one hundred and seventy dollars from the United States; and it is announced that the total thus raised amounts to $12,720. The cities of Ancona and Civita Vecchia have lately been restored to the privileges of free ports, which had been in a great degree withdrawn from them in 1851, under the administration of the now retired minister of finance, Galli, to whom has succeeded Monsignor Ferrari, (an ecclesiastic enjoying far more public confidence than his lay predecessor). Great rejoicings were held at both towns, and addresses of thanks voted to the Pontiff, presented by magisterial deputations, for this benefit to their commercial relations, and as a token of gratitude, two several offerings of five hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars for the expenses of the memorial to the Immaculate Conception were received from the chamber of commerce and municipality of Civita Vecchia.

Various reports have gone abroad respecting the procedure of the government of Naples towards the Jesuits, and the conduct of those learned fathers at that city as well as in Rome. It is true that their admirable periodical, the *Civilta Cattolico*, has been prohibited in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and consequently a diminution of about 4,000 suffered in its circulation. No particular article or expression was inculpated by the Neapolitan objectors, but occasion for offence was found in a memoir printed for circulation, *quasi* private, drawn up by the chief editor, Father Curci, in October last, in which report had been given of the progress and success, also of the objects and principles, from the outset, kept in view in the conduct of the *Civilta*. There was also stated the real motive for the transfer of this publication from Naples to Rome, about six months after its first appearance in April, 1850. On the restoration of preventive censorship of the press, for a time suspended by the Neapolitan Constitution of '48, (now virtually but not legally abolished) the *Civilta*, together with all other journals and magazines below certain dimensions, became subjected to inspection by the director of police, obviously an unqualified person for the censorship of articles so frequently treating the elevated questions of metaphysics and theology. The editors naturally felt that the credit and efficacy of their periodical in other countries was concerned. They had already succeeded in removing some prejudices instilled into the mind of the king by despotically inclined counsellors, and now made every effort to secure a transfer of their pages from the office of police to the presidentship of public instruction, at the head of which was a prelate charged with the task of censuring all publications above the dimensions of journalism, and who himself acknowledged the justness of their appeal. But all in vain—and a final reference to the chief minister of the king was repulsed with such asperity that the fathers at once resolved to transfer their publication, with its press, library, and whole *personnel*, to Rome. It is the announcing of these facts that has constituted a crime in the eyes of the counsellors of Ferdinand II, and the report is, that isolated fragments of the memoir have been laid before him, whilst the most hostile vituperation to his government has been insinuated.

Besides the above mentioned particulars, this memoir gives many details evincing the personal interest taken in the *Cirilta* by the Sovereign Pontiff—the fact, that since the transfer to Rome, he has been accustomed to receive two of the editors every fifteen days in private audiences, accepting from them the last number published, and suggesting the arguments to be treated or polemics to be engaged in; also, sometimes admonishing them with paternal benignity when any thing advanced in their pages has been deemed unsuitable to the great objects proposed. H. J. C.

Accident to the Holy Father.—On the 12th ult., the Holy Father accompanied by several persons of distinction, visited a catacomb recently discovered near Rome, containing many interesting Christian monuments. On his return he dined at the Convent of St. Agnes without the walls. After dinner the pupils of the College of the Propaganda asked the favor of being admitted to his presence, to which his Holiness consented with his usual kindness. Shortly after the reception of the pupils, the floor of the large hall in which they were assembled, suddenly gave way and precipitated the whole company into the department beneath, a distance of about twenty-two feet. When the Holy Father perceived the floor descending he exclaimed: "Virgine Immacula, ajutatui!"—Virgin Immaculate, come to our aid.—His prayer was heard. Mary, indeed, in that moment of danger interposed in favor of her devoted children, and raised her eyes to her beloved Son in their behalf. By a special interposition of heaven, his Holiness received not the slightest hurt or injury whatever. The chair on which he was seated descended gradually until it reached the flooring below, where it was overturned. Out of one hundred and twenty persons who were precipitated by the fall, not a single one was seriously injured. His Eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Cardinal Patrizzi and several of the students received slight contusions, but they were all able to leave the convent the same evening except four, who were obliged to remain until the following morning. As soon as all were extricated from the ruins, the Holy Father accompanied by those who, with himself had made so miraculous an escape, repaired to the church and intoned the *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the blessing of their preservation; at the same time the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was given by Mons. Tizzuni, and a triduum was ordered in all the parish churches in grateful acknowledgment to heaven for the manifest protection of the head of the Church.

Consecration of Bishops at Rome.—On Sunday, the 25th of March, in the church of St. Augustine, Rome, the Most Rev. Father Joseph Palermo, general of the Augustinians, and sacristan to his Holiness, was consecrated Archbishop by his Eminence Cardinal Patrizzi, assisted by the Bishops of Teonio and Thebes. His Eminence conferred at the same time episcopal consecration upon the bishops-elect of Gubbio, Monopoli, and Guastalla.

Sardinia.—A detachment of troops had sailed for the East. Previously to their departure colors were presented to the troops and the King addressed them on the occasion. The bill for the suppression of the religious communities is still under discussion in the senate; no definite action has yet been taken on it. It is said that appearances are unfavorable to its passage; that the government will accept five hundred thousand francs, which the bishops offer to raise on the revenues of their sees, and abandon the bill.

Spain.—The Cortes still persist in the work of sacrilege and spoliation: the most important articles of the bill relative to the sale of the church property have been adopted. The venerable Bishop of Osma, who has already suffered much on account of firm opposition to the encroachments of the government on the rights of the Church was lately summoned to Madrid. The ministry were desirous of conciliating this eminent prelate, and of gaining his influence. No sooner was his arrival made known in Madrid, than the faithful of all classes and conditions, flocked to his residence to present him their respects. After some delay he had an interview with M. Aguirre, minister of the Crown, which did not give satisfaction to the latter, and the prelate was sent to Cadiz to await the orders of the government. Remonstrances against the sale of the church property have been made by all the bishops and other influential persons.

France.—The Paschal Communion of men, celebrated at Notre Dame, Paris, was as usual, imposing and interesting. The communion, which was administered by the Archbishop of Paris, and the Rev. Father Felix, lasted nearly an hour and a half. An eye-witness to the scene alludes to it in these words:

> "I shall not undertake to describe the majesty of a spectacle of which we have so often spoken. Children, old and young men, poor and rich, soldiers and generals, artisans and capitalists, functionaries of high rank and obscure citizens—all ranks and conditions were mingled together in the only equality and fraternity which is possible. Paris is probably the only city in the world whose cathedral presents this holy contrast and perfect harmony. Antagonists, adversaries, are all there confessing that there is only one God, one Faith, one Bread of Life."

Apart from religion, however, the great topic of the day in Paris is the late visit of the Emperor and Empress to the Queen of England. The Emperor previously to his departure received the Deputies at the Tuileries and informed them of his intended visit in the following short address:

> *Messieurs les Deputies.*—I wished to bid you adieu before leaving, and to thank you for the support which you have given me on all the important laws which I have presented to you during the session. My absence will be of short duration. I believe I shall express your sentiments by assuring the Government of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain, that you appreciate, as I do, all the advantages of the alliance with England. We all desire peace; but on honorable conditions only. If we are to continue the war, I count upon your loyal support. [Cries of "Yes!" "Yes!"]

Their Majesties met with an enthusiastic reception from Victoria and the people of England, and returned to Paris after a week's absence. It was currently believed that the Emperor would proceed to the Crimea at an early day, latest arrivals however, seem to contradict this statement. Admiral Hamelin has been appointed Minister of Marine and of the Colonies, in place of M. Ducos, deceased.

A daring attempt was made upon the Emperor's life, by an Italian, named Pianozi, who fired several shots at his majesty as he rode on horse back along the Avenue des Champs Elisées. The attempt was a failure and the assassin was arrested.

The *Univers* announces the death of Mgr. Croizier, Bishop of Rodez, which took place on the 22d ult., at a moment when his diocese was indulging hopes of his recovery from a long and painful malady. Mgr. Croizier was born in 1787, and was, therefore, in his 68th year. He succeeded Mgr. Giraud, who was translated to the metropolitan see of Cambray.

The magistracy and all workers of charity and religion have also experienced a loss in the death of the distinguished M. Gossin. He was long an advocate at the Court of Paris. Ever since this upright and learned magistrate gave up his charge, from which he was virtually dismissed by his refusal to accept the oath of 1830, he had divided his time between his labors as a chamber counsel, in which capacity his long legal experience caused him to be continually consulted in the most important cases, and the many works of charity to which he had devoted himself with unbounded zeal and activity. It was he, who together with M. A. Javon, founded the work of St. Francis Regis for the civil and religious marriage of the poor. The good which has been and is continually produced by this admirable Society is incalculable. M. Gossin was also for many years President General of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, and his paternal care contributed greatly to the development of those labors so full of blessing and devotion.

A deplorable accident happened in the church of St. Matthew, at Montpellier. The sepulchre which had been erected for the ceremonial of Holy Week caught fire and was totally consumed, with all the ornaments of the chapel. One of the clergy, by great exertion, succeeded in rescuing the consecrated particles reserved in the tabernacle.

England.—The great event of the day has been the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French to her Britannic Majesty. Their reception, which is described as being enthusiastic in the extreme, and their doings there, may be thus summed up:

Their Majesties were met at Dover by Prince Albert, where they were enthusiastically welcomed. Proceeding to London by railway, they were transferred at the station to the Queen's carriages, and passed through the streets of the metropolis, a distance of five miles, to the railway for Windsor. The scene is represented as one of most extraordinary excitement. Probably, two millions of people had turned out to greet them. At Windsor, the egress from the station was imposingly fronted by the "Welcome to Windsor" inscribed amid a thick mass of laurels; and as they proceeded they were greeted with the applause of the people, amid the deafening shouts of "Welcome," "Napoleon," &c. In the evening, the illuminations were a source of great attraction. The town-hall, with lamps twined about the columns, and the two arches, which blazed with brilliancy, were dazzling objects, and could not easily be exceeded. Their Majesties were received in the grand hall of Windsor Castle, by the Queen, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Prince of Leingen, attended by the great officers of State and the household. Her Majesty gave a dinner in the evening in St. George's Hall. The company included the Emperor and Empress of the French, the Duchess of Kent, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Leingen, and a numerous and brilliant circle. Next day their Majesties walked in the grounds, and visited Queen Victoria's model farm and dairy. At three o'clock the Emperor received addresses from the corporation of Windsor, the merchants and bankers of London, and others; four o'clock till six, put three regiments of English troops through their evolutions. Then the Queen gave another grand dinner, and, later in the night, an evening party. Wednesday, the 18th, the Queen conferred on the Emperor the investiture of the Garter. The Grand Chapter of the Order was held at Windsor, and the formalities which accompany the presentation of the piece of ribbon were duly gone through. The Queen buckled the garter around the Emperor's leg and placed the ribbon across his shoulder. A grand dinner and evening party and concert concluded the evening. On Thursday, the Emperor and Empress, escorted by a detachment of the Queen's life guards, went to London to receive the address of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, who entertained them at a magnificent *dejeuner*. In the evening Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, Napoleon and Eugenie, visited the Italian Opera. London, west of Temple Bar, was illuminated. On Friday, the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Queen and Prince Albert, visited the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where 20,000 persons were assembled to receive them. In the evening, the Queen gave a supper and concert, at which the American Minister was present. On Saturday, their Majesties returned home.

The committee of inquiry into the conduct of the war still continued to prosecute its labors. The evidence of the heads of the medical and commissariat departments was taken, which goes to show that every thing in the Crimea was as well managed as it possibly could be.—Cardinal Wiseman had obtained a new trial in the vexatious suit brought against him by Boyle, with every probability of having the judgment reversed. A subscription had been commenced to defray the expenses incurred by his Eminence in the trial. It is stated that the cardinal is to be transferred to Rome.

Ireland.—The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, published a pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese announcing a triduum in thanksgiving to God and in honor of the Blessed Virgin, to be held during the month of May.—A petition in favor of the repeal of the sentence passed against Smith O'Brien, and by which he is excluded from Ireland, is said to be in circulation.—The Tenant Right movement still progresses.—The fairs were well supplied and largely attended.—Richard Deasy, Esq., was elected to parliament from the county of Cork.—Ejectments still take place in some parts of the country, bringing much distress on the unfortunate tenants.—The King of Prussia has presented to the library of Trinity College, Dublin, the splendid architectural works:—Denkmaler aue Ægypten und Æthiopen, by Professor Lepsius, with beautiful plates;

seven vols., large folio. Alt Christliche Baudenmale von Constantinople vom V. bis XII., Jahrhundert, by Prof. Salzenberg; 2 vols. folio.

Scotland.—The vast increase of Catholicity in this country is truly gratifying; but our limits in the present number will not permit us to enter into details: we will do so on some future occasion.—During the last month the notorious fanatic, Orr, the tin-horn preacher, whose inflammatory harangues against Catholics led to so much excitement in this country, was tried and convicted at Greenock, for a breach of the peace. This caused much excitement among his admirers, and led to an unprovoked attack upon the Catholic church of the town. The windows of the sacred edifice were smashed with stones and sticks, without, however, doing any other serious damage.

Austria.—The Vienna Conference broke up without coming to any definite understanding, and the envoys were about to return to their respective governments.—The attitude of Austria since this event is still exceedingly warlike, but her sincerity to the allies seems to be doubted in some quarters, though we think without foundation.

The Crimea.—This portion of the Russian empire still continues to be the scene of bloody conflicts. The bombardment on an extensive scale has been carried on against the fortifications of Sebastopol without producing any definite result. Both the allies and Russia are concentrating immense reinforcements in the seat of war.

II.—Domestic Intelligence.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

Meeting of the Council.—The Povincial Council of Baltimore assembled at the Cathedral in this city on the 6th inst. The Council was composed of the following Prelates: viz. the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, of Wheeling; Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Pittsburg; Rt. Rev. Dr. McGill, Richmond; Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Philadelphia; Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Erie; Very Rev. John Barry, administrator of Savannah; Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, administrator of Charleston. At 11 o'clock the procession proceeded to the Cathedral, from the residence of the Archbishop, where pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop, attended by the Very Rev. F. L'Homme, assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Elder and Rev. Mr. McNally, deacon and subdeacon, Very Rev. Mr. Coskery, and Rev. Mr. Foley, deacons of honor. The Rev. Mr. Ferte acted as master of ceremonies.

The sermon on this occassion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill; subject: "the Unity of the Church."

Thursday, 10th May, Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, celebrated pontifical Mass for the Prelates deceased since the last Council—Rt. Rev. Dr. Chanché, Rt. Rev. Dr. Barron, Rt. Rev. Dr. Gartland, and Rt. Rev. Dr. Reynolds. Rev. Dr. McCaffrey, President of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, preached on the occasion.

The Council closed on Sunday, the 13th, with usual imposing solemnities. The pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, and the Rev. Dr. Lynch preached the closing sermon. At the close of the Council, the Prelates issued the Pastoral Address, which we have inserted in the foregoing pages, imparting to the clergy and the laity their blessing and their fatherly admonitions, and inculcating in a special manner renewed devotion to the Immaculate Mother of God.

Laying the Corner Stone of a New Church.—On Sunday the 13th inst., the corner stone of St. John's church, to be erected at the corner of Eager and Valley streets, in this city, was laid. The Most Rev. Archbishop officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Wheeling; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie, and a number of the Rev. Clergy. The Rev. Dr. McCaffrey preached on the occasion.

Landing of the Pilgrims.—The fourth celebration of the landing of our Catholic ancestors on the shores of Maryland, took place on the 15th inst., near the site of the ancient capital of the colony, on the banks of the St. Mary's river. . It was the most grand and imposing demonstration of the kind that has yet taken place. It was attended by the Young Catholic's Friend Societies of this city, Washington and Alexandria, the Philodemic Society of Georgetown College, and by delegations from several other associations. The party was honored by the presence of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whelan, Bishop of Wheeling, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, Bishop of Erie, and a large number of distinguished clergymen, and other distinguished personages. On landing the company proceeded to the little church of St. Inigoe's, where Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop of Wheeling, who delivered a short and appropriate discourse. At the conclusion of the service, the company repaired to a grove near the site where St. Mary's City formerly stood; here the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, the orator of the occasion, delivered an eloquent discourse. The distinguished speaker depicted in vivid colors the virtues of the Maryland Pilgrims; reviewed the history of religious toleration and demonstrated, that Lord Baltimore and his Catholic associates were the first to proclaim and establish religious freedom on the shores of the new world.

2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The Provincial Council of Cincinnati was opened on Sunday, the 13th instant, with the usual solemnity. The following Prelates composed the Council:—Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati; Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit; Bishop St. Palais, of Vincennes; Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; Bishop Spalding, of Louisville; Bishop Carroll, of Covington; Bishop Baraga, Vicar-Apostolic; assisted by a number of distinguished clergymen. Pontifical Mass was celebrated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, preached the opening sermon.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell administered Confirmation to one hundred and fifteen children at St. Xavier's, on Sunday the 21st ult., ninety-five persons of the congregation of St. Joseph's, on the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, and in the evening of the same day four hundred and thirteen were confirmed by the same Prelate at St. Mary's Church.

Ordinations.—The Rev. Terence Smith, was ordained deacon on Thursday, the 3rd inst., in the Cathedral, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell; and on the Sunday following, Mr. Smith and Mr. O'Shea of the diocese of Pittsburg, were ordained priests.

3. *Diocese of Louisville.*

On the 5th inst., the following young ladies received the habit of the order of the Good Shepherd, in the Convent at Louisville, from the hands of the Very Rev. Dr. B. J. Spalding, V. G. Sister Mary of St. Peter, (Elizabeth Brady of New York;) Sister Mary of St. Paul, (Mary A. Roney, of Ireland;) and Sister Mary of St. Patrick, (Mary A. Gainer of Montreal.) On the same day the Chapel of St. Peter, Louisville, was dedicated. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Spalding preached on the occasion; and in the afternoon of the same day, the Rt. Rev. Prelate gave Confirmation at the chapel of the Good Shepherd's Convent to twenty-one persons, several of whom were converts.

4. *Archdiocese of New York.*

Consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon.—The consecration of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, as the first Bishop of Portland, Maine, took place in the Cathedral of New York, on Sunday, the 22d ult. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes was the consecrator, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of Brooklyn. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey, of Albany.

Obituary.—Death of Col. B. U. Campbell.—It is with feelings of deep regret, that we are called on, to record the death of this estimable gentleman. Mr. Campbell was born in this city, and was long known as one of our most useful citizens. The uprightness and probity of his life, the sincerity and kindness of his heart, and his gentlemanly deportment to all, won for him while living universal confidence and esteem, and will cause his memory to be cherished and respected, now that he sleeps in the city of the dead. Mr. C. died in the 60th year of his age. *May he rest in peace.*

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WHAT OUR SIRES THOUGHT OF CONVENTS.

At a time when the spirit of fanaticism is rife in the land, and its deluded votaries appeal for their justification to the principles of our forefathers, arrogantly assuming to be the loyal and faithful *sons* of those illustrious and venerated *sires* who founded the republic, it may not be unprofitable to lay before the public the official documents which exhibit the sentiments and conduct of our political ancestors, by way of comparing or contrasting them with the views and aims of certain statesmen and legislators of the present day.

It is well known, that in the year 1803, the territory of Louisiana was ceded by the French government to the United States. In anticipation of this change in the political affairs of the country, the superior of the Ursuline convent in New Orleans, Sister Theresa of St. Xavier Farjon, addressed a letter to the Right Rev. Dr. Carroll, bishop of Baltimore, informing him that the ladies composing the community under her charge, were resolved to remain in Louisiana, where they would continue their efforts for the cause of religion and education, as the authorities of the United States had promised them every protection.* This establishment of nuns was founded in 1727, and at the period of which we speak there were eleven sisters in the house, who conducted a female academy numbering about one hundred and seventy pupils, of whom seventy-three were boarders. Bishop Carroll, while he encouraged the good ladies in their resolution, sent a copy of the letter which he had addressed to them, to the Hon. James Madison, then Secretary of State, with a view to inform him in reference to the object and condition of the Ursuline institution. At the same time he wrote to General Wilkinson, then commanding in the South, to commend the establishment to the protection and favor of the United States authorities. The ladies of the convent having determined to remain under the new political régime, were desirous to have some security for the possession of their property, that they might continue without molestation the laudable objects of their institute. In consequence of these overtures, a correspondence took place between them and his Excellency Thomas Jefferson, then president of the United States. In a letter to bishop Carroll, Mr. Madison thus refers to the correspondence and to the institution that was concerned in it:

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* Some time before, when Louisiana passed from the jurisdiction of Spain to that of Napoleon, several Spanish members of the convent and others of creole origin left the institution and went to Havana, on account of their prejudices against France.

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, 20*th July*, 1804.

"SIR—I have had the honor to lay before the President your letter of the 14th Dec'r, who views with pleasure the public benefit resulting from the benevolent endeavors of the respectable persons in whose behalf it is written. Be assured, sir, that no opportunity will be neglected of manifesting (as he has done in the correspondence of which a copy is enclosed) the real interest he takes in promoting the means of affording to the youth of this new portion of the American dominion a pious and useful education, and of evincing the grateful sentiments due to those of all religious persuasions, who so laudably devote themselves in its diffusion. It was under the influence of such feelings that Governor Claiborne had already assured the ladies of this monastery, of the entire protection which will be afforded to them, after the recent change of government.

"I have the honor to be, sir, with very great respect,
"Your most obed't serv't,
"JAMES MADISON.*

"Rt. Rev. BISHOP CARROLL, Baltimore."

The following is the letter of the Ursulines to the President, with the answer which he addressed to them:

"The Nuns of the Order of St. Ursula at New Orleans,
"To the President of the United States of America:

"Sir—Emboldened by the favorable mention you have been pleased to make of their Order, the Nuns of St. Ursula at New Orleans take the liberty of addressing you on a subject highly interesting to their situation. They believe that, without any direct application, the treaty of cession, and the sense of justice which marks the character of the United States, would have secured to them the property they now possess; but, considering it a sacred deposit, they would fail in a duty they deem essential, were they to omit requesting, that it may be formally confirmed to them and their successors, and that you may be pleased to communicate this request to the legislative body, in such a manner as you may deem proper. It is dictated by no wish of personal gratification or private aggrandizement; secluded from the world, its luxuries and vanities, wealth and the enjoyments it brings, would to them have no attraction. Devoted to religious duties, temporal advantages are not the objects of their pursuit, but bound by a solemn obligation to employ their revenue in charitable uses, and their time in the education of youth, they cannot but be anxious to know, that the property which is to enable them to fulfil these duties, will be secure to them. It is not, therefore, their own cause, but of the public, which they plead. It is the cause of the orphan, of the helpless child of want, of the many who may be snatched from the paths of vice and infamy, under their guidance, and be trained up in the habits of virtue and religion, to be happy and useful—of society, which will be spared the burthen of the indigent and the depredations of vice—of their country itself, which cannot but acquire honor, in fostering and protecting such beneficent purposes.

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* The original letter of Mr. Madison and the document which it inclosed, are preserved in the archives of the Cathedral, Baltimore.

"These considerations, they know, sir, will have weight with you. They anticipate your support, because they are conscious they deserve it; and they conclude with their ardent prayers for your personal happiness, and the prosperity of the country whose affairs you direct, and have the honor to be, with the highest respect, sir,

"Your most obed't humble serv'ts.
Signed, Sr. Therese de St. Xavier Farjon, Superieure,
Sr. de Ste. Marie Olivier, Assistante,
Sr. de Ste. Felicite Absas Zelatrice,
Sr. Christine de St. Andre Madici,
Sr. Charlotte de Ste. Therese de Mouy,
Sr. Emilie de Ste. Francoise Jourdan,
Sr. Rosalie de Ste. Scholastique Broutin,
Sr. Marie de Ste. Madeleine Billieu,
Sr. Marguerite de Ste. Alarte Carrier,
Sr. Marthe de Ste. Antoine Delattu,
Sr. Marie Joseph Braux,
Sr. Felicite de St. Jean Nicola, Novice,
Marie Blanc, aggrégée pour servir la Communauté.

"*New Orleans*, 23*d April*, 1804."

"The President of the United States to the Sœur Thérese de St. Xavier Farjon,
"Superior, and the Nuns of the Order of St. Ursula at New Orleans.

"I have received, holy sisters, the letter you have written me, wherein you express anxiety for the property vested in your institution by the former governments of Louisiana. The principles of the Constitution and government of the United States are a sure guarantee to you, that it will be preserved to you sacred and inviolate, and that your institution will be permitted to govern itself according to its own voluntary rules, without interference from the civil authority. Whatever diversity of shade may appear in the religious opinions of our fellow-citizens, the charitable objects of your institution cannot be indifferent to any; and its furtherance of the wholesome purposes of society, by training up its younger members in the way they should go, cannot fail to ensure it the patronage of the government it is under. Be assured it will meet all the protection which my office can give it.

"I salute you, holy sisters, with friendship and respect.
(Signed) "Th: Jefferson."

The security here offered by Mr. Jefferson has always been enjoyed by the excellent institution of the Ursulines at New Orleans, which has never ceased its labor of love, and still renders the most important services to society by the education of female youth. With the same security have the numerous other establishments of the same kind that have arisen throughout the Union, pursued their useful ends, and steadily prospered under the protection guaranteed to their laudable efforts under the ægis of American liberty. It is true that mob-violence, excited by fanatical demagogues, has occasionally disturbed the peaceful occupations of the conventual life; but these popular outbreaks have, in general, been rebuked by the civil authority and the sober thought of the nation. Even at this day, when the enemies of Catholicity are making such vigorous attempts to evade the fundamental principles of the Constitution, to create distinctions for religion's sake, and in the name of liberty to inaugurate despotism and persecution, the American people have been ashamed of the odious and disgraceful inquisition, instituted by a fanatical legislature for the purpose of molesting a few women, whose only crimes are to live in retirement for religious ends, and to diffuse the blessings of a virtuous education.

In the estimation of such men as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, a convent was a very different sort of thing from what is supposed by our politico-religious law-makers of Massachusetts. The latter, impelled only by their blind prejudices, at once set aside all law and invade the sanctity of the domestic hearth, for the mere gratification of a hostile feeling. The former, with the bearing of gentlemen, and fully alive to that sense of justice and honor which should govern men in their intercourse with each other; perhaps too, having read of a divine commandment which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," were disposed to judge the Ursuline convent by its works, and to take it for what it proved to be in the face of the whole community, a family of ladies united by religious obligations to labor in the cause of charity and education. Hence, those great men, Jefferson and Madison, allude to the institution as one "of benevolence," "furthering the wholesome purposes of society," the objects of which "cannot be indifferent to any" religious denomination, whose services are "a public benefit," "a means of giving a pious and useful education to youth," and worthy of our "grateful sentiments" and the protection of government. The nuns are termed by Madison "respectable persons," and by Jefferson they are addressed as "holy sisters," possessing his "friendship and respect." How does this language of the venerated *sires* compare with the calumnious slang of certain persons who claim to be their *sons!* It is well, in times like these, when every means that bigotry can invent is exerted to pervert public opinion, and to hold up to popular odium the best and most useful institutions in the land, that the people should revert a little to the golden age of the republic, and learn a lesson from the example of their forefathers. Let them cast aside the veil which the excitement of the times has spread before their eyes, and contemplate for their instruction those models of patriotism, those heroes of liberty, those standards of political wisdom, those illustrations of true refinement, who have risen by a nation's undivided voice to the highest niches in their country's fame. This is the school in which Americans should study the genius of their institutions, and will learn to cherish those sentiments of justice and moderation which are the groundwork of practical liberty.

THE INFANT.

Spark of life! in beauty moulded,
Pillowed on thy mother's breast;
In her soft embraces folded,
Picture of unconscious rest.

Lovely, little, living treasure,
Fairer than the fairest flower;
Blessings in abundant measure,
Tend thee from thy natal hour.

Oh! may He who gave thee being,
Launched thee on the world's rude wave;
With His eye upon thee beaming,
Smooth thy passage to the grave.

THE SACRAMENTS.

Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.

BAPTISM.

If the mysteries overwhelm the mind by their greatness, we experience a different kind of astonishment, but perhaps not less profound, when we contemplate the sacraments of the Church. The whole knowledge of man, in his civil and moral aspect, is implied in these institutions.

Baptism is the first of the sacraments which religion confers upon man, and, in the language of the apostle, it *clothes him with Jesus Christ.* This sacred rite reminds us of the corruption in which we were born, of the pangs that gave us birth, of the tribulations which await us in this world; it teaches us that our sins will recoil on our children, and that we are all sureties for each other—an awful lesson, which alone would suffice, if duly pondered, to establish the empire of virtue among men.

Behold the new convert standing amidst the waves of Jordan: the hermit of the rock pours the lustral water upon his head; while the patriarchal river, the camels on its banks, the temple of Jerusalem and the cedars of Libanus seem to be arrested by the solemn rite: or rather, behold the infant child before the sacred font! A joyous family surround him, in his behalf they renounce sin, and give him the name of his grandfather, which is thus renewed by love from generation to generation. Already the father hastens to take the child in his arms, and to carry it home to his impatient wife, who is counting under her curtains each sound of the baptismal bell. The relatives assemble; tears of tenderness and of religion bedew every eye; the new name of the pretty infant, the ancient appellative of its ancestor, passes from mouth to mouth, and every one, mingling the recollections of the past with present joys, discovers the fancied resemblance of the good old man in the child that revives his memory. Such are the scenes exhibited by the sacrament of baptism; but religion, ever moral and ever serious, even when the most cheerful smile irradiates her countenance, shows us also the son of a king, in his purple mantle, renouncing the pomps of Satan at the same font where the poor man's child appears in tatters to abjure those vanities of the world which it will never know.*

We find in St. Ambrose a curious description of the manner in which the sacrament of baptism was administered in the first ages of the Church.† Holy Saturday was the day appointed for the ceremony. It commenced with touching the nostrils and opening the ears of the catechumen, the person officiating at the same time pronouncing the word, *ephpheta,* which signifies, *be opened.* He was then conducted into the holy of holies. In the presence of the deacon, the priest, and the bishop, he renounced the works of the devil. He turned towards the west, the image of darkness, to abjure the world, and towards the east, the emblem of light, to denote his alliance with Jesus Christ. The bishop then blessed the water, which, according to St. Ambrose, indicated all the mysteries of the Scripture; the Creation, the Deluge, the Passage of the Red Sea, the Cloud, the Waters of Mara, Naaman, and the Pool of Bethseda. The water having been consecrated by the sign of the cross, the catechumen was immersed in it three times in honor of the Trinity, and to teach him that three things bear witness in baptism: water, blood, and the Holy Spirit. On leaving the holy of holies, the bishop anointed the head of the regenerated man, to signify that he was now consecrated as one of the chosen race and priestly nation of the Lord. His feet were then washed, and he was dressed in white garments as a type of innocence, after which he received, by the sacrament of confirmation, the spirit of divine fear, of wisdom and intelligence, of counsel and strength, of knowledge and piety. The bishop then pronounced, with a loud voice, the words of the apostle: "God the Father hath marked thee with his seal. Jesus Christ our Lord hath confirmed thee, and given to thy heart the earnest of the Holy Ghost." The new Christian then proceeded to the altar to receive the bread of angels, saying: "I will go to the altar of the Lord, of God who rejoices my youth." At the sight of the altar, covered with vessels of gold and silver, with lights, flowers and silks, the new convert exclaimed with the prophet: "Thou hast spread a table for me; it is the Lord who feeds me; I shall know no want, for he hath placed me in an abundant pasture." The ceremony concluded with the celebration of the Mass. How august must have been the solemnity at which an Ambrose gave to the innocent poor, that place at the table of the Lord which he refused to a guilty emperor.*

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* That is, the outward pomp of this world; but the poor as well as the rich must renounce all inordinate aspiration after the vain show of this world.—E.

† Ambr. *de Myst.* Tertullian, Origen, Saint Jerom and Saint Augustin speak less in detail of this ceremony than St. Ambrose. The triple immersion and the touching of the nostrils, to which we allude here, are mentioned in the six books on the Sacraments, which are falsely attributed to this father.

If there be not in this first act of the life of a Christian a divine combination of theology and morality, of mystery and simplicity, never will there be in religion any thing divine.

But considered in a higher relation, and as a type of the mystery of our redemption, baptism is a bath which restores to the soul its primeval vigor. We cannot recall to mind, without deep regret, the beauty of those ancient times when the forests were not silent enough nor the caverns sufficiently solitary, for the believers who repaired thither to meditate on the mysteries of religion. Those primitive Christians, witnesses of the renovation of the world, were occupied with thoughts of a very different kind from those which now bend us down to the earth, us Christians who have grown old in years but not in faith. In those times, wisdom had her seat amid rocks and in the lion's den, and kings went forth to consult the anchorite of the mountain. Days too soon passed away! There is no longer a St. John in the desert, nor will there be poured out again upon the new convert, those waters of the Jordan which carried off all his stains to the bosom of the ocean.

Baptism is followed by confession, and the Church, with a prudence peculiar to her, has fixed the time for the reception of this sacrament at the age when a person becomes capable of sin, which is that of seven years.

All men, not excepting philosophers themselves, whatever may have been their opinions on other subjects, have considered the sacrament of penance as one of the strongest barriers against vice, and as a master-piece of wisdom. "How many restitutions and reparations," says Rousseau, "does not confession produce among Catholics!"* According to Voltaire, "confession is a most excellent expedient, a bridle to guilt, invented in the remotest antiquity: it was practised at the celebration of all the ancient mysteries. We have imitated and sanctified this wise custom, which has a great influence in prevailing on hearts burning with resentment to forgive one another."†

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* Theodosius, by whose command great numbers of the inhabitants of Thessalonica were put to death for an insurrection. For this sanguinary deed, St. Ambrose, then bishop of Milan, caused the emperor to submit to a public penance, and prohibited him for a time from entering the church. K.

Without this salutary institution, the sinner would sink into despair. Into what bosom could he unburthen his heart? Into that of a friend? Ah! who can rely upon the friendship of men? Will he make the desert his confidant? The desert would incessantly reverberate in the guilty ear, the sound of those trumpets which Nero fancied he heard around the tomb of his mother.‡ When nature and our fellow creatures show no mercy, how delightful is it to find the Almighty ready to forgive! To the Christian religion alone belongs the merit of having made two sisters of Innocence and Repentance.

OF THE HOLY COMMUNION.

At the age of twelve years, and in the gay season of spring, the youth is admitted for the first time to a union with his God. After having wept with the mountains of Sion over the death of the world's Redeemer; after having commemorated the darkness which covered the earth on that tragic occasion, Christendom throws aside her mourning; the bells commence their merry peals; the images of the saints are unveiled, and the domes of the churches re-echo with the song of joy, with the ancient alleluia of Abraham and of Jacob. Tender virgins clothed in white, and boys bedecked with foliage, march along a path strewed with the first flowers of the year, and advance towards the temple of religion, chaunting new canticles and followed by their overjoyed parents. Soon the heavenly Victim descends upon the altar for the refreshment of those youthful hearts. The bread of angels is laid upon the tongue, as yet unsullied by falsehood, while the priest partakes, under the species of wine, of the blood of the immaculate Lamb. In this solemn ceremony, God perpetuates the memory of a bloody sacrifice by the most peaceful symbols. With the immeasurable heights of these mysteries are blended the recollections of the most pleasing scenes. Nature seems to revive with her Creator, and the angel of spring opens for her the doors of the tomb, like the spirit of light, who rolled away the stone from the glorious sepulchre. The age of the tender communicants and that of the infant year mingle their youth, their harmonies, and their innocence. The bread and wine announce the approaching maturity of the products of the fields, and bring before us a picture of agricultural life. In fine, God descends into the souls of these young believers, to bring forth his chosen fruits, as he descends at this season into the bosom of the earth, to make it produce its flowers and its riches.

But, you will ask, what signifies that mystic communion in which reason submits to an *absurdity*, without any advantage to the moral man? To this objection I will first give a general answer, which will apply to all Christian rites, that they exert the highest moral influence, because they were practised by our fathers, because our mothers were Christians over our cradle, and because the chaunts religion were heard around the coffins of our ancestors and breathed a prayer of peace over their ashes.

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* *Æmil.* tom. iii, p. 901, in the note.

† *Quest. Encyclop.* tom. iii, p. 234, under the head *Curé de Campagne*, sect. ii.

‡ Tacit. Hist.

Supposing, however, that the Holy Communion were but a puerile ceremony, those persons must be extremely blind who cannot perceive, that a solemnity which must be preceded by a confession of one's whole life, and can take place only after a long series of virtuous actions, is, from its nature, highly favorable to morality. It is so to such a degree, that were a man to partake worthily but once a month of the sacrament of the Eucharist, that man must of necessity be the most virtuous person upon earth. Transfer this reasoning from the individual to society in general, from one person to a whole nation, and you will find that the Holy Communion constitutes a complete system of legislation.

"Here then are people," says Voltaire, an authority that will not be suspected, "who partake of the communion amid an august ceremony, by the light of a hundred tapers, after solemn music which has enchanted their senses, at the foot of an altar resplendent with gold. The imagination is subdued and the soul powerfully affected. We scarcely breathe; we forget all earthly considerations: we are united with God and he is incorporated with us. Who durst, who could after this be guilty of a single crime, or only conceive the idea of one? It would, indeed, be impossible to devise a mystery capable of keeping men more effectually within the bounds of virtue."*

The Eucharist was instituted at the last supper of Christ with his disciples; and we call to our aid the pencil of the artist, to express the beauty of the picture in which he is represented pronouncing the words, *This is my body*. Four things here require attention:

First, In the *material* bread and wine we behold the consecration of the food of man, which comes from God, and which we receive from his bounty. Were there nothing more in the Communion than this offering of the productions of the earth to him who dispenses them, that alone would qualify it to be compared with the most excellent religious customs of Greece.

Secondly, The Eucharist reminds us of the Passover of the Israelites, which carries us back to the time of the Pharaos; it announces the abolition of bloody sacrifices; it represents also the calling of Abraham and the first covenant between God and man. Every thing grand in antiquity, in history, in legislation, in the sacred types, is therefore comprised in the communion of the Christian.

Thirdly, The Eucharist announces the reunion of mankind into one great family; it inculcates the cessation of enmities, natural equality, and the commencement of a new law, which will make no distinction of Jew or Gentile, but invites all the children of Adam to sit down at the same table.

Fourthly, The great wonder of the holy Eucharist, is the real presence of Christ under the consecrated species. Here the soul must transport itself for a moment, to that intellectual world which was open to man before the fall.

When the Almighty had created him to his likeness, and animated him with the breath of life, he made a covenant with him. Adam and his Creator conversed together in the solitude of the garden. The covenant was necessarily broken by the disobedience of the father of men. The Almighty could no longer communicate with death, or spirituality with matter. Now, between two things of different properties, there cannot be a point of contact except by means of something intermediate. The first effort which divine love made to draw us nearer to itself, was in the calling of Abraham and the institution of sacrifices, types announcing to the world the coming of the Messiah. The Saviour, when he restored us to the ends of our creation, as we have observed on the subject of the redemption, reinstated us in our privileges, and the highest of those privileges undoubtedly was to communicate with our Maker. But this communication could no longer take place immediately, as in the terrestrial paradise; in the first place, because our origin remained polluted; and in the second, because the body, now an heir of death, is too weak to survive a direct communication with God. A medium was therefore required, and this medium the Son has furnished. He hath given himself to man in the Eucharist; he hath become the sublime way, by which we are again united with him from whom our souls have emanated.

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* *Questions sur l'Encyclopedie*, tom. iv. Were we to express ourselves as forcibly as Voltaire here does, we would be looked upon as a fanatic.

But if the Son had remained in his primitive essence, it is evident that the same separation would have continued to exist here below between God and man; since there can be no union between purity and guilt, between an eternal reality and the dream of human life. But the Word condescended to assume our nature, and to become like us. On the one hand, he is united to his Father by his spirituality, and on the other to our flesh by his humanity. He is therefore the required medium of approximation between the guilty child and the compassionate father. Represented by the symbol of bread, he is a sensible object to the corporeal eye, whilst he continues an intellectual object to the eye of the soul; and if he has chosen bread for this purpose, it is because the material which composes it is a noble and pure emblem of the divine nourishment.

If this sublime and mysterious theology, a few outlines only of which we are attempting to trace, should displease any of our readers, let them but remark how luminous are our metaphysics when compared with the systems of Pythagoras, Plato, Timæus, Aristotle, Carneades and Epicurus. Here they meet with none of those abstract ideas, for which it is necessary to create a language unintelligible to the mass of mankind.

To sum up what we have said on this subject, we see in the first place, that the holy communion displays a beautiful ceremonial; that it inculcates morality, because purity of heart is essential in those who partake of it: that it is an offering of the produce of the earth to the Creator; and that it commemorates the sublime and affecting history of the Son of Man. Combined with the recollection of the Passover and of the first covenant, it is lost in the remoteness of time; it reproduces the earliest ideas of man, in his religious and political character, and denotes the original equality of the human race; finally it comprises the mystical history of the family of Adam, their fall, their restoration, and their reunion with God.

To be continued.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"'This man must be removed at any cost,' exclaimed a delegate of the circle of Rome, at an assembly of chiefs of the extreme party. This cry was drowned in frenzied applauses; all present drank to the new ministry: and it was with glass in hand that the decree of death was pronounced.

"In the mean time, as the day for opening the chambers approached, the minister, foreseeing the disorders likely to occur at this opportunity, collected in the city the carabineers of the neighboring towns, reviewed them, and by his exhortations tried to stimulate their favorable dispositions towards the cause of order and their sovereign. At the same time, he imprisoned the monk Gavazzi, who was every where exciting discord and civil war. These energetic measures excited the rage of the conspirators to the highest point: the radical journals unchained themselves against the chief minister who, however, showed the utmost contempt for their violence, and did not deviate a moment from the course upon which he had decided. 'The cause of the Pope is the cause of Heaven,' he often said; 'to attack the Holy Father they must first pass over my dead body.' These prophetic words were nearer fulfilment than he imagined.

"The evening before the opening of the chambers, the president of the council proposed to intrust the protection of the Chancellory to the carabineers; but the other members, fearing that this measure might hurt the susceptibility of the civic guard, decided that a select file of the latter should defend the palace. A very different scene was witnessed elsewhere. Every one in Rome learned these particulars afterwards. While the ministers were debating, numbers of men of sinister aspect, enveloped in large cloaks, stole silently from different quarters of the city, under cover of the darkness, towards the theatre Capranica. At midnight all the conspirators were assembled in the large hall: they closed the doors carefully: the feeble light of a few tapers flickered over the multitude. The dead body of a man lately deceased, taken that day from the hospital of St. James, was placed standing against the side scene. At the order of the president, all present bound themselves to secrecy by the most terrible oaths and drew lots to decide who was to be the murderer. This point settled, the wretch designated to do the deed was to give proof of his skill. He seized a dagger that lay on the table, advanced to the dead body, and with unerring hand plunged it into the jugular vein. The rest expressed their satisfaction and silently dispersed.

"But however secret the plot was considered, the first minister was not left without advices and warnings: that very evening he had received an anonymous letter menacing death, but he contemptuously tore it up in presence of his colleagues. At seven o'clock next morning, his two sons, very uneasy, entered his apartment and found him adding some words to the discourse which he was to deliver that day, and with which he was so satisfied that he had already shown it to some of his friends, saying, 'This is the burial-certificate of the Republic.'

"'The sons asked him for tickets of admission into the Assembly, but he refused them, saying roughly that he had none. 'That is singular,' said the young men, 'but we shall find means to enter the chamber.' 'I forbid you to do any thing of the kind,' cried the minister, 'remain at home with your mother.'

"A little while after, he received a note from the Duchess of Rignano, imploring him not to leave his house that day, or if he *should* be present at the opening of the Assembly, at least to surround himself with the greatest precautions. Rossi immediately replied by thanking her for the interest she took in his safety, but assured her there was no reason to be uneasy. Almost at the same moment a friend came to tell him to be on his guard. 'I know they desire my death,' answered the minister, 'but it is not me they hate: they wish to stab the Constitution in favor of the Republic.'

"At nine, a new letter of warning. 'Be prudent,' it ran. 'Civil courage does not consist in exposing one's self to a danger that can be avoided; the courage that needlessly braves any danger is foolhardiness, if not downright idiocy.' 'Yet it is sometimes an act of policy, too,' said the minister coldly, getting up to go to breakfast.

"The calm and serene air of the Count only slightly reassured Madame Rossi, who was greatly terrified at the rumors which had reached her. The poor lady still had her eyes fixed on her husband with a tenderness full of alarm, when the valet came to announce a stranger who desired to speak with the minister on an important matter concerning himself personally.

"'Let him call to-morrow,' said Rossi, 'I have not time to listen to him to-day: private interests must give place to those of the country.'

"The valet returned immediately with the stranger's reply,—'To-morrow it will be too late.'

"'Heavens!' cried the Countess. 'Certainly some great danger threatens you: in the name of all that is dearest, do not expose yourself without precaution.' But Rossi did not hear her.

"At noon precisely he arrived at the Quirinal. 'I come to receive the orders of your Holiness,' said he to the Pope. 'I have none to give you,' was the reply, 'except to command you to watch over your personal safety. My dear son, your life is in peril; spare our enemies a great crime and me a great affliction.' 'I fear nothing,' said the Count, calmly. 'The cause I defend is that of Heaven, and if necessary, I shall shed my blood for it.' And receiving the usual benediction he withdrew with an undaunted heart.

"Scarcely had he descended the great steps when Monsignor Morini approached him. 'I was waiting for you,' he said, 'listen to me.' 'I have no time.' 'You must, however, it concerns your life.' And when M. Morini barred the passage, 'Speak, then, and be brief,' said the Count.

"The priest related that, while in the confessional a few minutes before, a woman pale and trembling had come and asked him to follow her immediately into one of the side chapels where he was expected by one who had important revelations to disclose. As he was hesitating to follow her, she besought him still more earnestly, adding, that he might prevent a great crime. Proceeding to the appointed spot, M. Morini had found there a man of tall stature, muffled in a cloak, who immediately said to him in a low voice:

"'The death of the first minister has been resolved upon; the assassins are waiting at the chambers to poignard him; if you wish to save him, hasten to the Quirinal whither he has just gone, and, if there be still time, prevent him from going to the Chancellory.' 'Thank Heaven,' added Morini, 'I am arrived in time.'

"The Count hesitated a few seconds, then like another Duke of Guise, he exclaimed, 'They will not dare.'

"'They will dare every thing, Count,' quickly rejoined Morini.

"'Well, Monsignor, I am ready for every thing,' replied the minister. 'However, many thanks for this proof of interest for which I feel deeply touched.' And saluting him, he entered his carriage.

"The under secretary of State presented himself before him at the palace gate.

"'Come in and take a seat at my side, if you are not afraid,' said Rossi.

"'Is there really any thing to be feared?' asked M. Righetti, accepting the offer.

"'The Republicans want to assassinate me,' replied the Count, tranquilly. 'I might indeed enter the chambers by a secret door;—but I will show the world that I am not afraid of them.'

"The horses started at full trot. Instantly a loud whistle was heard, and a man, who had been hiding at the corner of the street, was seen running in the direction of the Chancellory. The coachman wished to stop the horses, but the minister ordered him to continue, and in a few minutes they arrived at the square, which they found occupied by a company of civic guards. The most profound silence prevailed in the palace yard, but as the carriage approached, about sixty men, of repulsive features, shrouded in long cloaks, gradually took their places near the door, so as to obstruct the passage. Righetti first alighted, and Rossi's appearance was the signal for a storm of hisses and insulting cries. The minister did not seem to mind them, but slowly followed M. Righetti. He had scarcely gone a few steps when one of the conspirators struck him lightly on the shoulder with a cane. Rossi turned round fiercely at this insult, and the assassin, watching the moment, rushed at him while thus off his guard, and plunged a dagger into his neck.

"The unfortunate man dropped without uttering a single cry. A moment after, however, he arose, covered with blood, and supported by Righetti he advanced a few paces, but again fell at the foot of the steps.

"The assassins disperse: the Count is carried into a neighboring apartment. Three surgeons, members of the national assembly, visit him, and pronounce the wound mortal. Father Vaure, informed by an eye-witness of the murder, runs in haste to his unhappy friend; but it was too late, the Count had ceased to live. He found the body lying on a couch, raised the handkerchief which had been thrown over the face to conceal the agony, and, bursting into tears, tried to repeat the usual prayers of the Church.

"During this time the Countess had remained in her palace, a prey to the gloomiest presentiments. Sunk in an arm chair, her head supported between her hands, she was anxiously counting the hours and minutes, when Father Vaure suddenly appeared before her. 'What has happened?' she exclaimed, standing up.

"'Be calm, my dear lady,' said the good Father, trying to conceal his own grief, and by degrees to prepare the poor woman for the frightful misfortune which had befallen her. 'They say the Count has encountered great dangers.'

"'Where is he? I must join him.'

"Whilst Father Vaure endeavored to restrain her, the two young Rossis rushed into the room, smothering with grief and fury. 'What has became of our father—he is murdered, is he not?' they demanded in a voice interrupted by sobs. And as the Father answered only with tears, 'It is true, then!' they cried. 'Vengeance! Death to Sterbini!' and quick as lightning, they snatched up their swords and rushed into the street. The pitying crowds gave way before them, and the two brothers, pale, with disordered hair and streaming with perspiration, arrive before the Chancellory where the civic guard stopped all further passage.

"'What have you done to our father?' shrieked the younger. 'You were here and you let him be murdered before your eyes! Cowards! You have disgraced your uniform. I shall wear it no longer: I abhor it!' And tearing off his epaulets and breaking his sword, he flung the fragments at the troops who were mute with humiliation and pity; while the elder brother exclaimed: 'The blood of our father shall fall on you who had not the courage to defend him. The dagger that has so basely murdered him has killed for ever the cause of Young Italy!'

"A gentleman from Bologna, a friend of the family, who had followed them from the palace, now arrived at the scene of this heart rending spectacle, and by force and supplication succeeded in bringing them back to their mother who, in her despair, already apprehended for them the fate of their unhappy father.

"Pius IX when informed of what had passed, shed bitter tears at the fate of his devoted, courageous friend, and exclaimed in a broken voice: 'He died like a martyr; may God receive his soul!'

"The Assembly, on the contrary, listened to the account of the crime with the coldest and most contemptuous indifference, and the president contented himself with saying: 'Gentlemen, let us pass to the order of the day.' But the French minister, seized with a generous indignation, cried 'This is infamous!' and immediately quitted the chamber, as did also the Spanish ambassador. Then, whilst the honest portion of the populace shut themselves up in their houses, sad and discouraged, foreseeing the excesses of which this murder was to be the prelude, the revolutionists ran through the streets, brandishing their daggers, glorifying the deed with ferocious songs, forcing the citizens to illuminate their windows, and carrying the principal instigator of the crime in triumph around the city. Arriving before the palace of the Countess and pitiless towards such a sacred grief, they stop beneath her windows, repeating with dreadful shouts: 'Long live the Italian Republic! Long live the second Brutus! Blessed be the hand that stabbed Rossi!' But the Duke d'Harcourt informed of this new cowardice, again intervened and afforded a place of shelter to the unhappy widow. Father Vaure, fearing that the wretches who now terrified the entire city, would seek to wreak their vengeance again on Rossi's dead body, hastened to have it embalmed and secretly interred in a vault of the church of St. Laurence. Soon after, the Countess and her sons left Rome, and even Italy, taking refuge in France."

The abbé was silent after these words, and my mind was still full of the terrible tragedy which he had narrated, when the carriage stopped before a little house, much dilapidated, and contrasting strangely with the majestic front of its neighbor, a palace, whose magnificent portico alone, sustained by six marble pillars, entirely overshadowed the humble dwelling. We knocked at the door, a young woman appeared at the threshold——but how she received her child from our hands, and how warmly she expressed her gratitude I need not relate. A mother's heart is the same in all countries.

Abbé Datti would not allow me to take him home, but asked permission to call on me next day. I will of course be always delighted to see him and intend, for your sake and my own, often to lay his learning and politeness under contribution.

Though this letter is already rather long, let me try to brighten up our school-book recollections by mingling with them what I have since learned about Rome and her seven famous hills. One of these, Mt. Palatine, may be called the cradle of Rome: for here according to the legend Romulus and Remus were found by the shepherd; here Romulus stuck his lance into the ground, which grew into the magnificent cornel tree so much admired for so many succeeding centuries; and here, seven hundred years later, Augustus built the splendid mansion called the Palace, from its situation. This hill is now partly occupied by the villa Farnese, the inheritance of the King of Naples, who has caused many of its ancient statues and other works of art, to be collected and restored almost to their former magnificence.

Mount Capitolinus is remarkable for being the seat of the great fortress in Rome called the Capitol, because when digging the foundations a man's head was found quite fresh, supposed to be that of Tolus, an old Etrurian prince, the founder of the noble Tullian family, and the soothsayers being consulted as to the meaning of this strange omen, announced that Rome was to be the head (caput) or ruling city of the world. In one side of this famous hill is the dungeon where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined before being led to martyrdom, and the place where St. Paul and St. Luke resided is still here to be seen.

To Mt. Cœlius, you may remember, Tullus Hostilius after the destruction of Alba, transferred the inhabitants of that city: it is still crowned with the broken arches of mighty aqueducts and the crumbling walls of splendid temples, and to us children of the Church it is moreover interesting for being the scene of the martyrdom of St. Laurence in the third century. The prefect of Rome, hearing that this holy man was in the habit of distributing to the poor the alms of the faithful, summoned him before his tribunal and demanded immediate possession of all the treasures of the Church. Laurence asked three days, collected all the lame, blind, and infirm generally, that he had had been ordered to relieve. "Here," said he to the greedy prefect, "here are the real treasures of the Church." This sublime answer he expiated by being torn with scourges and burned on a gridiron, but in all his agony, his face was still radiant, and he expired praying for his executioners and smiling amidst the flames.

Of Mt. Aventine hardly a page of Roman history is silent. It was here Remus consulted the auspices, and in the days of the Republic and Empire it was covered with magnificent temples and palaces. But of all these buildings not a trace now remains—not a stone to mark where they stood, and Mt. Aventine is at present the most desolate spot in Rome. The remaining three, the Quirinal, the Viminal and the Esquiline, were included by Servius Tullius within the walls of Rome, and all are still exceedingly rich in pagan and Christian monuments. Two other hills are closely connected with Roman history, though not inclosed in the walls till the time of Aurelian. One, the famous Monte Pincio, the hill of gardens, *(callis hortulorum,)* where Sallust and Lucullus had built their luxurious pleasure houses, is still covered with delightful promenades and is the most charming place in the city: the other, Mount Janiculum, now Monte Montorio, beyond the Tiber, on the summit of which was built the famous citadel that so often repelled the angry foe from the walls of the young city, is still covered with churches, groves, gardens and villas, notwithstanding the injuries inflicted here during the late siege. In fine, to end this catalogue of hills, comes the Vatican, also beyond the Tiber; in old times the seat of the Etrurian government, at a later period the spot where thousands of Christians received the crown of martyrdom, and now where like glorious trophies of their victory rise the most splendid temple in the world and the principal palace of the Popes.

The city, which is far from what it was in the days of Aurelian, is still eighteen leagues in circumference. You can count twelve gates; eight on the left bank of the Tiber, and four on the right. Two-thirds of the enclosure, however, consists only of gardens, villas, fields, vineyards, groves and monuments. Here you may ramble for months, every day meeting new combinations of magnificent ruins, shattered pillars, triumphal arches, cupolas, old temples and crumbling walls. The remaining third, or inhabited part, properly called modern Rome, is almost in the shape of a triangle, having for its vertex the gate Del Popolo, and its base a line drawn from the church of St. Mary Major through the Capitol to the island of the Tiber. On the other side of the river are the suburbs of St. Angelo and the famous Transtevere united together by the fine street Lungaræ.

As you proceed through modern Rome you continually meet with squares, palaces, churches, columns, obelisks, monuments of all kinds, magnificent fountains ever flowing with the most limpid waters, but, on the other hand, with many streets, also, that are dirty, narrow, uneven and crooked. Animate this scene with a standing population of one hundred and eighty thousand souls, with cardinals, monsignorí, priests, monks, nuns, noble lords, elegant ladies, and a highly interesting populace, not forgetting a good sprinkling of beggars; add to this about forty thousand strangers, Russians, English, Germans, French, Americans, many of the most distinguished artists, scholars, antiquarians and tourists of every country: often too, rich invalids seeking relief for their sufferings under this mild climate, and numbers of the faithful coming here, like the pilgrims of old, to nourish and enliven their devotion at the tombs of the martyrs, besides, at the present moment a garrison of twenty-five thousand French soldiers; think of this heterogeneous living mass moving in every possible combination over the most interesting spot in the world, and you will have some idea of life in this strange city which I love already as a second country—as the common mother of all Christianity.

MARY.

As the star of Hope in a trackless sea,
Is Mary the Mother of God, to me;
In the storm and tempest I raise mine eyes
To the ray that breaks from the lurid skies,
And a thought of safety revives again,
As the withering flower 'neath summer rain,
As I see the "Blessed" whose angel face
Divine in the fulness of heavenly grace,
Looks pity and love as she bends to hear
The sorrowful prayer of remorse and fear.

Oh, Mary! sweet Mother! behold a child
With the dark earth-stains of sin defiled,
Plead with thy Son till he deigns to bestow
One look, but one look, on thy suppliant low
That in burning tears he may find relief,
Or his heart may break with the bitter grief;
Oh, Mother of mercy! he'll list to thee,
At thy tender prayer he will set me free,
He loves thee I know with infinite love
O Virgin, all virgins so far above!

Mother most holy and virgin pure,
In thy love I trust and I rest secure;
Steadfast, unyielding, wert thou by the cross,
Though a piercing sword was thy bitter loss,
Then how can thy Jesus, thy son, thy child,
Cast out him who loves thee, O undefiled!
Who clings to the words Himself once spoke
When the brooding silence of death He broke,
And saying, "Oh Mother behold thy Son!"
"Son! lo thy mother!" His work was done.

V. S. W.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

HIS MIRACLES AND THEIR SYMBOLISM.

Our Lord, joined by a few disciples now proceeded from Bethabara to Galilee, and being there invited with his mother and his chosen ones to a marriage feast, he did not disdain to go. Absorbed now in the great work for which he had waited so long, Jesus, true God, the Messiah of Israel, shows us that he is no less really a man, with a soul and body like our own, that the natural feelings of love of kindred, home and country were not strangers to his breast. He who planted in our hearts affection for the mother who bore us, for the companions of childhood or congenial pursuits in after life, for our native land, sanctified it by his divine example.

JESUS AND HIS DISCIPLES.

"The mother of Jesus was there," says the beloved disciple who records the miracle; and she here showed the share she must always have had in her son's actions, and her influence with him. Here "he manifested his glory," here he made a beginning of his miracles, and did so instantly at Mary's request. The spouses had not prepared sufficient wine; and ere the banquet was over, to their mortification they perceived that there was no more to place before the guests. It was a mere mortification, a matter perhaps of a momentary confusion, but the tender heart of Mary had seen the want, and to spare them, appealed to her divine Son. His answer is a mystery: it acknowledges her power, but seems to treat the subject as one too slight to require them to interfere or him to exercise his Almighty power. Yet it was a consent, and Mary so understanding it, bade the servants do as he should command. Jesus then ordered the servants to fill with water some large stone jars that stood there, and then to draw from them and hand to the guests. The wondering waiters obeyed, and as they poured, wonder of wonders!—well might they ask amazed:

> "Whence glows the crystal with a purple dye
> Of roses not its own; oh tell us why?
> Guests hail the present God! in awe be hushed;
> The conscious fountain saw her God and blushed."*

Unseen by all but them, the miracle was performed, amid the noise of the festivity; and even so the greater miracle which it prefigured, the change of bread and wine into his adorable body and blood, is performed while the busy hum of people rises from the crowded streets around the sacred shrine.

"Thus at the feast of Cana he emerged from his first state, his hidden life, even as at another feast he passed into its last stage, its sorrowful and afflicted close."

After this he went down to Capharnaum, he and his mother and his brethren and his disciples; and thence repaired again to the holy city. Driving the buyers and sellers from the temple, our Lord by his miracles touched the heart of Nicode-

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* Crashaw.

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

mus a Pharisee, seeking God, but timid. Coming by night to the abode of Jesus, he avowed his belief in him as a teacher sent from God, and asked what he should do. Jesus declared to him the mystery of the Holy Trinity; his own divinity, and his future passion, with the necessity of faith in Him, of Baptism and of co-operating with the graces bestowed by the Holy Ghost. All this he declared, although in his public teaching he was less explicit, but to this Master in Israel, this man versed in the law, full of good faith, he openly declared that he was the Messiah. Nicodemus believed, his conversion was true and solid, and as at Cana our Lord foreshadowed his Last Supper, so here he prepared a hidden disciple who was to lay him in the tomb on the day after that mysterious banquet.

JESUS AND THE SAMARITAN WOMAN.

Our divine Lord had announced to Nicodemus the necessity of baptism, and repairing now to the banks of the Jordan began to confer that sacrament, of which so many of his miracles explain the power and effects. Ere long however, his precursor, who had again proclaimed Jesus to be the Messiah, was seized and beheaded, and our Lord returned to Galilee. On the way, he would show that he was the saviour of all. Way-worn and weary he sat by a well side near the town of Sichar, overshadowed by Garizim the mount where the schismatic temple of the Samaritans rose. His disciples left him to procure food, and during their absence a Samaritan woman came to draw water. Unheeding our Lord she was departing with her water jar, for as the Jews and Samaritans would not eat or drink together, she never offered him a drop of cold water, when our Lord himself asked her for a drink. She expressed her astonishment, but he soon excited her thirst for divine grace which he described as a fountain of living waters. From his disclosing to her her sinful life, she believed him to be a heaven sent prophet and asked whether it were right to worship in their schismatical temple; then our divine Lord again revealed that he was the Son of God, the Messiah, soon to establish his Church, so that not on Garizim or on Sion alone, but in every clime, men should adore the Eternal Father in spirit and in truth.

This woman led as we have said a sinful life, but converted on the spot she hastened to the city, proclaimed the advent of the Messiah, and confessed that he had laid before her all that she had done. The people believed her, and coming out invited our Lord to their city: here for two days he announced the kingdom of God and converted many.*

Thus gladly received by the schismatic Samaritans he returned to Nazareth healing on his way the ruler's son,† and announced the word of God to his own countrymen the Jews, of whom he had said to the sinful woman of Sichar, "salvation is of the Jews." Far from hearkening to him, they hardened their hearts, and when he reproached them with their incredulity, they thrust him out of the

JESUS AT NAZARETH.

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* John, chap. i to iv.

† John iv, 46.

city and brought him to the precipitous brow of the hill, and sought to dash him to pieces on the deep rocks below, but to their amazement he past back through the crowd, and no man could detain him.*

Henceforward Capharnaum was his home, if indeed we may say of our Blessed Lord that he had one. This place which the Evangelists call "His City" lay on the western shore of the sea of Galilee, surrounded by a beautful plain covered with rhododendrons on so delightful a spot, that its name "Field of beauty" was indeed no exaggeration. Here our Lord a second time called Peter and Andrew, John and James,† but not yet permanently as apostles.

The synagogue of Capharnaum listened with admiration to his doctrine, and soon beheld again his wonderful power. Our divine Lord had instituted the Sacrament of Baptism: and to show that he could by any rite he might ordain deliver souls from the unseen bondage of Satan, he by his word delivered one who was bodily possessed by an unclean spirit. Rolling on the ground the demoniac exclaimed, "what have we to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God:" but Jesus rebuked him and said: "Hold thy peace and go out of him." The evil one obeyed and dashing the man down left him while fear came upon the mute and awe stricken assembly, who all turned their eyes on our divine Lord questioning in their own hearts who he might be, that thus by a word expelled the unclean spirit.‡

JESUS CASTING OUT A DEVIL.

Returning to Peter's house he cured the mother-in-law of that apostle of a fever,§ thus performing two miracles on a Sabbath day to prove that he was Lord of the Sabbath, and had authority to alter or transfer its obligations. The Jews too scrupulous in their observance would not take their sick and possessed friends to him, before the sun had set and the legal Sabbath ended; then our Lord was besieged by the crowds who gathered around him, "but he laying his hands on every one of them healed them," while the evil spirits whom he expelled proclaimed him the Son of God.

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* Luke iv, 14–30. † Matt. iv, 18, 19. ‡ Luke iv. § Mark i, 21.

And every sickness flies away,
  And every foul disease is healed;
And O the tongue may loudly say
  With what deep silence it was sealed!
The lame leaps up with joyful tread
  And through the city bears his bed.*

Thus he spent the night; when day came on he left the town and retired to a desert spot to pray. Here Peter sought him on behalf of the multitude, but Jesus taking his disciples preached in the other towns and hamlets of Galilee.†

Returning at last to Capharnaum, the people again crowded around him as he stood on the shore of the lake.

"There where Genesareth's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm."

Peter's bark stood by the shore: vessel of prophecy and symbolism, image of the Church which though buffeted by storms relies on its divine Lord even when he seems to sleep; image of the Church, which like Peter's bark has often labored long in vain and drawn in empty nets, but more often still brought up miraculous

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* Cathemerenon, translated by Wallace.

† Matt. viii, 23.

JESUS INSTRUCTING THE MULTITUDE.

draughts; image of the Church, whose Sovereign Pontiffs so often style it the Bark of Peter, as when Pius VII in his bull restoring the Society of Jesus, assigned the reason that Peter's bark needed stout oarsmen in the tempests of our day.

During this first year of our Lord's public life this fisherman's boat was almost his home. In it he passed from one side of the hill environed lake to another. It was his place of sleep, his refuge in fatigue, and as on the present occasion his pulpit. Entering it he bade Peter draw off from the land and then addressed the people on the shore: closing at last his divine discourse he performed a miracle, at once to relieve Peter who had taken no fish that day, and to convert him entirely to his service, and make him a "Fisher of men." Calling Peter, he bade him let down his net: the future chief of the apostles, promptly answered that though they had labored all night in vain, at His word he would again let down his net. His prompt faith was rewarded; the net began to break from the immense number of fish it contained, so that Peter had to call to his partners the sons of Zebedee, who brought their bark alongside, and soon both vessels were filled almost to sinking.

THE MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

Peter, prompt in every act, but full of faith recognized the almighty power of our Lord. Overwhelmed with a sense of his own unworthiness, no sooner had they reached the shore and enabled our Saviour to land than he fell on his knees exclaiming: "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." But Jesus reassured him, with the prophetic answer "Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men." Words, which Cardinal Wiseman thus beautifully develops: "From henceforward thou shalt catch men, as plentifully and as marvellously as, just now, thou hast caught fishes. Thou shalt cast thy net into the vast and dark depths of the spiritual ocean, and thou shalt draw up in it safe and lay up in thy bark, thousands, who shall bless the hour of their capture."

RELIGIOUS POLITICS.

The "no-popery" branch of the "American" organization occasionally illustrates, in a very pleasant way, its peculiar antipathy to the "intermeddling of the clergy with politics." We are particularly reminded of this, by a report of the proceedings at the late anniversary meeting of the "American and Foreign Christian Union,"—a society professedly "devoted to the diffusion of Protestantism, among members of the Catholic Church."

About the season when the wild geese of the Chesapeake, with a congenial instinct, are taking wing for the North, all the weak-minded men and the strong-minded women engaged in the propagation of *isms*, turn their faces, by common consent, towards the City of New York. During what is called "Anniversary Week" (or probably "Anniversary Month," for we do not profess to be accurate in this) there is on exhibition, in the great commercial metropolis, more ferocious philanthropy and foolish wisdom—more intemperate temperance and unchristian Christianity, than can be found any where else, in the known world, at any one time and place. Broadway is converted into a grand parade-ground, for all sorts of spiritual, moral and physical inventors and regenerators. Intellectual spinsters, in loose inexpressibles and short hair, may be seen promenading with African brethren, in proud superiority to feminine prejudice and the sinful loathings of "Southern man-stealers." Wild-eyed visionaries, with uncombed beards and arms full of pamphlets and newspapers, gather round the doors of the "Tribune" office. Table-tipping mediums, with ghost-written autographs from Shakspeare and Tom Paine, go hurrying to their "circles," to open a new mail from Pandemonium. Sprinkled profusely, among the crowds that rush and swell along the mighty thoroughfare, are lean dyspeptic gentlemen, in white cravats and black dress coats, bent upon converting the world to something or other and bettering their own condition by the process. Issuing pompously, from busy "repositories" and "book concerns," come many seniors in Israel—the sable butterflies to whom the lean gentlemen referred to are the chrysales—men whose fortunes and reputations are already made, and whose ampler rotundity and complacent visages give manifest token of the same. These are the Presidents, or Chairmen, or Heads of Boards and Committees—the staff-officers of the ismatic army. After night-fall, every place of public assembly (not fortunately dedicated already to rational amusement) is occupied by these "earnest" people and their adherents. Oratory cries aloud, without distinction of gender or color. All that applause, excitement, metaphysics, fanaticism and gaslight can do, to set men and women beside themselves and keep them so, has its full sweep, night after night. The news boys, reporters and hotel keepers have a glorious harvest of it, and the oxen that tread out the grain go somewhat unmuzzled themselves. The orgasm, after a while, subsides. The enthusiasts go home, warranted to continue crazy till the next season—the old-stagers, behind the scenes, taking care, meanwhile, of the practical ends and substantial purposes which were meant to be subserved by the saturnalia. Some score or two of great men are added to the number of the next year's leaders, and when they and their comrades have gone home, to water their laurels, Broadway relapses into its old habits and looks, until a Bill Poole funeral or a Barnum's Baby Show comes to clothe it with newer motley.

On these enlivening occasions, the "Man of Sin" has necessarily a hard time of it—furnishing the principal target-practice to the ecclesiastical sharp-shooters.

It is a much easier thing to denounce your neighbor's faith than to act up to your own—if indeed it be not the chief part of your own to find fault with your neighbor's. When medical men of a certain class do not exactly know what to prescribe, they generally administer calomel. To give nothing would injure the business, and it is not every one who will swallow bread pills. The theological practitioner of the same kidney is in somewhat of the same predicament. The excitement must be kept up. To administer no stimulants, or weak ones, would never answer, and when, as so often happens, there is nothing else at hand, a dose of "No-Popery" comes into play with great effect. The common-places too, about "Babylon," are so simple and familiar as to be within the reach of the callowest understanding. They serve therefore, for the clerical hustings, precisely the same purpose that the star-spangled banner and the American eagle are made to answer on the confessedly political rostrum. People talk about them who can talk of nothing else, and men shout at them who can understand nothing else. They rush in, wherever there is a vacuum, and they make a stir wherever there is stagnation. We repeat, therefore, that it is no wonder the "Man of Sin" is belabored whenever the anniversaries are celebrated. What would become of the theological army and navy—the generals and commodores—the rank and the file—were there not now and then a rumor of wars and enemies? Who marvels that the shepherd-interest should encourage the cry of "wolf!"? The thing is as plain as sunshine. The questions answer themselves.

This brings us again to the "Christian Union." It is not our purpose to quarrel here with the avowed object of the Society—the conversion of Catholics to Protestantism. Neither do we intend to discuss the resolutions offered, which confine themselves to that object. Our present concern is altogether with the *modus operandi* which the proceedings disclose. As an introduction to this, we give one of the resolutions entire.

> "*Resolved,* That the three and a half millions of Romanists now in the United States, with 10 bishops, 1,704 priests, 1,824 so-called churches, 37 ecclesiastical institutions, 21 incorporated colleges, and 117 female academies, 21 weekly newspapers devoted to their interests, conducted in the German, French, and English languages—*the immigration among us, chiefly from papal countries, of* 460,000 *inhabitants during the last year,* and the receipt of not less than a quarter of a million of dollars in the same time from Europe, to be expended in propagating Romanism in our country, is well worthy of the most careful consideration of every American citizen, and should lead to the study of the system, till it is understood, and to *vigorous efforts to guard against its encroachments, and to enlighten and save its deluded victims.*"

How does the reader think that all this enlightening and saving is to be done? The following extract from a condensed statement of the Directors Report, read by the Rev. Dr. Baird, as it appeared in the New York papers, will furnish a refreshing view of the process:

> "During the year the Board of Directors have distributed *somewhat extensively, the speech of Lewis Cass on the subject of the religious rights of American citizens in foreign countries, delivered in the Senate of the United States on the* 13*th of May last*—the speech of the Hon. Mr. Brofferio, on the subject of *the suppression of monasteries and nunneries in Sardinia,* delivered in the National Parliament on the 10th day of January last—the speech of the Hon. J. O. Putnam on the 'Church property question,' delivered in the Senate of the State of New York on the 30th of January last—and a *pamphlet of thirty-two pages, octavo, on the subject of 'The imminent dangers to the Free Institutions of the United States through Foreign immigration, and the present state of the Naturalization laws,* by an American.'"

It was in view, no doubt, of the distribution of these various sacred works, that the following modest and self-congratulatory resolution passed the meeting, *nem. con.*:

> "*Resolved*, That the American and Foreign Christian Union is an illustration of the actual unity of Evangelical Christians of all denominations, in respect to the essential *doctrines and principles of the Gospel*—and also of the practicability of their harmonious and effective co-operation in *resisting the encroachments of ruinous religious errors, and of enlarging the sphere of Gospel truth among men*, without prejudice to the interests of the bodies to which they respectively belong, as members of the family of Christ; and it is worthy of the esteem and should receive the countenance of all Christian people."

We have some experience and appreciation of the gravity with which people can bring themselves to put forth strange things, but we confess that to read over the list of the Society's publications and to connect with them the idea of "enlarging the sphere of Gospel truth among men," goes somewhat beyond the ordinary stretch. When that venerable and respectable gentleman, the Hon. Mr. Cass, let loose upon the Senate and the newspapers his ocean of twaddle, he no doubt thought that some returning wave of it might float him into the White House—that haven where he would be. But surely not even he imagined that he would be taken for a missionary, or that his speech was to convert any but the un-democratic heathen. If it occurred to him, for a moment, that he was to receive "the countenance of all Christian people"—he no doubt trusted that he should have it at the ballot-box and count it in the election-returns. As to the idea that he was helping "to enlighten and save the deluded victims" of "Romanism,"—when he was only preaching to save votes,—we would stake our own chances for the Presidency, that it never flitted across his dreams. We do not profess to remember the Hon. Senator's speech, because that is impossible, but our general recollection of its qualities leads us to believe that the "victims" who read it will be much more "deluded" than numerous.

We pass by the "Hon. Mr. Brofferio," because we know nothing about him, and the "Hon. J. O. Putnam" for precisely the contrary reason. But what does the reader think of the "pamphlet of thirty-two pages octavo," on the "imminent dangers to the free institutions of the United States through foreign immigration and the present state of the naturalization laws?" It may be a very good pamphlet, for aught we know—but hardly in a missionary point of view, unless, like the "Christian Union," it wanders considerably from its title. "Foreign immigration" and the "naturalization laws" seem, to our poor perception, somewhat remotely connected with the saving of souls and the "doctrines and principles of the Gospel." How the "ruinous religious errors," which the Union was meant to correct, must disappear before these lucubrations on the act of Congress! What an illustration the emigrant statistics must furnish, of "the actual unity of Evangelical Christians of all denominations!"

Now what surprises us in all this, is, not the fact that such schemes should be gotten up under sanctified names, but that in the face of such demonstrations—with evidence like this, furnished by the parties themselves—men who can read, are asked to believe, and some men actually do believe, that the crusade now going on against Catholics and foreigners is all patriotism and honesty and spontaneous Americanism, and that there is no such thing as clerical intermeddling with it or religious propagandism at the bottom of it. Here is one of the most conspicuous and influential Protestant religious associations—confessedly representing all the "evangelical" denominations, and glorying in the proof that it does so—dedicating its large resources to the dissemination of electioneering speeches and Know-Nothing pamphlets—and deliberately reporting the fact to the public, as a demonstration of its own usefalness and success. Nay more—the following resolution will show, that this new and extraordinary method of spreading "the essential doctrines and principles of the Gospel," is claimed to have secured "the divine approval," so signally, as to stimulate the "friends of the Union" to "do more" than ever, if possible, of the same thing, during "the current year." We give the resolution in full.

> "*Resolved*, That *the success which has attended the labors of the American and Foreign Christian Union among the Roman Catholics in the United States*, and also in South America, Hayti, Canada, Ireland, Belgium, France, and Sardinia, demonstrates the practicability of the work which the society has undertaken, and ***gives assurance of the Divine approval of the efforts that have been put forth***, and constitutes a strong argument for the Board of Directors and friends of the Union ***to seek to do more during the current year in this great cause than has been attempted in any*** preceding time."

No doubt, by the next anniversary meeting, we shall have the works of Miss Bunkley and the Hon. Mr. Brooks, with the proceedings of the Know-Nothing convention at Philadelphia and all the oratorical efforts of the Know-Nothing members of the next Congress, scattered broadcast over the land by the Christian Union—"enlightening and saving" the largest possible number of voters, and securing their "harmonious and effective co-operation," in the election of a President, who shall be acceptable to "Evangelical Christians!" All of this may be very proper and very American. It may be consistent with the teachings of religion and the lessons of patriotism. It may be liberal and tolerant—a blessed contrast to "Popish" bigotry, and an excellent and civilizing thing to spread over the world, from Hayti to Sardinia. Upon these points we have nothing, just now, to say. We only ask that the scheme shall be called by its right name. We only desire to let the light shine in upon the work. We only beg that we may not be called by hard names, for saying that a stupendous plan of religious usurpation is going on, through the country, under the guise of a political reform, and that a political revolution is throbbing in our midst, every pulse of whose vitality is hot with religious hatred and with clerical lust of power. X.

THE IMAGE BREAKERS.

Concluded.

"ON our return we questioned them in the tenderest manner as to the nature of the terrible misfortune which had changed their nature so completely. They only looked at us with the kindest faces, pressed our hands, cast down their eyes, and, from time to time, with an expression that still pierces my heart, wiped away the tears off their cheeks. As soon as we arrived at their residence, they made a cross of two birch rods and setting it in a little lump of wax they placed it on the table between two candles, which the maid had just brought into the room. The crowd of their friends and acquaintances increased rapidly, and while we stood in detached groups grasping each other's hands and speechless with grief, and horror, looked on at their silent unearthly conduct, they knelt down around the table, and as if their senses were impervious to every other impression, commenced to pray. They neither regarded the food, which they had ordered in the morning to be prepared for the entertainment of their companions to glorify their intended exploit, nor, as the night grew later, did they pay any attention when we told them of the beds, which as they seemed fatigued had been arranged in the next room. However, not to excite the anger of the landlord whom this strange behaviour began to render uneasy, after the lapse of two or three hours, we sat down at another table, and as well as we were able, partook of an entertainment which I may truly say was seasoned with the salt of our bitter tears. Suddenly it struck the hour for midnight. Your four sons, after listening a moment to the dying sounds of the bell, started up in simultaneous excitement, and whilst we, laying down our napkins, watched for the consequences of this strange movement, they commenced in a terrible and stunning voice to sing the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. But such singing! You would think you heard leopards and wolves infuriated with hunger howling at night under a wintry sky. I assure you the walls shook, and the windows, struck with the visible blast of their lungs, rattled as if handfulls of sand had been thrown against them. At this horrible commencement, frightened out of our senses, with hair on end, we rushed out of the house, leaving our coats and hats behind in our eagerness to get away. The streets were soon filled by hundreds roused out of their sleep at the fearful noise. They pressed tumultuously up the stairs to the dining-hall to find out the cause of this horrible, this maddening bellowing, which seemed to come from the lips of damned spirits shrieking for mercy from the lowest depths of the pit.

"But uninterrupted by the indignant rage of the landlord, or by the terrified outcries of the surrounding crowds, your sons continued to chaunt forth their awful song. At last the clock struck one, and they suddenly ceased. They wiped away the perspiration which streamed in large drops from their forehead down to their chin and breast. They spread out their cloaks and lay down on the floor to take some rest after an hour's work at such exhausting labor. The host would not allow them to be disturbed, made the sign of the cross over them as soon as they were asleep, and exerted himself to clear the room of the crowds that still lingered there, amazed at the strange occurrence, and whispering each other all kinds of conjectures. He was delighted at the momentary reprieve from the contemplation of such a painful sight, and was quite confident that the morning would bring a salutary and permanent change. But alas! at the first dawn of day, the unhappy men were already up, and, standing opposite the cross which was still on the table, they again commenced the same dreary, monastic life that only exhausted nature had for a moment compelled them to relinquish. Their sad countenances melted the heart of the good landlord, but they heeded not his advice and refused his help: they only gently asked him to dismiss their friends on their arrival in their rooms where they had been accustomed to assemble every morning for the last few weeks. The landlord had been a considerable gainer by their hospitable habits, and besides was naturally well disposed towards them, but he now saw himself compelled to lay the whole matter before the Justice, and begged to be delivered from the presence of these four men of whom he had no doubt the evil spirit had taken possession. Upon this they were subjected to medical inspection and no doubts being entertained as to their insanity, they were conveyed to where you have seen them, the Lunatic Asylum, which the graciousness of our late emperor had just then completed within the walls of our city."

This and much more the worthy Herr Veit Gotthelf, the cloth merchant, detailed to the afflicted lady, and before they separated besought her more than once to do nothing to implicate him in case the matter should ever come to the ears of justice. The other particulars we suppress, because we think enough has been said, to give the reader just ideas regarding the connection between the incidents. Three days after this, the poor mother still painfully suffering from the effects of the mournful intelligence, leaning on the arm of a friend, took a walk towards the convent with the melancholy purpose of beholding the terrible theatre where the unseen lightning of Heaven had struck her sons so fearfully to the earth. They found the door-way blocked up with planks, and great heaps of stone and mortar lying around. Their view being thus limited to the outside of the church, they continued for some time to look at the many hundred workmen singing at their labor, actively engaged on the slender, complicated scaffolding, in raising the towers a third higher, and in replacing the shingles that had covered the roof with strong, shining, copper that brilliantly reflected the sun's rays. As they looked they saw a black thunder cloud with golden edges hovering over the building. There had been already a little thunder in the neighborhood of the city, and they thought the cloud portended a storm. But as they looked they saw it shoot out a few impotent flashes in the direction of the cathedral, and then gradually dissolve and die away murmuring in the East.

It happened that as they stood there, making sad reflections on all that they saw, a sister belonging to the convent, passing by them, learned by chance who they were. The abbess, informed of the circumstance, and already aware that the mother was in possession of a letter that threw some light on the mysteries of the never-to-be-forgotten Corpus Christi, immediately sent back the sister with a polite request for the honor of an interview. The poor lady though confused for a moment, nevertheless respectfully expressed her compliance, and leaving her friend under charge of the sister, who conducted her into an apartment near the entrance, she ascended the grand stair case and proceeded through wide folding doors into the beautifully constructed gallery. There she found the abbess, a noble lady of royal mien, sitting on a sofa, her feet resting on a stool supported by dragon's claws, and at her side a desk, on which lay the scores of a piece of music. She received her visitor with much courteousness, begged her to be seated and told her, that, through the burgomaster she had been informed of her arrival in Aix-la-Chapelle. In the kindest manner she inquired after her unfortunate sons and tried to console her for their unhappy fate. At last she asked to see the letter that the Preacher had written to his friend the school-teacher in Antwerp. The mother possessed experience enough to foresee the possible consequences of letting the contents be known, and at first felt some embarrassment. Looking again however at the saintly countenance of the abbess and finding it impossible to believe that it could be her purpose to make a public use of the letter, after a few moments consideration, she took it out of her bosom and presented it with a respectful kiss on the back of the hand which the noble lady stretched forth to receive it.

While the abbess perused the letter, the mother took occasion to notice more particularly the piece of music that was lying carelessly open on the desk beside her. From the information of the cloth merchant having been led to suppose that it was the power of these tones that had destroyed the senses of her poor children on that terrible day, she now asked the sister who stood behind her in a whisper if *that* was the Mass which had been played on the morning of the eventful Corpus Christi six years ago? The sister replied in the affirmative and added that since that time whenever it was not in use it had been always kept in the chamber of the lady abbess. Trembling with emotion she rose up and stood before the desk. With mingled awe and curiosity she contemplated those unknown magical characters with which a terrible spirit seemed to have wrought such a mysterious circle and she was near sinking to the earth at finding it open at the GLORIA IN EXCELSIS. She felt as if the entire crushing thunder-force of the tones which had overwhelmed her sons was hovering over her own head. She feared losing her senses at the very sight, and, seized with an uncontrollable emotion of humility and submission to the almost divine omnipotence, she pressed the paper to her lips and fell back almost fainting on the chair.

By this time the abbess had read the letter and now folding it, she said,—

" God himself protected the convent on that wonderful day against the audacity of your unhappy sons. The means employed may indeed appear trifling to you who are a Protestant.

" Know, however, that to this day no one can tell who it was that quietly seated herself at the organ, and directed the performance of the piece of music you see before you at the fearful moment when the Image Breakers were about to commence their impious work. By sworn testimony, taken on the following morning in presence of the steward and several other men, and now on record, it was proved that Sister Antonia, the only person able to direct the piece, had been lying all the time of its performance in the bed in the corner of her cell, sick, unable to use her limbs and indeed altogether unconscious. The sister, a blood relation of hers, who had been ordered to attend her during her illness, had never quitted her bedside for a single moment all that morning of Corpus Christi whilst mass was being celebrated in the cathedral. Sister Antonia herself would doubtlessly have confirmed this evidence had her unconscious condition admitted of her being questioned, and if she had not died that very evening of the nervous fever, which though she had lain under it for some time, had not previously assumed an alarming character. The Archbishop of Treves to whom the circumstances were reported in full, at last gave it to us as his opinion that it was ST. CECILIA herself that had wrought this miracle at once terrible and admirable, and told us that he had received a brief from the Pope which confirmed him in his idea."

The abbess then returned the letter which she had asked for only to obtain some more particular information regarding what she had already known too well, and promised never to make its contents public. Before letting the mother depart, she inquired if she still entertained any hope of her sons' recovery and if her own services, by means of money or in any other way, could be of any use towards such a desirable end. But the poor lady only kissed her garment in token of gratitude and said with tears that she totally despaired of ever again seeing her sons restored to their senses: then having received an affectionate embrace she withdrew.

Here ends the Legend. The afflicted lady whose longer presence in Aix-la-Chapelle would have been quite useless as well as painful, after leaving the greater part of her little fortune in the hands of the Magistrate for the benefit of her sons, went back to her own country, and much impressed with all that she had experienced, a year afterwards entered the bosom of the Catholic Church. But her sons lived to an advanced age, and died a serene and happy death, one morning, just as they had finished chaunting with greater enthusiasm than ever another GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

E. R.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER VII.

Quitting the light house apparently well pleased with his visit, Mr. Weeks threw his broken fishing rod on his shoulder and set out for Crohan with as much speed as his long shambling limbs and slow habits would admit of. Already it was all but dark, and as the distance he had to walk, some four good Irish miles, and that over rough mountainous roads, he resolved to travel somewhat faster than usual, in order to reach Crohan before the family retired to rest.

And here it should be remarked that the Hardwrinkle family was a very grave and orderly family, a family in fact guided by rule in every thing. They never sat up later than nine o'clock on any occasion whatever. Even the night of Mr. Weeks' arrival, as soon as the deep-toned clock in the great hall struck the appointed hour the seven sisters in the order of seniority rose up each in their turn and approaching their American cousin, bid him good night with a gravity of deportment that well became the high reputation they had long acquired throughout the parish for unostentatious piety and evangelical perfection.

This strict mode of living was by no means new to Mr. Weeks, for he was bred and born in the land of steady habits himself, and therefore could well appreciate the value his cousins set upon that particular family regulation. This feeling added to the danger of being caught in the approaching storm amongst the wild gorges of Benraven, prompted him to tax his physical energies a little more freely than usual.

He had not proceeded very far, however, on his journey, when he found his rapid pace suddenly checked, by a tall muffled figure that rose up before him on the road and requested him to stop.

"Who's there?" demanded Weeks, coming to a dead halt.

"A friend."

"What friend—Else Curley?"

"Ay," said the old woman, wrapping her gray cloak round her head and shoulders, and advancing from the rock where she had been sitting, to the middle of the road. "Ay, it's me. I stepped down to meet ye at yer up comin, to hear the news. Hem! what's the good word, sir?"

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"Why all's about right there, I guess," responded Mr. Weeks, grounding his fishing rod and resting his hands on the end of it.

"Plazed with yer visit, I hope."

"Well yes—got along pretty slick."

"Ye seen her, then," said Else.

"Oh, can't say I saw much of her to speak of."

"But ye think she'll shuit ye, any way."

"Yes, reckon so, she's handsome enough, but kinder skittish, I guess."

"Oh, av course, what else could ye expect at the first goin off."

"No, that's all right. Irish girls are generally somewhat shy at the beginning. But I've no fear we'll bring her up to the hitchin post."

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, "don't be too sure i' that. Remember she has the ould blood in her veins."

"Psaugh! humbug! old blood."

"Ye don't believe in that."

"Not I, it's all sheer gammon."

"Humph! see that now! E'then, sure we poor crathurs down here always heerd it said that the blood of the Talbots was as hard to tame as the blood of the aigles."

"The Talbots."

"Ay."

"And who are they?" demanded Weeks, looking sharply in the old woman's face.

"The Talbots—why musha thin, did ye niver heer tell i' the Talbots?" said Else, eying him with a very equivocal expression of countenance.

"No—don't remember exactly."

"Hoot, jog yer mimery a bit—the name's not so mighty scarce that ye niver heerd it afore. But no matter now, sure, time enough to speak i' them things, when we're betther acquent."

"Them things," repeated Weeks, "what things? By golly you're quite mysterious, this evening, old lady: say what am I to understand by *them* things?"

"Oh, nothin, nothin, worth a talkin of," replied Else, "your'e in a hurry now, ye know, and besides there's McSwine's gun tearin away like fury. Ye'd betther make haste sir, or the storm 'ill be on, afore ye get home."

As Else spoke, a thundering sound broke like a peal of distant thunder, on the still air and echoed heavily and slowly along the shore and then away among the deep ravines of the mountains. The little fleecy cloud too which but half an hour gone, had been hardly perceptible on the western horizon, had now rolled up in piles dark and dense to the eastward, and passing the light house, spread far and wide over the clear sky.

"What's that?" demanded Weeks, turning to look in the direction of the sound. "It's like a heavy broadside at sea, ain't it?"

"Ay," responded Else, "it's not unlike it; but the reports of all the guns on the say and the channell batteries to boot, never carried fear to as many hearts as that can call. God luk to the poor vessels out there the night, they'll need good gear and stout arms to win through Tory Island gut, if this storm catches them within thirty leagues of the coast."

"And what means that bright light out there? It looks like the flame of a burning ship reflected against the dark heavens."

"Oh, that's only from the lantern of Tory light," said Else, "McSwine's gun is just beyond it to the west;" and the old woman in reply to her companion's inquiry explained the cause of its loud report, assigning it of course as all such things are popularly assigned to a supernatural agency. "It's said," she added, "by the ould people, that it niver was heerd afore the Parliament was taken away from us, and niver will stop firing the death gun of the nation till it comes back."

"Psaugh!" ejaculated Weeks, "what a notion. That's some of your priests' stories, I guess. But, see here, about that Talbot —"

"And there goes the Devil's juloh too," interrupted Else, "look at the spindrifts as they begin to fly across the iron bridge. Take a friend's advice, Mr. Weeks, and hurry home as fast as ye can, for my word on it if ye don't, ye'll find a wet jacket afore ye reach Crohan. Good night, sir, good night," and Else made another motion to leave.

"Say, hold on," cried Weeks detaining her by the skirt of her cloak, "hold on, I can wait and hear what you've got to say about the Talbots. How can they concern me—eh?"

"Oh, not the laste in the world, how could they, since ye niver heerd tell i' them afore."

"Well, but still I may have been connected with them somehow unknown to me."

"Ha, ha," laughed the old woman gathering the scanty cloak still closer round her emaciated shoulders, as she felt the first breath of the coming storm, and chuckling within its folds, like one of Macbeth's witches gloating over her boiling caldron. "Ha, ha, unbeknown to ye, indeed."

"Come, come," said Weeks, "I want no more fooling just now. You kinder insinewate I had some connection, I hadn't ought to, with folks name of Talbot."

"Hush," said Else looking about her, "don't spake so loud."

"Nonsense! loud! I'm an American born and aint afraid to speak out before any human in creation."

"That's mighty bould," observed Else, "but cowards they say sometimes spake the loudest."

"Well, that's *my* way of doing things, nevertheless."

"And a brave way it is too sir, for them that can carry it through, but sacrets ye know, shud be spoke in whispers, and above all, *deep dark* sacrets," and the old crone fixed her gray weasel eyes on the face of the Yankee, and then added, "so don't mintion that name again above yer breath, for somebody might be listenin."

"What name, Talbot?"

"Whist! I say, the night's dark."

"Dark! I don't care a brass cent, woman; nonsense! Well, I swonnie if this aint the greatest attempt at humbug I have met since I left —"

"Ducksville," subjoined Else in a low stealthy tone, leering at him the while from under her hood. "And so ye'd like to hear the sacret."

"Yes, out with it," said Weeks confidently, "I aint afraid. If you've got a secret regarding me, tell it. For my part I know of no secret, and I dread none either."

"And might I make bould to ask ye what brought ye here then, if ye hav'n't."

"Why I came to visit my cousins;" and besides, that consignment you're aware of."

"Humph, yer consignment, and are the Hardwrinkles yer cousins?" demanded Else.

"Well, mother says so; she ought to know something about it, I guess, being the only surviving sister of the late Mr. Hardwrinkle, and so," continued Weeks, "rather disposed to marry, I took a fancy to offer my hand and fortune to Mary Lee."

"And what wud ye marry her for, if it's a fair question?"

"Her beauty, of course, she has nothing else to recommend her, I reckon."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Else, in hoarse hollow tones, that sounded like the voice of the dead from the depths of a church vault, her toothless gums mumbling the words as she uttered them, "ha, ha, her beauty indeed—the beauty of William Talbot's gold, id be nearer the truth, I'm thinkin."

Weeks heard the name, quite distinctly, and the hearing of it seemed to paralyze him, for the fishing rod fell from his hands, without his seeming to notice it.

"Humph!" said Else pursuing her advantage, "marry Mary Lee for her beauty, a girl ye niver set eyes on, till ye seen her, not three hours ago, on Loch Elg. Hoot, toot, sir, don't be foolish; yer a greate aisy spoken man to be sure, and might pass for what ye plaze with the simple counthry gawkies here on the wild mountains, but as for me, I'm a little too ould in the horn to be blindfolded that way."

"You misunderstand me, old lady," said Weeks, picking up his fishing rod and endeavoring to compose himself.

"Well, listen to me for a minit and ye'll hear my raisons. Didn't ye bargain with me for my good word with Mary Lee."

"Yes."

"And didn't ye bargain with me moreover if my good word id fail to delud her with spells and charms, an that afore iver ye seen a faiture of her face."

"No, that's a mistake," responded Weeks, "I saw her at the Catholic Chapel before I saw you, and determined to have her at any sacrifice."

"Saw her, may be so, but ye didn't see her face; she was veil'd, wasn't she?"

"Can't say as to that; saw enough at least to know she was a handsome girl. Why should she be veil'd—eh?"

"Niver mind; she has her own raisons, I suppose, but this mutch I can tell ye, that many's the little up settin squireen and purse proud *budagh* threw themselves in her way the last twel'month and more, as she went in an out of Massmount Chapel of a Sunday mornin, lanin on her uncle's arm, to stale a glimpse at her 'bonnie 'een,' and got little for their pains when all was done. No, no, sir, ye seen that bright sunny face this blissed day for the first time in yer life, or I'm far out i' my recknin."

"Well, saw enough to know she's a handsome girl," stammered out Weeks, hardly knowing what to say in the face of Else's positive assertion.

"And listen to me again," continued the latter, still following up her advantage, "why didn't ye thry the girl yerself afore ye came my length? Yer not so handsome that she'd be lakely to fall plump in love with ye, to be sure; but still yer not so ill lookin aither for a foreigner, and then to the back i' that, ye've as many goold rings, chains and gaglygaws about ye, as might set any young crathur's heart a flutterin. Why in the name i' wondher, I say, didn't ye thry what ye cud do yerself afore ye'd go to the expense of engagin me."

"Why I wanted to be spry about it," responded Weeks. "Time's money to me, I count hours dollars and minutes cents. I couldn't afford to wait no how. But pray, how does it concern you what my views and motives are, if I pay you price when the job's done."

"Ay, ay," muttered Else; "that's it—that's it. Ye thought ye'd make short work of it, for fear the sacret id lake out. Humph! I see; and yer cousins, as ye call them, the Hardwrinkles made ye blieve I was a witch I'll warrint, and cud do more with spells and charms, than you with all yer fine airs and boasted riches.

Ay, ay, ye thought I was an ould hell born divil ithout sowl or conscience, ready to do yer dirty work an ask no questions aither. But yer mistaken Mr. Weeks, cute as you are ye'll find me just as canny; and I tell ye what it is, may I niver see the sun again, if all the dollars in America, cud buy me over to move one hair's breath in this dark plot, if it wasn't for the sake of Mary Lee, herself."

Weeks paused for an instant ere he replied. The solemn declaration he had just heard, and made with so much apparent sincerity, completely puzzled him. It was a phase in the old woman's character, he had never noticed before. Already indeed he had penetrated enough to see that she was by no means the kind of person common report represented her, nor such as he took her for himself on his first visit to the Cairn. Since then however, her character had been slowly and gradually developing itself, but still in such a manner as neither to surprise nor startle him He hardly knew what to make of her. Every mark—every characteristic of the original woman seemed to have gradually vanished one by one. Her decrepitude, her stupidity, her peevishness, her deafness, her blindness had all disappeared day after day, and so completely that at last he could hardly believe in her very identity. The wretched being he found but a month gone, sitting over her peat fire with her goat by her side, and looking as stolid as if all her mental faculties had fled, now stood before him, an active, shrewd, energetic woman. All about her was changed—all save the furrows of her brown skin, and the gray elf locks which still stole out from under the band of her ruffled cap. After such a metamorphosis, what wonder if Weeks began to suspect, (and especially after so solemn a declaration as he had just heard) that her reputed lust of gold was like all the other charges made against her, and which he himself had found to be false. And how could he tell now but it was her love of Mary Lee, rather than her love of gold that led her to take so lively an interest in his affairs. But be that as it might, Mr. Weeks felt confused and puzzled to his wit's end, and finally resolved to let Else have her own way, believe what she pleased of him, and carry out her own views to benefit her protégé after her own fashion.

"So it's entirely for the girl's sake," he at length replied, "that you consent to aid me in the matter of this marriage."

"Humph, I love goold," responded Else, "but I love Mary Lee better."

"Then you should relinquish your claim on the remaining three of the five hundred dollars I promised you," said Weeks, "since you serve her interests, not mine."

"Not a brass copper of it," replied Else; "not a copper. No, no; so far from that, I'll be expectin another hundred by this time next Thursday."

"Another, whew! Well, well, you shall have it," said Weeks, promptly, "for after all, it don't matter a punkin seed to me what your motives are, if you only secure me the girl."

"Nor the girl's love or beauty a punkin seed aither, if ye can only make her yer wife."

"Well, don't know about that."

"Hoot, sir, ye know, as well as the sowl's in yer body, that ye don't care a chaw i' tabacky for her beauty. Yer afther somethin ye value more nor beauty, or I'm not Else Curley i' the Cairn."

"You're not what I once took you for, that's certain," replied Weeks. "You may be the d—l for what I know—and just as like as any thing else, for aught I can see to the contrary."

"Ha, ha, I'm not the dotin ould crone yer friends id make me out, that id sell her sowl to fill her pockets."

"I required no such sacrifice," responded Weeks. "I employed you to serve me in a perfectly lawful transaction, from which no injury could possibly result to either party."

"Humph! and suppose the girl was left a fortin by a friend in *furrin parts*," said Else, "what then? Who'd be the gainer? I'd like to know."

"Gainer? Why, I guess I'm good enough for her, any way you can fix it, fortune or no fortune," said Weeks, thrusting his hands into his breeches pockets and hitching up his cap behind with the collar of his coat. "Yes, old lady, good enough if she had fifty fortunes."

"Good enough for her!" repeated Else, looking into his face, her thin, wrinkled lips turning up in scorn as she spoke. "You good enough for Mary Lee!"

"Ay, or for any other Irish girl, by crackie, that ever stepped in shoe leather," cried the Yankee, jingling up the silver change in his pockets.

"Hah, hah!" laughed Else, "that's mighty modest."

"Well, them's my sentiments."

"Yer wakeness, ye mane."

"No, ma'am, my solemn conviction. The son of an American revolutionist is good enough, I take it, for the biggest—darndest old aristocrat's daughter in the land, all-fired proud as they feel."

"May be so, may be so," quietly replied Else. "But if that's yer way i' thinkin, I'd advise ye keep it to yerself. Such talk as that may sound big in America, but it on't go down here."

"Here—and what the tarnation are ye, that an American born can't speak his sentiments right out, just as he pleases."

"Oh then indeed it's true for ye; bad scran to the much we are. But still ye know we have our feelins as well as other people. And in troth now, between ourselves, Mr. Weeks, it's not to say very seemly to hear a man like you, without a dhrop i' dacent blood in his veins comin over here and settin himself up as an aiqual for the best in the land. Wow! wow! sir, it's mighty provokin to see a stranger takin sich airs on himself afore he's a month in the country."

"My dear woman, you're behind the age I guess two three centuries down here in this section. If you only kept run of the times you'd soon come to find, that an American always makes himself at home wherever he goes—that his very name's a passport to every which country in creation."

"Bedad thin if ye thry that same passport here I'm afeerd it won't take, if ye don't spake a little modester nor ye do now. Little as ye think iv the Irish abroad, faith there's some i' them at home here, that'll make ye keep a civil distance, if ye don't keep a civil tongue in yer head. Mind that, sir, and don't forget it, aither, as long as yer in the country."

"Well," said Weeks, somewhat taken aback by Else's contemptuous disregard of a claim, which he thought irresistible all over the world, and especially in poverty-stricken Ireland, "well, I was always taught to reckon a free born American good enough for any woman in creation, and I rather think, old lady, you'll have to try hard before you unsettle that opinion. Cousin Nathan—I mentioned his name once before, I guess—cousin Nathan was considerable of a shrewd man in his way—as shrewd, I presume, as most men in that section of the country—well, he was a man that was always posted up in every thing relating to Europe and European aristocracy, and he told me often and often that a free born American was good enough ——"

"Paugh! free born fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Else. "What the plague do we care about yer free born Americans or yer cousin Nathans aither. We're abliged to ye to be sure, for sendin us over what ye did in our time of need, an ill it id be our common to forget it, or indeed our childher after us for that matter, but in the name i' patience have sense, and don't take the good out in all ye do by goin about boastin and puffin yer Americanism that way, like an auctioneer sellin caligaes at a fair."

"Boasting," repeated Weeks, "well, there! Boasting, why if there's any thing in this world I hate more than another, it is boasting. I never boast—never. The people of these old reduced nations here, may boast, and the poorer they happen to be, the greater braggarts they are. But our nation is too dignified, too intelligent for that; she's too great to stoop to such trifles. No, no, I merely stated a fact, and I repeat it again, that a free American, a son of the immortal Washington, is good enough for the best and highest blood in creation."

"Very good," said Else, "every body has a right to his own opinion, I suppose. But don't talk that way to Edward Lee, if you don't want to pick a quarrel with him. For never was flint fuller iv fire than ye'll find him if ye touch his family pride by such presumin talk as that."

"Well, hold on a bit. I've got an all-fired sure way of bringing down that same family pride a peg or two, and without a quarrel either. See if I ha'n't."

"Why, indeed an word," said Else, "and to tell ye truth, may-be that itself wudn't be the worst thing ye cud do after all, for I'm thinkin they'll have to be beggared before they're betthered, the crathurs.

"What does that mean?" demanded Weeks.

"Why, that afther all our schamin, Mary Lee won't have ye till she finds there's no other way to save herself and her uncle from the poorthouse or the jail."

Whilst Else Curley was yet speaking the crack of a pistol made Weeks turn his eyes quickly up in the direction of the little cabin on the Cairn. The night, however, was so pitchy dark, that he could see nothing beyond the edge of the road, and still judging from the sharpness of the report, he suspected the weapon must have been discharged within a dozen paces of where he stood. Wondering what this could mean in a spot so remote and a night so dark and threatening, for the breeze of evening had now changed into occasional gusts, and big drops of rain began to fall so heavily as to disturb the dust under his feet,—wondering and still keeping his eyes turned towards the Cairn, he was again startled by a shrill whistle twice repeated, and seemingly as close to him as if it had come from himself. Turning short to demand from his companion what this signal meant, and why she replied to it, he found much to his surprise and vexation that he stood alone—Else was gone. The moment after, however, an answer came to his question, but in a form somewhat different from that in which the astonished American had expected. For hardly had he called the old woman a second time to come back and explain the mystery, when a flash of lightning, instantly followed by clap of thunder, shot across the road and revealed for a second the form and face of the handsome young sailor, whom he had seen conversing with Mary Lee but an hour before on the edge of the precipice. It was but a single flash and lasted no longer than the twinkling of an eye, and yet he saw the young man distinctly—standing on a little knoll within a short call of him, and resting on the boat hook in the very position he had seen him last.

Weeks' first impulse was to follow Else and demand an explanation. The presence of the stranger in fact, at such a time and place, appeared to him rather suspicious, and being inquisitive by nature as well as somewhat apprehensive of

Else's fidelity, he resolved to have the mystery cleared up at once, let the storm rage as it might.

With this magnanimous intention, he strided over the low fence on the road side, and boldly advanced up the hill towards the Cairn. Breathless, as much from agitation of mind as of body, he made his way within fifty paces of Else's cabin, fully determined to have his mind satisfied at all hazards—when, alas for human hopes! he was again destined to meet with disappointment; for just as he had gained the top of the first slope, Nannie presented herself before him, right in the middle of his path. In a second he came to a stand still; the halt, in fact, was as sudden as if he had run against a post.

"Well, there!" he exclaimed, gazing at the old white goat standing before him as stiff and resolute as a sentry on guard—"there! you're ready for mischief again, I see; but go ahead, old belzebub, I'll be darned if you stop me this time," and clutching his fishing rod Celtic fashion, he straightway put himself on his defence.

Nannie, true to the well known habits and instincts of her species, now backed slowly away, till she had receded some ten or twelve paces, and then rearing on her hind feet for an instant made a rush full against the intruder, and would probably have upset him, but Weeks who had some experience of the animal already, evaded the blow by stepping aside at the critical moment, and as she passed struck her on the horns. The goat however seemed not to notice it in the least; for immediately turning and running up the hill to intercept him, she again drew herself up in a position to renew the encounter. It should here be said perhaps, that Nannie had somewhat the advantage of Mr. Weeks, inasmuch as the latter was a stranger in the country, and had but a very indifferent knowledge of the use of his weapon; whereas Nannie, according to common report, was already the "hero of a hundred battles." Besides, she knew her ground better and could see more distinctly in the darkness. With such odds against him, however, Mr. Weeks did his devoir bravely and showed no lack of courage in addressing himself to so strange a combat. At length Nannie again rose up and plunged forward as before with a furious rush, and again missing her aim received a second blow on the horns as violent as the first.

"Come, old she-devil—half catamount, half Lucifer—fire up again; I'll teach you a Yankee trick or two, come on old rattlesnake." But Nannie it seemed was not disposed to renew the encounter so readily as he expected; and taking it for granted she would a second time repeat her manœuvre of running on before him and heading him off, he resolved to benefit by her loss of time in checking her headlong course, and have the start of her for the Cairn. With this object in view he made all possible haste up the hill, and had gained on her a considerable distance, when all of a sudden, and without the slightest anticipation of it on his part, something struck him from behind and threw him back head-foremost down the hill. A statue of stone thrust back from its pedestal down an inclined plane, could not have fallen more helplessly than did Ephraim Weeks. The crash of his body on the beaten foot path might have been heard distinctly at the cabin. He was now completely at the mercy of his enemy. Twice he essayed to regain his feet, and twice did Nannie lay him flat on his back. At length, however, he succeeded so far as to scramble up on his knees, and—as the goat now in the heat of encounter closed in upon him, no longer retreating and advancing as before,—he finally seized her by the horns, and speechless, breathless, furious, there he held her. But what was he to do now? He could not remain kneeling, in that attitude looking in his enemy's face all night, amid the rain and lightning. He was sorely perplexed, for never was he between two such horns of a dilemma before. To let go his hold and strike with the but of his fishing rod, would only enrage her the more, without in the least extricating him from his embarrassment, and to hold her with one hand, whilst he drew out his pocket pistol (a weapon he always carried about him) with the other, was more than he could accomplish. In either case he was likely to find himself as helpless and prostrate as ever, before he could strike a blow or draw a trigger.

"Tarnation seize ye," he cried, looking into the animal's face and shaking her by the horns, "are you man or beast or devil or what are ye?"

Nannie bleated a reply. It was her defiance *à l'outrance.*

"Oh good heavens!" cried Weeks in accents of despair, "is there such another country as this in all almighty creation? Here I am on my knees, pelted with rain, half singed with lightning, and nearly beaten to a mummy by a goat, the very first day I entered on my plans and speculations."

But this condition of things could not long endure—and so Mr. Weeks at last prudently determined to run for it, since he could see no other way of terminating the fight. It was the resource of the coward, to be sure, but what else could be done? Making a desperate effort, therefore, he threw the goat on her side by a sudden wrench of the horns, and then jumping on his feet fled down the hill, over the fence, and along the road, as fast as his long legs could carry him, cursing lustily as he ran, the unlucky day he ever had the misfortune to meet Else Curley of the Cairn. And here we must leave him to pursue his dreary journey, and return to other actors in the play.

CHAPTER VIII.

Castle Gregory, the family seat of the Petersham's, on the banks of Loch Swilly, was an odd fashioned place as could be seen any where in Ireland or out of it. Standing all alone, cold and bare against the side of a mountain, it looked more like a Rhenish fortress or soldier's barrack than a gentleman's residence. To the traveller whether he approached it by sea or land, it presented a bleak and desolate appearance. There was neither tree to shelter it from the storm, nor portico to break the blast from the hall door. It consisted of several piles of buildings erected at different periods and jumbled together without the least ornament or the slightest regard to congruity of outline. High dormer-windows and tall brick chimneys rose up together in remarkable confusion, and so closely packed together that all the swallows and jack-daws of the parish seemed to gather there in the season to build their nests. As to the pleasure grounds, if indeed they should be so called, they had neither gate or stone wall to inclose them. All round about the place was open and bare; indeed save a few acres of green lawn before the hall door where the old sun dial stood between the two lions *couchant,* there was nothing to be seen any where but bent and sand hills. In front of the castle, Ballymastocken strand and rabbit warren stretched away to Rathmullen head, from the brow of which Dunree battery pointed its guns across the narrows of the frith, and behind it Sugar Loaf Hill rose up like a pyramid with its little coast guard station and signal pole on top.

Approaching Castle Gregory by water, from the direction of Araheera point, the immense precipices which line the southern shore, completely hide it from the traveller's view, till he comes within an oar's length or two of the usual landing place. It was on this account probably, that the occupants of a small sailing boat, which glided up the channel the evening after the painful events related in the second last chapter, seemed quite unconscious of their near proximity to the place, for the steersman put up his helm, and sent the boat sheering away in an opposite direction, just as she had almost touched the nose of the quay.

"Hilloa! there," exclaimed one of the passengers. "Where away, now? you're taking us over to Innishowen instead of Ballymastocken. Put her about man, put her about directly."

"Why, sir, you must be mistaken," said the man at the rudder.

"Not very likely," replied the first speaker. "After boating about here nearly every week of my life for the last fifteen years. I should know the lay of the land at least."

"Well there's Doughmore, where you see the smoke—and there's Burncranna —"

"Burn—fiddlesticks! don't you see the spars of the 'Water Hen' here over the rocks behind us; round with her sir, and let us ashore."

"Begorra, I believe you're right," muttered the skipper giving the helm a jerk, when he saw his mistake. "You're parfectly right, Father John—what in the world could I be thinkin iv!"

"Some deviltry, I suppose, what you're always thinking of."

"Oh don't be so hard on me, yer riverince, you can't expect every one to know the place as well as yourself after cruisin about here on sick calls so many years."

"Humph! Oh ay. You're a pretty pilot, to carry us through these rocks and currents," continued the priest, in a half bantering, half serious tone. "If you knew only half as much about piloting as you do about poaching, you would do well enough—there now—take care of the shoals here—steady that, steady that, and the tide will set us into the basin itself."

When the boat touched the ground, the steersman stepped ashore and drew up her bows as far as he was able on the hard beach, (for it seemed the regular landing place at that time of tide was rather inconvenient for his purpose) and then prepared to land his passengers.

"Lane on me, yer riverince," said he, as the priest stood with his foot on the gunwale ready to jump, "lane on me, the shore's rough."

"Yes, lean on you, till you break my neck, as you came within an inch of doing last week—away—I'll never trust you again."

"But you'll hurt yer feet, father John," persisted the skipper, with more concern for the clergyman's safety than the danger seemed to warrant.

"Never mind my feet—stand off—I'll none of your help."

"Why these hard, rough pavin stones—they're terrible on the g—— on tinder feet, I mane; plaze yer riverince, just lane on me once more."

The priest as he stood there with his foot on the gunwale appeared to be a man of middle age and stature, and active enough one would suppose to jump twice the distance; but the skipper, who was evidently a humorous fellow in his way, had probably discovered his weak point, and seemed disposed to teaze him about it in requital for his having rebuked him in the presence of strangers.

"You may take my word for it I'll lean on you some of these days, my good fellow," said the priest, pushing the skipper aside, and stepping ashore with the greatest ease imaginable. "I'll lean you the right way, too."

"But shure, yer riverince, accordin to yer own words, we're all bound to forgive one another."

"Very well, sir, I have a crow to pluck with you, notwithstanding."

"A crow!" retorted the skipper, "bedad, sir, that's tough pickin. But sure if ye'd accept of a brace of grouse or wild duck, I'd bring them up ——"

"Hold your peace, Lanty Hanlon," exclaimed the priest, (for the skipper was no other than our quondam friend) "hold your peace, you're growing quite too malapert of late. Perhaps if you thought I heard all about your treatment of Mr. Johnston's gamekeeper, last Monday night, you would hardly be so bold."

"Me! sir."

"Ay, you, sir."

"Why now just listen to that, gentlemen. May I niver do harm, if it don't beat Banagher out and out, upon my conscience it's the most astonishin ——"

"Oh you needn't affect all that innocent surprise," said the priest, interrupting him. "I know you too well to be hoodwinked in that way, Mr. Hanlon. So not another word now but make haste to land your passengers."

"Oh to be sure—av coorse—that's always the way with ye," muttered Lanty, making a show of hauling up the boat's side to the beach. "Oh no, why shud I be allowed to clear myself. Av coorse nobody in the whole parish does the laste harm in life, from Monday mornin till Saturday night, but Lanty Hanlon. But isn't it mighty odd," he continued, winking slily at one of the occupants of the boat, "how bad entirely he feels about the game keeper, when, if report be true, he was himself once in his days, the terror of all the game keepers in the barony. But it's not that ails him—there's somethin else in the win. I'll wager he's angry about that salmon I sent him last week," and closing one eye hard, he looked with the other at a little man seated apparently in the bottom of the boat. "Sure if I cud only be sartint it was that, I'd ask his pardon and promise niver to do the lake again."

"Ha! ha! Capital, capital, Lanty," ejaculated the little man from under the thwarts—"promise never to send him a salmon again if he only forgives you, he! he! excellent, I declare!"

"Salmon! What salmon, sir, do you mean?" demanded the priest.

"Oh nothin worth speakin of, yer riverince," replied Lanty, pushing up his rabbit skin cap from his eyes, and giving the boat another pull, "nothin but a small twenty poundher I speared under Mr. Watts' milldam and sent up to the housekeeper for your Friday's dinner; but av coorse yer riverence niver suspected how it came or ye wudn't taste a morsel of it for the world."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the same voice, "that's it, give it to him, Lanty—that's just his deserving."

"Lanty Hanlon," exclaimed the priest, laughing at the joke himself, for he saw in an instant he had been made unwittingly to entertain those very friends now sitting in the boat to a poached or stolen salmon, last Friday at dinner, despite all his public threats and denunciations against so unjust and mischievous a practice. "Lanty Hanlon," he repeated, "should you attempt such a trick again, you may depend on it I shall report you to the constabulary."

"Hah! Lanty, listen to that—eh, how very big spoken he is; why I vow and declare, Lanty, I hav'n't seen a bit of game at his table these five years but he threatened to throw out of the window."

"Oh it's wondherful, yer honor, how mighty tender his conscience is in regard of game; but isn't it quare, sir, this weakness niver comes over his riverince while there's a bone of it to be seen on the table afore him."

"Hold your scandalous tongue," cried the good natured priest, raising his cane over Lanty's head, "hold your impudent tongue, I say, or I'll be tempted to make this acquainted with your ears," and shaking the weapon at the provoking fellow, he moved away from the shore, out of hearing of his voice.

"Mr. Horseman," said Lanty (now that Father John had gone off beyond ear shot) and changing his voice from the long drawl of the dry humorist to a more business like tone. "Mr. Horseman be plazed, sir, to step ashore, till we thry and lift that crathur out, he looks like a mummy poor sowl, he's so quate and paceable."

The individual named Horseman, had been attentively reading a book through a pair of gold spectacles all the time since the boat came in sight. So absorbed indeed was he in the subject, that he never raised his eyes even for an instant, during all the previous conversation, not even when the boat first struck the beach and shook him in his seat.

"Come, sir," repeated Lanty touching him on the shoulder, "step out av ye plaze, we must hurry or be late."

"What's the matter now?" demanded Horseman in a deep gruff voice, raising his eyes and looking about him, as he spoke.

Lanty again repeated his request.

"Humph," ejaculated the other, growling out his dissatisfaction at being disturbed, and limiting his reply to the monosyllable, he rose slowly up from his seat, squirted a shower of tobacco juice from the corner of his mouth, and stalked over the boat's side with the book under his arm.

It may be as well perhaps to say a little here of this gentleman's personal appearance, since he happens to be somewhat concerned, (though it be indirectly) in the moral of our story; a word or two may serve to give the reader an idea of his personality, which to keen observers of character is not by any means a bad item to begin with.

He was a man somewhere about fifty-five years of age, of robust constitution and muscular frame. His chest was broad and round as a gladiator's, and his height full six feet or upwards. His features looked coarse and strongly marked, and his skin rough and swarthy like one born under the tropics. As he turned to gaze back on the long white beach, where the waves broke in regular succession in the calm summer's evening, the expression of his face was stern and dark. Sill though repulsive, he was not in any sense a vulgar looking man. On the contrary, there was that in his look which spoke him a man of deep study and strong, vigorous intellect. His dress was a plain blue dinner coat with gilt buttons, (which now as he moved up from the shore, appeared somewhat shorter of skirt than the fashion of the times warranted) a buff summer vest, and pantaloons of gray kerseymere, which like the coat appeared to have been also rather stinted in the measure.

After gazing about him for a while, he walked leisurely up to where the priest stood, and folding his arms on his broad breast turned his face once more to the beach and began to converse with his reverend companion. The attitude he assumed, and the air of self satisfaction with which he pursed out his lips when he spoke, could hardly fail to impress the most careless observer with the conviction, that he was a man quite conscious of his own mental powers and fully alive to a sense of his own personal importance. But we must leave him for the present with the priest and return to the remaining occupants of the boat.

"It's a bad case," said the little man under the thwarts, "a very bad case. I'm afraid one great toe and the two little ones are gone, entirely."

"Oh well, sure if they're gone atself, yer honor, he can do very well without them," replied Lanty, "two or thee toes, is neither here nor there."

"Certainly not in one respect, I admit—but this is an extraordinary case, Lanty, you can't deny that. It's a very deplorable case, and calls for a world of sympathy," and as the speaker raised his eyes up to Lanty's face, now bent over him, there could be no mistaking the mild, benevolent countenance of uncle Jerry Guirkie.

Lanty looked kindly down for an instant on uncle Jerry's upturned face. Not a word he said, for there was no need of saying any thing; but the smile on his honest countenance was more eloquent than words, it seemed to say as plainly as looks could say it, 'God almighty bless you for your kind heart—you're the best sowl in the whole world.'

"I hope," said uncle Jerry endeavoring to draw up his little gaitered legs from their painful posture, stretched out as they had been so long in the bottom of the boat, "I hope the poor fellow may be nothing the worse for the long voyage."

"Oh, begorra there's not a bit fear of him," replied Lanty, "the craythur's as strong as a bullock. But isn't it mighty strange, sir, ye tuck such a liking to him all at once; why one id think you had Christians enough down there to take yer pick and choice iv, insted of carrying away a blackamoor like that with ye."

"Why the difference is only in the skin, Lanty."

"The skin! bedad, sir, and that atself's no thrifle."

"Well, but he's a Christian."

"What!—that fellow?"

"Yes, indeed, that very negro, and, perhaps a better Christian, too, than a great many of us."

"Hah, hah, ha," cried Lanty, breaking into a loud laugh, in spite of his stoical gravity, for he had never seen a negro before in his life. "Hah, ha, Mr. Guirkie, I see you can joke as well as another. But come, we must thry to lift him out any way, whatever he is."

"I don't joke upon my honor, Lanty. He's really a Christian."

"Oh, it's no matter, sure I don't care a pin about it, he's good enough in his own way I'll warrint—let me help you out sir."

"Nonsense, Lanty, you don't seem to believe me; I tell you again he's a Christian, like yourself, and perhaps if the truth were known, a much better one too," repeated uncle Jerry, slightly vexed at Lanty's incredulity.

"Well bedad, yer honor," replied the incredulous Lanty, scratching his head, "I can't say the compliment's very flatherrin, any way. Feth, may-be it's in regard of his strength of religion you like him so much, sir."

"No, not for that either. It's because one of his race saved my life once in Alabama, at the imminent risk of his own, and I made a vow then never to forget it to the poor fellows wherever I met them. There's another reason besides, I know their natures better than most of my neighbors here, and think I can nurse him with greater comfort to himself and pleasure to me."

The unfortunate African, of whom Dr. Camberwell had told so pitiful a story, was there indeed in *proprio colore*, sitting down low in the boat and resting his back against uncle Jerry's breast, while the kind hearted soul's little arms encircled the sufferer's breast, with as much tenderness as if it were his own son he had rescued from the jaws of death, and was now bringing back with him in triumph to his paternal home. In this affectionate manner he supported the poor invalid all the way round Araheera point from Ballyhernan to Castle Gregory, a distance of nearly ten miles. Often did he speak to him during the voyage in the kindest and most soothing tones, carefully did he wrap the blankets closer and closer round his all-but naked shoulders and stiffened limbs, and pour into his parched lips a mouthful of cordial from his leathern pocket flask. Once only did the party stop on their way, and that was at the light house, to exchange courtesies with Mr. Lee and his fair niece, and inquire after the little cabin boy, whom the latter had carried home with her that morning in her cockle shell over Loch Elg. At the priest's signal, Mary came running down the steps to greet him, and receive his blessing,—which indeed the good man seemed to give with all the fervor of his heart,—whilst uncle Jerry looking lovingly up in her face, stole her hand back and kissed it with a tender respect, that was in admirable keeping with his own modest character and the maiden's pure and gentle nature. When the boat shoved off, the fair girl ran up the steps, and stood for a minute or two on the edge of the precipice, under which the boat passed, her face radiant with smiles, and her uplifted hand waving adieu like a spirit about to ascend into the regions of air.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Studies and Teaching of the Society of Jesus at the time of its suppression, (1750—1773). *Translated from the French of M. l'Abbé Maynard, honorary Canon of Poitiers, Professor of Rhetoric at Pontlevoy.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

The historical facts herein recorded by the Abbé Maynard, apart from the subject matter of this book, have invested his composition with no little degree of interest. Hardly any voyager can pass the ocean without describing the storm which he encountered in the way: we may say the same of French writers who treat of a period bordering on the time of the great revolution in France. A lengthened recital of the misfortunes of the beautiful Antoinette and of the generous Louis is piously believed never to tire the reader, when it has evidently enchanted the composer. The Abbé, however, though often tempted by that promising topic, has had the good taste to avoid it. He has introduced other events, in illustration of his theme, of a more instructive and less trite character. He unfolds to us the golden era of Portugal, when she gave an elegant reception to the Jesuits, when her Vasco de Gama had lately doubled for the first time the Cape of Good Hope and when thus a road was opened to victorious armies led on by her Albuquerque. He boldly removes the visor that concealed the hideous features of the Marquis of Pombal, and partly raises the veil that had so often and so mischievously lent a charm of mystery to the ruinous policy of the emperor Joseph II. Hence the pleasing web of a history, too little examined, is interwoven with his subject, which at once gathers clearness and interest from such narrative. The subject itself: the studies and teaching of the Society of Jesus at the time of its suppression towards the close of the 18th century, touches certain delicate points of ecclesiastical history, that are more skilfully, and we may add, judiciously handled by the learned de Ravignan. The propositions, however, of the two writers are far from being the same. The last named refutes Fr. Theiner's assertions respecting the Jesuits, and shows clearly, that the Popes need only, what has been so sparingly dealt out to them, truth, which is their best safeguard and brightest ornament; while our author unravels the thread of history and cites illustrious names to show that the learning of the Jesuit professors and scholars, at the time of their suppression, was not unworthy of their ancient fame.

Thus this brochure of the Abbé Maynard has charms for the student, who is thereby introduced into the colleges and universities of the primitive Jesuits and their successors who were teaching at the period of their suppression. The secret forces that were employed then by the enemies of all law and order to bring about their ruin, are by the Abbe examined into and made manifest. Many of these appliances serve still as types of what is being tried again in our own days.

This book is a work of disinterested affection, or rather is the first fruit of a love of justice on the part of the writer, whose only connection with the Jesuits is the holy tie of friendship, not being himself of their order. He shows himself throughout the work to be not only an industrious but an eloquent historian. His sentences are easy, flowing and exact.

Fr. de Ravignan may now well envy Abbé Maynard for his good fortune in having found an elegant and competent translator, who has, in our opinion, reproduced in perfect English the full conceptions of the author. There is an introduction to the American reader by the translator. This introduction has its harmonious periods nearly, if not quite, equalled by a remarkably graceful flowing and successful translation. The entire book may be read, with profit, as a pure and excellent English composition.

2. BROOKSIANA. New York: Dunigan & Bro.

This work comprises the several letters which passed between Archbishop Hughes and Senator Brooks, during the late controversy that grew out of the Church Property Bill. It is prefaced by a lengthy introduction from the pen of the archbishop, marked by that force of argument and clearness of reasoning which so eminently distinguish the writings of that prelate. Brooksiana will be found valuable as a record of an interesting, and in some respects, an important controversy.

3. THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, OR THE WORKS AND WAYS OF GOD. Companion to "All for Jesus," by the *Rev. F. W. Faber, D. D.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

We are almost afraid that this work, though superior in merit to the others which have emanated from the same devout mind, will not meet with the same appreciation from the American Catholic reader. The abstruse and dry character of the introduction into that which properly forms the subject of the book, will certainly be a great drawback on its popularity. Our American Catholics have not been prepared by previous education nor association for theological discussions above mere polemics, nor have they even heard of the secret mysteries of the Divinity with which St. Thomas and the scholastics have been delighted to exercise their mental powers. On account of this want of familiarity with the subjects themselves as well as on account of the curious phraseology, many terms of which they will not be able to find in the dictionaries of ordinary use, they will find the first book dry and uninteresting, and will therefore be tempted to lay the book aside, if indeed they have the courage to take it up. Could they, however, muster courage enough to pass through the forbidding entrance and take up the remainder, or would they but begin at the second and leave the first book until they had concluded all the rest, they would find such a mine of sweetness, as California could not compare with it. Take for example the 3d section, headed The Babe and the Host. How sweetly is the comparison between the mysteries of the sacred Infancy and the ineffable Eucharistic life drawn out. "But in one and the same moment, so instantaneously that except in mere imagination no atom of time came between, no swiftest, divinest and most lightning-like succession, but in one and the same identical moment the Holy Ghost had fashioned that Body from Mary's blood, and the soul of Jesus had sprung from nothing and had animated and informed that wonderful Body, and the Body and Soul found no need of a human subsistence, for in that one same identical moment the Person of the Eternal Word had assumed them to himself and he was one Person with two natures, and the blissful Virgin was more incomparably virgin than before, and was a Mother too, the Mother of the Eternal God; and the tingling silentness of the quiet midnight filled the little room at Nazareth that night in March, and the unconscious stars drifted across the sky, and the lily was closed and sleeping in its vase, and the watch-dogs of the herdsmen of Nazareth broke ever and anon the stillness of the night while the awful mystery was being accomplished. Morning rose on the earth, cold, clear, vernal; and the long expected Redeemer of mankind had come, and no one but the Mother knew."

"Change the scene for a moment to the Catholic altar. It is the mid-silence of the great function. One moment, and there is bread in the priest's hands, and wine, the fruit of the grape, in the chalice on the corporal. One moment, and there is the substance of the bread, with its accidents inherent in it and it would be the grossest of idolatries to offer any manner of worship to that senseless substance. One moment and the Body of our Lord is at the Right Hand of the Father, receiving in the splendor of its ravishing magnificence the worship of the prostrate hierarchies of heaven. Another moment and what was bread is God. A word was whispered by a creature, and lo! he has fallen down to worship, for in his hands is his Creator, produced there by his own whispered word. One moment, and at the bidding of a trembling frightened man, omnipotence has run through a course of resplendent miracles, each more marvellous than a world's creation out of nothing, not as swiftly as a well-skilled finger sweeps down the keys of an instrument, but unspeakably more swiftly; for here there has been no succession: in one and the same identical moment the whole range of these miracles was traversed and fulfilled. There is the self-same Body, which the Holy Ghost fashioned out of Mary's blood. There is the self-same soul, that sprung in the fulness of its beauty from the sea of nothingness. There is the self-same Person of the Eternal Word, who, in Mary's womb assumed that Body and that Soul to Himself. Only, in this is the altar more wonderful than the room at Nazareth, that here many times a day and on tens of thousands of other altars from the northern fringes of everlasting snow to where the exuberant foliage of the tropics droops into the warm seas and simultaneously on thousands of altars at once, this stupendous mystery is accomplished; and through the instrumentality, not of a sinless mother, but of unworthy, faulty priests. Moreover a new mode of existence, without local extension, is conferred upon the Body of Christ, in addition to the mode, which it already possessed in heaven. And the sun shines in at the church windows and the tapers burn unconsciously on the altar and the flowers shed their fragrance from the vases, while the great mystery is being enacted. But though inanimate nature has not wherewith to suspect it, and though the senses are deceived and penetrate not beyond the sacramental veils, the very miracle of whose continued unsupported existence they are unable to report, the mystery is no secret; the bended knee, the bowed head, the beaten breast, the shrouded face, the instantaneous hush, have revealed that there is not a Catholic child in the church, who does not know and love and fear and worship with his heart's heart the transcending mystery of love. The marvel of consecration contains within itself the precious wonder of the Annunciation and more besides." How simple and touching is the eloquence of Faith! If we were to extract the graceful and soul-moving explanations and exhortations, which we noted in our progress through the book, we would never finish. This may however, be taken as a good specimen of the simplicity and earnestness with which F. Faber speaks all through the book, although there are other parts which the devout heart can scarcely read for the tears, that well up from their fountains, this tribute of affection to Him, who loves us and delivers Himself for us. No one, we are sure, can read those three books without feeling his devotion for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist grow more ardent and his gratitude more prompt to make Him some return for all His mercies. It is in these matter-of-fact times as the Prophet's tree thrown into the waters of bitterness and can scarcely fail to excite a sweet relish in the soul, that has been soured in its contact with the world. It will be more than this to those who have "learned the Lord," for they will find so many new fountains of delight gushing up, so many new heaps of treasures displayed, that astonished and ravished they "shall be inebriated with the plenty of His house: and He shall make them drink of the torrent of His pleasure." Were any thing else required to commend this work to the American Catholic, the fact, of this edition, being published, with the sanction and corrections of the author, himself, would be sufficient; but, when we add to this the approbation of the venerable Archbishop of Baltimore, given in such commendatory terms, no one, we are sure, could desire a better or more satisfactory proof of its merits.

4. MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE, EXILE AND CONVERSATIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, by the *Count de las Cases.* A new edition in four volumes. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It is unnecessary to do more than announce this lively, and truly French book, and we regret that the crowded state of our pages did not allow us to do so earlier. But it has lost nothing by delay, for even without any notice it would work its way into public, at least into that public, which is delighted to pry into the littlenesses of great men and discover the often-found truth that

> "Weighed in the balance hero-dust
> Is vile as vulgar clay."

Although we never admired this type of biography, we have heard so much in its praise from those whom we have learned to venerate for their wisdom, that we cannot allow ourselves to withhold the praise, which they have decreed. The witty and gossiping Count must therefore with all his fatalist propensities and hero-worship go unscathed of our criticism. For Mr. Redfield however, although he be not the Napoleon of the press, we can say, that none of his publications, (Barnum and some few other excepted) have come under our notice that did not merit success and his character as a publisher is no ways diminished by this present issue.

5. ABRIDGMENT OF THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by *John Lingard, D. D.*, with continuation from 1668 to the reign of Queen Victoria, by *James Burke Esq., A. B.*, to which are added marginal notes and Questions adapted to the use of schools, by *M. J. Kerney*, A. M. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

We are glad to see this excellent abridgment adapted to the use of schools. It will do much to remove those many false impressions, which English historians have hitherto made upon the readers of history by their word-painting of imaginary events. In no nation perhaps was history more "a conspiracy against truth," than in that of England, and against none did the mind of American youth need a more particular antidote to its poisoning influence. It was a good thought then to give a sound, reliable first-book to the youthful student, and we are happy to find that Mr. Burke and his able American collaborator, have succeeded in producing a text-book which we can with the utmost confidence commend to the favorable consideration of the Instructors of youth.

6. THE DEVOTION TO THE HEART OF JESUS: with an introduction to the History of Jansenism, by the *Rev. John B. Dalgairns.* Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

Two things, it would appear to us, should commend this little work to the American Catholic. The first is the brief history of Jansenism and its spirit in the introduction. This will make known a portion of Ecclesiastical history to many, who through ignorance or a mistaken notion regarding the purity of conscience required for a participation of the Sacraments, are themselves in a great measure pervaded by the same heretical spirit. Say what we will, it is impossible to disguise the fact, that many, who consider themselves Catholics, are influenced in a most dangerous way to their soul's good by this Jansenistic spirit. If they but knew its workings or could open their eyes to its hideousness, they would reject it with abhorrence. But because they have heard of it, as only raging in the distance, in which all its pernicious points are softened down by that spirit of party, which knows so well how to cloak itself with the semblance of sanctity, they are unguarded against its near approach and careless whether it may not have tainted in some measure the spirit of piety, which should rule among them.

That it has come very near to us and poisoned some with its venom, the extravagant ideas, which keep many away months and even years from the sacraments; which so often urge them to condemn the regularity of good Christians because of faults, from which human nature is scarcely ever exempt; which find something to censure in the practices of devotion, the forming of confraternities and other like out-pourings of the Christian and grateful heart, permitted and sanctioned by the holy Church, by numerous privileges and indulgences; are melancholy proofs, which we meet every day and even among those, from whom we are taught to look for better things.

The second commendation is the history of the sweet devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus with the reasons, why it should be adopted by every lover of the Redeemer. This consoling practice of devout souls is somewhat spread among us, but not certainly to the extent it merits and one of the greatest obstacles it has met with is precisely that Jansenistic spirit, of which we spoke just now. For this reason the two, though apparently having no relation to each other to one who would only consider them superficially, are so directly opposed, when they are intimately studied, that they must of necessity be brought into juxtaposition in order the more clearly to show where the real Christian should take his stand. This knowledge will certainly be a great benefit, which should recommend the work to every Catholic, who glories in his name. It is true, the work was written expressly for England, but except some few points of minor importance, the condition of Catholics here is so little different from that of the United Kingdom, that it could be said to have been written for us also. The devotion it treats of is a precious gift, worthy of being cherished among us. Let us do so and "it will produce among us, what we want most of all, hearts dwelling on Jesus as a person, as a real being, God and man once on earth, now in heaven. It will enable us to realize the value of souls dear to Jesus. It will teach us the supernatural powers of our religion and show us how it is the one heavenly thing on earth, as heavenly now as eighteen hundred years ago, the one representative of Jesus, the one teacher of His truth. Above all, it will teach us to live more and more the life of Jesus on earth, since it will help us to sympathize more and more with His inmost thoughts and feelings. It will reveal to us His burning love, and fill us with love for Him in return." Thus F. Dalgairns concludes his tribute of love to the Sacred Heart, and we for our part could not give a better conclusion to our little notice of a work replete with the unction of a true eloquence.

7. THE SOUTHERN STANDARD.

This is the title of a Catholic paper in the English language published in the city of New Orleans, by Messrs. Sands & Banahan, and edited by James A. Kennedy. As we deeply regretted the demise of that excellent paper the Southern Journal, it affords us much gratification to record the rise of this new paper. It is an evidence of the fact that the Catholics of the southern emporium are awakened anew to the importance of having such a paper published in their midst. We only express what we feel when we say, that we are much pleased with the *Standard;* and if we may judge from the few numbers we have received, we augur that it bids fair to become prominent among the Catholic journals of the country. We commend it a generous and liberal support, with the earnest hope that it may not share the fate of its late predecessor.

8. HISTORY OF THE LIFE, WRITINGS AND DOCUMENTS OF M. LUTHER, by *M. Audin,* translated from the last French Edition, by *William B. Turnbull, Esq.* Vol. I. II. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

This is the second work of the Library of Translations, commenced some time ago by a learned and accomplished Catholic Association of the United Kingdom. As might be expected from the character of the gentlemen, who direct it, the work before us is translated into a racy and well-expressed English, such as even to merit the praise of a work orignally written in that language. We are however glad to observe in this new and accurate version that the translator is somewhat more reserved than the author and that many parts, which shock our notions of propriety, have either been omitted or introduced in a manner more suited to the reserve of our society. He might have been much more severe, we think, than he has been, as much that he has left behind, even with all his care to hide it under the veil of becoming language, is very objectionable. We are not acquainted with the constitution of French society, and cannot therefore be supposed to know the rules, which should guide an author in the composition of a work adapted to its modes of thought, but we must confess we could never understand how a Catholic writer could dare to present to the public a biography so stained as that of Luther. "He that handles pitch must be defiled therewith."—Our American squeamishness must, we suppose, be the fault, and we have tried hard in the examination of these two volumes to keep it down, for we would like to praise without any qualification a work that is ushered to the public under the sanction of such eminent names as recommend this library. But it would not do. In spite of our endeavors disgust would oftentimes urge us to cast the book aside and leave to other hands the duty of noticing. The work may be good for a theologian or as a truthful record of a bad man, but we cannot recommend it to the general reader.

9. The Life of William H. Seward, *with Selections from his Works.* Edited by *George E. Baker.* New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The biography of an eminent man, if a history of his life can be so called, written while he is still living and acting a prominent part in affairs, is a difficult and delicate task to perform. When the subject of the work has played an important part in the changing scenes of political life, as well as in forensic and literary efforts, it will necessarily touch upon topics which will excite the sympathy of some and the hostility of others of its readers. This, we presume, will be the case with many of Mr. Baker's readers: some will admire the course which Mr. Seward has pursued; some will condemn it. Others, again, perhaps will appreciate his devoted courage in his profession as a lawyer in great critical cases when the feelings of the people were aroused against his clients, nearly to the verge of Lynch law, and his warm sympathy with the almost friendless emigrant who sought a new home in this new world; and will disapprove his strong anti-slavery principles and acts. Mr. Baker, in preparing this work, and selecting his extracts from Gov. Seward's writings and speeches, has proposed to place before the American public in a condensed form, the daugerreotype, as it were, of Mr. Seward's actions and principles. Mr. Redfield, the publisher, has performed his part by presenting to the public a handsome specimen of typographical art.

10. Corneil's Primary Geography. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
First Lessons in Geography, *by James Monteith.* New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

As primary works, we are decidedly pleased with these little geographies. They are designed for the purpose of initiating the younger class of pupils into the study of the science, and for this they are well adapted. In addition to a number of good maps, they are handsomely embellished by a variety of appropriate illustrations. These, besides being instructive, render them peculiarly attractive to the young. We freely recommend these books to teachers and others, who desire to procure good works for children about to enter on the study of geography.

11. Uhlemann's Syriac Grammar, *translated from the German, by* Enoch Hutchinson, *with a Course of Exercises in Syriac Grammar, and a Chrestomathy and Brief Lexicon, prepared by the Translator.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The publication of this Grammar furnishes gratifying evidence of the interest felt in the cultivation of the Syriac tongue, which being the vernacular used by Christ our Lord, should be peculiarly dear to all his followers. To warrant the undertaking there must be a fair prospect that there will be a large demand for the work, which has been brought out at considerable expense. The mechanical execution of it for elegance and accuracy does great credit to the enterprising publishers. The Grammar of Uhlemann has a high reputation and is well calculated to direct and aid in the study of the Syriac, which, when preceded by a knowledge of Hebrew, is by no means very difficult. We wish the study of both languages were introduced into all our Theological Seminaries, for although we can rely on the Vulgate as a safe guide in all that regards faith and morals, much satisfaction and great advantage are derived from the perusal of the sacred books in the original languages, as also in the Syriac version, which is of high antiquity.

The advantages to be derived from a knowledge of the Syriac language may be illustrated by reference to the statement made by Horne, after Clarke and others, in his Introduction to the critical study of the sacred Scriptures, in which he accounted for the use of the verb substantive in the institution of the Eucharist from the want of any Syriac term to express representation. Dr. Wiseman, then vice rector of the English College at Rome, felt impelled to correct this gross misstatement in an essay which he styled *Horæ Syriacæ*, the first fruits of his Oriental studies. In it he furnished more than forty terms, authorized by the usage of the best writers, which might have been employed by our Lord to express the figure, if such had been His meaning. This proved so convincing that the statement was omitted in the subsequent editions of Horne, a rare instance of candor, or shamefacedness.

The translator of Uhlemann has performed his task well, and greatly increased the usefulness of the Grammar by the addition of the Exercises and Lexicon. We feel proud that so learned a work so elegantly executed has come from the American press, and we trust that public patronage will be found adequate to reward the industry of the translator and publishers.

12. The Practical American Cook Book, or Practical and Scientific Cookery. *By a Housekeeper.* "Haud inexperta loquor." New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Of all the works that have of late fallen under our notice, there is not one, we can more cordially recommend to the *good taste* of the community in general, than this excellent little volume. It possesses the rare merit of increasing in interest with every reperusal, and the more its maxims are practised, the more thoroughly its contents *digested*, the higher it rises in the estimation of the reader. It is most emphatically full of *good things*, well *seasoned*, adapted to the *tastes*, as well as to the means of all, and replete with advice for every emergency, palatable and expedient. Our mothers, wives and daughters will do well to receive at once into their families as a welcome friend this new addition to culinary literature, and we are confident that no matter how intimate they may hereafter become, in this case there will be no truth in the old adage, "Familiarity breeds contempt." The receipts are comprehensive; embracing every variety of dishes, from the most simple fare to the most elaborate and elegant compounds, and whilst opposed to meanness, are given with an eye to frugality and economy. The best feature in the book, however, is the commendable effort so to instruct, as to make every edible as *wholesome* as possible. Many sanatory rules and facts are copiously interspersed, which if attended to would save many a family from the horrors of dyspepsy and its train of evils. On the whole, we warmly recommend the book to public favor, as a wise and competent counsellor in the housekeeping department.

Editors' Table.

JULY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.—To the American mind there is an inseparable association between July and Independence, so that the one cannot be mentioned without exciting at least a mental reference to the other. If you would see the school boy's eye glisten, let the magic words "The Fourth" escape your lips, and in his heart of hearts he recurs by an emotion apparently instinctive to the time when the old State house bell at Philadelphia proclaimed in the inspired language of its motto, "Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof," under the sanction of a glorious *declaration*, to which the assembled fathers in the halls below had just pledged their lives and fortunes, and sacred honor. There is but one "Fourth" for him, and that is the great national anniversary he so joyfully celebrates, so cordially loves; it exalts July above the other months in his affections, a partiality, nothing dimmed perhaps, by bright visions of the long summer holidays, looming up before his enchanted eyes.

Our month has indeed some material advantages in which *glory* plays but a secondary part, unless the glory be in the "wide swarth," or the teeming harvest; throughout our rural districts in this meridian, July is the true *Messidor*, the month of harvest-homes, of blended labor and frolic, when the husbandman, aided by his village neighbors, reaps the grateful fruit of a long year of industry. We ourselves in times long past—how long reader, it is not for thee to know—were wont to lend a helping hand, but we held no post of honor, we wielded no scythe, nor did we rake, or bind, but we *gathered*, with other boys, or girls, may-hap, or with some antiquated veteran, who shocked the sheaves piled together by his and our labor. Now gathering sheaves is a very necessary part of the harvest labors, but somehow the gatherers are held as a sort of Pariahs in the field; every body looks down upon them—Eton fags are lords to them—so we were in a measure forced to quit—to look for honor from the quill, since we could gain none from straw.

Still we cherish our memories of boy life, and the harvest field—of the time when we were *pars*, we dare not say *magna pars* of a picture such as this—

"Now swarms the village over the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridianal toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose,
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek;
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load,
O'ercharged, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row,
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell —"

Our country readers have the picture in real life before them; our town readers would do well to verify it by a timely excursion. To our mind a phalanx of harvest hands,

"Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,"

is a sight far better worth seeing than armed battalions going through their evolutions. How much better it would be for city folks to go off during the hot months of summer upon genuine rural excursions, to learn by practical lessons, the mysteries of wood craft, of botany, of agriculture and of the dairy, than to be resorting to crowded and uncomfortable hotels at the springs where too often health, wealth and precious time are wasted according to the decrees of a spurious fashion which apes elegance, but which has no tendency to real refinement.

We know that it is a hopeless task, however, to argue against fashion, while the majority would rather follow it than strive to be happy or wise; it matters not that the leaders are a flimsy generation, trifling, shallow, and conceited, they will have abundant followers, who would be ashamed to imitate them in any thing else. But this one tyranny is acknowledged to be insuperable; no Declaration of Independence will release the untold populace of infatuated subjects.

Seventy-nine years ago three millions of sturdy colonists were occupied with a topic which in the public mind superseded all others, whether of fashions, or crops, or school holidays. Virginia, true to the instincts of freedom, while the glorious "Fourth" was yet in the womb of time, had instructed her delegates in the Congress of the United Colonies, to strike for independence from the government of Great Britain. Many of the more cautious spirits of that day would have been content with reconciliation, would have buried the hatchet, and submitted to the royal rule upon mutual concessions, but that gallant State upon whose arms the tyrant lies prostrate under the feet of Liberty would hear to no reconciliation. Patrick Henry some years before had predicted a Declaration of Independence and the fruits thereof, he had predicted that assistance from France which was so faithfully rendered. In the Colonial Congress, it was Richard Henry Lee, who was the bold spokesman for his native State in the cause of liberty. His famous resolution "that these United Colonies are and ought of right to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all politcal connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be, totally dissolved," was the germ of that immortal document from the pen of Jefferson, which was matured on the 4th of July, 1776. "Let this happy day," said Mr. Lee, in support of his resolution, "give birth to an American republic! Let her arise not to devastate and conquer, but to reëstablish the reign of peace and law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us . . . . . she invites us to prepare an asylum where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprung and grew in England, but is now withered by the blasts of Scottish tyranny may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country the names of the American Legislators of '76 will be placed by posterity at the side of those of Theseus . . . . . and of all those whose memory has been, and forever will be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens."

And in point of fact, posterity has inscribed the names of these legislators among the most honored of every age and nation.

Among the colonies doubtful of the practicability or advantages of total independence up to a certain period stood good old Maryland, one of the brightest stars of the thirteen which formed the rising constellation, but her most influential sons, first and foremost of whom was Carroll of Carrollton, would not let her fall behind in the race for freedom, consequently her delegates were empowered during the month of June, while Mr. Lee's resolution was pending, to give it their cordial support.

There is one essential of true independence, thoroughly understood by the great men of those days, which is now in danger in spite of their repeated counsels and warnings. Lee said we should have here an asylum for the oppressed and persecuted of all nations—Washington, Jefferson, Madison deprecated most earnestly religious animosities, persecutions and proscriptions. Without independence in the principles and practice of religious worship, there is none other of high value. This is not a matter for majorities and minorities—our forefathers decreed that religion should be untrammeled by the state, and that every man should be free to profess his own religious principles. There is profound wisdom and true patriotism in that article of the constitution which says "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof—" and in that clause in another article which says, "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office, or public trust under the United States."

There are modern politicians who would gladly expunge these cherished clauses, which have contributed so much to our present greatness and prosperity, but we will not for a moment presume that any enlightened patriot compares such tricksters to the noble framers of a constitution, which we trust and believe, is imperishable.

In Jefferson's first inaugural address we find a passage so wise and so just that we will reproduce it as food for reflection at all times, but particularly *now*, when so many of our fellow citizens appear to have forgotten "sacred principle."

"All too will bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful must be reasonable; that the minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression. Let us then, fellow citizens, unite with one heart and mind; let us restore to social intercourse that harmony and affection without which liberty and even life itself are but dreary things. And let us reflect that having banished from our land that religious intolerance under which mankind so long bled and suffered, we have yet gained little, if we countenance a political intolerance as despotic, as wicked, and capable of as bitter and bloody persecutions."

What would the great Virginia statesman have said had he lived to see the present religio-political intolerance, blending the evils of both, and having neither rational cause, nor honest aim! We cannot but pay a passing tribute here to the transmitted integrity of the Old Dominion, where, at least, that great apostle of democracy (we do not mean in the mere partisan sense) would still find triumphant the principles of political justice he so earnestly advocated.

There are men who believed, nay who hoped, that Virginia would humble herself to echo and imitate the degrading fanaticism of some of the Eastern States, of those very states that under pretence of a hollow philanthropy, never cease to load her with insult and injury, but they knew her not. In the elections of 1855, she has exhibited anew the lofty principles of '76. The world has known but one Washington, and he, her chosen son, thanked the Catholic body of the New Republic for their faithful co-operation in obtaining our precious liberties, and promised that their services should not be forgotten by his and their countrymen. Now when a misnamed Americanism would make his words false, Virginia, his mother, gives open proof that she honors them. She will have no proscription for opinion's sake. She believes in the rights of the minority, and shows by a myriad majority that she will have them respected. Her significant escutcheon is untarnished still, and none can say of her, as of Puritan Massachusetts, that she threw off the yoke of one ecclesiastical tyranny to establish another yet more odious. The rabid monster, born of the "Power of Darkness," sent from the North to devour her, now lies with the tyrant, abject and crushed under her heel.—"*Sic semper Tyrannis.*"

The Landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland.—The late celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrims of Maryland was an event that will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of participating in the solemn and imposing ceremonies of the occasion. At a time when the dark spirit of fanaticism and religious intolerance has reared its ghastly form in our midst; when a degenerate race forgetful of the patriotism and virtue of their sires, seek in their madness to overturn the time-honored institutions which have been bequeathed to us by the fathers of our republic; when pulpit and press are made to ring with the bitterest denunciations against Catholicity, and persecution openly invoked against Catholics by a party which aspires to rule the country, it was meet that this celebration should have taken place. It was proper that our dissenting fellow-citizens should be reminded of the memorable fact which stands in bold relief in the history of the country, that the doctrine of *religious liberty* was *first* proclaimed upon the shores of America by the *Catholic Pilgrims of Maryland.* That the germ of religious liberty and universal toleration in the country first took root on the banks of the St. Mary's; that it was planted and fostered by Catholic hands; that it grew and flourished beneath the shadow of the Catholic altar; that perhaps the ancestors of many of those who are loudest in their denunciation of Catholics found a home and an asylum from Protestant persecution in the peaceful colony of the humane Lord Baltimore. The celebration, then, was never more opportune than at present; and if we have any thing to regret in relation to it, it is that it was not national rather than local: that it was not made the occasion for gathering together a Catholic representation from every State in the union, to give greater importance and solemnity to the commemoration of events of which the Catholics of the whole country are so justly proud and to which they can point with so much pleasure.

Of the oration of the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, delivered on the occasion, we have spoken briefly in our last. It is a production in every respect worthy of its learned and eloquent author. But the feature in it with which we are especially pleased, is the truly Catholic and Christian manner in which the Hon. gentleman spoke of those who professed a faith different from his own. While he claimed for Catholics all that is justly due them, in the great event they were commemorating, he carefully avoids instituting any comparison, or making use of any expression that might in the remotest degree harrow the recollections or wound the feelings of his non-catholic fellow-citizens. He has even accorded the meed of praise to the Protestant portion of the colonists, who co-operated with Calvert in carrying out his benevolent designs. This is as it should be. Harshness will never make converts; he that would effectually disarm the bitterness of an enemy must freely administer the potion of mildness, charity and Christian benevolence.

The following extract from Mr. Chandler's Oration will go further to weaken the prejudices of our Protestant fellow-citizens, and to awaken in their minds impressions favorable to Catholics, than a volume of invectives:

"Eminently appropriate also is the presence of those of various creeds in this celebration which, though it is sustained by the professors of that faith which was held by the founder of Maryland and most of his colonists, is intended as a commemoration of social and political virtues which are universal in their character, and may be, and have been, practised by men of all creeds. God forbid that in celebrating the beautiful example of Christian virtues of those who are of our own faith, we should do injustice to the merits of those who profess a different faith. God forbid that in pursuing a comparison which we think results in favor of our own creed, we should presume that those who profess a faith in Jesus Christ, are unmindful of the works which should illustrate that faith. Rather, while we meet the spirit of unfriendliness towards ourselves that pervades the social atmosphere at the present time, and seek by comparison and example, to avoid a reproach that is cast upon us, and enlighten the careless and unforgetful upon the facts of history, let us so manifest our religion that we shall win the love of those who have looked coldly on us, and regain the confidence of those who have doubted. The viper has come from the fire indeed which we helped to kindle for general benefit, and it has fastened upon our hand. But let us show the power of innocence by casting the reptile, not upon those who expect our injury, but back into the fire that it may perish in the flame whence it issued."

"The piety, the forbearance, the enlarged views of right that distinguished the plans of the founders of Maryland, and which are illustrated in the practice of the earliest colonist, are no less our duties than they were theirs; and oh! how much more easily practised are all those virtues now. And the celebration of this day would be imperfect, would lack the spirit which would make it acceptable to God and honorable to us, if it recalled a single virtue of our Catholic Fathers merely to gratify the pride of their successors, or if it selected a single error of their separated contemporaries, only to generate a feeling of unkindness in the present generation.

"Oh! here on this chosen spot—here on this sanctified ground—here let there be prevalent no sentiment but that of love to God, and love to our fellow man. Here where the red man received the Pilgrim Fathers with tokens of friendship and favor, and where men of other creeds welcome us to-day to our celebration—here may the spirit of Calvert pervade all those who commemorate his virtues and his triumphs, and may the spirit of God animate all of every name and every creed."

THE PASTORAL LETTER OF THE FIRST PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF CINCINNATI.—We regret that we cannot insert this important document in full, for the benefit and edification of our readers. Apart from the glowing fervor, piety and religion which it breathes in every line, the letter is replete with admirable lessons of wisdom and salutary admonitions to Catholics touching their duties to themselves, to their children, to their country, to their God. Had the learned prelates commenced and terminated their pastoral with the following paragraph, it would nevertheless have been worthy of perpetual remembrance:

> "To be Catholics, it will not suffice for you to have the true faith, but you must endeavor to carry out in your lives all the teachings of the Church. You must love God above all things and your neighbor as yourselves; you must be faithful to all your religious duties, as well as punctual in the discharge of your obligations to your fellow-men. You must be good fathers, good mothers, good husbands, good wives, good children, good citizens, and above all, good Christians, learning to control your passions, to have your conversation in heaven, and to show in your lives and by your daily walk among men how holy is that religion which you profess. He who professing the Catholic faith, brings discredit upon religion by scandalous conduct, is a disgrace to the Church, and a stumbling block in the way of those who are without."

Sublime lesson! In this short summary is contained the whole duty of a Christian. Love God: love your neighbor: be good fathers; good mothers, good children! O Catholic parents, Catholic children! ponder and reflect upon these golden maxims, we will not weaken them by useless comments.

Indeed the whole of this excellent letter is full of admirable instruction; every word is a sentence, every sentence is a homily on the moral, civil and religious duties of man. Having spoken of the importance of religious instruction and of the imperative duty devolving on Catholics of aiding in the erection of Catholic Schools, which they declare to be "an object in many respects as important as the building new churches;" having pointed out the evils that flow from the immoderate use of intoxicating liquors, and warned their readers against the vice of intemperance, the fruitful source of so many crimes, the learned and venerable prelates alluded in a touching manner to the unhallowed warfare waged at present in the country against the professors of our holy religion and the tenets of our faith; and like a parent who feels for the pangs of his children, they hasten to pour into the bosom of Catholics words of consolation—words of comfort and encouragement amidst the storm that rages around them. Let the Catholic, at those moments when his soul would feel sad in view of the intolerant spirit that is invoked against him, read the following extract from this interesting pastoral:

> "The divine Founder of our holy religion has even pronounced a special beatitude for the consolation of those who patiently endure obloquy and persecution for his name sake: Blessed are you when they shall revile you and persecute you and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for my sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is exceedingly great in heaven. You should then, beloved brethren, entertain no ill-will or hatred against those who ignorantly or maliciously seek to do you evil; but rather bless them that persecute you, bless and curse not; to no man rendering evil for evil, and be not overcome by evil, but overcoming evil by good. Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you; that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust.
>
> "The Saviour clearly foretold long beforehand what has been accordingly the lot of his faithful followers in all ages, when he said: And you shall be hated by all men for my name sake, but a hair of your head shall not perish. In your patience you shall possess your souls. Thus will you succeed, with God's blessing, in disarming your most bitter enemies, and in proving to them, rather by your actions than by your words, that while theirs is a religion of hatred, ours is a religion of love; and therefore clearly the work of that God who is Love.
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> "To this grievous and utterly false charge of disloyalty to this free government, your best answer will be, to continue doing—what you have all along sought earnestly and sincerely to do—to discharge faithfully all your duties as citizens of the republic, rendering to Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar, without, at the same time, forgetting to render to God the things that belong to God. The Catholic religion exists and flourishes under all forms of civil government; it is the visible kingdom of Christ, on earth, which is not of this world; it is incompatible with no well ordered form of human government, because it interferes with none. Its sphere of action is essentially different from, and infinitely higher than any merely human organization. Its ends, its means of action, its doctrines, its sacraments, and its government all belong and look to the spiritual order. It teaches man the way to heaven, and seeks to wean his affections from this earth. It wages war with the passions, and it inculcates self-denial, obedience to constituted authority, humility and charity. All that the Catholic Church asks of the world is a free passage through it, to her proper home in the heavens. She wishes her just rights to be protected; but if, in spite of her remonstrances, they be violated, she has long and thoroughly learned, in the school of the cross, the sublime lessons of practice and of firm reliance on that God who controls the destinies of mankind, and

who can relieve, who will protect her in his own good time; thereby verifying his own solemn promise, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her."

"Her voice is the same under whatever form of government her children, scattered over the face of the earth, may be found to dwell—to be obedient to the constituted authorities, and to the laws of the land which nurtures and protects them. To the lover of freedom she proposes as a model, a higher and nobler liberty—the liberty of the glory of the children of God. She proclaims to such, with her Saviour and Founder: And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; and with the inspired apostle of the gentiles: Now the Lord is a spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. She exhorts her children to temper freedom with the proper control of unruly passion: As free, and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God. In a word, she teaches her children that while they love true liberty, they must curb passion, love law and order, and respect authority.

"We appeal to you, beloved brethren, whether these have not been the lessons which we have uniformly taught you, both in our public and official communications, and in our most private conversations; and whether we have not always instructed you that the power of the Sovereign Pontiffs, which is spiritual in its objects and in its sphere of action, ***cannot by possibility clash with your civil allegiance***, or with the different class of duties which you owe as good citizens to the government under which you happily live."

ODE TO ST. MARY'S.—The following beautiful ode was composed for, and sung by the Choir at the late celebration of the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers of Maryland. We insert it for its merits, and that it may be preserved as a memorial of the occasion which called it into being.

AIR—*Araby's Daughter.*

ST. MARY'S! St. Mary's! awake from thy slumbers,
For footsteps are crowding thy late lonely plain;
Its silence is broken by music's sweet numbers,
Awake thee and list to the patriot strain.
There rest on thy bosom no ruined old towers,
No relics of pride that have battled with time;
But the low simple hearths which the waving grass covers
Have beautiful mem'ries of virtues sublime.

For here breathed the spirit of ardent devotion,
With freedom of conscience, a priceless bequest;
Thy CALVERT and pilgrims for this braved the ocean,
Then offered to others a haven of rest.
And planted the CROSS, in its glory outshining
The pageants that herald a colony's birth;
Beneath its blest shadow, the Indian reclining,
Then fancied the Spirit-land nearer to earth.

His own loved Yeocomico still smiled at even,
Unharmed was his wigwam, that rose by the stream;
The strangers' bright faith, while it guided to heaven,
Yet gladdened the pathway of life with its beam.
And still 'round their mem'ry a halo is glowing,
That lights with mild lustre our country's first page;
Like the beautiful waters that pass thee are flowing,
Their virtues glide on to a more distant age.

Then list thee, St. Mary's! thou art not forsaken,
Though long years have flown o'er thy sleep by the wave;
For patriots' hearts have now come to awaken
The glorious past from a hallowed grave.
New cities have risen, in grandeur and splendor,
In the beautiful land where thy dwellings first rose;
But dearer the mem'ry, more thrilling, more tender,
Of thee, on this spot of thy dreamless repose.

Philadelphia, May 1855. MARY A. FORD.

Record of Events.

From May 20, to June 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—*Letter from our Correspondent.* After detailing the particulars of the accident to the Holy Father, which we gave in our last number, the writer proceeds:

Rome, May 7th, 1855.

The Catholics of the Netherlands have offered to his Holiness, through the Dutch minister here, three exemplars of a medal (one in gold and two in bronze) struck by order of the Catholic Association in Amsterdam, as a tribute of gratitude for the restoration of the hierarchy in that kingdom. On the face is a relief of the miracle operated by our Lord in raising from death the daughter of Jairus; on the reverse the inscription: *Anno N. S.* MDCCCLIII. *Pio* IX. *Pontifice O. M. Aer. Reg. Wilhelmi* III. *Anno* V. *Singulari Dei beneficio, Episcopali Hierarchia Neerlandiæ restituta, cevis catholici gratulantur;* and around these words are the armorial shields of Utrecht and the four suffragan sees, restored by Pius IX. I have mentioned the publication from the press of the State secretaryship here, on the ecclesiastical affairs of Piedmont. There is now to be added a circumstance strikingly characteristic of the principles of the Holy See, its conciliatory and long suffering policy. As will be known to the general reader through the press of all countries, the episcopal body of that kingdom have endeavored (it seems in vain) to avert the proposed suppression of monasteries and confiscation of church property, by the offer of an annual subsidy of 918,000 francs. The archbishop of Turin and bishop of Ivres opposed this concession when first discussed, but after much persuasion were induced to acquiesce on condition of sanction being obtained from Rome. Pius IX answered the communication immediately, that every concession should be agreed to, every sacrifice endured in order to secure the hope of bringing back Piedmont into family relations with the Holy See.

The financial difficulties which the ministers of Pius IX have now to struggle against, are indeed great. Perhaps from only one statesman, among those in the present century placed at the helm of government in Rome, could have been expected ability and energy sufficient to extricate this government in a few years from all embarrassment—and that was the unfortunate nobleman assassinated when entering the house of representatives opened under the constitutional system the Pontiff had liberally granted, in November, 1848. A loan was contracted with Rothschild in order to bring the precious metals into currency in lieu of the paper notes which the revolutionary crisis had created or necessitated; and another loan of some million dollars is now contemplated, if not already in process of contract.

In seasons of abundance the exportation of cereal produce, from the provinces of these States collectively, amounts to 140,000 *Rubbia* of corn, (this measure, exclusively applied to grains, is equivalent to 640 lbs.) 100,000 Rubbia of maize, (or Indian corn) and 10,000,000 lbs. of rice. The commerce in grains alone yields about a million and a half of dollars, generally sufficient to compensate for the specie spent beyond the Alps or seas in purchase of manufactures not produced by native industry. Rather more than two-thirds of this cereal produce is from the provinces on the Adriatic, in which is the only cultivation of rice, first introduced into this country about forty years ago, and successfully progressing on the plains of Ferrara and Ravenna. In the past year exportation of whatever kinds of grain was prohibited by this government; but for the present, an excess above the demand for home consumption having resulted from the late harvests, it has been rendered legal as far as the maximum of 10,000 Rubbia for corn, 12,000,000 lbs. for rice.

An interesting publication has lately appeared on the history of finances in these States by the Abate Coppi, editor of the *Giornale di Roma.* We there read that in the period contemplated (from the beginning of the sixteenth century) the first embarrassments arose from the lavish expenditure of Leo X, who at the time of his death left his crown jewels in pawn, and debts the interest of which drew 40,000 gold ducats per annum from the Apostolic treasury. Sixtus V by his prudent and vigorous administration, added about 280,000 dollars to the revenue estimated, on his accession, at £1,318,414; and at his death that great pontiff left upwards of four millions in the castle of St. Angelo as a fund of reserve, which was not finally exhausted till Pius VI was constrained by the unhappy circumstances of his reign, to appropriate the last residue, namely £500,000 for arming against invasion. After the French occupation his government had in the course of four months to disburse to the conquerors no less than 32,700,000 francs. It is not surprising then that the annals of Papal finances should still continue to present pages fraught with disaster.

But the exhaustion of its treasury has never prevented this government from maintaining that system of beneficence, one of its noblest features, which has excited the admiration of all civilized people when once made known through intelligent reporters. The sums dedicated to these objects by the treasury, together with the revenues of charitable institutions, form an annual total of 4,200,000 francs, without taking an account of the bounty liberally bestowed through other channels, by pious associations, such as the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul (of which twelve branches are in activity here) and the charities distributed in kind by monasteries and convents, at whose gates hundreds are daily fed. Mendicity, unfortunately, is not checked by the Roman police as the letter of existing laws actually requires, and during the past winter has been observed to increase, not without the accompaniment of other evils, for at the same time felonious offences, burglary and street robbery, have been augmenting in alarming frequency. This has led, in one instance, to the restoration of a punishment long in desuetude, the *cavalletto*, or public flogging by the executioner, which was inflicted on the ringleader in a gang of thieves whose machinations had caused a terrific panic, flight, confusion and severe personal injury as well as loss of property, on occasion of a large assemblage at the extraction of a lottery on one of the largest piazzas in Rome, for the benefit of children left orphans by the cholera, to provide for whom a Commission had been appointed by his Holiness. I can bear witness that the punishment thus reproduced, while attended with great effect on a multitude of spectators, was administered with no unjustifiable severity, no bloodshed, and in the case of a hardened offender who had been repeatedly in the hands of justice.

A work long expected has just appeared in the French language, "L'Eglise Oriental," published by the Propaganda press, and at the expense of the Holy Father, its author a Greek named Pitzipios, himself a convert from the schismatic communion and formerly occupying a political post at Constantinople. It is believed to have been at the express desire of Pius IX that this historic analysis of the Greek schism was undertaken; and it certainly forms an exposition of the abuses, the false principles and indefensible theories of that communion measurably condemnatory, convicting its clergy of misinterpreting Scripture and tradition, abusing the ignorance of their flocks, dishonoring by worldliness and by the even cruel uses of temporal power (conferred on the episcopate by Turkish authority) the sanctity of their mission. We are promised four sections, the first only of which is supplied in the volume already issued, under the subdivided titles: The Separation of the two Churches; The Reunion of the two Churches; The Apostacy of the Clergy of Constantinople; The only practicable means for Re-establishing Order in the Oriental Church. The volume before me, dedicated to the subject implied in the first of these titles, displays the true motives of that fatal separation, and the falsity of the sophisms by aid of which those who found their private interest in maintaining disunion, contrived to effect and continue to feed the schism. The most interesting and elaborate chapter is on the question of Purgatory, and the proofs that the sainted fathers of Oriental Christianity, and ancient liturgies still in use, commit the Greek Church, receiving as she does their authority, to the necessity of complying precisely with the doctrine of Latin Catholicism. C. J. H.

Later accounts from Rome state that the Holy Father was in excellent health and appeared to have suffered no ill-effects from the recent accident. The first stone of the monumental column, destined to perpetuate the memory of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was blessed on the 6th ult., amidst the most imposing ceremonies. The venerable Cardinal Fransoni officiated on the occasion.

Naples.—At the latest dates Vesuvius was in a state of eruption. During the first days, dark clouds of smoke enveloped the mountain; gradually the flame burst forth, at night the heavens were illumined and presented a magnificent spectacle. Occasionally large stones red hot were thrown up, and lava flowed down the sides of the mountain.

Spain.—The spirit of infidelity which has been so long manifesting itself in this unhappy country, has at length achieved a triumph—a triumph, however, which we are firmly persuaded is but the prelude to the downfall of the party by whom it has been obtained.—The bill authorizing the sale of the property of the church and the clergy has been passed by the Cortes. The ministers, however, experienced the greatest difficulty in obtaining the royal sanction to the measure.

"On the 28th ult., Espartero proceeded to Aranjuez, to see the Queen.—Her Majesty is reported to have said, 'I reproach myself for having allowed such a bill to be presented—it is a violation of a compact which I have made with the Pope, and I am resolved not to give it my sanction.' The King is also stated to have said to Espartero—'I am not sure whether it would not have been better to lose crown and throne than to have preserved them in the way you have done.'—Subsequently, Marshal O'Donnell represented to the Queen the consequences which must inevitably ensue if her Majesty persisted in her former refusal. The Queen is said to have given way, and to have exclaimed with tears—'Then I will sign, but I protest with all my heart against your violence, and I hope God will cause the responsibility of my weakness to fall on your head and the head of your colleagues."

The *Univers* describes all Spain as in a most deplorable condition, owing to the misconduct of the government. It states that the finances are in disorder, that the people are discontented, and that the *spirit of revolt is rife throughout the land.*

France.—A grand religious fete in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Queen of Heaven took place at Tours, on the 10th ult. For more than a month the female portion of the community, from the highest to the lowest ranks, had been employed in ornamenting and decorating the churches and chapels, and even private houses in anticipation of the festivity, which the devout inhabitants of Tours had set apart to do honor to the Mother of God. The decorations of the spacious cathedral were splendid in the extreme. Religious banners floated from its lofty roof: festoons of roses and garlands of flowers were draped around its stately pillars, while gorgeous chandeliers ornamented with white and red roses hung from aloft. The procession was grand and imposing. A body of three hundred nuns of different orders came first; next, about four hundred young women of pious associations, dressed in white, and wearing white veils hanging from the back of the head to the ground; each society had a beautiful banner before it; next came two hundred beautiful children in white, with wreaths of small white roses round the head; the young ladies of all the schools and convents, most charmingly attired; the boys of schools and colleges in uniform, numbering five hundred; the four hundred seminarists, the clergy, the heads of the church in rich vestments; the Cardinal-Archbishop in full pontificals and mitre; two train-bearers, the Prefect, Mayor, and all public authorities; the gendarmes, national guards, and the whole of the army in Tours. The guard of honor consisted of 1,500 infantry and 300 cavalry; 500 infantry led the procession, whilst the remainder lined the whole length of the streets where the procession passed. At eight in the evening the procession returned to the cathedral, which was splendidly illuminated. It was decorated with gorgeous colored lamps, and below the great tower, issued a magnificent electric light which brightened the whole city. When the procession entered the church, the drums beat and the great organ and the bells pealed forth in joyous strains. We mention this fete among a thousand of a similar nature that have lately taken place in honor of Mary. It is consoling by times, amidst the infidelity and irreligion by which we are surrounded, while thousands apparently vie with each other in blaspheming the Son and dishonoring the name of the

Mother of God, to reflect that millions of voices in every portion of the globe are daily raised in honor of this same Immaculate Mother. It is consoling to see in Catholic countries, the priest, the soldier and the citizen, mingling together like the children of one common family and vying with each other in filial devotion to the Queen of Heaven.—Pionori, who attempted to assassinate the Emperor, suffered the extreme penalty of the law. At the prison of Roquette he made no disclosure concerning his accomplices; but when he found no hopes left, and beheld the hour of death approaching, he consented to receive the consolations of religion.—The great exhibition at Paris is at present the great centre of attraction. It was opened on 16th ult., by the Emperor and Empress in person, with imposing ceremonies.—The war spirit is still active—Gen. Pellisier has been appointed to succeed Gen. Canrobert in the command of the French army in the Crimea; the appointment has given great satisfaction.

IRELAND.—*Diocesan Synod.* A diocesan synod of Killaloe was lately held at the ancient Espiscopal residence of that town. This synod was rendered more interesting from the fact that it was the first that has taken place in this diocese for centuries. The Rt. Rev. Dr. Vaughan presided, and all the clergy in the diocese, with exception of a few detained by sickness, were present on the occasion. The business of the synod was terminated by a retreat of the clergy, conducted by the Rev. Father Honorarius of the order of the Passionists.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, bishop of Cloyne, during his late sojourn at Rome, obtained the sanction of the Holy See to the establishment of a chapter in his diocese, and the Sovereign Pontiff has graciously appointed the Very Rev. Dr. Russell of Cloyne to be dean thereof.

Death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foran.—The extensive diocese of Waterford and Lismore has sustained a severe loss in the death of this Rt. Rev. Prelate, which took place on the 15th ult., in the 74th year of his age, and the 18th of his episcopate. Dr. Foran was a native of Waterford, was educated at Maynooth, and ordained nearly half a century ago.

Catholic University.—The Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, bishop of Clogher, has received the munificent remittance of £600 for the Catholic University from the Very Rev. Dr. Donelly, the persevering, eloquent, and successful advocate of Irish Catholic education, the large amount being the last result of his indefatigable efforts in the United States, having been collected by him in the dioceses of Boston and Portland.

The Tenant-Right movement still continues to be actively agitated. A numerous and influential meeting of the Catholic inhabitants of Navan, acting on the suggestion of the bishop of Meath, was held on Sunday, May 6th, in the vicinity of the Catholic church. On the motion of James Kealy, Esq., seconded by Nicholas Kelly, Esq., the chair was taken by the Rev. F. Callary. Resolutions were unanimously passed, and a petition adopted in favor of tenant right, and demanding as an act of justice and sound policy the abolition of the Protestant Church establishment, and an equitable distribution of the public funds, to provide for the spiritual consolation of the Catholics in the army, navy, prisons, workhouse, and other public establishments.

By the way of offset to this, we see it stated in some of the Irish papers that the Commissioners of National Education threaten to withdraw their patronage from Westport Union School, if the children are suffered to make the sign of the cross every hour *the clock strikes.* Perhaps the pious commissioners in their holy horror of the cross, will next reject the sacred volume, because it speaks of that emblem of redemption.

Death of a Venerable Religious.—Sister Mary Magdalen, eldest daughter of John Dolphin, Esq., of Turo, county Galway, died on the 8th ult., at Mount Carmel Convent, Loughrea, at the advanced age of 108 years This Venerable Religious passed eighty years of her life in the Carmelite Order founded by St. Theresa, and for thirty years she was superioress of the establishment in which she breathed her last.

ENGLAND.—The proceedings in parliament were not of any special importance during the last month. The debate on the conduct of the war ended after a protracted discussion, by a motion to the effect, that the House having seen with regret that the Conference at Vienna had not led to a termination of hostilities, felt it a duty to declare they will continue to give every support to her Majesty until she shall in connection with the allies obtain an honorable peace. Roebuck's committee is said to be preparing a report for parliament. Beyond the walls of parliament much is said on the subject of administrative reform. Large meetings have been held at Rochdale, Oxford, Merthyr, Exeter, Lambeth, &c. &c., at which speeches were made and resolutions adopted asserting the indispensable necessity of a thorough change in the administration of affairs, and declaring that the prevalent official incapacity and negligence were mainly attributable to aristocratic misgovernment. Opinions are very generally expressed that there can be no peace, or honorable termination of the war, except by such administrative reform as will permit men of practical abilities to enter the service of the State and share in the duties of the government. Numerous petitions extensively signed have been forwarded to Mr. Layard for presentation in parliament, and local associations formed to assist the progress of the movement.

Russia.—The war spirit still seems to pervade the country and animate all parties, and as yet there is no appearance of a disposition to yield to terms of an honorable peace. The success of the allies in the Crimea and in the sea of Azoff, may soon effect a change in the counsels of the Russian cabinet. The Emperor visited Cronstadt on May 9th and was received by a deputation of the inhabitants, who brought him, according to the Russian custom of welcoming a new comer, bread and salt. After a few expressions of good will, the Emperor exhorted them to "Pray to God for the peace of the soul of our Lord and Emperor Nicholas I, now resting in God. He loved you and I will do so too. Put up your prayers to Heaven; we will hold Cronstadt, and if God will there shall be peace, your trade shall improve."

Austria.—The position of Austria with regard to the war is still doubtful. She has not declared openly against Russia, neither has she joined her forces with those of the allies. Latest accounts state that the Vienna Conference had formally dissolved, and as negotiations had failed, the question must now be settled by the sword.

Turkey.—*Destruction of Broussa.*—Late papers give the following account of the destruction of Broussa by the late earthquakes:

"The destruction of life has been greater than was at first believed. Out of every ten houses two have been burned in the fire which broke out after the second shock, two have been completely destroyed by the convulsion itself, three have received little or no injury, and three must be more or less demolished in order to be rebuilt. At the village of Tepepjilk every house has been destroyed; at several other villages the loss has been very great. The number of victims of the first shock of the 28th of February consists of 34 Mussulmans in Broussa and 6 in the villages, 40 Greeks, 14 Armenians, and 4 Jews in Broussa, and proportionate numbers in the villages. The total killed and wounded in the first shock amounts to 345. In the second shock the Jews suffered severely, no less than fifty of them having perished. On account of the precautions taken by the population the loss of life was less than on the former occasion. The total killed and wounded was 204. The whole loss, therefore, from the two shocks, amounts to 640 victims."

The Crimea.—Severe fighting has taken place in this peninsula within the last month. The allies have gained great advantages. The celebrated Russian fortifications, the Memelon and White Tower, have been captured by the French. The allied fleet has also been eminently successful in its operations in the sea of Azoff.

"Their expedition entered the Straits of Kertsch on Thursday, the 24th ultimo, and commenced firing upon the forts of Ambalaki—the garrisons of which speedily abandoned the place, having previously blown up the magazines. The allied gun-boats silenced the Pauloviskaya battery, and burned some Russian boats and small craft. The garrisons of Kertsch and Yenikale, variously estimated at from two to ten thousand strong, were seen to leave and fall back into the interior by the southern road.

"Meantime the allies landed without opposition, at Ambalaki, where they bivouacked for the night. The next morning they moved on towards Kertsch. Gun-boats were all the time occupied in scouring the Tamanskoi Gulf, and reducing the fort on the Sand Bank. All the inhabitants had fled. Many houses were burning, and by Friday at 3 o'clock, the empty cities of Kertsch and Yenikale were in the hands of the allies, and a steam flotilla immediately entered the sea of Azoff."

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

During the last and the early part of the present month, our venerable and beloved Archbishop has been occupied in visiting his diocese. During this period he administered the sacrament of Confirmation to hundreds of children and others, and it is particularly consoling and gratifying to Catholics to find that among the number there are many converts. Space will not permit us to give in detail the names of places visited, and the number confirmed at each visitation: a few of the most prominent must suffice. During his short visit to Charles county the Most Rev. Prelate administered the sacred rite to 375 persons: at Alexandria, Va., on the 6th inst., 154 persons were confirmed, among whom 28 *were converts.* Previously to administering the sacrament, the Archbishop addressed the postulants, and afterwards preached at the solemn mass which was offered on the occasion. Subsequently he confirmed ten of the pupils at the Convent of the Visitation of our city, and on the Feast of Corpus Christi, he confirmed 140 persons at the cathedral. At Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg, confirmation was administered by Rt. Rev. Dr. Young, bishop of Erie, to 72 persons, eight of whom *were converts* received into the Church during the last year. During his visit to that institution, Bishop Young gave tonsure to Messrs. David Walker, James O'Donnahue, John Koch and Thos. F. Doyle, students of Mt. St. Mary's Theological Seminary, and promoted Mr. James O'Donnahue to minor orders. The visit of the learned Bishop of Erie to Mount St. Mary's was exceedingly gratifying to himself and served to recall many pleasing associations. It was there he pursued his studies preparatory to his entering on the labors of the holy ministry; it was there he had toiled as prefect, and instructor of youth; to this spot, hallowed by so many pleasing reminiscences, he returned to exercise the functions of a bishop, a prince in the Church of God. The bishop is himself a convert, and his ancestors are said to have come to this country in the May-flower and landed on the rock of Plymouth.

Confirmation was also given by our Most Rev. Archbishop on Sunday, the 13th inst. at St. John's church in this city. The occasion was one of peculiar interest, which was manifested in the piety of the children, the anxious look of the parents, and in the pleasure that seemed visible in the countenance of the Rev. Father McManus, the worthy pastor, by whose untiring zeal and energy the postulants had been prepared for the holy rite. The archbishop addressed the children in the most tender and affectionate manner, and preached an eloquent and impressive sermon at the high Mass which followed. The Most Rev. Archbishop, assisted by Rev. Dr. Damphoux and Rev. Father McManus, gave the black veil to Sister Gabriel, of the Immaculate Conception, (Miss Ellen Boland, of Bolington, Loudon county, Va.) On the 21st, Right Rev. Michael Portier, bishop of Mobile, conferred tonsure and minor orders on Messrs. Patrick Forhand, Edward Henchy and John Woolts, scholastics of the Society of Jesus, in the chapel of Loyola college. At the same time, eighteen of the students, of whom sixteen had made their first communion, were confirmed.

2. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

From the *Pittsburg Catholic* we learn that St. Paul's Cathedral in that city is drawing rapidly to completion, and that it would be dedicated on the 24th of the present month, being the festival of St. John the Baptist. This noble edifice when completed, will rank among the finest structures of the kind in the United States and will be a monument worthy of the piety and zeal of the Catholics of Pittsburg.—A very handsome church was dedicated at Jefferson on the 21st ult. by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, assisted by a large number of clergymen. The Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, the venerable and esteemed pastor of Bedford, preached on the occasion.

3. *Diocese of Buffalo.*

Church of St. Louis: Interdict removed.—The Venerable Bishop of Buffalo, in the discharge of the sacred and solemn duties of his office has seen fit to remove the interdict from this church, as will appear by the following announcement:

> "Buffalo, *May* 18, 1855.
>
> "The pious, learned and zealous missionary, Father Weniger, (wishing to labor for the salvation of the souls in the holy German Church of this diocese, which has not yet heard his noble and truly Christian eloquence,) requests me to withdraw the interdict from the church of St. Louis, and the Excommunication from the Trustees. I can refuse nothing to this worthy priest of God; consenting, therefore, to his request, I hereby declare the Interdict of St. Louis' Church is removed; and I also declare that the Excommunication of the Trustees will cease as soon as the Holy Triduum in St. Louis' Church shall begin. † John, Bishop of Buffalo."

4. *Diocese of Philadelphia.*

Confirmation.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann during the last few weeks administered the sacrament of Confirmation to nearly 600 persons.

The New Cathedral.—A meeting of the friends and contributors of the noble Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul took place on the evening of the 18th inst. at Concert Hall, Philada. The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann presided, and Wm. H. Martin and Mark Wilcox were appointed secretaries. After a short address, explanatory of the object of the meeting from the Rt. Rev. Prelate, the annual report of the treasurer was read by the Rev. E. Q. S. Waldron. From this report we learn that the amount collected and received from the several churches of the diocese towards the completion of that sacred edifice during the year '54, reached the sum of $14,780. After the reading of the report, the meeting was addressed by the Hon. Jos. R. Chandler, in an eloquent and forcible speech. The Hon. gentleman dwelt with much emphasis on the duty of Catholics to contribute according to their means towards erecting places of divine worship; they may feel themselves especially bound to contribute to the particular church in which they worship, but they are nevertheless obligated to aid in the completion of the cathedral. Parish churches were local, but the cathedral was for *all*. He spoke of the beautiful principle of *unity* in the Catholic Church—that home feeling which dwells in the heart of the Catholic wherever he may roam. "Wherever," he observed, "a Catholic sees a cross, he recognizes the emblem of his faith, he recognizes, sir, also, the symbol of his endurance. Wherever the priest finds an altar, the Catholic has a fireside of religious affections, to which he has at once the privilege to gather, and the duty to aid. I shall not soon forget the home feeling with which I bent in worship in the great basilica of St. Peter, in far off Rome, when the light of heaven, from the lofty dome above, struck down upon the head of the chief Bishop of the Church, and the light that flashed up from the lamps at the tombs of the apostles was reflected from the massy pillars of the baldachino that surmounted the altar." The meeting was also eloquently addressed by the Very Rev. E. J. Sourin, the Rev. Dr. Ryder, and others. We are pleased to see that this great and good work has been renewed in earnest; it evinces a determination on the part of the Catholics of the diocese of Philadelphia to furnish the means necessary to bring the noble edifice to a rapid completion.

5. *Archdiocese of New York.*

Confirmation.—On the 13th inst. the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes conferred the sacrament of confirmation on 522 persons at the church of the Transfiguration. The archbishop preached an impressive sermon on the occasion. On Friday, the 15th inst., the festival of the Sacred Heart, the same prelate gave confirmation at the chapel of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, to 12 young ladies of the institution. The Sunday following he confirmed 100 persons at the church of St. Vincent de Paul. We learn the Most Rev. Prelate has, during the last few months, conferred the sacrament of confirmation on *three thousand and forty-eight* persons.

6. *Diocese of Albany.*

An interesting ceremony took place at the cathedral in Albany on the festival of Corpus Christi. After the solemn high Mass, at which the Rt. Rev. Bishop McCloskey delivered an eloquent discourse, a procession was formed and moved through the several aisles of the cathedral. It was preceded by forty young girls dressed in white, with lighted candles, under the care of a lady of the parish; forty orphan boys neatly attired and with burning tapers, under the care of the Christian Brothers. The cantatores next followed, and boys with baskets of flowers, which they strewed before the Blessed Host. Then came the bishop bearing the Blessed Sacrament.

7. *Diocese of Portland.*

Installation of the Bishop.—The ceremony of the installation of Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, took place on Thursday morning the 7th inst., in St. Dominic's church of that city. At 10 o'clock, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, accompanied by the Bishop of Portland and a number of clergymen, moved from the residence of the Rev. John O'Donnell and passed through the ranks of the Young Catholics' Friend Society, which had assembled for the purpose of escorting them to the church. Solemn high mass was celebrated, and we believe by the venerable Father Bapst, of Bangor. Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick preached on the occasion, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Portland also delivered a touching and eloquent discourse. He spoke of the responsibility of the charge on which he had entered—a responsibility "which he had not assumed but accepted." The position of a Catholic Bishop in the United States is by no means one of ease or pleasure, especially in a new diocese. The field that opens before the Bishop of Portland is vast and the labor great. Difficulties lay thick and numerous in his pathway; but these difficulties, were they doubly as numerous, will, with the blessing of heaven, vanish before the piety, zeal, and energy of the new prelate. May the fervent prayers of Catholics go up to heaven for the success of the Church in this section of the country, which has heretofore been marked by its opposition to Catholicity.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

The Virginia Election.—The election in Virginia resulted in the complete discomfiture of the Know-Nothing faction in that State. The Hon. Henry A. Wise, the chivalrous and fearless champion of civil and religious liberty, has been elected to the gubernatorial office by a majority of about 10,000 votes. The democrats swept the entire State, electing their candidates for Congress and State Legislature. We have no room for comments; indeed none are necessary. Virginia has nobly maintained the fair fame which has ever distinguished her. She has proven to the world in the late contest, that so long as the ashes of Washington, Jefferson and Henry repose in her bosom, the vile monster of Know-Nothingism shall never gain a foothold upon her soil.

The Baby Show.—The next item, which we deem *worthy* of being preserved for the edification of coming generations, is the last, the greatest, the most disgusting and degrading of the humbugs of the nineteenth century, Barnum's Baby Show. Were the truth not placed beyond a question, we would really be inclined to doubt the reality of such an exhibition. *One hundred and forty-three* babies, all true-born natives, are brought together and exhibited for several days in succession in a public hall. Judges are appointed to decide their respective merits, and lo! one of the innocent group bears off the prize; a placard placed upon its crib proclaims the fact in the following words:

> THE PRIZE BABY.
> To this baby was awarded $100, as the finest exhibited out of 143 children.
> June 5th, 1855.

Alas for the degeneracy of the age! We did not really think that there were one hundred and forty-three mothers in the country so lost to those nobler and higher feelings that should ever adorn the female and dwell in the maternal bosom, as to permit their innocent offspring to be exhibited like cattle to the gaze of a vulgar crowd.

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ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND RELIGIOUS AFFAIRS IN PITTSBURG.

The accompanying view of St. Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburg, which was dedicated on the 24th ult., gives a fair representation of that noble edifice. But no artist, however skillful, can convey an adequate idea of the massive beauty of this building. It is a Cathedral. Take away even the spires and crosses, and there is no fear of its being taken for any thing but a Catholic church. The former Cathedral was in its day a wonder, but this is the wonder, and will be so for many days and years and centuries, should not some unlucky disaster overwhelm the well proportioned pile.

The writer of this article heard from several persons, no mean judges of architecture, eloquent, accurate and accordant descriptions, and had examined the beautiful lithograph picture of the building, but was forced to acknowledge that he had no conception of either its grandeur or great beauty until he had the pleasure of seeing and examining it for himself. Nor does he believe it possible that others can know it otherwise. The musician may read the notes of a great composer as easily as a scholar his book, but until the ear hears what the eyes see, the feeling is lacking. So it is with St. Paul's Cathedral, as with many churches of historic fame in Europe, we may read or hear of them ever so often, but have no full feeling about them until we behold them with our own eyes. Without attempting, therefore, to enter into any description of any of the parts or the whole, seen or unseen, in the engraving of the Cathedral, a more important object will be gained by an account of its measurements, &c., which have been principally furnished by the gentlemanly superintending architect, Mr. Charles Bartberger, who has designed almost all the interior improvements.

The ground form of the building is the Roman Cross; its head part forms the sanctuarium or chancel, its arms, the south and north wings of the transept, with the dome standing over the centre. Of this same dome it must be remarked, that from the exterior there is nothing that would lead the spectator to look for such an object. It is true, you behold a gigantic steeple with spire and cross rising, it may be said with truth, speaking of the smoky city, far above the clouds.

It is then an unexpected delight when you approach the chancel to look up to a very high and very large dome, through the windows of which, Heaven's precious light, like an emblem of its graces, beams on the sanctuary. The stem of the cross forms the nave, with the aisles attached to its sides. The outer aisles are to be closed by towers, which are connected by a corridor, or rather an arcade, into which the congregation enter by three doorways from Grant street, and two door-ways (one in each tower), one leading in from Fifth street, and the other in from the side opposite. This arcade supports the organ loft, and is the termination of the nave and the inner aisles.

In the body of the church over two thousand two hundred persons can be seated at present. More pews may be put in, as an entire aisle of fifteen by one hunderd and forty feet in length, and the ends of the wings of the transept, each fourteen by forty-two feet, are unoccupied; these are, however, useful for processions, and standing room. The building is capable of holding at least five thousand persons.

The basement is fitted up as a chapel, in which sixteen hundred persons can easily be accommodated. It has been used for this purpose for the last two years.

The shortness of the lot (240 feet) has prevented the full extension of the longitudinal dimensions of the building. The front, consequently, in the opinion of some critics, seems rather wide in proportion, but when the two tall towers, which at present are unfinished, will be completed, this defect, if it be one, will disappear.

In the angles, formed by the transept and the sanctuary, are arranged the sacristies with oratoria, or prayer lodges for the clergy on the upper floors. Between the sacristies and the transept, opening into the latter, are two chapels on each side of the chancel part. The dome is supported by four massive Norman pillars. Four rows of columns divide the part of the church intended for the congregation. The two inner rows support the clerestory roof and ceiling, while the outer rows support the roof of the aisles and their ceilings, which, as all the ceilings of the church are finished with stucco, in the rich composited style of Gothic and Byzantine, in conformity with the design of the whole building, present an appearance that attracts the admiration of all.

The following are the principal dimensions of the structure:—

Extreme length, two hundred and twenty feet; extreme width, one hundred and forty feet; width of front one hundred and sixteen feet.

Presbyterium and both wings of the transept, forty-two feet square by seventy-five feet high.

Nave; one hundred and fifteen by forty-two feet wide, and seventy-five high.

Two aisles, each one hundred and fifteen feet long by fifteen wide and sixty high.

Two aisles, each one hundred by fourteen feet, and forty-eight high.

Height of side walls from church floor, thirty-two feet.

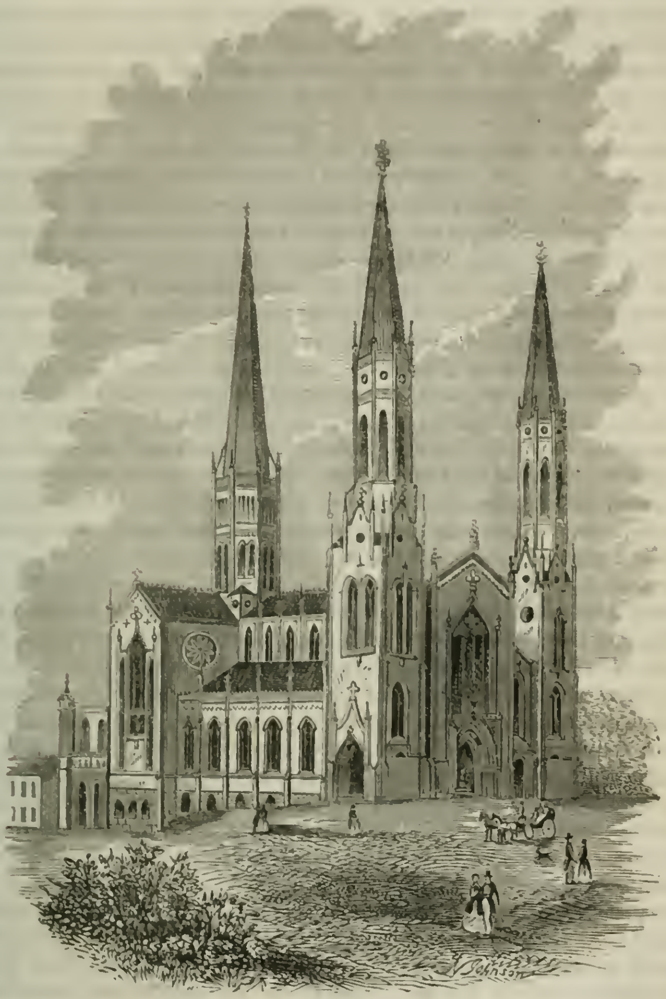
Height of clerestory walls from church floor, sixty-six feet.

The dome covers a square of forty-two feet by one hundred and thirty feet from the upper, or one hundred and fifty-two from the lower floor in the clear. Its full height is two hundred and seventy-two feet.

Two towers on Grant street, each two hundred feet.

Stair tower on the corner of Cherry alley, seventy-five feet high.

The basement and foundation walls are faced with brown sandstone, quarried from the loose blocks which are found along the hills in Beaver county and vicinity. The cornice tops, &c., are of cut stone, as are the bases of the exterior walls and of the inner pillars and columns, the shafts of which are built of hard brick laid in cement. All the upper walls are of brick. The flat roofs are covered with tin and the slanting roofs with that kind of flat tiles sometimes called "beaver tails."



Enter the church. The first object of attraction on your right hand, near the entrance, is a semi-circular recess with light beaming from the top, and enclosed by a semi-circular railing, a gem in itself. The circle thus formed by the railing and recess is fifteen feet in diameter, taking from the interior of the church but, comparatively, a small space, while it adds considerably to that beauty which is the result of harmonizing varieties. It is, moreover, as appropriate in a building of this kind as, it may in some way be said, the confessionals and almost the altar itself. It is there that the "*Ingredere in Templum Dei*" is literally as well as theologically true. There, in the middle, is the baptismal font. On each side are closets where the holy oils and other things necessary for the administration of baptism are kept, cleanly, at hand, and under lock and key. This baptisterium is not only very becoming, but is an exception to the general rule in our churches, where the sacred rite of regeneration is administered either in the sacristry, sanctuary, or in some inconvenient place in the church, under the gallery stairs.

Look around. All the appropriate ornaments which give such a rich finish are stucco work. The groined ceiling of the nave is ornamented by portraits of the twelve Apostles. The walls of the transept and sanctuary are adorned by six colossal statues, representing St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Aloysius and St. Rose. The windows are all of stained glass of home manufacture, not gorgeous, but in perfect keeping with the majesty of the place. The bishop's seat, the stalls for the priests and the pulpit are of white oak, and, like the splendid massive communion rail and the eight confessionals, are carved in highly ornamental style. The same may be said of the ends and doors of the three hundred and thirty-seven pews, most of which are nine feet long. The altars, five in number, including the main one, are for the present made of wood, but so beautifully carved and so richly gilded as to leave nothing to regret. The antependium of the grand altar and the bases for the candlesticks, with the principal part of the tabernacle, have been finished at the Benedictine Monastery of St. Vincent's, Westmoreland co., Pa. The screenwork behind the altar and the painting above, are only temporary. It is intended to have the large windows in the transept on Fifth street, and the three front windows facing Grant street, of stained glass. The grand one, for the transept, on Fifth street, will be furnished with pictures of pot stained glass from a far-famed factory in Europe.

The cost of the building—a very important item, when castles in the air are not being built—may be estimated at between eighty and ninety thousand dollars.

Talking of this grand cathedral leads the mind back to olden times, not so very old after all. Pittsburg, like Rome, was not built in a day. There was a time, which many who do not rank among the oldest inhabitants can remember, when a locality which can now claim thirteen places of worship, was a mere missionary station. Good old Father O'Brien used to visit Pittsburg occasionally from Brownsville, in the early years of this century, when the few Catholics had plenty of kneeling room in a small chamber, an upper story—mustard seed of a Church. However, about the year of our Lord 1807, he chose Pittsburg, at that time not so notorious for its smoke, for his residence. As a matter of course, a zealous priest, like Father O'Brien, could not reside amongst Catholics, however few or straggling, without a church. Accordingly, in the year 1808, to the admiration of all,—though some few objected to the extravagance on account of the extent of the building, a church was actually erected and, more than that, was dedicated in honor of St. Patrick. There was no *Metropolitan* then, or any Catholic papers, to record the eventful day when Pittsburg was proud of a church which measured sixty by thirty feet.

Father Maguire, who baptised most of the fathers and mothers, who are Catholic natives of Pittsburg, succeeded Father O'Brien. Father Maguire was a very ambitious man for the greater glory of God. St. Patrick's church, even with an addition three or four times the size of the first building, was not large enough for his views nor for the congregation. On a hill in Grant street, he would build a cathedral, long before there was any sign or need of a bishop. And a cathedral which, as has been said already, was a wonder in its day, was erected. This Cathedral of St. Paul's—the big church as it was called—was dedicated, A.D., 1834, and was consumed by fire, A.D., 1851. Fragments of the ruins are still around on the only remaining portion of ground that was known as Grant's Hill. The mountain, with the exception of that spot, has been removed, and that remnant cannot long be left like "the last rose of summer." Old St. Patrick's Church, in 1854, went like St. Paul's by fire, and like it, also, as a young phœnix from the ashes of what might be called its former self, it is rising in elegant and very much enlarged proportions, on a site near at hand to its former situation, to enfold and protect, as the hen does her young, the increased and increasing worshippers of God on high. The untiring energy of Father Garland is identified with the congregation and with both the old and the new church.

The reader, where accurate statistics are not at hand, will better understand the condition of religious affairs in Pittsburg, and the missions of the diocese, by a simple statement of the churches and institutions. They are data from which inferences may be drawn more or less accurate.

Bishop O'Connor is known as the founder of the diocese, as such, and of all the religious institutions which are now, like milestones leading to heaven, to be met with in almost every place. The Female Orphan Asylum, in Pittsburg, was established before his arrival, but then was only in its swaddling clothes. In the city of Pittsburg there are:

First. The Cathedral, which, as has been mentioned, can accommodate in pews and aisles over five thousand persons, which is about two-thirds of the congregation.

Second. St. Patrick's (new church), the basement as yet is only finished and is neatly fitted up as a chapel for the congregation, which is supposed to be between three and four thousand.

Third. St. Philomena's (German), has a very large congregation, at least seven thousand souls. The church, although large and really grand, could only accommodate one-fourth of this number, but by having masses from early dawn until noon none are left without an opportunity of keeping holy the Lord's Day and his festivals.

Fourth. There is the Chapel of our Lady of Mercy, attached to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. This is another building where every thing is just where it should be. There seems also to be an attraction of sanctity about it, as it is a favorite resort for the devout, who seldom fail to pay their visits there to the Adorable Sacrament. As this chapel is attended from the cathedral, which is within sound of the convent bell, the congregation is considered as belonging to the "big church."

Fifth. Mercy Hospital Chapel. This is also an adjunct of the cathedral, although it has at present a chaplain of its own.

Sixth. St. Bridget's. This new and handsome church has a congregation of about one thousand souls.

Seventh. St. Mary's (German). This is also a new building and a noble monument of the zeal of the good German Catholics of Alleghany. It is in the Byzantine style, with two very prominent towers. It measures one hundred and forty feet by seventy-five, and is attended by a congregation of about three thousand.

Eighth. During service times, especially on Sundays, St. Peter's Church, in Alleghany, is crowded, it may be said, inside and out by a fervent congregation. The church is one hundred by fifty feet, but much too small for the two thousand worshippers. Like many other Catholic churches, when it was built A.D., 1849, it was considered as being somewhat uselessly large.

Ninth. St. Joseph's Chapel, at Cemetery, Troy Hill. This is the nucleus or a preliminary church, and already attended by about two hundred persons.

Tenth. In Birmingham, on *Pio Nono street*, is the Church of St. Michael, attended by a German congregation of about two thousand souls. Near by, is the Boys' Orphan Asylum, and on an eminence above the hill on which the church is built is the Convent of the ***Passionists***, by whom St. Michael's is attended.

Eleventh. Birmingham, which only a few years ago was as destitute of a church as some people are of God's grace, now claims a second one, St. John the Baptist's, with an English congregation of about one thousand persons.

Twelfth. St. Mary's Chapel, Laurenceville, and St. Joseph's Church, Sharpsburg, are so near the city as to be considered as its extensions. Persons whose occupations are in Pittsburg, have their residences in these places. Between both there are about two thousand Catholics.

Finally. In St. James' Church, Temperanceville, there is a compact congregation of about five hundred.

Unlike the Almanac's, the above statistics have *not* been furnished by the Right Rev. Bishop of the Diocese. They are derived, however, from reliable sources, and show, even deducting the seven hundred odd, that there are in Pittsburg and its vicinity fourteen places of worship and at least thirty thousand Catholics. The mustard seed has grown into a great tree. The city of Pittsburg is not the solitary example of spiritual vigor and increase. Go where you will through the diocese you will find the same creating spirit at work. Father Gallitzen, of pious memory, was for years alone on the mountain, and his big heart rejoiced when the Loretto district received its name, and the rude little church, which he dedicated there to the Archangel, was opened for God's service. In the communion of saints how glad he must now feel in heaven, when he sees that desert mountain, which his labors first enriched, now abounding with churches and monasteries. Loretto, Ebensburg. Hart's Sleeping Place, Carroltown, Glen Connell, Summit, Gallitzen, Loop, Johnstown and Jefferson, are but a few of the places where the saving standard of the cross is erected and people are called to prayers by "the church going bell." Washington, Butler, Armstrong, Indiana, Westmoreland and Blair counties present a similar appearance of living and acting faith. In almost all these missions, and there are several in each of these and other counties not mentioned, there are, as has already been said of Pittsburg, new churches, and some of them models of architectural skill. The undying Church building—as it were—asylums for her saints on the mountains and in the valleys.

This hasty sketch would be unfinished without an enumeration at least of the different religious establishments and the dates, as accurately as can be ascertained, of their establishment.

1st. *Redemptorist Convent*, Pittsburg, founded A.D., 1837. There are four priests and six lay brothers at present.

2d. *Benedictine Monastery of St. Vincent*, Latrobe, Westmoreland co., was founded A. D., 1846. Belonging to this house there are twelve priests, seventeen theological students, nineteen novices and eighty-one lay brothers. The Benedictines have charge of *St. Vincent's College*, near Latrobe, of the *Benedictine Monastery*, at Carroltown, Cambria co., and of the *Benedictine Monastery*, at Indiana, Indiana county, Pa., which latter places are under the direction of three other priests of the order.

3d. *Passionists' House*, above Birmingham, founded A. D., 1852, has five priests.

4th. *Monastery of the Franciscan Brothers*, founded at Loretto, A. D., 1846. Here the superior and twelve brothers reside. They have charge of *St. Francis' Academy*, at Loretto, of a *Monastery*, at Cameron's bottom, Indiana co., where there are seven brothers, a boys' school in Alleghany, and of a most flourishing house and school in Pittsburg, attended by over four hundred boys, who receive an education that is food and not poison for the mind. Here there are nine brothers. Total number of brothers, thirty; all kept busy, and work enough for as many more.

5th. *The Sisters of Mercy* commenced their charitable works soon after their arrival, A. D., 1843. There are about eighty-four now in the diocese, besides several branches transplanted in four other dioceses which have already grown up in great usefulness. They have charge of the *Mercy Hospital*, in Pittsburg, of the *House of Industry*, in Alleghany, of the *Young Ladies' Academy of St. Francis Xavier*, near Latrobe, Westmoreland co., of the *Young Ladies' Academy of St. Aloysius*, at Loretto, Cambria co., of the *Female Orphan Asylum*, in Pittsburg, of the *Male Orphan Asylum*, in Birmingham, of a *Female Academy and Free School*, in Hollidaysburg, Blair co., of a *Free School*, at St. Peter's, Alleghany, and of a *Female Academy and Free School*, at their convent, in Webster street, Pittsburg, attended by over four hundred children.

6th. *The Poor School Sisters*, who arrived here about the year 1848, have charge of the female department of the German Catholic school of St. Philomena, attended by about three hundred pupils.

It may be remarked, that all the above orders made their first American establishments in the diocese of Pittsburg. From thence some have sent foundations abroad, but their own, so far from being moved, are daily growing greater, planting around the three precious flowers of paradise—Faith, Hope and Charity. Another estimate of the increase of the diocese may be formed from the number of clergymen. A. D., 1843, when Bishop O'Connor was consecrated, there were only fifteen priests in the diocese, which then included the Erie diocese, in which one only then resided. In 1853 there were eighty clergymen, several of whom were located in the counties allotted to the new diocese, yet, there are still at least seventy remaining.

It is not claimed that God has blessed this portion of his vineyard in this country, more than other parts, which have been equally, and some, perhaps even more fertile. The mark of the finger of God is all that is claimed; and surely both the bishop, priests and people of the Pittsburg diocese have reason to thank the Almighty for his manifold blessings in their regard.

THE NAME OF GOD.

It is singular that the name of God should be spelt with four letters in almost every known language. It is in Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East Indian, Esgi or Zeul; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zeut; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Irish, Dieh; Croatian, Doga; Margarian, Oese; Arabian, Alla; Dalmatian, Rogt.

THE SACRAMENTS.

Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.

CONFIRMATION AND HOLY ORDERS.

Celibacy considered under its Moral aspect.

In considering the period of life which religion has fixed for the nuptials of man and his Creator, we find a subject of perpetual wonder. At the time when the fire of the passions is about to be kindled in the heart, and the mind is sufficiently capable of knowing God, he becomes the ruling spirit of the youth, pervading all the faculties of his soul in its now restless and expanded state. But dangers multiply as he advances; a stranger, cast without experience upon the perilous ways of the world, he has need of additional helps. At this crisis religion does not forget her child: she has her reinforcements in reserve. Confirmation will support his trembling steps, like the staff in the hands of the traveller, or like those sceptres which passed from race to race among the royal families of antiquity, and on which Evander and Nestor, pastors of men, reclined while judging their people. Let it be observed that all the morality of life is implied in the sacrament of confirmation; because whoever has the courage to confess God, will necessarily practise virtue, as the commission of crime is nothing but the denial of the Creator.

The same wise spirit has been displayed in placing the sacraments of holy orders and matrimony immediately after that of confirmation. The child has now become a man, and religion that watched over him with tender solicitude in the state of nature, will not abandon him in the social sphere. How profound are the views of the Christian Legislator! He has established only two social sacraments, if we may be allowed this expression; because, in reality, there are but two states in life—celibacy and marriage. Thus, without regard to the civil distinctions invented by our short-sighted reason, Jesus Christ divided society into two classes, and decreed for them, not political, but moral laws; acting in this respect in accordance with all antiquity. The old sages of the East, who have acquired such a wide-spread fame, did not call men together at random to hatch utopian constitutions. They were venerable solitaries who had travelled much, and who celebrated with the lyre the remembrance of the gods. Laden with the rich treasure of information derived from their intercourse with foreign nations, and still richer by the virtues which they practised, those excellent men appeared before the multitude with the lute in hand, their hoary locks encircled with a golden crown, and seating themselves under the shade of the plane-tree, they delivered their lessons to an enchanted crowd. What were the institutions of an Amphion, a Cadmus, an Orpheus? They consisted in delightful music, called law, in the dance, the hymn, the consecrated tree; they were exhibited in youth under the guidance of old age; in matrimonial faith plighted near a grave; religion and God were every where. Such are the scenes which Christianity also exhibits, but with much stronger claims to our admiration.

Principles, however, are always a subject of disagreement among men, and the wisest institutions have met with opposition. Thus, in modern times, the vow of celibacy which accompanies the reception of holy orders, has been denounced in no measured terms. Some, availing themselves of every means of assailing religion, have imagined that they placed her in opposition to herself by contrasting her present discipline with the ancient practice of the Church, which according to them permitted the marriage of the clergy: others have been content with making the chastity of the priesthood the object of their raillery. Let us examine, first, the views of those who have assailed it with seriousness and on the ground of morality.

By the seventh canon of the second Council of Lateran,* held in 1139, the celibacy of the clergy was definitely established, in accordance with the regulations of previous synods, as those of Lateran in 1123, Troli in 909, Tribur in 895, Toledo in 633, and Chalcedon in 451.† Baronius shews that clerical celibacy was in force generally from the sixth century.‡ The first Council of Tours excommunicated any priest, deacon, or sub-deacon, who returned to his wife after the reception of holy orders. From the time of St. Paul, virginity was considered the more perfect state for a Christian.

But, were we to admit that marriage was allowed among the clergy in the early ages of the Church, which cannot be shown either from history or from ecclesiastical legislation, it would not follow that it would be expedient at the present day. Such an innovation would be at variance with the manners of our times and, moreover, would lead to the total subversion of ecclesiastical discipline.

In the primitive days of religion, a period of combats and triumphs, the professors of Christianity—comparatively few in number and adorned with every virtue—lived fraternally together and shared the same joys and the same tribulations at the table of the Lord. We may conceive, therefore, that a minister of religion might, strictly speaking, have been permitted to have a family amid this perfect society, which was already the domestic circle for him. His own children, forming a part of his flock, would not have diverted him from the attention due to the remainder of his charge, nor would they have exposed him to betray the confidence of the sinner, since in those days there were no crimes to be concealed, the confession of them being made publicly in those *basilics of the dead*, where the faithful assembled to pray over the ashes of the martyrs. The Christians of that age had received from heaven a spirit which we have lost. They formed not so much a popular assembly as a community of levites and religious women: baptism had made them all priests and confessors of Jesus Christ.

St. Justin, the philosopher, in his first *Apology*, has given us an admirable description of the Christian life in those times. "We are accused," he says, "of disturbing the tranquillity of the State, while we are taught by one of the principal articles of our faith, that nothing is hidden to the eye of God, and that he will one day take a strict account of our good and evil deeds. But, O powerful emperor, the very punishments which you have decreed against us, only tend to confirm us in our religion, because all this persecution was predicted by our Master, the Son of the Sovereign God, Father and Lord of the universe.

On Sunday, those who reside in the town and country meet together. The

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* This was the tenth General Council, at which one thousand bishops were present. T.

† The fourth General Council, numbering between five and six hundred bishops. T

‡ Baron. An. 88, No. 18.

Scriptures are read, after which one of the ancients* exhorts the people to imitate the beautiful examples that have been placed before them. The assembly then rises; prayer is again offered up, and water, bread and wine being presented, the officiating minister gives thanks, the others answering—*amen*. A portion of the consecrated elements is now distributed, and the rest is conveyed by the deacons to those who are absent. A collection is taken; the rich giving according to their disposition. These alms are placed in the hands of the minister for the assistance of widows, orphans, sick persons, prisoners, poor people, strangers; in short, all who are in need and the care of whom devolves especially upon the minister. We assemble on Sunday, because on that day God created the world, and the same day his Son arose to life again, to confirm his disciples in the doctrine which we have exposed to you.

"If you find this doctrine good, show your respect for it: if not, reject it: but, do not condemn to punishment those who commit no crime; for, we declare to you, that if you continue to act unjustly you will not escape the judgment of God. For the rest, whatever be our fate, we desire only that the will of God be done. We might have claimed your favorable regard in consequence of the letter of your father, Cæsar Adrian, of illustrious and glorious memory; but we have preferred to rely solely upon the justice of our cause."

The apology of Justin was well calculated to take the world by surprise; for, it proclaimed a golden age in the midst of a corrupt generation, and pointed out a new people in the catacombs of an ancient empire. The Christian life must have appeared the more admirable in the public eye, as such perfection had never before been known, harmonizing with nature and the laws, and on the other hand forming a remarkable contrast with the rest of society. It is also invested with an interest which is not to be found in the fabulous excellence of antiquity; because the latter is always depicted in a state of happiness, while the former presents itself through the charms of adversity. It is not amid the foliage of the woods or at the side of the fountain, that virtue exerts her greatest power; but under the shade of the prison-wall or amid rivers of blood and tears. How divine does religion appear to us, when in the recess of the catacomb, or in the silent darkness of the tomb, we behold a pastor who is surrounded by danger, celebrating, by the feeble glare of his lamp, and in presence of his little flock, the mysteries of a persecuted God!

We have deemed it necessary to establish incontestably this high moral character of the first Christians, in order to show, that if the marriage of the clergy was considered unbecoming in that age of purity, it would be altogether impossible to introduce it at the present day. When the number of Christians increased and morality was weakened with the diffusion of mankind, how could the priest devote himself at the same time to his family and to the Church? How could he have continued chaste with a spouse who had ceased to be so? If our opponents object the practice of Protestant countries, we will observe that it has been necessary in those countries to abolish a great portion of the external worship of religion; that a Protestant minister appears in the church scarcely two or three times a week; that almost all spiritual relations have ceased between him and his flock, and that very often he is a mere man of the world.* As to certain puritanical sects, that affect an evangelical simplicity and wish to have a religion without a worship, we hope they will be passed over in silence. Finally, in those countries where the marriage of the clergy is allowed, the confession of sin, which is the most admirable of moral institutions, has been and must necessarily have been discontinued. It cannot be supposed that the Christian would confide the secrets of his heart to a man who has already made a woman the depositary of his own; and he would with reason fear to make a confidant of him who has proved faithless to God, and has repudiated the Creator to espouse the creature.

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* That is, a priest. In the first ages, the word *presbyteros*, or ancient, was very frequently used to signify a bishop or priest, set apart by ordination for the ministry of the Church. It was afterwards employed solely to designate the priestly order. T.

We will now answer the objection drawn from the general law of population. It seems to us, that one of the first natural laws that required abrogation at the commencement of the Christian era, was that which encouraged population beyond a certain limit. The age of Jesus Christ was not that of Abraham. The latter appeared at a time, when innocence prevailed and the earth was but sparsely inhabited. Jesus Christ, on the contrary, came into the midst of a world that was corrupt and thickly settled. Continence, therefore, may be allowed to a woman. The second Eve in curing the evils that had fallen upon the first, has brought down virginity from heaven, to give us an idea of the purity and joy which preceded the primeval pangs of maternity.

The Legislator of the Christian world was born of a virgin, and died a virgin. Did he not wish thereby to teach us, in a political and natural point of view, that the earth had received its compliment of inhabitants, and that the ratio of generation, far from being extended, should be restricted? In support of this opinion we may remark, that states never perish from a want, but from an excess of population. The barbarians of the North spread devastation over the globe, when their forests became overcrowded; and Switzerland has been compelled to transfer a portion of her industrious inhabitants to other countries, as she pours forth her abundant streams to render them productive. Though the number of laborers has been greatly diminished in France, the cultivation of the soil was never more flourishing than at the present time. Alas! we resemble a swarm of insects buzzing around a cup of wormwood, into which a few drops of honey have accidentally fallen; we devour each other as soon as our numbers begin to crowd the spot that we occupy! By a still greater misfortune, the more we increase the more land we require to satisfy our wants; and, as this space is always diminishing while the passions are extending their sway, the most frightful revolutions must, sooner or later, be the consequence.

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* "It was no trivial misfortune," says Dr. King, "for the cause of Christianity in England, that at the period of our separation from Popery, the clergy were allowed to marry; for, as might have been foreseen, our ecclesiastics since that time have occupied themselves solely with their wives and their children. The dignitaries of the Church could easily provide for their families with the aid of their large revenues; but the inferior clergy, unable with their slender incomes to establish their children in the world, soon spread over the kingdom swarms of mendicants. . . . As a member of the republic of letters, I have often desired the re-enactment of the canons that prohibited marriage among the clergy. To episcopal celibacy we are indebted for all the magnificent grants that distinguish our two universities: but since the period of the Reformation those two seats of learning have had few benefactors among the members of the hierarchy. If the rich donations of Laud and Sheldon have an eternal claim to our gratitude, it must be remembered that these two prelates were never married, &c."—*Political and Liter. Anecdotes, &c., Edinburgh Review, July*, 1819. E.

Theories, however, have little weight in the presence of facts. Europe is far from being a desert, though the Catholic clergy within her borders have taken the vow of celibacy. Even monasteries are favorable to society, by the good management of the religious, who distribute their commodities at home, and thus afford abundant relief to the poor. Where, but in the neighborhood of some rich abbey, did we once behold in France the comfortably dressed husbandman, and laboring people whose joyful countenance betokened their happy condition? Large possessions always produce this effect in the hands of wise and resident proprietors, and such precisely was the character of our monastic domains. But this subject would lead us too far: we shall return to it in treating of the religious orders. We will remark, however, that the clergy have been favorable to the increase of population, by preaching concord and union between man and wife, checking the progress of libertinism, and visiting with the denunciations of the Church the crimes which the people of the cities directed to the diminution of children.

There can be no doubt, that every great nation has need of men, who, separated from the rest of mankind, invested with some august character, and free from the encumbrances of wife, children, and other worldly affairs, may labor effectually for the advancement of knowledge, the improvement of morals and the relief of human suffering. What wonders have not our priests and religious accomplished, in these three respects, for the good of society? But, place them in charge of a family: would not the learning and charity which they have consecrated to their country, be turned to the profit of their relatives? Happy, indeed, if by this change their virtue were not transformed into vice!

Having disposed of the objections which moralists urge against clerical celibacy, we shall endeavor to answer those of the poets: but, for this purpose, it will be necessary to employ other arguments, to adduce other authorities, and to write in a different style.

Most of the sages of antiquity led a life of celibacy, and the gymnosophists, the brahmins and the druids, held chastity in the highest honor. Even among savage tribes it is invested with a heavenly character; because in all ages and countries there has prevailed but one opinion respecting the excellence of virginity. Among the ancients, priests and priestesses who were supposed to commune intimately with heaven, were obliged to live as solitaries, and the least violation of their vow was visited with a signal punishment. They offered in sacrifice, only the heifer that had never been a mother. The loftiest and most attractive characters in mythology, were virgins. Such were Venus, Urania and Minerva, goddesses of genius and wisdom, and Friendship, who was represented as a young maiden. Virginity, herself, was personified as the moon and paraded her mysterious modesty amid the refreshing atmosphere of night.

Virginity is not less amiable, considered in its various other relations. In the three departments of nature, it is the source of grace and the perfection of beauty. The poets whom we are now seeking to convince, will readily admit what we say. Do they not themselves introduce every where the idea of virginity, as lending a charm to their descriptions and representations? Do they not find it in the forest-scene, in the vernal rose, in the winter's snow; and do they not thus station it at the two extremities of life, on the lips of childhood and the grey locks of aged man? Do they not also blend it with the mysteries of the tomb, telling us of antiquity that consecrated to the manes seedless trees, because death is barren, or because in the next life there is no distinction of sex, and the soul is an immortal virgin? Finally, do they not tell us, that the irrational animals which approach the nearest to human intelligence, are those devoted to chastity? Do we not seem, in fact, to recognize in the bee-hive the model of those monasteries, where vestals are busily engaged in extracting a celestial honey from the flowers of virtue?

In the fine arts, virginity is again the charm, and the Muses owe to it their perpetual youth. But it displays its excellence chiefly in man. Saint Ambrose has composed three treatises on virginity, in which he has scattered with a profuse hand the ornaments of style, his object, as he informs us, being to gain the attention of virgins by the sweetness of his words.* He terms virginity ***an exemption from every stain***, and shows that the tranquillity which attends it, is far superior to the cares of matrimonial life. He addresses the virgin in these words: "The modesty which tinges your cheeks, renders you exceedingly beautiful. Retired far from the sight of men, like the rose in some solitary spot, your charms form not the subject of their false surmises. Nevertheless, you are still a competitor for the prize of beauty: not that indeed which falls under the eye, but the beauty of virtue—that beauty which no sickness can disfigure, no age can diminish, and not death itself can take away. God alone is the umpire in this rivalry of virgins; because he loves the beautiful soul, even in a body that is deformed. . . . . A virgin is the gift of heaven, and the joy of her family. She exercises under the paternal roof the priesthood of chastity; she is a victim daily immolated for her mother, at the altar of filial piety."†

In man, virginity assumes a character of sublimity. When, in the fierce rebellion of the passions, it resists the invitation to evil, it becomes a celestial virtue. "A chaste heart," says St. Bernard, "is by virtue what an angel is by nature. There is more felicity in the purity of the angel, but there is more courage in that of the man." In the religious, virginity transforms itself into humanity: witness the fathers of the Redemption and the orders of Hospitallers, consecrated to the relief of human misery. The learned man it inspires with the love of study; the hermit with that of contemplation: in all it is a powerful principle, whose beneficial influence is always felt in the labors of the mind, and hence, it is the most excellent quality of life, since it imparts fresh vigor to the soul, which is the nobler part of our nature.

But, if chastity is necessary in any state, it is chiefly so in the service of the Diety. "God," as Plato observes, "is the true standard of things, and we should make every effort to resemble him." He who ministers at his altar, is more strictly obliged to this than others. "The question here," says St. Chrysostom, "is not the government of an empire or the command of an army, but the performance of functions that require an angelic virtue. The soul of the priest should be purer than the rays of the sun." "The Christian minister," adds St. Jerome, "is the interpreter between God and man." The priest therefore must be a divine personage: an air of holiness and mystery should surround him. Retired within the sacred gloom of the temple, let him be heard, without being perceived by those without. Let his voice, solemn, grave and religious, announce the prophetic word, or chant the hymn of peace, in the holy recesses of the tabernacle. Let his visits among men be transient, and if he appear amid the bustle of the world, let it be only to render a service to the unhappy. It is on these conditions that the priest will enjoy the respect and confidence of his people. But he will soon forfeit both, if he is seen in the halls of the rich, if he is encumbered with a wife, if he is too familiar in society, if he betrays faults which are condemned in the world, or if he leads those around him to suspect for a moment that he is a man like other men.

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* De Virgin, lib. 2, ch. 1.

† Ibid, lib. 1, ch. 5.

Chastity in old age is something superhuman. Priam, ancient as mount Ida, and hoary as the oak of Gargarus, surrounded in his palace by his fifty sons, presents a noble type of paternity: but Plato, without wife and children, seated on the steps of a temple at the extremity of a cape lashed by the waves, and there lecturing to his disciples on the existence of God, exhibits a far more elevated character. He belongs not to the earth; he seems to be one of those spirits of higher intelligences of whom he speaks in his writings.

Thus, virginity ascending from the last link in the chain of beings up to man, soon passes from man to the angels, and from the angels to God, in whom it is absorbed. God reigns in a glory unique, inimitable in the eternal firmament, as the sun, his image, shines with unequalled splendor in the visible heavens.

We may conclude, that poets and men even of the most refined taste, can make no reasonable objection to the celibacy of the priesthood, since virginity is among the cherished recollections of the past, is one of the charms of friendship, is associated with the solemn thought of the tomb, with the innocence of childhood, with the enchantment of youth, with the charity of the religious, with the sanctity of the priest and of old age, and with the divinity in the angels and in God himself.

THE PLATFORM OF THE AMERICAN PARTY.

Towards the middle of June last, as our readers need not be told, there was a gathering of the "Know-Nothing Party" in conclave, at Philadelphia. The assemblage was called a "Council," to distinguish it from what are commonly known among politicians as "National Conventions," and the party itself was dignified with the appellation of "The Order," that it might not be confounded with any common-place partizan organization. So far as the uninitiated could learn, the chief purpose of the meeting was the construction of a "platform." Indeed "the dance upon nothing" had grown to be regarded, among rational people, as the legitimate result of so many principles and practices ascribed to the party, that it had become absolutely necessary for something to be provided, upon which the faithful might at least appear to rest their feet. So many of the mysteries too had so long ceased to be mysterious, in spite of oaths and watchwords, that it seemed but prudent to make a tardy virtue of publishing, what all the world had already found out for themselves. The first step of the "council" was to proclaim the decease of the "old political parties,"—the next, to administer on their goods and chattels. At the very moment of repudiating the sins and responsibilities of Whigs and Democrats who had gone to their account, the "order" took bodily possession of all the stage-property, machinery and clap-traps, which had helped or spoiled the fortunes of the defunct. The "council" had its caucusses and its lobbying—its quarrels, pledges, bargains and compromises, like the most orthodox convention that ever huckstered away the White House. There was the stereotyped squabble upon the slave question, without the stereotyped reconciliation.

Philanthropy and treason met, for once, with chivalry and disunion, without kissing them, as righteousness kisses peace. Candidates and the whippers in of candidates were on the ground, chasing all sorts of preferment for themselves and their employers. Great speeches were delivered for the boundless continent, and small speeches for the several square miles of Buncombe. The cardinal virtues were formally declared members of the "order," and the seven deadly sins were as formally exorcised, after due "annexation" of their effects. Every thing, in fine, was done after the immemorial fashion on such occasions, and—strange to say!—not only did the performances consist of the same old tricks, but the performers themselves turned out to be the old familiar jugglers. There was a slight change of costume—a little burnt cork here and there on the well remembered countenances, and an air of arcadian simplicity and freshness in the tumbling—but still, Harlequin was Harlequin. "Sam" was the new name, but humbug was the old thing that went by it.

When the council had adjourned, the "Ratification meetings" and "Grand Rallies" took up the wondrous tale, as it had, so often, been taken up, before. Stump orators and sky-rockets addressed themselves, straightway, to the popular intelligence. Transparencies and revolvers, drums, cannon and brass bands united in elevating and informing the national mind and heart. It became incontinently manifest, that the mission of the "order" was to enlighten and regenerate America, and that "the men of higher qualifications, purer morals, and more unselfish patriotism," described in article IX of the "Platform," had girded their loins for the effort. To be serious—from the lofty pretensions of a national organization, inspired by the virtues and emulating the example of the founders of the republic, the "American Party" flung itself, ignobly and at once, into the dust and disgraces of the common political prize-ring. It was no longer "the black knight with his visor down"—the mighty rider—so spiritedly painted by Mr. Wise—who went abroad at the ghostly midnight, and startled men from their slumbers, in the dark hour before the breaking of the day. All that was knightly and all that was terrible disappeared with the shadows. As with the Headless Hessian of Sleepy Hollow, the phantom steed turned out to be a mortal hack; the bolt of death was but—a pumpkin!

Of the principles and doctrines which the new party have commended to the American people, it does not fall within the province of this magazine to speak at large. Politics, indeed, it is our desire and design to eschew—but things properly remote from political discussion have been dragged so perseveringly into it, that to abandon the expression of our opinions because political questions may be involved in them, would be to surrender almost absolutely the topics which belong to our sphere. The "Platform" to which we have alluded, is in its plan and construction like all the political contrivances, of the same denomination, which have gone before it. Those elements which are supposed to give it strength before the people, are paraded with rhetorical ostentation. Those which are doubtful in themselves as matters of policy, and yet could not be decently avoided, are made as unintelligible as possible, by the arts and mysteries of phraseology. What could not be agreed on, was compromised as far as might be. What it was expedient to surrender to local interpretation, is so propounded, that it may be argued affirmatively or negatively, actively or passively, according to the exigency, the speaker or the latitude. Patriotic generalities are liberally thrown in, signifying every thing or nothing. Flourishes that would have given lustre to a dinner-table speech, before Maine-laws were invented, are mingled gracefully with truths that would be the gems of a copy-book. We leave the reader to cull what he will, for his own delectation and guidance. Our present purpose is to direct his attention to but a single point.

The eighth article of the "Platform and Principles of the Organization," is in these words:

> "VIII.—Resistance to the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church in our country, by the advancement to all political stations—executive, legislative, judicial or diplomatic—of those only who do not hold civil allegiance, directly or indirectly, to any foreign power whether civil or ecclesiastical, and who are Americans by birth, education and training—thus fulfilling the maxim, 'Americans only shall govern America.'
>
> "The protection of all citizens in the legal and proper exercise of their civil and religious rights and privileges; the maintenance of the right of every man to the full, unrestrained and peaceful enjoyment of his own religious opinions and worship, and a jealous resistance of all attempts by any sect, denomination or church, to obtain an ascendency over any other in the State, by means of any special privileges or exemption, by any political combination of its members, or by a division of their civil allegiance with any foreign power, potentate or ecclesiastic."

Uncandid and contradictory as is this farrago of high sounding phrases and "noble sentiments," we presume there is nobody who entertains any honest doubt as to its real purpose and signification. Those who are ashamed of it may attempt to explain it away. Those who are not ashamed of any thing may endeavor to puff it into a proclamation of religious freedom. But the explanation and the glorification will impose on very few, except those who are willing to be deceived. The article covertly teaches—and was meant insidiously to inculcate without avowing it—neither more nor less than the absolute and unqualified exclusion of Catholic citizens, whether native or naturalized, from "all political stations—executive, legislative, judicial or diplomatic." Whatever may be the grounds assumed, or the justification set up, this is the aim and result of the paragraphs we have quoted. It may be because the "policy" of the Catholic Church is considered "aggressive," or that its "tendencies" are held to be "corrupting." It may be because the Catholics are suspected of "political combinations," or accused of dividing their "civil allegiance" with "a foreign power, potentate or ecclesiastic." But whatever may be the premises, the practical conclusion is, as a "principle of the organization," and the practical result is to be, the banishment of Catholics, without exception, from every variety of public trust. It is not laid down, as an article of faith and conduct, that *if* Catholics be found guilty of the sins from which the "American party" is to redeem us, they shall be punished therefor by political degradation. It is not, that *if* any one—Catholic or Protestant—shall trespass against his Americanism and his allegiance, he shall pay the forfeit of political attainder. No such thing. There is no *if,* no contingency, no escape for the Catholic. The article asserts, in so many words, that the "policy" of the Catholic Church is "aggressive,"—that its "tendencies" are "corrupting." These conclusions are foregone—they are laid down as axioms. It is by way of resistance to such "policy" and such "tendencies" in the Catholic Church, and to the policy and tendencies of no Church but the Catholic, that the "Platform" arrays its principles and marshals its penalties. To be within the purview of the article and its denunciations, any "sect, denomination or church," other than the Catholic, must first be found guilty of the sins excommunicated. To be a Protestant is to be, at least, *primâ facie* innocent of them, if not to be, in fact, incapable of committing them. But to be a Catholic, is *ipso facto* to be guilty, and to be proven a Catholic is to be put at once under sentence.

Unless we are right in this construction, the article, upon its own principles, carries absurdity on its face. It certainly declares that somebody is to be excluded from political station. Unless it means that Catholics are to be so excluded, it must recommend the exclusion of those who are not Catholics, and it then places the "Order" in the highly rational predicament, of counteracting the policy and tendencies of the Catholic Church by punishing those who are opposed to it. Now we have no idea that the "Council" meant any such thing. We do not say this merely because the thing would be wrong, but because it would lose votes. Besides, it would be ridiculous. To say that no Protestant should be a tide-waiter, and no Jew a justice of the peace, would surely neither damage the "foreign potentate" whom the article bullies, through a generality, nor break up "the political combinations" which are attributed to the body whereof he is the head. If Catholics are dangerous, it is only by disarming Catholics that you can get rid of the danger. If Catholics cannot safely be trusted with public station, it is Catholics whom you must keep out of it, if you desire to be safe. The very designation, in the article, of the Catholic Church, by name, as the object of public "resistance," is therefore tantamount to a declaration, in terms, that its members are to be the subjects of the proscription, by which the article itself suggests that such "resistance" should be made effective.

We have been thus particular in showing the necessity of the construction which the article so obviously demands—not because it falls short of being self-evident, to our own apprehension, but because efforts have been gravely made, in some quarters, to satisfy the more liberal portion of the public, that there is nothing whatever of religious proscription involved in the doctrines of the "Platform." Every thing about it, we are told, is running over with the milk of Christian kindness. The tolerant common places and pretences, in the second paragraph of the article, have been made the text of these amusing and ingenious glosses. Does not "the Order," it is asked, oblige itself to protect all citizens in the "exercise of their civil and religious rights and privileges?" Does it not guaranty to every man, "the full, unrestrained and peaceful enjoyment of his own religious opinions and worship?" And if it does these things, how can it be other than the bulwark of genuine, religious equality and freedom? All this is very well—the "sentiments" are no doubt admirable and so is the logic. You do not proscribe a man because he is a Catholic. Not by any means. It is only because he is what you declâre all Catholics to be. True—you disfranchise him, but he is not disfranchised "as such"—he is only disfranchised in fact, which is as different as can be, and perfectly compatible with principle. You do not denounce Catholics. Not at all. You denounce certain errors and evil courses, in the abstract, and you excommunicate politically all those who may adopt or follow them. What right has the Catholic to complain of this? It is true, you assume that these errors and iniquities are inseparable from Catholicism, and that a Catholic, by the mere force of his faith and worship, entertains and pursues them, whether he intends to do so or not. His being a Catholic you treat as settling that question. He cannot be a Catholic and be what he ought to be, even if he tries. The Pope steps in between the "Papist's" heart and his country, so that he cannot worship God, as his mother taught him, and love the land where she bore or blessed him. These conclusions being established, as truths, it is of course not your fault, if the Catholic falls under your ban. It is not because he is a Catholic, but because he is a transgressor. You are devoted to toleration and are the champions of religious freedom. How can you help it, if the Catholic does not deserve to be tolerated or to be free? You have not hanged him for treason—not you! God forbid! You have only painted a traitor with a rope around his neck, and told the mob, with a wink towards the lamp-post, that it is a "Papist's" portrait! There is no parallel that we remember, in history, to this magnanimous *pronunciamento* in favor of the rights of conscience, unless it be the celebrated discourse of Tim Fudge Esquire, upon liberty and the law of libel—

"God knows, I, from my soul, profess
To hate all bigots and benighters—
God knows I love, e'en to excess,
The sacred freedom of the Press—
My only aim's to crush the writers!"

We confess, in all sincerity, that we should have approached nearer to respect for the "Platform" and its architects, if, without circumlocution or disguise, they had denounced the Catholic faith and had proclaimed open as well as indiscriminate hostility to all who profess it. Had they declared that the oath of allegiance sworn by a foreign Catholic upon being naturalized, is, of necessity, a fraud and a lie; had they asserted that every native-born Catholic, elected or appointed to office and swearing to support the constitution, is forced to be guilty of perjury, because of the religion in his heart—it would have been monstrous, but it would have been at least bold. If the "Platform," asserting these things outright, had proclaimed, in so many words, that all Catholics are unworthy of place and should be allowed to hold none—it would have been tyranny, but there would have been no pettifogging about it. It would have stirred the indignant blood in men's veins, but it would have sent no blush to their faces. The article, as it stands, involves all these things, but does not assume the responsibility of fairly and manfully proclaiming them. It is a compromise, of the many which this world makes, between sin and shame—between a repugnance to avow iniquity and an irresistable temptation to take its wages. "The Order" hangs its head and stammers at the confession of bigotry, but yet pawns its conscience for the votes of the bigots.

Speaking thus decidedly and strongly, we are glad that our interpretation—obvious as its accuracy seems to ourselves—has been fortified in advance by constructions of the "Eighth Article," coming from the most orthodox sources, and proclaimed on the most authoritative occasions. At the Ratification meeting which was held in Philadelphia, immediately upon the adjournment of the National Council, Governor Brown of Tennessee, himself a distinguished delegate and surrounded by delegates no less distinguished, laid down the religious basis of the "Order," in terms which admit of no possible misconception. "The honest foreigner (said he) will sympathize with this movement, *because we say to him, We have a religion here that requires protection—the Protestant religion—which, rising with Martin Luther, has been handed down to us to preserve and sustain.*"

In New York, the same gentleman followed out his idea, by proclaiming that "the offices of the Government should not be given to men who acknowledge a superior allegiance to a Pope or Bishop."

General Pilcher, of Kentucky, was equally enthusiastic and intelligible.

> "He dwelt at great length," (say the Reports,) "and with much force, on the religious considerations involved in or affected by the principles of the Know-Nothing party; *contrasted Catholicity and Protestantism as two systems, one of which repressed and the other favored liberal ideas and free institutions,* denied that foreigners *or Catholics* should be admitted to the enjoyment of political privileges equally with those born on the soil, and spoke warmly in favor of the Union.

Glory be to God in the highest, he said, and peace and good will to all native-born American citizens." Still further, on recurring to the subject, "he expressed his entire opposition to the temporal and *spiritual* power of the Pope."

Col. Stokes, of Tennessee, in his turn, the Reporters say, "expressed his unqualified opposition to the Pope."

The Hon. Mr. Cunningham, of South Carolina, said that the American Party "did not want to see the track of the toe of Rome any longer on this country."

The Hon. Kenneth Rayner, of North Carolina,—the principal expounder at the "Grand Rally" in our own city—was certainly very explicit upon this point, as he was reckless in regard to others which we should regret to speak of.

"The same spirit," he said, "which impelled the sires of the revolution to rebel against the extortions of a foreign power now *prompted the people to rise up to put a check upon the priestly aggressions of the Romish Church. When Martin Luther sounded the proclamation of the reformation in the streets of Wittemberg, he was not prompted by a more holy feeling than that which has taken hold of the people of this country in this movement*; and our glory is that we intend to march on to victory." Nor was this all. "*No man*," cried this Luther of the Dismal Swamp, "*can be a true American and a true member of the Roman Catholic Church, for his allegiance to the priesthood is stronger than that which he bears to his country.*"

Upon the question of the admission of the Louisiana delegation—one of whose members was a Catholic—the same Honorable gentleman had indeed long before said every thing, in the "council" itself, which the purposes of this argument require. We quote from the New York Times:

"Mr. Rayner, of North Carolina, the only prominent Southern member who took the opposite ground, insisted that *opposition to Catholicism, as inconsistent with Republican institutions, was the very corner stone of the Know-Nothing movement; and that any proceeding which should ignore or be inconsistent with this position would be fatal to the Order.* In this he was sustained by a decided majority of the members from the Northern States."

But why should we register these expressions of individual opinion, when the direct action of the Council itself, upon the very point under consideration, puts an end to the possibility of rational dispute? The following report of the proceedings tells its own story.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1855.—The Convention assembled at nine o'clock this morning, pursuant to adjournment.

"Mr. Alexander, of Maryland, Chairman of the Committee, made a report on the Ritual, suggesting no very material alterations except in the terms of membership, *the principal change proposed being the admission of American Catholics.* This proposed modification gave rise to a most animated discussion, in which Messrs. Lyons of New York, Williams of Kentucky, Rayner of North Carolina, Brown of Tennessee, Mallory of New York and Cunningham of South Carolina, participated, and *resulted in the defeat* of the proposition by *a very large majority.*

"JUNE 15.—*The Catholic test was again brought on the tapis, and elicited a warm debate.* Messrs. Lyons, of New York; Rayner, of North Carolina, and others, spoke against its abrogation; and Messrs. Hopkins, of Alabama, and Brown, of Tennessee, and others, in favor. The test was again re-affirmed by a decisive majority."

By the express decision of the Council then—twice deliberately rendered—no Catholic, native or naturalized, can be a member of the "Order," and no applicant for admission can successfully present himself, without first abjuring Catholicity. And this, the reader will observe, is established, not as a part of the "Platform," but as a rigid rule of the organization; not as a portion of the official advertisement for customers, but as a vital element of the "ritual," which governs the members, as among themselves. It lies, therefore, at the very root of the system. It shows the stuff out of which the "Order" and its governing members are made. It illustrates the vows which bind them together—what they forswear and what they swear. It would be mere fatuity to believe, in the face of this, that they do not intend to proscribe, by their votes, those whom they spurn from fellowship in their lodges. Seen in the light of this canon of the "ritual," the eighth article of the "Platform" cannot have been otherwise than framed, expressly, to convey the meaning which attaches to the words that it contains. It sets the Catholics of this Republic aside, as a degraded caste, incapable of allegiance to their country, and unworthy of trust under oath. It proclaims a disfranchisement, through the ballot-box, which is not within the scope of legislation. It lies in wait, behind the freedom of suffrage, to strike, unpunished, at the liberty of conscience.

What says the Constitution of the United States upon this point? The language of its sixth article is as explicit as intelligence and integrity could make it:

"No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust, under the United States."

Nor is the first article of the Amendments to the Constitution less intelligible or decided:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

What says the Declaration of Rights of the State of Maryland? Article 33 contains the great and fundamental doctrine:

"That as it is the duty of every man to worship God in such manner as he thinks most acceptable to Him, all persons are equally entitled to protection in their religious liberty."

Article 34 draws the corollary from this—

"That no other test or qualification ought to be required, on admission to any office of trust or profit, than such oath of office as may be prescribed by this constitution or by the laws of the State, and a declaration of belief in the Christian religion: and if the party shall profess to be a Jew, the declaration shall be of his belief in a future state of rewards and punishments."

Over the whole of the Union, provisions identical in spirit and effect with these extend. It is now some years since New Hampshire, the last stronghold of anti-Catholic exclusiveness, gave way before the pressure of opinion and the progress of civilization. If, then, all the constitutions, State and Federal, to which our allegiance and obedience are due and which, together, make up the institutions of our country, declare, in terms so decided and express, that there shall be no interference with the citizen because of his religion, and that no religious test shall be required as a qualification for public trust—what shall be thought of the "Americanism," the allegiance, the loyalty, of an organization, which sets the whole constitutional array deliberately at defiance? It is a technical and verbal subterfuge and puerility, to say that there is no infraction of these constitutional provisions, merely because there is literally no attempt to enact unconstitutional laws. If it is unconstitutional to "prohibit the free exercise" of the Catholic religion, by making its profession a political disqualification—when the outrage is attempted through the forms of law—how can it be constitutional to perpetrate the same wrong, outside of the law, and through the ballot-box which is the source and should be the safe-guard of the law? Is the violation of the constitution less palpable and less unworthy, when wrought by means which cannot be reached, than when means are adopted which the tribunals of justice may counteract? Is the letter of the constitution everything and its spirit nothing? Is wrong made right, because it may be perpetrated with impunity; or is it sanctified, because committed in the exercise of a privilege too sacred to be invaded even when it errs? What guaranty, what security, do constitution and law afford, if, while they proclaim the eligibility of the citizen without reference to creed, the voters, who are to elect him, conspire to resolve that he shall abjure his creed or be ineligible? What is the difference, in honesty and fact, between disgracing the statute book with a religious test, and ordaining solemnly, in "lodges" and "councils," that no man who declines the same test shall be entitled to political preferment? We will not insult the intelligence of our readers by dealing seriously with a trick of words. There is but one difference, to our minds, between the one course and the other. It is the difference between open oppression and clandestine persecution; between a soldierly charge and an Indian ambush; between the bigot who will brave the consequences of his bigotry, and the demagogue who will work with tools he is ashamed of.

But the worst of all is, that so flagrant a dereliction of political principle should be paraded and glorified as "Americanism," and that "a profoundly intense American feeling," and "a passionate attachment to our country" should be set up as its inspiration. In England—since the Emancipation Act—a Catholic may rid himself of the imputation that he acknowledges "the temporal or civil jurisdiction" of the Pope, within the realm, by his own declaration that he does not. But here, under the new system by which "Americans are to rule America," the Catholic has no such privilege. His faith is conclusive against him, without appeal. He is not allowed to repel the slander, if he will. He is not permitted to vindicate his loyalty, even by his oath. He is dealt with in the spirit of the older days, when the statutes touching abjuration and supremacy marked the limits of English toleration; when the declaration against transubstantiation was to be taken at the quarter-sessions, and a "Popish recusant, convict," was a felon, to be hanged. The England of our day permits a man, at last, to be a Catholic and yet a freeman. America—if "the American party" is to represent her—has sent forth the republican edict that he shall not be both. He must cease to be the one or the other. He must surrender his citizenship or deny his faith. Turn the thing over as you will—disguise it—qualify it—gloss it with sophistry—mystify it with rhetoric—split it up with metaphysics—this, and nothing but this, is what, in honest truth, it comes to. And it is this, which, in the nineteenth century and in the freest of the nations, a great organization has rallied its forces to proclaim; under the credible pretext that it fears the Pope, in America, and stands in dread of "the aggressive policy and corrupting tendencies of the Roman Catholic Church!"

We have done with the subject for the present—it having been our only purpose, here, to let the religious features of the Know-Nothing movement be seen without veil or mask. The rights of Catholics we shall not discuss. Their capacity to be good citizens—to swear allegiance truly to the Union and keep their vow—to be faithful and loyal, as the most loyal and faithful are, in every civil, political and social relation—to worship God, as they believe "most acceptable to Him," and yet love and serve their country as tenderly and devotedly as any that worship otherwise—these things we will not disparage ourselves by admitting to be subjects of argument. We will not offer to our Catholic fellow-citizens the indignity of conceding that their perfect equality with all other Americans, in all things, is an open question. If the American Revolution and the institutions which it founded did not set those points at rest, they settled nothing, and injustice and oppression are immortal. We leave to the patriots and sages who assembled in "council" at Philadelphia, in 1855, the commendable task of finding folly in the wisdom and disloyalty in the patriotism of the men who met there, in convention, in 1787. X.

THE RESOURCES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THE WORK OF CATHOLIC INSTRUCTION, AND HOW TO PUT THEM IN ACTION.

It may not be generally known to the Catholics of this country, that a series of publications has been undertaken in England, having chiefly in view the instruction and education of the Catholic youth. To accomplish this important object, it was proposed to issue a series of Pictorial Bible Stories, also a Pictorial History of the Catholic Church from the earliest period to the present time.* This great and good work has been undertaken by a learned and zealous clergyman of Birmingham, England,—the Rev. Henry Formby.

In the discharge of the duties of his sacred office, Father Formby experienced, what every Catholic clergyman has experienced, a want of proper instruction among Catholics, especially the young. His zealous heart was pained to find so many deficient in religious instruction, and, beyond the tenets of their faith, totally ignorant of all the time-honored institutions of their Church, ignorant of all those soul-touching scenes and interesting incidents recorded in the Sacred Scriptures and in the history of the Church—scenes and incidents so well calculated to nourish piety and fervor in the Catholic heart. To remedy the evil, Father Formby conceived the happy idea of calling in the aid of the artist to give embellishment and attraction to the truths of religion, and of thus furnishing to the world a series of publications that will please and fascinate the eye while they instruct the heart.

All experience teaches the advantage of illustrated works as a medium for conveying instruction. "Pictures," said Cardinal Wiseman in a recent lecture, "are the books of the poor and ignorant." A simple illustration will often convey to the mind a clearer conception of an object than the most learned and lengthy description. We might talk to a child, or the uninstructed, of the various impressive scenes in the passion of our divine Redeemer, His agony in the garden, or His death on the cross, and our words will but feebly convey the reality of these events; but the moment we produce a picture of Gethsemane or Calvary, exhibiting the grief and sufferings of the Son of God—the crown of thorns, the blood trickling from his sacred head, his hands and his side; convictions, stronger than words can express, are at once carried home to the heart; impressions are made which length of years cannot efface. We need not go beyond our own experience to be convinced of the power which engravings exert on the mind. Each of us can remember with what pleasure, in childhood's happy days, we turned the pages of "The Picture Book," the gift, perhaps, of parental fondness. The text may have faded from our memory, but the pictures with their associations linger there still. It is, therefore, with feelings of much gratification that we welcome this effort on the part of Father Formby to render an art, which exerts so strong an influence on the minds of the young, subservient to their religious instruction.

The good work thus commenced by the zealous missionary of Birmingham, apart from other considerations, appeals to us as Catholics. It is not local; it is not European or American; it is Catholic. It is the ground-work of a vast institution, from which results of the highest importance are destined to flow. We see in it that beautiful feature of unity which in all things pervades the Catholic Church. A stranger in a far-distant land, unknown to us only by the bonds of religion, raises his voice in favor of a work destined to carry blessings to Catholicity wherever the cross shall be reared. No mercenary motive prompts the undertaking; it is the work of love on his part; he seeks no reward, save the glory of God and the common interests of religion. In the ardor of his zeal he cast his eyes to the Church of America, and with the view of eliciting the co-operation of the Catholics of this country in a work so worthy of their approbation, he has addressed to them through us the following letters.*

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* The first number of the series of Pictorial Bible Stories, from the Creation to the death of Jacob, has been published. The edition of 20,750 copies cost a fraction over £1,122. Of this sum, the engravings alone cost £180.

Were anything further required to engage us in this good work, it will be found in the unqualified approbation which it has received from the following distinguished prelates. His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Formby, says:

"I highly approve of your proposed Pictorial Course of Sacred History for the people, and I trust that you will meet the encouragement you deserve, and find persons ready to advance the means required for the accomplishment of your undertaking."

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, also, in a letter to the same Rev. gentleman, after speaking of the many advantages that must result from the undertaking, says:

"Bossuet was also inspired with the same idea that religion is most efficaciously as well as most agreeably taught when it is taught historically. I perceive that yours is planned on this idea. The illustrations will make it equally attractive and impressive for the young and old; but for the young, the voice of all experience combines with our own recollections of that age, to show that nothing can be so suited as a series of well-selected and beautiful illustrations to give that body and color to religious instructions which awakens interest, opens and attracts the mind, fixes the memory, and makes the whole teaching of religion, through its sacred history, both pleasant and efficacious."

We might add the approbation of other eminent personages, who have not only expressed their approval of the work, but have also contributed liberally towards carrying it into execution; but having already extended our remarks far beyond the space we intended to occupy, we shall without further comment, let the Rev. author speak to the reader in his own clear and forcible language.

To the Editors of the Metropolitan. BIRMINGHAM, May 30, 1855.

It is a source of heartfelt joy to a priest, and a servant of the Catholic faith, at his post on one side of the Atlantic, to be able to feel that the bond of the same faith will ensure him the same genuine welcome, the same patient and indulgent hearing on the other side, as if he were writing for his own particular nation:—if the event should prove that he has something to say that is of value to the interests of the Faith. This faith is the same on either side of the Atlantic, and the adherents of the faith in the new country would, I am sure, not be at all fairly judged if they were, for a moment, supposed to yield the palm to the older country in any point of zeal, intelligence, and chivalrous enterprize in behalf of the faith, or in devoted attachment and loyalty to the Church. On the contrary, where there is a question of an enterprise to be realized by the wise employment or ordinary agencies, and subject to the ordinary rules which govern such enterprizes, everything that I have myself been able to observe—without having enjoyed the advantage of a personal observation—of the transatlantic Europe, leads me strongly to the conviction, that the rising genius of America is far more adapted to carry through an undertaking which requires freedom of mind as well as energy of action for its accomplishment, than the plodding, hereditary and, in some degree, contracted spirit which years of severe oppression have but too strongly planted in the older country.

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* The Rev. gentleman has, we are happy to learn, secured the co-operation of Messrs. Murphy & Co., for the immediate publication, in this country, of the series of Pictorial Bible Stories.

The present and succeeding remarks, those which I am about to beg leave to offer, though in a general way fairly entitled to the designation, "*The Resources of the Nineteenth Century for the work of Catholic Instruction*," still differ, as I may here be permitted to explain, from a large class of similar writings with which, on this side of the Atlantic, we are very familiar, in the extremely essential feature that in the present case they are meant to be introductory to business. I do not propose to occupy the time of your readers with a mere display of ingenuity in showing how much might be done, which, not being the business of any one in particular to attend to, is, therefore, certain never to be done; nor in proving what a shower of benefits and advantages might be infallibly expected from a thing which is never likely to be even so much as attempted. *We* are accustomed it is true to writings of this kind in profusion, but I hope that my respect for the truth and reality of purpose of the American character, would effectually guard against the likelihood of my following any such ill-judged example, in addressing myself to Americans.

The work of Catholic instruction is too real and too sacred a thing to be made, with any sort of propriety, the subject of mere castle building in the air, and unless a writer has something definite to propose, something to bring forward, respecting which he is in a condition to say,—"Gentlemen, here is something practicable, in the ordinary way of business, and subject to its rules, submitted to you for consideration; on such and such reasonable conditions it admits of being accomplished; What, therefore, do you say to lending your concurrence and co-operation to the carrying it into effect?"—his silence under ordinary circumstances is a far more desirable thing than his words. Schemes that are disconnected from business are the merest gossamer webs, that from time to time streak the sky on a summer's day—and especially when put forward with an assumption of confidence and an exhibition of assurance, of which we have had examples, and which for the moment deceive a reader into the belief that they are something more than a bubble, are worse than ridiculous; they do the cause of religion the ill-service of confirming the idea, that religious men are too dreamy, too visionary, too incurably unpractical in their constitution, ever to be able to grapple with the realities of life or to meet its real exigencies, and that any thing undertaken for religion must necessarily prove an abortion.

To have anything legitimate then to say upon the subject of the *resources of the nineteenth century for the work of Catholic instruction*, seems to require, that whatever should be said, ought at least have for its end not their mere description as curiosities for a museum, but the direct purpose of laying hands upon them, so to speak, and showing how there is a reasonable and practicable way to be found within the reach of ordinary care and painstaking of bringing them into actual use. If a lion is wanted for a show, there's no use in talking about a lion or describing one, the living lion must be caught and exhibited alive and then every body will pay their money for seeing him and will be satisfied. In the same way, if the inventive art of the nineteenth century has really placed within our reach means of instruction, that other periods of the Church did not possess, we must not waste precious time in talking about our lion, which would be much better spent in catching him. When it pleases Almighty God to offer to his Church the use of any instrument likely to be of service to the ever necessary work of instruction that must always be going on,—only one thought can fill the mind, and that is, "how is it to be obtained?"

The particular resource of modern times to which I desire to call attention, and which I think has capacities for rendering great service to the Church, is the art of engraving upon wood, and of pictorial printing from the engraved wood blocks or their equivalents. A little explanation of the nature of the process will be needed to make the case clear.

A drawing is made by an artist upon a block of box-wood, and the wood engraver cuts it on the reverse method of copper-plate engraving, leaving those parts of the block that are meant to print the design, in relief. The blocks thus engraved are put into their place in the form with the type, and will yield impressions either by machine or by hand press, as may be preferred. The ordinary wood block, itself, is considered by Mr. Jackson, in his elaborate treatise on wood engraving, to be capable of yielding one hundred thousand impressions, before it begins visibly to deteriorate; but this entirely depends upon the treatment it receives in the press. An unskillful workman may soon destroy it, but with careful treatment a good block is hardly the worse for working one hundred thousand impressions.

However, to add fecundity to fecundity, the wood block when produced by the engraver, is susceptible of re-production, either in type metal or in solid copper, from the electric battery, at a very small cost,—and by this means, a series of wood engravings become equal to supply all the nations of the world that may require them. I suppose a series of drawings to be executed and to be engraved, they have been done in London, Paris, Leipzic, or Munich, and they are such as to be of interest to the whole race of mankind. Men of all nations will understand and enjoy the pictures, when commented upon in their own respective languages,—whereas only a limited number will understand the English, French, or German languages. By the Electrotype process the restriction that language imposes is entirely overcome as regards the pictures.

Without any injury to the original engraved blocks, the Electrotype process yields as many transcripts of them in copper as are needed, and thus the original design made upon the wood can be printed in every country of the globe—in combination with its own language—where the art of printing is known, and where the design is of sufficient interest to be sought after and purchased. Pictorial printing, then, is an instrument which in the power of extending itself is absolutely co-extensive with the catholicity of the Church herself, and, viewed simply as a power, is one of the resources of our own times, quite unknown to those who preceded us.

The next question, however, to be solved is, whether the instrument which is thus co-extensive in its resources and capacities of production with the local extent of the Catholic Church, may be equally serviceable to the work of its instruction? Upon this point there can scarcely be room to raise a doubt. From the earliest pictures on the walls of the catacombs down to the latest frescoes of Munich, the Catholic religion has at all times been eminently a picture loving religion; and the existing universal use of engravings of religious subjects, and their popularity with all classes both young and old, leave no room to question the efficacy of pictorial printing, as an element in the work of Catholic instruction.

Now, however, comes the practical gist of the matter; how to seize hold of this instrument and to render ourselves masters of it in such a manner as to obtain from it the best possible service that it is capable of yielding, using the ordinary means with which every one is familiar, and which are open alike to all, and not failing to observe the conditions under which it must be used.

A few words of explanation, will show the state of the case.

To apply pictorial printing to the purposes of instruction, it must be *cheap* in its product, at the same time that the product ought to be good. If it is cheap, under *ordinary circumstances, it must* be inferior in kind. To obtain a good pictorial result, there must be a good design, engraved by a first-rate engraver, and it must be printed on good paper, with extra care; each of these processes must be paid for at a proper rate, and by the time that a first-rate result is produced the price is necessarily above the reach of the multitude, and this accounts for the circumstance that the ordinary popular illustrated printing yields such an odious result. The commercial part of the business admits of nothing better being done for the money.

For the purposes of religious instruction, we *must* have the quality of *cheapness,* and we *ought* to have the quality of *excellence;* in short then, we have the problem to solve, how these two, under ordinary circumstances quite incompatible qualities, may be combined in a work of Catholic Instruction.

The *catholicity* of the wood engraving of a design above described, if I may use the term without appearing odd, comes in to solve the problem very satisfactorily, as regards the possibility of the thing being done, and all that the business requires is that nothing should happen to interrupt the harmonious progress of the arrangements by which it has to be effected. The process is extremely simple. A single publisher in any one Catholic country, would have to disburse too high a price for a really valuable series of engravings to enable him to produce any thing sufficiently cheap. But, if a publisher commanding the market in England, Ireland and Australia, combines with one in America, another in Paris, another in Munich or Mayence and another in Spain, and all agree to use copper transcripts of the original blocks engraved upon wood, the outlay upon the original design becomes less to each in combination, than the cost of very trumpery work purchased and used by one man alone. And upon this plan means can be found for employing the very highest talent that exists, in the service of illustrating religious instruction. The advantage of this is obvious, because the sheet of paper about to be printed might just as easily come from the press with a beautiful and historically valuable design printed upon it as with an unmeaning daub, if the publisher could afford to have the proper block in the press. Now, by means of this combination of resources, the price of a good block can be brought down to his standard.

The conclusion, therefore, to be come to is, that in order to realize the full measure of service which the art of wood engraving is capable of rendering to the cause of religious instruction, is it necessary to secure this combination and cooperation of publishers in different nations, in order to secure the *one only principle,* on which cheapness and excellence admit of being realized?

HENRY FORMBY.

BATH STREET, BIRMINGHAM, June 8th, 1855.

Having in my last letter explained the prolific nature of the art of wood engraving, when combined with the discovery of the Electrotype process, and having shown what a marvellous power it places at the disposal of Catholic nations for joining their resources in the production of such works of art, illustrative of their common faith, as would unite the ordinarily speaking unattainable combination of *cheapness* with *excellence*, I proceed with my subject, still bearing in mind, that I am not writing, as a lecturer, upon what might be done, but as one whose mind is steadily bent upon seeing the plan in question, with the blessing of God, fully realized.

For all human undertakings, human agencies and human instruments are required. If pictorial publications are to be rendered of service on a great scale for the instruction of immense multitudes, we may be quite sure that we need not expect to see these publications fall down from heaven in the early hours of the morning, as the manna fell down in the Arabian wilderness. It appertains to the nature of a publication, as its name implies, that it should issue from a publisher's establishment. Now, previous to its being ready in the publisher's warehouse, the following process must have been gone through.

The publisher must have purchased his engraved or electrotype blocks, at so much—he must have paid so much for his stereotyped pages, so much for his paper, so much for his printing, so much for his binder's work, and so much must be allowed as a charge for the current expenses of his establishment—and after all this outlay has been provided for, he has an edition of one or more thousand, as he may think fit, of a book to be sold at so much per copy, wherewith to recover his outlay, together with a certain allowance for the retail dealer, and for his own legitimate profit as merchant.

If, therefore, a publisher is expected by his co-religionists to come forward to render to the cause of religion the service of risking his time and capital in the necessary expenditure, by which alone an instructive pictorial book can be produced, he has a right to expect from them in return that they should second his zeal by a corresponding activity in the circulation of the work; a certain degree of uncertainty and speculation there must always be in a transaction of this kind between a publisher and the public, as it is absolutely impossible from the nature of the case that there should be a distinct and specified compact, that the whole of an edition is to be sold. Still, though a specified compact there cannot be, it is quite reasonable to insist that a publisher has a clear right on grounds of religion, if he enters into an enterprise for the benefit of religion, to claim that he should be seconded, as a matter of duty, by all those for whose special service his enterprise is intended. It is only upon a sufficient understanding upon the question of being thus seconded, that any thing great can really be done.

With a view to accomplish something really and permanently effectual, the next principle to make for—after the combination of resources common to the different Catholic nations—is to lay the necessary basis for an extensive circulation in each particular nation. Not only should the different nations combine to diminish the cost of the engravings, but all classes of people in each nation should unite in the work of increasing the national circulation, for the plain and obvious reason of common sense, that the only possible condition of a very cheap publication, is—an immense circulation.

Now the immense circulation of any Catholic work—which produced under the circumstances I am supposing, ought far to surpass the circulation of even such a book as Uncle Tom's Cabin, (I do not mean immediately, but in the long run, owing to the fact of religious instruction being a thing of incessant demand)—is a result not to be attained, to the extent that it ought to be possible, without some special pains being taken, the nature of which I now proceed to explain, without, of course, presuming to enter into the details of the methods by which it is to be realized in America.

To be continued.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

OUR LORD REFUTES THE PHARISAIC DOCTRINE OF THE SABBATH.

The Pool of Bethesda—The field of grain—The withered hand—The sermon on the mount—The leper cured.

Our Lord had already astonished his Jewish brethren by his apparent disregard of the strictness which had been deemed necessary in the observance of the Sabbath. The Jewish Sabbath, a day of mere rest from toil, a day for meeting in the synagogues—mere meeting houses—a day when works of charity and recreation were alike forbidden, was to give way before the light of the new dispensation. The Church of Christ was to take the place of the Mosaic Covenant; a Church of gladness was to succeed the dispensation of severity. Instead of one single temple for the world, there were to be thousands; so that in every hamlet and in every desert, a pure and spotless sacrifice might be offered to the Most High, not at distant epochs but every day. Every day was to be the day of the Lord, but especially that on which he was to rise from the dead. To that day the commandment given on Sinai was ultimately to apply, it was to be sanctified as his Church should ordain. To prepare for the abolition of the Jewish Sabbath seems to have been our dear Redeemer's first wish in his public career.

BETHESDA.

Jesus stood in Jerusalem; the temple of the Sabbatine law reared its noble pile before him, but at his feet was the pool of Bethesda: that mysterious pool connected with the Jewish worship as a place where the victims were washed, but miraculous from the healing power which it possessed immediately after the periodical descent of an angel into its waters. The first who entered it then, while it rippled with the motion, was cured of any disease with which he might be afflicted. The sick and infirm lay here constantly, in hopes of being the first to enter at such times. As our Lord gazed upon them, one touched his heart, a poor paralytic who for thirty years had been a cripple and unable to move. Long had he lain by the pool of Bethesda, but there was none to plunge him into the saving waters. It was the Sabbath, and again would our Lord display his power over the Sabbath. Approaching the poor man he asked, "Dost thou wish to be cured?" Raising his eyes to that divine countenance, the palsied man felt that his hour was come. Long friendless, he believed that here stood that kind friend who would aid him to reach the water; he told his friendless state; but to his surprise he heard our Lord bid him "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." The faith had sunk deep into that lonely heart; without a doubt, without hesitation, he arose and, taking up his pallet, walked. Turning to see his benefactor he found him not, for Jesus had mingled in the crowd. The Jews seeing him bear his pallet, rebuked him for violating the Sabbath; but he answered, "He that cured me, said, 'Take up thy bed, and walk,'" and he entered the temple to thank God for his great mercy to him a sinner. Here Jesus again approached him and, to give his act more force, said, "Behold thou art cured, sin no more lest some worse thing befall thee." As this man left the temple the Jews again gathered around, and, to their questions, he simply told them that Jesus had been his benefactor.

THE JEWS SEEK TO KILL JESUS.

The Jews, whose hatred of our Lord was intense, were now full of joy, and having, thus, a pretext, persecuted him, because he had done these things on the Sabbath, and even sought his life; but he justified himself and proclaimed his divine origin: "My Father worketh until now and I work." At this declaration they sought to kill him; but he still announced his real character. "The Father hath committed all judgment to the Son, that all men may honor the Son, as they honor the Father. He who honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father who sent him. Amen, Amen, I say unto you that the hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." His words were vain; the rage of his enemies only increased, but his hour had not come, and he departed from their midst, and leaving Jerusalem once more turned towards Galilee. On the way he came one Sabbath with his disciples through the ripening fields of grain, and his disciples being hungry, it may well be, broke off ears and, crushing them in their hands, ate them. The act was permitted by the law, but the Pharisees saw in their husking the grains a violation of the Sabbath, and they called our Lord's attention to the fact. But he justified the act by the example of David, who took the loaves of proposition from before the ark, and again proclaimed his divine character, "But I tell you that here is a greater than the temple. The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Entering the synagogue, the Scribes and the Pharisees watched him to see whether he would heal on the Sabbath. And there was there a man with a withered hand. Jesus bade him stand up in the midst, and asked his enemies as they had asked him, "Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day or to do evil, to save life or to destroy?" They were silent. Our Redeemer looking around, and being deeply grieved at the hardness of their hearts in thus rendering superstitious the observance of the Sabbath, asked them: "What man is there among you that hath one sheep, and if the same fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will not take it and lift it up? How much better is a man than a sheep; therefore, it is lawful to do a good deed on the Sabbath day." Turning to the man he exclaimed: "Stretch forth thy hand;" the man obeyed, and his hand was restored. The miracle had attested alike the power and the doctrine of our Lord, but the blinded Pharisees immediately consulted how to effect his death.

THE FIELD OF GRAIN.

It was not surely without a motive that our Divine Lord thus pointedly condemns the Pharasaical Sabbath. "It belongs to a dispensation that is dead, and to obligations which the law of love has abased or abolished." Yet, even in our day, religious bodies, wiser in their own eyes than the Church they have left, have restored the Jewish Sabbath in all its rigor; although the sabbatarian strictness was rejected by our Lord and defended by his enemies. Seven times in the Gospels do we find our beloved Redeemer and his enemies at variance on the question, and every time that dear Lord, like his spouse in our day, upheld the lenient side, against the intolerance and oppression of the mere rigorists. Catholics are frequently held up as Sabbath breakers, even as the disciples of our Lord were, and it will ever be a consolation, to think, that he so frequently declared his will as to it.

JESUS DELIVERING THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Our Lord now returned to the sea of Galilee, followed by crowds who sought to hear his doctrine or obtain the cure of their sick: and he healed them all, and cast out the unclean spirits that had proclaimed him, the Son of God. At last he crossed over the sea, and retiring to a mountain spent the night in prayer. Then

"The paschal moon above
Seemed like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone,
Below the lake's still face,
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terraced high with mossy stone."

In the morning he again appointed as his apostles, investing them with power, Simon, whom he called Peter, and James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James, whom he named Boanerges or the sons of Thunder, and Andrew and Philip and Bartholemew and Matthew and Thomas and James of Alpheus, and Thaddeus and Simon the Cananean and Judas Iscariot.

JESUS CURING THE LEPER.

Descending towards the base of the mountain he sat down on a mound, and seeing the multitude gathered to hear his doctrine, delivered that admirable discourse which is known as the Sermon on the Mount: a summary of his whole doctrine, an abridgment of the gospel. He had left the proud and haughty Pharisee, rich in this world's wealth, proud of his skill and science, of his mechanical and material triumphs, and he had before him the poor and the humble. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," he exclaimed. "Blessed are the meek: for they shall possess the land." To the amazement of his hearers he made beatitude consist in poverty, mourning, in penitential tears, in the love of justice, in the exercise of works of mercy, in purity of heart, in love of peace, in suffering, in persecution, and in a contempt for all that the world prizes—its riches, its honor, its esteem. As if conscious that the old accusation would be brought against him that he did not keep the Sabbath, he declared that he came not to destroy, but to perfect the law, to develop it to its reality and fulfillment, and to free it from the erroneous interpretations of the Pharisees.

He then showed that he came to establish a greater perfection than the law had done, forbidding divorce, which the law tolerated, and condemning not only the evil action but the evil thought.

Inculcating the necessity of prayer, he taught them that Divine prayer which we so often and so fondly repeat, "Our Father who art in heaven," a prayer full of moral lessons little heeded.

Proceeding in his discourse he condemned hypocrisy, vanity, avarice, and the restless anxiety to amass riches, and recommended prayer, charity, love even of our enemies.

For our conduct towards our neighbor, he gives the simple rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." For our conduct towards God, "Be ye perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect;" and inculcating the necessity of good works, on which our sentence will depend, Christ closed this sermon, which should be on the lips and in the heart of every Christian.

As he descended from the mountain a leper came and adored him, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." Jesus stretched forth his hand and touched him. "I will: be thou made clean," and although the leprosy vanished at the touch of that divine hand, he added, "Go, shew thyself to the priest, and offer the gift which Moses commanded for a testimony to them." Confirming by his action some of the lessons which he had taught.

"With leprosy's distempers dread
  A wretch stood near afflicted sore;
'Be thou made clean,' the Saviour said,
  And lo! the misery was no more."

Henceforward his miracles seem generally intended to win our love, to show us the depth and height of that sacred heart, its deep sympathy for all sufferings, trials, and afflictions. In these we shall endeavor to follow him, gathering the lesson of each action we may feel greater confidence in that refuge of souls, and more intense devotion to his love, symbolized under the name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

DURING the remainder of the voyage hardly a word was spoken. The priest and Mr. Horseman had been discussing questions of theology and canon law all the way from Bailyhernan to the lighthouse, and now, on resuming their journey, seemed to think they had said enough on those grave subjects for the present, and turned to occupy the remaining time each after his own fashion. Father John opened his breviary and began to read his office. Mr. Horseman drew out a number of the "British Quarterly" and pulled down his gold spectacles from the top of his head, where he had put them out of his way. Uncle Jerry gave the negro a mouthful of wine and gathered the blankets close round him, and Lanty Hanlon took another hitch on the running sheet, and laid himself over quietly in the stern. In this way the little party composed themselves to rest after the fatigues of the morning, while the boat glided slowly up the loch. As they rounded Rathmullen Head, however, an accident occurred which might have proved of serious consequence to the whole party.

At this point Rathmullen Mountain runs out into the Frith till it almost butts against Dundrum Bluff on the opposite shore. On each of these headlands a battery of some ten or twelve guns protects the narrow channel, and so strong is the current here, particularly at half-tide, that it is quite impossible for a sail boat to stem it, except under a strong breeze from the mouth of the loch. Lanty saw the ebb-tide was beginning to tell upon him as he reached this spot, and making the helm and sheet fast, he stepped forward and slipped the bow oars to help him against the stream; but hardly had he pulled half a dozen strokes when a large boat, rowed by four stout men and steered by a tall old woman wrapped in a grey cloak, shot out from one of the dark corners under the headland, and passing the jutting rock, round which he was endeavoring to make his way, struck his little craft so violently as almost to jerk his unsuspecting passengers out into the sea. As it was, he lost one of his oars, which, breaking the thowel pins, came within an inch of breaking his own head as it swept round and fell overboard.

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"Hah!" cried Lanty, when the boat righted again after the stem of the other had shaved its way down her side, and fell off across her stern into the stream, "Hah! that was near nickin."

"Who are they?" demanded the priest, turning suddenly to look after the boat.

"If she's living, that's Else Curley, of the Cairn, in the stern sheets," replied Lanty, "I know her by the hood of her cloak."

"What, the blind fiddler's wife!"

"The very woman, sir; she's round here on some smuggling trip, I'll warrant her."

"Rather old I should think for such work."

"Humph!" said Lanty, "you know little about her, I see;" and trimming his boat again, he succeeded at length in passing the rock and gaining Castle Gregory's landing place, as we have already seen. But to return to Mr. Quirkie.

After some little exertion the latter succeeded in extricating his limbs from their disagreeable position, and, with Lanty's help, found himself safe at last on *terra firma.* The three gentlemen then came together to consult about transporting the negro to Greenmount. Uncle Jerry was for sending immediately to the next village for a horse and cart, and stretching him on a mattress laid on the bottom of it. Mr. Horseman, on the other hand, thought he might do very well in the boat-house for the night, with some clean straw, and Lanty to watch with him; more especially as the boat-house was close at hand and the night pleasant and warm; while they themselves could return home and send over an easy conveyance next morning. But the priest was of a different opinion from both, and thought it much better for all parties to sleep at Castle Gregory. "The night would be very dark," he said, "the roads both deep and rutty after the late rains, and, besides, t'would take two hours, at least, to procure a suitable conveyance for the negro if they carried him home, or for themselves if they left him behind." As to accommodations for the invalid, he had no doubt Mr. Petersham would cheerfully order him a comfortable berth and send his servants, besides, to carry him up to the Castle. After some objections on the part of Uncle Jerry on the score of delay and the immediate necessity for medical attendance—objections which we fear very much were a little aggravated by the dread of Mrs. Motherly's grave displeasure at his long absence—and on the part of Mr. Horseman against, what he called, an unpardonable intrusion into a gentleman's family, particularly at so late an hour, and accompanied, as they were, by a notorious poacher and a half-dead negro; "hawking the latter about all day," he added, gruffly, "in a most absurd and ridiculous manner, from house to house and rock to rock, till he expected the whole country round should ring with it for the next twelve-month to come." After these objections, we say, were made and disposed of, the party, at last, concluded to leave the negro with Lanty, in the boat-house, and put up at Castle Gregory for the night. Accordingly, they advanced to the house, and Father John, raising the knocker, knocked loudly at the door.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Ephraim Weeks, as the reader may have already suspected, came to Ireland to speculate in matrimony and tobacco. He left home with a cigar in his mouth, and stepped aboard the packet as she moved past the wharf, with as careless and indifferent an air as if he were dropping down to Sandy Hook to visit a friend. As to meeting with any serious obstacle, in a country whose inhabitants, to take them in the lump, were no better than South Sea Islanders, he never dreamt of it for a moment: why should he? He knew what the Irish were, every soul of them, and could read them through as he could the alphabet. He met them on the wharves, on the railroads, on the steamboats, in the police offices, saw them dramatized on the stage, tried at the bar and dissected in the pulpit. In a word, he knew what they were at home in Ireland, just as well as if he had been living with them there all his life time. What had he to fear? He had succeeded so far in various speculations in N. England, and how could he possibly fail in a land of such ignorance and beggary as Ireland. To be sure, there must necessarily be some intelligent men in the country—it could not well be otherwise—but what of that—there were no smart men amongst them. *Smartness* to him, was every thing. It was the embodiment of all the virtues, moral and intellectual—the only quality for which man deserved admiration or respect. The estimate he formed of his neighbor's moral worth was not in proportion to his integrity of character, but to his ability for speculating and driving hard bargains. The man who contented himself with a competence and a quiet life at home, he despised, but the jobber in stocks, who was smart enough to make a lucky hit on change, though he risked half a dozen men's fortunes in the chance, was the man after his heart. Such were Mr. Weeks' sentiments. Nor was he much to blame for them either. For he was bred and born in the midst of speculators. Every man he met in the street, from the news-boy to the judge, from the policeman to the governor, was a speculator in something. He began himself, in his very infancy, to speculate in marbles and hobby-horses; and if he made but a cent a week, his father patted him on the head, and prophesied his future greatness. When arrived at man's estate, he found himself in the company of young men, whose sole study was to make money in the easiest manner and shortest time. He saw them every where engaged in some kind of traffic—no matter what, if it only happened to be literature. Whilst in other countries each grade in the community had its own legitimate trades and occupations, it was not so in the States. There it was a universal scramble, in which every body snatched at what came handiest. The tailor dropped his needle and mounted the stump, the lawyer burned his briefs to trade in molasses, the shoemaker stuck his awl in the bench, and ascended the pulpit, and the shop-boy flung his yard stick on the counter, and went off to edit a Sunday newspaper. Surrounded on all sides by such influences, what could Mr. Weeks have possibly been but what he was—a speculator in chances—a man of one idea—one object—one aspiration—money. Learning was nothing in his estimation, if it failed to realize money; nay, the highest mental accomplishment was not only valueless but contemptible without money. In this respect, Mr. Weeks represented a large class of his countrymen of New England—we say a class, for it would be unjust to say more. After having passed through various trades and professions in the middle ranks of American life, he was now at last a country lawyer, of limited practice, and all things considered, a pretty fair specimen of his countrymen in the different grades of society through which he had graduated. He was not an American gentleman by any means, either in habits or education. That was plain the instant he spoke a word or moved a muscle, and those of his fellow citizens who could rightfully claim that distinction, would never have recognized him as one of their number. He was, in short, a Yankee—a man to be met with every day and every where—on the side walks—at the banks—in the theatre—in the cars—standing at hotel doors picking his teeth—or lobbying for a patent right behind his agent's back in the senate house. But to return.

With such views and sentiments as we have here ascribed to Mr. Weeks, it may be easily conceived, with what assurance of success he landed in Ireland, and with what confidence he entered on his plans and speculations. The venture of tobacco was only to defray expenses, according to the custom of his country, but the possession of Mary Lee as his lawful wedded wife, was the great secret of his journey. Why it was so, the sequel will tell. It appears, however, he had but a limited time to accomplish his designs, for hardly had he reached Crohan, when he called to see Else Curley. The reputation she had acquired, all the country round, for an ungovernable passion for gold, and the wonderful stories told of her power over the spirits of the nether world, led him to think he could win her over to his interest by tempting her cupidity, and that she as a secret agent might do that which it would otherwise require a long courtship to effect. How his expectations were met, in this respect, will be seen in due course of the story. For the present we must leave him to battle with the storm, as best he may, after his desperate, but disastrous rencontre with "Nannie," and follow Else and the stranger to the "Cairn."

CHAPTER X.

When Else had placed a rush light in the wooden candlestick affixed to her spinning wheel, and thrown off her grey cloak, she drew a small silver mounted pistol from her bosom, and laying it on the table, motioned the young man to a seat.

"How come ye here, Master Randall, at this hour?" she demanded.

"The fates drove me, I suppose," replied her guest, smiling.

"Psaugh!—this is no time to play the fool—why ar ye here, I say?" drawing down her shaggy eyebrows, and looking sternly at him as she spoke. "Mary Lee's hopes is'nt wuth a rap farthin in the keepin of sitch a love-sick baby."

"Why, how now!" exclaimed the stranger, "is Nannie sick, or old Bato's fiddle broke, that you're so much out of sorts?"

"Master Randall, look at that weapon," said Else. "I risked my life for yer sake and hers within this very hour, and carried that with me to defend it. I made this Yankee feel he was in my power, and for that raison didn't know the minit he'd silence my tongue for ever, with a pistol ball or a dirk knife. Now I ask ye, is it manly in ye, after this, to come back here again, to idle away yer time tryin to get a word or a look at this silly girl, when it's in Dublin or Cork ye'd ought to be strivin to keep her and her uncle out iv the walls of a jail. Hoot, toot, sir, I thought there was more i' the man in ye."

"Well, of that," replied Randall (for we must call him so in future,) "of that I can say little; but be assured Else, no trifling obstacle could baulk me on such an errand. Nothing but absolute necessity compelled me to return."

"Necessity!"

"Yes. The police headed me off below Burnfoot, after landing from the ferry-boat at Rathmullan, and chased me through Burneranna to Lamberts-point."

"So ye escaped in the skiff, I suppose?"

"Just had time to jump in, cut the painter, and shove off, when three of my pursuers sprang down after me on the beach."

"Hah! and fired?"

"One of them only. The ball hit me on the head, but did no harm."

"Humph!" said Else, sitting down slowly on her low 'creepie stool,' and resting her cheek in the palm of her hand, "and so that's the way of it; humph! the bloodhounds got on yer trail after all."

"Yes, fairly started me," responded Randall, "when they'll run me down, however, remains yet to be seen."

"It looks mighty quare," said Else, half speaking to herself.

"What looks quare?"

"How they knew ye in that disguise."

"It does look a little strange, I must confess," replied Randall, "for I thought it impenetrable to every eye but those of Else Curley and Mary Lee. Judge of my astonishment then, when I beheld straight before me, on the first public house door I passed, a full length figure of myself in this very dress."

"Tell me," said Else, after reflecting a second or two, "did'nt ye wear that dress onct at Father John's?"

"Yes, but it was night then, and no one saw me except the priest and his house-keeper."

"Don't be too sure i' that, Master Randall."

"Quite sure."

"Humph! did'nt ye tell me about passin somebody that night, on the road near Crohan gate-house, that seemed to luck sharp at ye?"

"Crohan gate-house—let me see. Yes, I remember now. Oh that was some traveller, some stranger, I suspect."

"Was he a tall thin dark avised man?"

"Yes—rather."

"Wore crape on his hat, and carried a numbarell in his hand?"

"Yes."

"Humph! I thought so. He's the very man."

"Who?"

"Robert Hardwrinkle, of Crohan."

"What! your great enemy—this Yankee's cousin?"

"Ay indeed, that very Yankee's cousin. He's the man that bethrayed ye."

"No, no, Else, you must be mistaken. Mr. Hardwrinkle's a gentleman, and could never be guilty of so treacherous an act."

"Cud'nt he then? humph! may be so."

"No, Else, it's nothing but your inveterate hatred of the man makes you suspect him."

"Hoot, toot, Master Randall, dont be foolish," replied Else. "I know what he is kith and kin, father and son, mother and daughter, for three score years an more. Ay, ay, to my own grief I know him. But let him luck to himself, for the time 's not far away, when the long recknin atween him and me must be settled—let him luck to himself."

"Do the man no harm on my account, Else Curley," said Randall, "if he has really sent these officers on my track, it's only what a thousand others had done with as little shame or scruple. For my part, I forgive the man, nor would I hurt a hair in his head this moment if he lay at my feet."

"Oh forgive him, an welcom," said Else, "since yer so good a Christian, forgive him by all manes. I'm sure it's none o' my business if ye forgive him, and marry his lean sister Rebecca, the psalm-singer into the bargain. All I say is, let him be ready, there's an account atween him and me any-way, that nothing but his cowardly blood can settle."

"Why, Else, this is sheer madness," said Randall, reprovingly. "How is it the very thought of this man inflames your resentment so much?"

"So well it might," responded Else, raising her head and folding her arms on her hard weather beaten heart, as she looked across the table at her companion. "So well it might. Listen to me Randall Barry,—listen to me, and answer me. If this man's father first brought yer only sister to sin an shame, and then sent yer brother to die with irons on his limbs in a strange land, for no other earthly raison than bekase he demanded satisfaction for the injury done his own flesh an blood—if he turned out yer mother, ould and helpless from the homestead she was born in, and her people afore her, for three generations—when the father died, if the son sent yerself to jail twist in five years on false charges—when ye came out and built with your own hands a sheelin to shelter ye from the storms on these blake mountains, if he burnt it over yer head; ay, and if he driv ye at last, Randall Barry, as he druv me to burrow here lake the 'brock' on the craggs of Benraven—I ask ye, would ye forgive him if he did that to you an yours, I say, and ye felt his neck undher yer heel, wud'nt ye crush it down—down in the dust with as little pity as ye'd feel for the wasp that stings ye?"

"Not I," replied Randall, "not I. To kill even an enemy, whom you happen to find in your power, is an act of cowardly murder. And, believe me, Else, your own sleep would be none the sounder in the grave for having this man's blood upon your hands."

"And yet," retorted Else, "you and yer companions id stain yer hands with the blood iv thousands, that did ye far less wrong then he did me."

"Perhaps so, but in broad-day light at least, not assassin like, in the dark, as is evidently your purpose in this case."

"I see no difference," replied Else, "night or day—it's only death any-way."

"Ay, but surely it's a less crime to put the enemies of your country and of human liberty to death in fair field and open fight, than to commit a midnight murder like a cut-throat or incendiary, with the dirk or the hand."

"Who spoke of dirk or hand?" demanded Else.

"You did," replied Randall, promptly. "You did a dozen times within the month. And now my fear is your new charge against this man will bring down your long threatened vengeance on his head sooner than I anticipated. But hear me, Else Curley, ——"

"Hould yer tongue, Randall Barry," interrupted the old woman, "hould yer tongue, yer but a silly boy. Ha! ha! its little ye know iv Else Curley 'i the 'Cairn.' Humph! d'ye think after waitin and watchin for my hour of revenge so many long years, I'd bungle it now for your sake?—ha, ha, poor foolish boy. D'ye think a woman lake me, that fursaked God an salvation thirty-odd years ago, for fear they'd come atween her and her dark thoughts—a woman whose hopes iv vengeance, day after day, wur lake draps iv new life blood to her withered heart; d'ye think an outcast lake me, a bein that men dread to luck on, an women spake iv undher their breath, wud drag out life as I did, for no other raison or motive, but waitin patiently for my hour to come? D'ye think, I say, Randall Barry, I'd let the paltry mather of bethrayin you to the spies in the castle, bring down the blow one minit sooner than it ought to fall? Pshaugh! man, ye don't know me yet."

"I know you to be a dangerous woman," responded Randall, rising from his chair, and buckling his belt tighter round his waist, as if preparing to leave. "But I warn you," he continued, "I warn you I shall be no party to this contemplated murder; and much as you have befriended me, Else Curley, I shall, nevertheless. do all in my power to thwart your designs against this man. Rebel and felon as I am, I shall never abett or connive at murder, notwithstanding."

"And what then"—again demanded Else—"wud ye turn informer?"

"Assuredly—the instant you attempt to execute your hellish purpose."

"Then," cried Else, snatching the pistol from the table, and raising up her tall form from the low stool on which she sat, till she stood erect as a statue before the young outlaw, her grey eyes flashing fire and the muscles of her face quivering with emotion as she spoke: "I swear to ye," she cried, holding up the weapon in her fleshless hand, "I swear by them heavens I niver expect to enther. if ye were my own born son, Randall Barry, and offer to save that man from the clutches i' my vengence, ye'll die the death."

"Tigress," muttered Randall between his teeth, as he threw his sea cap on his head and turned to quit the cabin. "Tigress, I despise your threats."

"Stop," said Else, stepping back and leaning against the door; "stop young man, and listen to me. It's now fifty long years since yer grandfather, Lieutenant Dick Barry, saved my life at the risk iv his own. It was the day Colonel Clinton tuck Madeira. He carried me in his own arms from the spot where my husband fell. I made a vow then on my knees afore God, if iver it come in my way to befriend him or his, I'd do it."

"I release you from your vow," said Randall, "let me pass."

"Hould yer tongue, boy, and listen to me again," cried Else; "you'll not pass here till I spake. Listen to me. I love Mary Lee more nor iver I loved woman afore barin the sister that died from me, in shame an a broken heart. Ay, she died in these withered arms, she died laughin, Randall Barry, for she died mad—mad—mad; she died with the bloom of seventeen still on her cheeks. Listen to me. I love Mary Lee more nor iver I loved woman but her; and well I might too, for it was these hands saved her from the wrack in the Saldana, it was these hands untwisted her arms from her dead mother's neck, among the rocks of Araheera, and it was these hands nursed her on Nannie's milk for eighteen months, till them came to claim her that had the right to claim her. Oh, no wondher she's dear t'me; no wondher I'd watch her an guard her lake the apple in my eye. But still mutch as I love her, an much as I love yerself, Randall Barry, for yer grandfather's sake; still I say as there's a heaven above me, I'd rather see ye both dead at my feet this minit, than part with the hope iv payin back the Hardwrinkles mother an son for the wrongs they did to me an mine. Ha, Ha," laughed the old woman bitterly, as she grew more and more excited, "ha, ha, they burned my cabin twict to the groun, and driv me out to sleep at night with the black cock an the plover, and to wandher by day over the dreary mountains hungry and barefoot, but their hour'll soon come. Ay, ay, I'll be even with them yit. Their own fine house will one day burn brighter than iver my cabin did. Ay, an their own bodies too 'ill shrivel up in the flames till their as spent an weasoned as mine. Ha! ha! let them luck to themselves, the blind fidler's wife, the worker of spells an charms, the woman that'd sell her soul for money, ould Else Curley i' the 'Cairn,' has strength an courage enough left yit, to handle a dirk or fire a faggot."

Randall gazed at her with astonishment as she spoke. Her person seemed to dilate and grow younger as her face swelled with passion. She had broke, with a sudden snap, the string that confined her cap, to relieve her throat from a sense of suffocation, and now, as her short grey hair fell in tufts over her forehead and cheeks, she looked like a pythoness, breathless under the frenzy of inspiration.

"My God," said Randall, still gazing at her as she stood, now silent, before him, "is it possible that so much gratitude and love can exist in the same breast with such demoniac hatred for a fellow-creature. Here is a woman—aye, a very woman—who has lived since before I was born, on the bare hope of being one day able to revenge her wrongs. That hope was the only ray of consolation that ever fell on her desolate heart. How great must have been her injuries to have earned so terrible a resentment. And yet this creature loves Mary Lee like a mother and already has risked her life, more than once, to save mine."

"Else," said he, at length, laying his hand kindly on her shoulder, "I pity you from my heart. Sit down and compose yourself. I would speak with you more reasonably on this subject."

She obeyed him instantly, for the touch of his friendly hand softened her more than words could have done.

"Tell me," said Randall, "is this Yankee, this cousin of the Hardwrinkles, to be included in the catastrophe?"

"No," replied Else, "he niver did me harm."

"What business have you with him then?"

"I make use iv him to sarve my own ends, nothin more."

"And these are"—

"First, that he'd supply me with money for thravelin expenses, and, secondly, that he'd be an excuse for drawin me about Crohan to watch my chances an lay my plans."

"Hah! I understand you. But the travelling expenses—where—?"

"New York, or wheriver else he come from. He must send a thrusty messenger to make out where he lives, and ye may be sure Edward Talbot's not far from that."

"So you'll employ his own money to defeat him?"

"Av coorse," replied Else, "what betther dis he desarve?"

"And why, then, did you acquaint him with your knowledge of the secret?"

"That he'd pay me well for keepin it."

"Good; but are you sure he'll not feel apprehensive of your disclosing it to Mary or her uncle, at least?"

"Not a bit in the worl," replied Else, "for he thinks I know nothin sartin about it, an for that raisin won't be in a hurry to bungle it, an, may be, spoil all—loose my own roun hundher and Mary's fortin into the bargin."

"Still. Else, the whole affair is but a suspicion of yours after all."

"What? about Mr. Talbot being livin?"

"Yes."

"Well, call it whatsomiver name ye plaze, it's sartinty enough for me. An, indeed, for the matther i' that, Masther Randall, I niver thought anything else but that he was livin somewhere in furrin parts, afore I seen the letther at all or read a word iv it."

"An how will you account for this Yankee's correspondent speaking of the dying man as Lambton, if he be really Edward Talbot?"

"Quite aisy," responded Else. "It was the name he went by in America."

"Nonsense, woman! you make the most absurd and ridiculous suppositions; would you have him change his name with his country?"

"Feth wud I, an good raison he had to do that same, let me tell you. Did'nt he fire a pistol bullet at his wife in her own room, with the wean in her arms, the very same evenin he come home after killing Captain Blenherhasset in a jewel that his own infarnal jealousy driv him to fight for her sake; an was there a corner in London nixt day that had'nt a bill pasted up on it, offerrin a reward iv a thousan pounds to the first man 'id take him. Humph, raison indeed. bedad I think that 'id surely be raison enough for any man to change his name wheriver he went. No, no, Masther Randall, Edward Talbot's livin jist as sure as you're livin, if he did'nt die since the first iv May last."

"Perhaps so."

"Oh, feen a doubt iv it, and ye'll see that too, when Lanty comes back."

"What, Lanty Hanlon?"

"Ay, Lanty Hanlon, that's his name an sirname; ye heerd of him afore I'll warrint."

"And saw him too. Don't you remember to have sent him to me two or three weeks ago as a trusty messenger, to send on a certain business to Derry?"

"An so I did! to Father John's it was—well, see there now! I niver mind any thing a minit. An so ye sent him?"

"Certainly, on your recommendation."

"Well?"

"Well, he broke trust at the very outset."

"Lanty Hanlon!"

"Ay, Lanty Hanlon. Instead of crossing the loch at Doughbeg, he strolled down the shore to Ballymastocken, to see a cockfight, and missed the tide."

"Oh, feth, as to that," said Else, "I wud'nt put it past him. He's the very ould boy himself in regard to cock-fightin."

"Yes; but he was made well aware of the urgency of the message, and should have postponed his personal gratification till his return."

"Auch! hoh! postpone indeed! In troth, Master Randall, he'd postpone goin to heaven, if there wus a cockfight ithin five miles of him; that an huntin's his wakeness, poor fellow. An what excuse did he make when he came back?"

"He never came back to make any. Instead of that, he sent me word he was in the hands of the police for beating a gamekeeper, and would see me as soon as he got clear."

"Humph! not the least doubt of it," said Else, "that's another iv his wakenesses."

"Ha! ha! it's rather an odd kind of weakness," observed Randall.

"Well, its natural for him, poor fellow, any way, the whole breed of him hated game-keepers for five generations back. And so the man was too many for him?"

"No, he made his escape then, but the police caught him next day. It appears on his return he crossed the mountain with his dogs, and met Lord Leitrim's game-keepers, who gave him chase. Two of them he distanced, and the third he led into some lonely spot, beat him there soundly, and then left him gagged with his own handkerchief, and tied neck and heels to an old hawthorn tree beside a well, where he was found next morning, half dead from cold and hunger."

"It's jist lake him," said Else, "for the villain's niver out iv mischief. But still he's as true as steel when ye keep him away from timptation."

"And how is that to be done, pray; will he not meet with as much temptation on his way to the United States and back, as he does here in the parish of Cloudavadac?"

"Not he," replied Else, "I'll trust him for that. The minit he finds it's on Mary Lee's affairs, he's goin, the sarpint himself wud'nt temp him."

"Is he so devoted to her?"

"Ay, ye may well say it. He'd lay down his life for her every day i' the year. There's not a livin thing he loves lake her in the whole worl."

"Possible?"

"There's not in troth. He cud sit luckin at her from mornin to night, an niver be dhry or hungry. An its a queer notion too he has about her."

"What's that?"

"Why, he thinks it 'id be a sin to love her as he'd love any ither girl."

"How so?"

"Bekase she's so good, he says. And it's all come iv a drhame he had onct about the Blissed Virgin, (och, och, said Else," suddenly interrupting herself, "an many a purty dhrame I had of her myself in my young days, when I ust to wear her scappler, an gather the May flowers for her althar; but them things is all over now. I can niver dhrame or pray to her again, for the black thoughts druv her image out iv my heart fer ivermore. And Mary Lee, too, the crathur, whin she spakes to me sometimes iv an evenin sittin out here on the hill side, about the marcy iv Christ, an the bright heavens above, an the goodness iv God to thim that repent, her words an looks make me thrimmel all over lake a dry wind straw) but, as I was sayin," she continued, wiping her face with her apron, as if to brush away every thing that could blunt in the slightest degree her keen and long cherished resentment. "As I was tellin ye about Lanty; he had a dhrame one night, when he thought the Blissed Virgin come to him houldin Mary Lee by the han, an tould him to watch her an take care iv her as long as he lived, on her account."

"A delightful illusion, I must confess," said Randall. "I'm not a Catholic, you know, Else, but there is a part in the Catholic conception of the attributes of the Virgin, which always had an inexpressible charm for me. I once saw a beautiful little beggar girl at Florence, kneeling before one of her shrines, her hands and eyes raised in mute supplication for the crippled mother who sat by her side, and I thought I had never seen a finer picture of religion in all my life."

"Humph!" ejaculated Else, "I don't know any thing about sich picthers now, at all. I ust once, but that time's gone. But, as I was sayin, since he dhramed that dhrame, iv the Blissed Virgin, (God forgive me for mintionin her name,) an Mary Lee, he can't think iv one without the tother, an ivery wish iv Mary's is lake a command to him from heaven."

"How very extraordinary!" said Randall.

"The dhrame?"

"No, but that every one's so peculiarly affected by the words and looks of this girl."

"Well, it's jist the same with the childhen she taches the Christen docthrin to down there in her little chapel undher the rock; they'd pit their very heads undher her feet, an what's quarest iv all, there's a dog in the town there below that tears ivery body he can get a hoult iv—the crossest animal iver run on four feet; well, that dog, the first minit he seen her, crooched at her feet, an kissed her hand, jist as if she fed him with it all his life time; an iver since as soon as he sees her, he runs away whinin afther her, and niver quets her company till he leaves her at the Light-house gate."

"And old Drake too, is very fond of her," observed Randall.

"Hough, as for Drake," replied Else, "Drake can read her countenance betther nor you or I can. He knows who she lakes an dis'nt lake, the minit he sees them. Sure when she lay sick last Haliday, he niver left her room night or day, nor niver as much as tasted mate kind for a whole week, till Rodger had to lift him on a chair by her bed side and let her feed him with her own hands. Rodger swares he saw the tears fallin down the dogs cheecks, when he lucked up in her face, an tuck the food from her fingers."

"She's too good and too pure for me, Else," said Randall, thoughtfully, "and I fear such a creature could never be happy with the heretic and revolutionist I am."

"Ye'll not be aither long, if she marries ye," said Else "take my word for it."

"And why not?"

"Oh, the Lord luck t'ye, Master Randall, she'd make a Catholic iv ye in three weeks ithout one word's spakin."

"Indeed! by what means, pray?"

"Why, she'd make her religion luck so good an holy in yer eyes, jist by her ivery day ways, that ye cud'nt help lovin it yerself. An as for the rest, she loves her ould country as well as you, Randall Barry, woman an all as she is, an wud suffer as willingly too, may be, if all come to all—but hush, whisht, did'nt I hear some noise outside?"

"No—it's only the storm whistling in the thatch."

"Well, it's time anyway, ye'd have somethin to ate afther yer long race," and rising from the 'creepie,' she produced a cold fowl from the recesses of a little cupboard concealed in the thickness of the cabin wall, and laid it on the table. Then stooping, she raised up the hearth-stone, and disappeared in the dark opening beneath with surprising agility for a woman of her years. The action, strange as it was, did not appear to excite the young man's curiosity in the least; he glanced merely at Else as she descended, and then leaning his head on his hand, he composed himself to wait patiently for her return.

As he set there by the table in the dim light of the rush candle, there was nothing about his person worthy of special notice. His figure was light and graceful, his limbs well moulded and muscular, and his height, if we could judge fairly in the posture he had taken, a little above the middle size. His long black hair fell in disorder over the low collar of his blue jacket, from the breast pockets of which the buts of a pair of travelling pistols still peeped out. His cravat, as we have said already, was knotted loosely in front, sailor fashion, and revealed a neck by far too fair for a sea-faring man, and one it would have puzzled a detection-officer to reconcile with his general appearance. But if there was nothing striking in his person, there was that on his handsome face which gave character and interest to the whole man—a shade of quiet melancholy, which at once impressed the beholder with the conviction that the young outlaw was no lover of war or bloodshed for the gratification they afforded him, but reluctantly adopted as a last and desperate resource for retrieving the fallen fortunes of his country. His countenance was calm and composed, without a trace of the socialist or the red-republican to vulgarize its fine expression.

"Ay, ay," said he at length, his voice barely audible as he murmured out the words, "let my father disinherit me if he will, and the spies of the government dog me step by step till they drive me at last to bay, like the stag among the rocks of the ocean, still, I shall neither sue for pardon, nor fly from the land of my birth and my affection, to beg a home on a foreign shore. To abandon Mary Lee would now be impossible, were she as indifferent to me as the meanest peasant girl in the kingdom; but were she even dead to-morrow and all my hopes buried with her in the grave, I should wait, and watch, and bide my time to renew the contest. I should still cling to the hope that God in his own good time would inspire the young men of the land to rise once more—not as wranglers and bawlers—not as mercenary anarchists and sordid demagogues, but like spartan brothers to do and dare, and die for their country's weal. To see that blessed day I could eke out life in the lowest caverns of my native hills. To behold the sun burst, as of old, waving once more before an army of gallant young Irishmen—true to the sacred cause, and to each other—true to right, to justice and to honor. Oh, to see such an army in battle array on the sunny slopes of old Clontarf, marching down with fife and drum and colors flying, to drive the Saxon dogs from their long lost homes and pleasant firesides, and to be allowed to strike one good blow myself for the sake of old times and old memories, oh Mary Lee, Mary Lee—much as I love you, I could abandon you for this. But, alas! alas! years must elapse ere this can happen; meanwhile I wander among the hills a rebel and an outlaw, hunted and proscribed like the vilest malefactor. Be it so, I have risked my all on a single cast and lost it. Well, I shall try to abide the consequence as best I may. Let them hunt me and catch me then, if they can. I'll disappoint them so long as I'm able to fly or defend myself. When I can no longer do either, I needs must submit."

"There," said Else, emerging from the dark opening, and laying a bottle on the table, from which she had already drawn the cork—"there's a bottle of ould port that lay down there below these twenty years and more, take a drink iv it with that could widgeon Rodger left me yesterday; it'll do ye good afther yer day's fatague."

Randall had just emptied the first glass, laid it on the table again, and was about to address himself to the cold widgeon, when Else laid her hand on his arm, and looked significantly towards the door.

"What's the matter?" enquired Randall.

"Whisht, that's Nannie's blate—there's somebody comin."

"Oh no, it's the poor beast asking shelter from the storm."

"Humph! I know Nannie better than all that—hush! there it's again."

Randall rose, threw on his sea cap and buttoned his jacket. "If they want me," he said, "they must follow me down to Anranmore. Good night, Else."

"To Anranmore?"

"Yes, there's no possibility now of reaching Dublin by any other route. I hope to find a fishing smack there from the Skerries, to take me off."

"Take another glass, Master Randall."

"No more—good night, Else," and jumping into the mysterious opening, he disappeared, leaving Else to replace the covering, remove the viands, and receive the newcomer, whose footfall she could now hear distinctly at the door.

Review of Current Literature.

1. History of the Life and Institute of S. Ignatius de Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus. By *F. Daniel Bartoli*, S. J. Translated by the author of "Life in Mexico." 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Dunigan & Bro. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

No book could have made a more opportune appearance for the truth than this life of the Sainted Founder of the Jesuits. Poet and painter, historian and novelist, the litterateur of every grade, shade, disposition and character, "blue spirits and white, green spirits and grey" had all seemed to unite in the conspiracy to malign the Jesuits, to traduce their Institute and hold them and their Society up to the scorn and abhorrence of their fellow-citizens. No doctrine was too shameful, no maxim too base, no principle too subversive of all order, civil as well as religious, which was not to be fastened on them and made to have its spring and motive in their Institute. This has been indeed the case at all times, since first the Saviour of the world laden with a heavy cross promised that he would be propitious to them at Rome, but the legacy of persecution left by S. Ignatius to his children and confirmed by his prayer, seems in these our days and in this our country to have been swelled, with such an accumulation of interest, as is almost inexplicable. Of course attention would be naturally aroused by this virulence of their enemies, and the American mind, so proverbial for its love of fair play, even if it does love the excitement and bustle of the arena, would seek to know something of "this sect, every where spoken against." The very bitterness and perseverance with which the most contradictory charges were preferred against an order of men, the open professors of whose principles seemed to be so averse to even the shadow of guilt, was sharpening the appetite of the reader to discover by what anomaly men could be held together so firmly in a cause which carried on its very face the symptoms of dissolution. At such a stage it was a good thought to introduce a work as classical as F. Bartoli's in an English dress. In his own sweet Italian his countrymen look upon it as a master-piece, not merely of style but thought also. Giordani of Piacenza, an eminent critic, who cannot be suspected of partiality to the Jesuits, says that it has not its equal in the language, for graphic power and purity of diction. And indeed in none of the many lives of S. Ignatius, which have seen the light in the various languages of Europe, is there so lucid an explanation of the Institute to be found, nor are its practical workings any where so satisfactorily developed as in this life of its Founder and of those who first united with him *Ad Majorean Dei Gloriam* to diffuse the light of civilization and religion through the world. From their conduct, such as here described from perfectly authentic documents, for the archives of the order were placed at his disposal, much more securely than from any words however eloquent, would the reader be enabled to judge of the true principles, by which they were guided; and no better refutation of the futile accusations, no better antidote to the prejudices of the crowd could be devised than is shown forth in this simple narrative of events, which preceded, accompanied and followed the nativity of the order. But let the author himself speak in the "senatorial and positive language" in which his translator has bound down his "softly-flowing periods." "I may justly give the name of apology to that which is in fact but a simple narrative; for as Diogenes, in order to confute the sophisms of Zeno, who denied motion, merely arose and walked, so, as an answer to those who obstinately refuse to acknowledge in a religious order, a spirit and work worthy of its profession, arguments and dissertations are of less avail than a mere narrative of well-authenticated facts. This indeed has been the innocent but effective method of defence, adopted from the very birth of the Society by its Founder and Father S. Ignatius. In reply to a censure afterwards revoked, which the Sorbonne, ignorant of the true spirit and works of the Society, had pronounced against it, he preferred to the most peremptory arguments the combined testimonies, which he had received from the principal cities of Europe, where, judging from visible and manifest facts, the order had been declared highly useful, orderly and well-regulated. This was the sole reply given by Ignatius to those able but at that time ill-informed men, who had through ignorance condemned it."

Alas! these ill-informed men, still numerous, have found their ranks increased by the malicious and designing, who, like the dog in the manger, unable to do good themselves, are filled with envy and spite, because others either from better arranged plans or a more fortunate disposition of Providence are more successful than themselves. If any thing could do away with this evil spirit, which has sometimes even influenced the good without their knowing it, it would be the reading of this life. As interesting even as the novel, it leaves not behind it the sting, which embitters the pleasure of the novel-reader, for truth has this advantage over fiction, that the mental nourishment it gives, always invigorates while it gives enjoyment, always satisfies, while it never cloys the soul's appetite for knowledge. The American Catholic owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mad. Calderon de la Barca for the labor she had to undergo in bringing the work forward in an English dress The translator's task is by no means a pleasant one, even if the idioms of the languages are so similar, as to require nothing more than the trouble of transcribing. But when we consider how unlike the Italian and English are in the way of expression as well as thought, it is wonderful how few inaccuracies have slipped from her pen unperceivedly. One such we noted on p. 76, of the 2d vol. "he sent back twelve at once to the Roman College," should have been: he sent *away* twelve at once *from* the Roman College. The proof-reader for the latin quotations was sometimes surely asleep, as witness, pp. 63, 124, 146, of the 2d vol., and pp. 246, 310, 327, 333, and 341 of the 1st vol. But our printers are not famous for their acquaintance with the dead languages; the proof-reader however can scarcely do his duty in our days of enlightenment and the universal diffusion of knowledge, if he be not acquainted with Ruddiman and Ainsworth.

2. The Chemistry of Common Life. By *James F. Johnston*, M. A., F. R. S., &c. &c. 2 vols. 12mo. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work is one of a class of which we wish there were more. It contains the application of the results of exact scientific investigation to the every day affairs of mankind. It teaches the composition, character, uses and effects of the air we breathe, the food we eat, the drinks we use, and other things with which we are in daily contact, and finally what we breathe for and why we digest. The various subjects treated are arranged in an apparently natural order, and he who reads the book attentively, may easily possess himself of a mass of information of great practical importance.

Of the accuracy of the work considered only in a scientific point of view, the reputation of the author is a sufficient guaranty. The progress of Chemistry has been astonishingly rapid, and works upon the subject are almost yearly superseded by others containing the results of more recent investigations. The work before us, although it was the avowed object of the author, "to exhibit the present condition of chemical knowledge, and of matured scientific opinion upon the subjects to which it is devoted," reveals that much remains to be discovered, and that there are many substances in common use as the constituents of food, the precise chemical character of which remains undetermined. It also indirectly reproaches us with the degree of ignorance on subjects of "Common Life," in which the scientific and unscientific were contented to remain until Liebig and others after him, within the last few years, turned his attention to the investigation of the constituents of our daily bread, meat and drink. We hail the present work as one calculated to dissipate this ignorance, and to disseminate information upon subjects which are not the less important, because they are matters of every day concern. The world after some years, for reforms of this character are of slow progress, will, we ardently hope, be able to dispense with the "twaddle" on the subjects of diet and regimen, with which empirics in, as well as out of, "the faculty," have bewildered and wearied us since we left our cradles. We have, in fact, been very much in the condition of Sancho Panza when installed in his island governorship. A bountiful feast of good things is at all times set before us by a kind Providence, but whenever we fix our eyes upon an esculent more tempting than the rest, the grave face of the physician at once orders its removal, and we are happy to be able to stay the cravings of appetite with a crust of bran bread, or some other equally toothsome provocative of health, prescribed by our medical adviser. The work before us may enable the reader to substitute for these arbitrary requirements some true and scientifically ascertained rules, which, if he is blessed with ordinary common sense, he can test for himself and apply to his own case.

In addition to the information of a practical character afforded by this book, it contains many curious and interesting facts concerning the food, drink, stimulants, narcotics, &c. &c., used by the various races of mankind, and some very striking correspondences in the habits and customs in regard to these things, of those most remote from each other, and whose circumstances and surroundings forbid the inference of any past or present intercourse; and which seem to indicate that certain appetites which are constantly denounced, have their origin in some natural or morbid craving which appears to be common to the species. This subject is certainly well worthy of farther investigation.

3. DAVIES' PRIMARY AND INTELLECTUAL ARITHMETICS. DAVIES' NEW SCHOOL ARITHMETIC, and ARITHMETIC DESIGNED FOR ACADEMIES AND SCHOOLS; uniting the reasoning of the French with the practical method of the English systems. By *Chas. Davies*, LL. D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The long established reputation of the author renders it unnecessary that we should dwell at any length on the merits of these works. With Davies' system of arithmetics we have always been much pleased. We like the Primary and the Intellectual, because they are peculiarly adapted to the wants and the capacities of children about to commence the study of arithmetic. The other works designed for the more advanced pupils, blend the theory with the practice. The science is thoroughly developed, while every care has been taken to reduce it to practice, by illustrating and explaining the various applications of the arithmetic in the business transactions of life. In this respect Davies' Arithmetics are far superior to most of the other works of the kind with which we are acquainted.

4. THE KEY TO THE WHOLE FRENCH LANGUAGE. By *T. Robertson*. New York: Roe Lockwood & Son. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We hate all such keys: they are a temptation to sloth both for teacher and scholar, and the "Our Father" says "lead us not into temptation."

5. MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By *A. B. Warner*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Many such brother's keepers, as she, whose troubles and solicitude are here graphically described, have fallen under our notice in real life. Disinterested, sweet creatures, whose whole soul seems to be wrapt up in some graceless, wild rogue of a brother, who with the most intense love for a sister seems to measure it only by the continual annoyance he gives her and by the sleepless nights, and the many aches of head and heart, and the many sorrows he makes her suffer. Next after a mother's love, and oftentimes sweeter, because there is wanting that awe which involuntarily mingles in with the child's affection for the parent, is a sister's love, particularly when through the dispensation of providence the mother's place in the domestic circle has been given up to the sister. The memories that cling around the wonted seat at hearth or table blend in with the many little sweetnesses of childhood's amusements, and throw a holy charm around the sister's brow, that seems to supply the grave but tender, the quiet but ever watchful experience of the mother, and she becomes doubly dear to the soul. To say that our author makes his readers think so of this keeper, would be perhaps saying too much; but he has made a very readable novel out of the few incidents; none the less readable because it is free from a great deal of the twaddle which forms the staple of our novel writers. The scene is New York and its vicinity; the time the close of the war of 1812, and the characters, beside the heroine, some of those citizen soldiers who were called out to supply the places of the regular men-killers. A Quaker family does very well for a shade to give relief to the principal characters, and an incident now and then, thrown in by way of hearsay, regarding affairs in Washington or elsewhere, gives a tolerable variety to the narrative. *Et voilà tout*, a Frenchman would say; but meagre as it is in incident, we could pardon much greater faults as a reward for the sweet character of "My Brother's Keeper."

6. CARAS DE ESPAÑA, OR GOING TO MADRID VIA BARCELONA. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

What a frolicking invalid is the author of this jeu-d-'esprit on a travel after his health! It is not a wonder that it should have led him such a chase, when he could scarcely overtake it for the laughing fit it excited in him. Contrary to his own estimation of his *caras*, we do not think "it would have been still better had there been less of it!" Indeed, it was with some disappointment that we were forced to leave him at the gates of Madrid, and we almost hope that he did not find his health there, that we may have the pleasure of accompanying him on some other chases in pursuit of it.

The following Books have been received, and will be noticed hereafter:

A MANUAL OF ANCIENT HISTORY, by *Dr. Leonard Schmitz*. Blanchard & Lea.
GRACE LEE, by *Julia Kavanagh*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
THE SUMMER LAND, by *A Child of the Sun*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PRIEST, by the author of "*A Stray Yankee in Texas*."

Editors' Table.

THE heat was insufferable; the mercury stood at ninety with an upward tendency; not a breath of air refreshed our feverish sanctum. Half melted and half distracted, we were about concluding the last paragraph for the August number, when, lo! to our infinite surprise, we discovered that it did not contain a single line from the inspiration of the muse. This will never do, we thought, impatiently, with ourselves. Our readers must have poetry of some kind to wile away a few idle moments. But, alas! there's nothing on hand, save and except a few discarded pieces, which in the days of plenty we placed at the bottom of our drawer, marked "rejected." Were we poets ourselves we would supply the want and breathe forth verses in "lengthened words and—" But where's the use of talking about it. We are not poets and our talk will not make us such. Fair Erato has never inscribed our names among her disciples, nor invited us to worship at her shrine.

But since our readers will have poetry after what we have said, they must take just such as we have to give them. Here, then, is an effusion all the way from the far distant region of the "Golden State." It is the offering of a young poet (we must look gently on its faults), and if the reader does not exclaim, "how beautiful," he will say to himself—how Catholic.

"O Lord, Thou hast made us for Thyself alone, and our hearts are restless till they repose in Thee."
St. Austin.

When wintry storms have come and gone,
  And sunny skies appear,
And running streams and budding flowers,
  Bespeak the summer near:

'Tis then the chaste white swan, constrain'd
  In southern climes to roam,
Expands her fearless wing, and flies
  Back to her northern home.

She wings her lone and anxious way,
  O'er blooming valleys fair;
But still she never stoops to taste,
  The treasures growing there.

But on and onward, still she goes,
  With eager wing and free;
Until her own sweet peaceful home,
  Her raptured vision see.

With joy exultant then she sinks,
  Upon the placed breast
Of some soft pebbly lake—and there
  She bathes her snowy crest.

So when the storms of life are gone,
  And "its poor play is o'er,"
The happy spirit takes her flight,
  Back to her native shore.

She upward takes her eager course,
  To "realms of endless day;"
Nor heeds the worlds she passes by,
  Upon her starry way.

But when the heavenly home attain'd,
  Where joys eternal spring;
She plunges in that ocean full,
  And bathes her peerless wing.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

On this festival the Church commemorates the triumphal departure of the Immaculate Mother of God from this land of exile and sorrow to heaven's joyous and happy home. After the ascension of our divine Lord, Mary looked forward with a holy impatience to the moment when the ties of earth should be severed, and when she should be again united to the Son of her affection in the kingdom of his glory. Though she still lingered on earth, her pure and holy soul dwelt in the mansions of eternal bliss. From the best authenticated accounts, we learn that the holy Virgin, after the ascension of her divine Son, remained at Jerusalem until about the year 44, under the care and protection of her adopted Son, the illustrious St. John the Evangelist, to whom she was recommended by the Redeemer of the world, when breathing his last upon the cross. She is thought to have accompanied that Evangelist to Ephesus, but to have returned again to Jerusalem, where she died, being at the time in the sixty-second or sixty-third year of her age. Some writers incline to the belief that she died at Ephesus, but from the most reliable accounts, it seems probable that her death took place at Jerusalem. St. Willibald, who flourished in 740, mentions in his voyage to Jerusalem, that he was shown the tomb of the Blessed Virgin in the Valley of Jehosaphat, near the foot of Mount Olivet. Adamnam, the monk, a native of Ireland, who visited Palestine towards the close of the seventh century; the venerable Bede and many other writers, make mention of her tomb being in the same place.

It is a pious belief handed down by tradition, that the body of the immaculate Virgin was raised from the tomb by the power of God shortly after her death, and being united again to her holy soul, was translated in triumph to the kingdom of her divine Son. This is mentioned as a generally received opinion in the sixth century, in the West, by St. Gregory of Tours, and in the seventh century in the East, by Andrew of Crete. Even before the sixth century, the feast of the assumption was celebrated with great solemnity both in the Greek and Latin Church, as is evident from the most ancient sacramentaries extant. While it is one of the greatest festivals of the Mother of God, it is also one of the most ancient. Its origin is lost in the dim vista of the early ages of the Church. Though the corporal assumption of the Blessed Virgin rests upon the belief of ages and supported by the most venerable tradition, it is, nevertheless, no article of Catholic faith. The Church, however, so far inclines to the opinion as to insert an account of this festival in the breviary to edify and to excite the devotion of her children. The assumption is, indeed, the great and crowning festival of Mary. Other festivals have been set apart to commemorate particular virtues in her life, or to thank Almighty God for some special blessing which in the order of his providence he has vouchsafed to confer upon her. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception we raise our voices in grateful thanks to the throne of heaven for the inestimable favor which God bestowed upon her, in preserving her pure from the defilement of original sin. On the Festival of the Annunciation we adore the goodness of God in ordaining that his own beloved Son should be born on earth, and for selecting Mary to be the mother of that divine Son. And so for the other festivals. But on the Feast of the Assumption, the Church presents to our contemplation the virtues of her whole life, which we commemorate singly on her other festivals. On this day we are called upon to turn our eyes to heaven, and to follow the holy Virgin as,

"Free in the heavens she soars,
While the clear radiance pours,
Like a vast glory round her upturned face;
And higher still and higher,
With the angelic choir,
The soul by grace regained, regains the realms of grace."

On this day we are invited to contemplate the glory by which she is environed, far outshining the brightest seraphim, and to witness the joy and exultation of the angelic hosts as their queen entered the heavenly mansions—

"In mortal shape! and yet
Upon her brow is set
The new celestial glory, like a crown;
Her eyes anticipate
The bright eternal state,
Her arms to heaven extend; to her the heavens reach down."

And while we gaze enraptured on the splendor by which she is surrounded, we are reminded that if we would share in her happiness we must pass through the ordeal of suffering; if we would honor her as children we must imitate the example of her virtues. We are reminded, too, that she is the refuge of sinners, a mediatrix ever ready to listen to our petitions, and ever willing to present them to her divine Son. A mediatrix to whom, in the language of St. Bernard, "no one ever applied without obtaining relief." Let us, then, upon this great festival repair to her altar, and there, in all the fervor of our hearts, renew our vows of fidelity in her services. Let us invoke her aid, and ask her intercession on behalf of ourselves, our children, our families, our country. O, Mother Immaculate! Shield us from danger and protect us from harm.

PHILOSOPHICAL THESES DEFENDED IN GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

During the past month most of our literary institutions closed the labors of another scholastic year. The pupils have been allowed a season of relaxation, and the professor permitted to rest from the toils attached to his chair. The public journals have been daily filled with the most interesting accounts of the commencements and exhibitions of these asylums of learning. It would afford us, also, much pleasure to speak in detail of these institutions, but so numerous have they become in the land, so thickly have they sprung up in all parts of the country, that to do so would far exceed our limited space. We must be satisfied to contemplate them grouped together as one grand and noble institution, of which the Catholics of this country may feel justly proud. They are all engaged in the high and holy cause of education; in conducting the youth of the land to the temple of science along the flowery pathway of religion. What we could say of one, we might say of all;—they are standing, living, speaking witnesses of the steady increase and general diffusion of Catholic education in the country. But to return from this digression to the Theses of the time-honored college on the banks of the Potomac. The Theses is a collection of propositions in the various parts of mental philosophy, which, according to the custom prevalent in all Jesuit Colleges, the graduating class is obliged to discuss, day after day, during the last year of their course. The mere reading of the propositions is enough to show the solid nature of the instruction imparted to the students of the old and venerated college. Nor is it mere dust thrown in the eyes of the public, to blind them under specious and high-sounding phrases, to the weakness of the scholars. We have been sometimes present at these family discussions, and have been particularly struck with the acumen and readiness with which proofs were brought forward and objections met and answered. No gymnasium ever gave strength and pliancy to the muscular energies with such success as this gymnasium of the intellect develops the latent powers of the soul, and gives force to its reason. Even the weakest mind led on from simple perceptions to the most complicated argumentation has been enabled to comprehend more fully the nature of its weakness, and from its own deficiencies gather strength to take its part in the great contest of life. We are told by some of those who have passed through the ordeal, that the daily disputes of the class, but more particularly the weekly disputes on certain select propositions, which had been explained by the Professor, have been as animated and inspiring both on the part of Professor and scholars, as if life depended on the success. And indeed life does depend in a great measure upon their success. Take, for instance, the proposition that leads the last page, in order, the 151st: "Those who are in society must so concur to the same end by their will and external operations, that they direct their efforts to the common good and to the same physical and moral perfection." All the social duties of man flow, as a necessary consequence from this, and it is easy to perceive that the mind, which has mastered the reasonableness of such doctrine, must rule the actions and direct the energies of its possessor, not to any selfish end; but to that true philanthropy which unites us all in one brotherhood of feeling and pursuit. It is impossible then, for a student, who has thus been trained, to grope along his way in the world. In whatever station Providence may place him, he will realize the poet's words, "Os homini sublime dedit et rectos ad sidera tollere vultus." Certainly no one will have a better right to raise his head high among his fellows, as no one will have a better knowledge of the sublime dignity, which, as a reasonable being, he has received from the Creator. Thus it is that the Jesuit prefers to answer the calumnies of his enemies. Thus it is that, not satisfied with mere professions of devotion to his country, he yearly sends forth a band of youth with intellects invigorated to the performance of every social and civil duty, and hearts uncontaminated by the corrupting and corrupt maxims of time-serving politicians, solely devoted to their country's welfare, and able and willing, with all their might to promote it. If our youth were thus trained, it would be well for our country. It would have been spared the melancholy sight of talents abused, of energies wasted: she would not have been compelled to mourn, as she must have lately, that

"The rare splendor of the might of mind
Hath sometimes flashed o'er plagues and errors old;
Flashed but to expire and leave behind
A deadlier gloom."

FOURTH OF JULY IN BALTIMORE. *Mr. Yellott's Speech.*

While fanaticism and religious intolerance were promulgated as true and genuine "American" principles, and worthy to be taught to the people of this great republic on the anniversary of their national independence, it was not to be expected that the Monumental city should have escaped the contagion that reigned elsewhere. The "American" party, or a portion of this so-called party, celebrated the day at Cove Cottage, near our city, and Coleman Yellott, Esq., was the orator, or one of the orators, on the occasion. We are sorry, extremely sorry, to mention the name of this gentleman in connection with this celebration. We have known him long and intimately, and for him we have always entertained feelings of the kindest regard; and we are really at a loss to reconcile his language on this occasion, with the estimation we have heretofore entertained of his character. Can it be that Mr. Yellott would seek the phantom of notoriety at the sacrifice of honor, justice, truth? Can it be that he would lend the influence of his voice and talents in establishing upon the free soil of America a monster organization, which openly avows persecution as a cardinal doctrine, proclaims proscription as a national virtue, and would make the profession of Catholicity a crime. This we are unwilling to believe, and in our charity for the orator of Cove Cottage, we conclude that he fell into bad company, and yielding to the weakness of human nature, for once assimilated himself to the company into which he had fallen.

Be his motives what they may, by his remarks he perpetrated a flagrant injustice on his Catholic fellow-citizens, by laying to their charge doctrines which they denounce and reprobate as foul aspersions upon their character and libels upon their patriotism. Were these charges made or reiterated by some obscure fanatic, whose ignorance and bigotry would be an ample excuse for his conduct, we might pass them by as unworthy of notice, but they are made by a gentleman of acknowledged literary ability; a gentleman standing high in an honorable profession; we, therefore, feel it a duty to meet and repel them.

The following is the portion of the gentleman's speech to which we take exception, and we quote from the "revised" report of his discourse. After stating that the "Philadelphia Platform" proscribed Abolitionists, he continued:

"There is another class of citizens whom that platform proscribes. This class embraces the Catholics of the Orestes A. Brownson and Bishop Hughes school. No part of the principles of the American organization has been so much misunderstood as that which relates to the Catholic Church. These principles do not proscribe all Catholics, but only such as acknowledge "civil allegiance" to the Pope of Rome. If it is a new thing in this country to see a blending of religion with politics, the so styled American party are not responsible for the exhibition of that novelty. A certain portion of the Catholic Church have forced that question upon the country. The American party are not the aggressors, but are acting on the defensive. New doctrines have been put forth within the last two years, by certain leading authorities in the Catholic Church—doctrines never before published in this country—doctrines which, in effect assert that there is a 'higher law' than the constitution and laws of the nation, and that the constitution and the laws are of no binding force unless they meet the approbation of the Roman Pontiff. In other words, there is now claimed for the Pope not merely the deposing power, but the veto power."

Here are grave charges; and deserve a few moments of calm consideration. In the first place we are told that the venomous shafts of Know-Nothingism are only leveled at the "Brownson and the Bishop Hughes school of Catholics." This is information new to us. The allusion to Dr. Brownson we can partially understand. It has reference to that distinguished writer's views in relation to the temporal power of the Pope. But that the Doctor has founded a school, in other words, that he got any body or number of Catholics in the country to adopt his theory and teaching on the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff, we respectfully deny. And indeed, we do not believe that the great Reviewer, with all his ultra views upon this subject, ever taught that the Catholics of this, or any other country beyond the Papal dominions, acknowledged "civil allegiance" to the Pope. But even grant that he did, it was but the opinion af an individual, for which Catholics are not responsible; and even grant that Dr. Brownson maintains this opinion at the present moment, he stands alone in his opinion, and we ourselves will most freely accord to Mr. Yellott the honor of having achieved a victory, if he shall produce, by the return of the next anniversary of our national independence, another single member of the Catholic Church, out of the 3,500,000 Catholics in the country, who acknowledges "civil allegiance" to the Pope; who holds that there is a "higher law than the constitution and laws of the nation;" and who subscribes to the doctrine, that "laws are of no binding force unless they meet the approbation of the Roman Pontiff." If Mr. Yellott cannot produce that single Catholic professing these views, he must admit that he has been guilty of gross violation of the eighth commandment, and, as a man of honor, he is bound, in justice to the 70,000 Catholics of Baltimore, whom he has aspersed; in justice to the millions of Catholics throughout the country whom he has injured, to acknowledge that he has given utterance to slanderous imputations upon their character.

But that the learned and venerable Archbishop of New York ever entertained or taught the doctrine that the Catholics of this country owe "civil allegiance" to the Pope, or that Catholics hold "a higher law than the constitution and laws of the nation," is a foul libel upon the fair fame of that illustrious prelate, as we shall presently show. Ah! but, exclaims the orator of Cove Cottage, these are not the doctrines of the Catholics of the early days of the Republic; they are lately sprung upon the country; "they have been put forth within the last two years by certain *leading authorities* in the Catholic Church." Had Mr. Yellott pointed to the "leading authorities" in the Catholic Church teaching such absurd doctrines, he would have placed us under obligations. His attempt to make capital out of what he is pleased to call the "Brownson and the Bishop Hughes school of Catholics," will prove nothing until the learned gentleman proves that such a school exists. Had Mr. Yellott taken the trouble to examine the writings of some of the "leading authorities" of the Catholic Church, which he could have found at any of the Catholic bookstores in the city, before going to Cove Cottage to enlighten his fellow-citizens on subjects with which he was totally unacquainted, he would have found that those "leading authorities" teach directly the reverse of the doctrines which he has imputed to Catholics. For the benefit, therefore, of Mr. Yellott, and those whom he may have mislead by his remarks, we beg leave to submit a few extracts from the writings of some of the "leading authorities" of the Catholic Church on the subject of Catholic allegiance.

First, then, let us see what is the teaching of "the Bishop Hughes school" on this subject. By reference to *Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York*, under the date of the 8th of October 1854, we find the following words addressed to the Catholic laity:

> "Your first duty is supreme loyalty to God. Your second, subordinate, but in its own sphere, equally supreme, *is loyalty to your country in all her vicissitudes of prosperity, or adversity*, if God should so permit her to be tried. *Be obedient to the laws;* let pastors be zealous that no one professing the Catholic name shall bring disgrace upon the Church by disorderly conduct, or contempt *for laws of the land.*" . . .

This is the teaching of the illustrious, but much abused and calumniated, Archbishop of New York, and that of *seven* other illustrious prelates, whose signatures are attached to the Pastoral. *Loyalty to your country under all her vicissitudes.—Be obedient to her laws.* These are the doctrines taught by the Bishop Hughes school, the disciples of which, according to Mr. Yellott and his Know-Nothing friends, are to be proscribed.

We next turn to the *Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Baltimore*, to be found in the June number of the Metropolitan, and we find the following forcible language on the subject at issue. The learned Prelates addressing the Catholic laity, say:

> "Respect and obey the constituted authorities, for all power is from God, and they that resist, resist the ordinances of God, and purchase for themselves damnation. To the *General and State Governments you owe allegiance in all that regards the civil order:* the authorities of the Church challenge your obedience in the things of salvation. We have no need of pressing this distinction which you fully understand, and constantly observe. You know that we have uniformly taught you both publicly and privately, to perform all the duties of good citizens, and that we have never exacted of you, as we ourselves have never made even to the highest ecclesiastical authority, any engagements inconsistent with the *duties we owe to the country and its laws.* On every opportune occasion we have avowed these principles, and even in our communications to the late Pontiff, *we rejected as a calumny the imputation that we were in* CIVIL MATTERS SUBJECT TO HIS AUTHORITY. Be not disturbed at the misstatements of our tenets which are daily made, or at the effort to deprive us of our civil rights, and of the confidence and esteem of our fellow citizens."

Such, Mr. Yellott, are the doctrines "put forth within the last two years," by the "leading authorities" of the Catholic Church,—"*We rejected as a calumny the imputation that we were in civil matters subject to his authority;*" "*To the General and State Governments you owe allegiance.*" Such are we taught by the illustrious prelates constituting the late Provincial Council held in our city.

Here we might pause, but being desirous to place within the reach of our readers the amplest means to refute the foul aspersions that have been cast upon our beloved bishops and pastors, we will submit the teaching of "leading authorities" from another section of the country. We have before us the *Pastoral Letter of the First Provincial Council of Cincinnati*, held only a few months ago. The illustrious prelates who composed that body having alluded in feeling terms to the unjust warfare waged against Catholics in this country, thus speak on the subject of Catholic loyalty:

> "To the grievous and utterly false charge of disloyalty to this free government your best answer will be, to continue to do—what you have all along sought earnestly and sincerely to do—to discharge faithfully all your duties as citizens of the republic, rendering to Cæsar the things that belong to Cæsar, without, at the same time, forgetting to render to God the things that belong to God.
>
> "We appeal to you, beloved brethren, whether these have not been the lessons which we have uniformly taught you, both in our public and official communications, and in our most private conversations; and whether we have not always instructed you that the power of the Sovereign Pontiffs, which is spiritual in its objects and in sphere of action, *cannot by possibility clash with your civil allegiance*, or with the different class of duties which you owe as good citizens to the government under which you happily live."

Such is the "civil allegiance," which we are taught to render to the Pope, by the illustrious Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the seven other learned and venerable prelates who presided at the Council. After reading the foregoing extracts from the teaching of some twenty-four illustrious archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church of America, no man, unless he be a wilful bigot, can persist in maintaining the absurd charges put forth by "Know-Nothing" fanatics, and reiterated by Mr. Yellott in his Cove Cottage speech, that Catholics are taught by the "leading authorities" of their Church, that they owe "civil allegiance" to the Pope, and that the "constitution and laws" of the country "are of no binding force unless they meet the approbation of the Roman Pontiff."

Record of Events.

From June 20, to July 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—Few events have occurred in the Eternal City of striking importance during the last month. On the 12th ult. a most daring attempt was made to assassinate his Eminence Cardinal Antonelli, at the foot of the steps of the Vatican. As the cardinal was descending the steps he observed below a man of repulsive appearance, who, he thought, was waiting to present a petition; but as he approached he saw him move his hand under his coat, as if he were going to take out some weapon. This movement induced the cardinal to quicken his pace, and to turn sharply from one balustrade to the other in order to take shelter behind the partition wall.

The assassin had, in fact, grasped a poignard, but, losing the opportunity of striking at close quarters, in consequence of the cardinal's rapid pace, he hurled the weapon at his eminence. Most fortunately, being badly aimed, it struck the wall and missed the object intended. The servants who accompanied the cardinal instantly rushed on the assassin, calling to their aid the sentinels of the Swiss Guard. The assassin was soon overpowered, and was then recognised as one De Felici, a hatter, who has been under the surveillance of the police.

The recent acts of the Spanish Government have produced a profound sensation at Rome, and it was stated that the Holy See was on the eve of interrupting all diplomatic relations with the Court of Madrid.—A splendid monument to the illustrious Daniel O'Connell, has lately been completed by Benzoni, at the private expense of Bianconi, and is about to be placed in the Church of St. Agata. On one side it represents the noble form of the "Liberator" at the bar of the House of Commons indignantly refusing to take the anti-Catholic declaration, in these remarkable words: "I at once reject this declaration; part of it I believe to be untrue, and the rest I know to be false."

Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a grandson of Joseph, has adopted the ecclesiastical state and been enrolled among the Supernumerary Chamberlains of the Pope. The Reverend Prince is at present in Paris, having accompanied his brothers and sisters thither at the recent call of the Emperor.

Five persons convicted of taking part in the assassinations of 1849, have been executed at Firno, and recent accounts state that sentence of death had been pronounced by the Consulta on De Felice, who attempted the assassination of Cardinal Antonelli.

SARDINIA.—The infidel leaders of the government have at length succeeded in their nefarious designs against the Church. The Convent Suppression bill has become the law, and is immediately to be put in force. The thirty-four monastic orders to be suppressed possessed 331 houses, inhabited by 4,543 persons. The number of religious houses which will remain for a time is 274, comprising 4,057 inhabitants. From this list of suppression two orders of nuns are to be exempted out of motives of "personal regard." They are the Sacramentini and the Salesiennes. The latter possessed only two or three houses, and the former, founded by the late Queen Dowager, only one.

SPAIN.—The government has been kept for some time in a state of uneasiness by strong indications of a Carlist rising. In some places the insurrection had actually broken out; and the mails between Paris and Madrid had been intercepted and destroyed by the insurgents.

FRANCE.—Paris has been honored by the visits of several distinguished personages during the last month. His most Faithful Majesty, the King of Portugal and his brother, have been spending some time at the capital of the French empire. They left on the 21st ult., on their way to Rome, to pay their devotions to the shrines of the Apostles. They had been most cordially received and entertained by the Emperor and

Empress, and at their departure the imperial yacht *la Reino Hertense*, was placed at the service of the royal brothers. The Lord Mayor of London has also been enjoying a visit to Paris, attended by all the paraphernalia of civic splendor.—The Universal Exhibition still continues to be the scene of great attraction. The expositors amount to 20,000; and among these 400 are from the United States. The Bey of Tunis, with a numerous suite, was among the distinguished personages who visited the Exhibition.—The reverses of the allies in the Crimea caused great sensation throughout the empire, and has served to renew the activity in the war movement. An extra session of the legislature was convened, and a loan of 750,000,000 proposed and granted. The Emperor addressed the members in an animated speech, in the course of which he said—"Let us place our confidence in God, and persevere until a peace is obtained worthy of the alliance of two great nations."

England.—The debates on the grant to the College of Maynooth, for some time occupied the attention of Parliament. The opposition to the measure was chiefly conducted by Mr. Whiteside, who, among other things, charged that the heads of the College, in violation of their promise, had introduced *Jesuitism*. This is a truly serious charge! The subject was finally postponed without any action.—The Roebuck Committee have made a report, in which it is merely admitted that the sufferings in the army have been aggravated by incompetency at home. Animated discussions have taken place on the subject of Administrative reform; the debate was finally terminated by the unanimous adoption of Sir Bulwer Lytton's resolution: that the House of Commons recommend to the early attention of the Ministers, the necessity of a careful revision of the various official establishments.—News from the Crimea had brought the startling intelligence of the death of Lord Raglan. No particulars given. His Lordship was succeeded in the command by Gen. Simpson.

A new trial had been granted in the case of the Rev. Mr. Boyle, against his eminence Cardinal Wiseman, on an appeal from the decision of Baron Platt, and with every prospect that the unjust and partial judgment will be reversed.—A bill introduced into Parliament by Lord Grosvenor, having for its object the better observance of the Sunday, gave rise to much excitement among the working classes of the Metropolis. An immense meeting in opposition to the bill was held in Hyde Park, on Sunday, the 1st inst. A collision took place between the people and the police, but it was not attended with any serious consequences.

Ireland.—From a Report of the Poor-law Commissioners, recently published, we have a very satisfactory account of the condition of the country, so far as relates to labor and wages. Throughout the agricultural districts especially a demand for labor prevailed, and wages of 1s. per day were given where formerly only 4d, 6d, or 8d, had been received; and in some parts of the country, a man's wages reached 1s. 6d., 2s. or 2s. 6d. per day, at certain seasons of the year. From the same report we also learn, that from the year 1849 to 1855, inclusive, over 200,000 young persons left the workhouses of Ireland, and the far greater part of these found employment in the districts adjoining the workhouses. The commissioners add that visible signs of improved condition of life are to be found in the appearance of the peasantry in all parts of the country, more especially in their clothing.

The crops of all kinds wear the most favorable appearance, and every prospect of abundance is anticipated.

Father Mathew, the venerable apostle of temperance, arrived lately at Southampton from Madeira, on his return to Ireland. His health was improved.

On the 17th ult., a new and beautiful church was dedicated at Castlebridge, and the eloquent Dr. Cahill preached the dedication sermon.—Late papers bring the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Galway. The lamented prelate died suddenly on the morning of the 30th ult. The names of the Rev. Dr. O Brien, of Waterford; Dr. Burke, of Clonmel; and Dean Dooley, of Castleknock, have been forwarded to Rome as persons worthy to fill the vacant bishopric of Waterford.

Belgium.—*Blessing of the Sea.*—A correspondent of the *Weekly Register* gives the following account of this interesting ceremony:

"On the Sunday within the Octave of St. Peter and St. Paul's Feast, a sublime and imposing rite—the Benediction of the Sea by the Most Holy Sacrament, took place on the shores of the English Channel at Ostend.

At eleven o'clock, Mass was celebrated in the principal church of the town, at the end of which a procession was formed and moved forward singing before the Blessed Sacrament. The way was lengthy, and the streets numerous along which it had to pass; it halted at length on the height of the fortified embankment above the rampart and sea-wall; and there an altar was built fronting the horizon and the sea. Nothing more poetic or sublime can be conceived than the throning of the Holy Sacrament upon the "strength of the hills," with the raging sea below and the blue heaven above. I could not hear the voices of those who sang at the foot of the altar, but I heard the "voice of many waters," and it seemed to say, "The Lord reigneth, and hath girded himself with strength!"

The Chevalier Charles Georts, the celebrated sculptor and statuary of Louvain, who has produced so many beautiful monuments of Christian art, died on the 16th ult., at Louvain.

Austria.—Austria still maintains her peace attitude, and as an evidence that she intends to take no part in the contest now raging between Russia and the Allies, she has reduced her army to the extent of about 150,000 men.

Russia.—A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 5th ult., in the *News*, of Hamburg, says:—

"The Synod of St. Petersburg has presented an address to the Emperor, earnestly praying him to show himself more disposed towards conferences of peace, in so far as the political interests of the State would permit. It is not known how the Emperor has received this address."

In the meantime there is evinced a strong disposition to prosecute the war vigorously. An imperial ukase postpones to the 15th of September next the recruiting that had been ordered in the government of Ekaterinoslaff. In order, however, to accelerate the recruiting ordered in the other governments of the empire, it is decreed—1, that all the exceptions which have been hitherto admitted are now annulled; 2, that in the towns and villages the men shall be taken to the age of 37; and 3, that the commissaries for recruiting are authorised to take even only sons, if it should be found necessary to do so, to complete the number of men demanded.

An imperial manifesto, dated St. Petersburg, the 2d of June, ordains, that in case of the decease of the present Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine shall be regent during the minority of the Crown Prince. The regency is to continue during the minority of the second son, should the eldest die. The Empress is to be guardian.

The Crimea and the War.—This region is still the scene of the most terrible conflicts. On the 18th ult. an assault was made by the Allies on the Malakoff and Redan, two of the strongest fortifications of Sebastopol. The attempt was unsuccessful and the allies were repulsed with a loss of nearly ten thousand men in killed, wounded and prisoners. The loss on the part of the Russians was also immense. Since the affair of the 18th ult., nothing of importance has taken place, except the death of Lord Raglan.

An affair took place at Hango which has caused much indignation, especially in England. It seems that a boat from an English ship of war, containing some sixteen persons, approached the place under a flag of truce, and was fired into by the Russians, and most of those on board were killed.

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

College Commencements.—On the 27th ult., the Annual Commencement of Mount St. Mary's College, that venerable nursery of science and religion, took place. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest. Many of the Alumni of the "Old Mountain," who years ago had pursued together the path of science beneath its shade, returned to pay a transient visit to the scenes sacred to the memory of other days. They had returned to do honor to their *Alma Mater*, and to encourage her youthful aspirants to literary distinction to pursue the honorable course upon which they had entered until the goal of their ambition should have been attained.

The exercises commenced at an early hour, and were enlivened at intervals by music from the St. Cecelia Society, which was conducted by Professor Dielman. The premiums were distributed from the hand of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Carrell, Bishop of Covington, formerly a student at the Mountain.

The degree of A. B. on Charles Monmonier, Baltimore, Md.; Geo. Carroll Jenkins, do., do.; John F. McDermot, Emmittsburg; Edward M. Morse, New Orleans, La.; Charles N. Morse, do., do.; Thomas E. Slevin, Philadelphia; James McGinnis, Steubenville, Ohio; Rev. M. Feller, Rethel, France.

The degree of A. M. on John F. Knight, Havana; Luke T. Chatard, Baltimore, Md.; George S. Hebb, Cumberland, Md.; Silas M. Chatard, Baltimore, Md.; John F. Lafarge, New York; William Cook, York, Pa.

Orations were delivered by Charles Monmonier, on Law and Liberty; Charles N. Morse, on Modern Fiction; Thomas E. Slevin, on Christian Literature; James McGinnis, on the English Revolution; John F. McDermot, Scanderbeg; Edward M. Morse, Society in the South; George C. Jenkins, Obedience; and a valedictory by Charles Monmonier.

The orations, without distinction, elicited the praise and admiration of all who heard them. But the feeling and pathetic valedictory by our own talented townsman, Charles Monmonier, touched the hearts of all present. Mr. Monmonier had been long at the institution; his exemplary conduct had gained for him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. These ties were about to be severed; he was at length called on to bid adieu to the "Old Mountain."

On the day following the Commencement of Mount St. Mary's College, the distribution of premiums took place at St. Joseph's Academy. The Rt. Rev. Bishops Carrell and O'Regan, the President of Mount St. Mary's, the Rev. Mr. Roddan, of Boston, and other distinguished gentlemen, were present on the occasion. The distribution was agreeably diversified by the performance of several excellent pieces selected from *Docha, Donizetti, Verdi*, and other eminent musical composers.

The Visitation Academy at Frederick.—The annual distribution of premiums of this flourishing institution, took place on Thursday, the 12th inst. The premiums were delivered by the Rev. Father Villiger. The Rev. Father Steinbacher, the Rev. Mr. Plunkett, of Martinsburg, Hon E. Louis Lowe, Ex-Governor of Maryland, and other distinguished personages were present on the occasion.

The distribution of premiums at the Academy of the Visitation in this city, was held on Tuesday, the 10th inst. The Very Rev. Mr. Coskery and the Rev. Mr. Foley were present on the occasion.

Mount De Sales.—The annual distribution of premiums of this eminently distinguished institution, took place on Thursday the 12th inst. Our beloved and venerable Archbishop was present and distributed the premiums, and at the conclusion of the exercises, addressed a few words to the pupils, expressed the gratification he experienced on the occasion, congratulated them on the happy and successful termination of the scholastic year, and indulged the hope that the past might be an incentive to renewed exertions in those studies which in coming years would render them useful and exemplary members of society. The occasion was also honored by a number of the Rev. clergy from our own city, and from other parts of the State.

Georgetown College.—The annual commencement of this time-honored institution took place on Tuesday, the 10th instant. Among the distinguished personages who honored the occasion with their presence, were the Rt. Rev. Dr. Carrell, Bishop of Covington, the Rev. Dr. Ryder, formerly President of the College, the Rev. Messrs. Blox, Boyle, Donelan, and other clergymen. The addresses delivered by students, not only delighted, but also imparted to the audience many lessons of wisdom and instruction. That delivered by A. H. Loughborough, on "Morality and Religion, the Foundation of Government," was an excellent production and especially worthy of notice as exhibiting the pure and holy teaching of the Catholic Church on the subject of civil government. In the absence of John O'Neil, Esq. (occasioned by indisposition), who had been selected to address the Philodemic Society, the Rev. Father Ryder was called on to supply his place. The Rev. gentleman came forward, and during the course of his truly eloquent remarks, said that:

> "He felt that it was a work of supererogation for him to attempt to vindicate the Catholic Church from the charges which her enemies make against her, that she is hostile to the liberty of the land—that she teaches in her institutions of learning doctrines which tend to subvert the fabric of this government. He was persuaded that the best refutation of the false charges made against Religion, was the spirit of true republicanism, of genuine patriotism breathed in the addresses which this day issued from the Catholic College of Georgetown. No, said the eloquent speaker, if the glorious pillars of our republic are to totter and to fall, believe me, it will not be the hand of a Catholic which shall cause those glorious columns of liberty to crumble into dust—if there shall be found a heart to nourish treason against this country—it will not be a heart which has been warmed on the bosom of a Catholic parent—for the Catholic Church teaches that treason against our country is treason against God."

Loyola College.—The annual commencement of this institution, of which the Catholics of Baltimore are so justly proud, took place on the 11th inst. Our space will not permit us to say all that we could wish of this commencement; it must suffice, therefore, to observe that the exercises were highly creditable to the pupils, honorable to the learned and zealous Fathers of the institution, while they delighted the select and crowded audience present on the occasion. The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Covington distributed the premiums. A large number of the clergy of the city and diocese were present. There were no graduates this year from among the pupils of the College; the degree of M. A. was conferred on Dr. W. J. Duhamel and Richard Burke, Esq.

Church Dedication, &c.—Our Most Rev. Archbishop laid the corner stone of a new Church at Long Greene, Baltimore county, on the 22d ult. *St. Bridget's Church*, in that part of our city called Canton, was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Carrell, and assisted by a large number of the clergy of our city, on Sunday, the 8th inst. The Rev. Mr. Boyle, of Washington, delivered an eloquent discourse on the occasion.

The Sisters of Mercy.—We are exceedingly gratified in being able to record the establishment of a house of these excellent sisters in our city. Their present establishment is adjoining St. Peter's Church, and is a gift to the good sisters from the noble and generous charity of Mrs. McTavish. They are to have under their charge the parish school, and they are also about to establish a select school, in which the various branches of a finished education will be taught.

2. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

Consecration of St. Paul's Cathedral.—Amidst the fierce and violent storm that rages in the country against his religion, how consoling for the Catholic, to mark the evidences that daily pass before his view, of the expansion of Catholicity, of the rise and spread of his holy faith. Almost every day brings accounts of the dedication of new churches, the rise of religious establishments, the founding of new literary institutions, the ordination of new priests, or the consecration of new bishops. To-day he reads of the dedication of an humble chapel in the far distant West, where some solitary missionary teaches the wandering children of the forest the lessons of eternal truth; tomorrow he scans with a delighted eye the account of the consecration of some noble cathedral amidst the most imposing ceremonies, and attended by numerous prelates and a hundred priests. Such were the thoughts suggested to our imagination on reading the account of the consecration of St. Paul's Cathedral, of Pittsburg. This noble Cathedral, a description of which we have given elsewhere, was solemnly consecrated to the service of Almighty God on the 24th ult. Our own beloved and Most Rev. Archbishop was the consecrating prelate on the occasion; and the following illustrious prelates were present and took part in the ceremony:

Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, of New York; Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg; Right Rev. Bishop Portier, Mobile; Right Rev. Bishop Whelan, Wheeling; Right Rev. Bishop Henni, Milwaukie; Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, Hartford; Right Rev. Bishop Spalding, Louisville; Right Rev. Bishop Rappe, Cleveland; Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, Philadelphia; Right Rev. Bishop McGill, Richmond; Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, Brooklyn; Right Rev. Bishop Amat, Monterey; Right Rev. Bishop Young, Erie; Right Rev. Bishop Regan, Chicago; Right Rev. Bishop Timon, Buffalo; Right Rev. Bishop Carrell, Covington.

The solemn pontifical mass was celebrated by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile; and the sermon on the occasion was preached by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York In the evening the sacred edifice was again densely crowded, on which occasion an eloquent discourse was delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore.—On the 20th ult., the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor dedicated a new church at Jefferson. The Very Rev. Mr. Hayden, of Bedford, preached on the occasion.

3. *Diocese of Buffalo.*

Cathedral Dedication.—What we have said of the dedication of the great Cathedral of Pittsburg, might be repeated in reference to St. Joseph's Cathedral of Buffalo, which was dedicated to the service of religion on Sunday, the first inst. Four years ago, when the foundation stone was laid, who imagined that so soon the noble building would be completed. Yet the work is done. The imposing edifice stands and will stand as a monument of the piety, zeal and energy of the learned and venerable Bishop and the Catholics of Buffalo, and will dispense the blessings of Catholicity to generations yet to come.

The Cathedral is 236 feet in length, 120 in breadth at the transept; breadth of the aisles and nave, 80 feet; height of the roof outside, 90 feet. It is flanked by two massive towers; one with a spire 220 feet high, the other with pinnacle and battlements, 140 feet high. The architecture is exceedingly chaste and beautiful. The ceremony of dedication is described as grand and imposing, far beyond ordinary scenes of the kind. Fourteen prelates, and about one hundred priests were present on the occasion. The high altar was consecrated by our own beloved and venerable Archbishop. The altar of the Blessed Virgin was consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Henni, Bishop of Milwaukie, and that of the Blessed Sacrament, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, and the dedication of the Cathedral itself was performed by the Right Rev. Bishops of Albany and Brooklyn. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York preached the dedication sermon.

End of the Schism—If the venerable Bishop of Buffalo has reason to rejoice in the completion of the noble Cathedral, his paternal heart finds no less a subject of rejoicement in the restoration of the schismatical church of St. Louis to the bosom of Catholic unity. The good Bishop mourned in silence over the erring conduct of the members of this congregation, and sought every occasion to lead them to the path of duty. At length he empowered the zealous Father Weninger, S. J., to remove the interdict, temporarily, in order to give the members of the church an opportunity of celebrating a *tridium* in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God. But scarcely had the exercises been concluded, when the schism was happily ended by the unanimous adoption by the congregation of the following articles:

1. The Trustees shall be elected from the members of the congregation who are pew-holders of the church; but any member who belongs to any secret society, or neglects to observe his Easter confession and communion, shall not be so elected.

2. The Trustees shall render an account to the congregation, every six months, of the moneys received and expended by them, and to the Bishop at the end of every year. The Bishop reserves the right to examine the books and accounts at any time, at his own option. For every amount expended over $300, the Trustees shall procure the express consent of the Bishop.

3. The pastor shall attend all Trustees' meetings, *ex officio*, and if he deems fit to veto any action taken at such meetings, and does not afterwards withdraw his veto, the matter shall be submitted to the Bishop for his decision.

4. The pastor shall appoint the persons who shall serve the congregation, or instruct the youth of the congregation, as organist, sexton, and teachers, but with the consent of the Trustees. If the Trustees will not consent to the appointment of such persons by the priest, it shall be submitted to the decision of the Bishop. The congregation will remain incorporated under this administration; and never can one cent of the funds of the congregation be appropriated, without their consent, for any other purpose than the use of the congregation.

4. *Diocese of Philadelphia.*

Villanova College.—The annual commencement of this flourishing institution took place on the 27th ult. It was an occasion of much joy and pleasure to the numerous friends and patrons of the institution. It was honored by the presence of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, who distributed the premiums.

St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del.—The annual commencement of this institution was held on the 28th ult., under the auspices of the illustrious Bishop of Philadelphia, and in the presence of a large number of clergymen and patrons of the institution. The exercises of the pupils gave the utmost satisfaction and reflected great credit on themselves and on the learned and zealous professors of the college.

Confirmation.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann administered the sacrament of Confirmation at St. Michael's Church, Kensington, on the 8th inst., and at Phœnixville on the 4th inst.

Ordination.—The same Rt. Rev. Prelate, on the 2d instant, promoted David Whelan, Maurice Walsh, Nicholas Walsh, Edmund W. Fitzmaurice and Patrick Bacon to minor orders. On the 5th, Mr. John Brannagan, David Whelan and Maurice Walsh were promoted to the holy order of subdeaconship, and on the 6th, to the order of deaconship, Rev. David Whelan and Rev. Maurice Walsh. The two last were promoted to the priesthood on the following Sunday at St. Michael's Church, Kensington.

5. *Diocese of Hartford.*

Confirmation.—The holy sacrament of Confirmation was administered to about 200 persons, on the 9th inst., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, at the church in Olneyville, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Quinn. What we have most to admire in connexion with this event, is, that a few years ago scarcely a Catholic was to be found in the neighborhood where the church now stands. It is a living evidence, here as elsewhere, of the rapid increase of Catholicity. The annual collection for the benefit of the Orphan Asylums in the diocese, was taken up in all the churches and chapels in the diocese on the second Sunday of the present month. Three new asylums have lately been completed and are still encumbered by debt. In favor of these, in a special manner, the generosity and charity of the faithful are invoked.

6. *Diocese of Boston.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Boston, during his visits to Cabitville, Springfield, New Bedford and other places, administered the sacrament of Confirmation during the last month to upwards of *fourteen hundred persons*, and dedicated two or three new churches.

The College of the Holy Cross.—The annual commencement of this flourishing institution took place on the 10th inst. It was honored by the presence of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, who distributed the premiums.

7. *Diocese of Brooklyn.*

Confirmation.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, administered the sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of persons at St. Paul's Church, on the 3d inst. On the 1st. inst. the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, preached at St. Mary's Church, Brooklyn, for the benefit of the schools attached to the church.

8. *Archdiocese of New York.*

St. John's College, Fordham.—The annual commencement of this institution took place on the 12th instant. A large tent was erected on the lawn, in which the exercises were conducted. The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York was present and distributed the premiums. The occasion was also honored by the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Portier of Mobile, and a large number of the Rev. clergy of New York and other places. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following students: John R. Hassard, New York; Martin T. McMahon, Cattaraugus co., N. Y.; Arthur G. Francis, Wilmington, Del.: Denis J. O'Donovan, N. Y.; James Barnard, Three Rivers, C. E.; Hippolyte V. Feugas, Charlestown, S. C.; John T. Power, New York; Richard J. Stevenson, N. Y.; James L. Conron, N. Y.

The Sacred Heart Academy, Manhattanville.—The annual distribution of premiums and accompanying exercises at this institution, took place on Wednesday, July 11th. The Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Portier, of Mobile, and the Rt. Rev. Bishops Timon, Loughlin, and Bacon were present, together with many distinguished clergymen. The Most. Rev. Archbishop distributed the premiums, and at the conclusion of the exercises addressed a few words to the young ladies, expressive of the pleasure and satisfaction he experienced on the occasion.

9. *Diocese of Dubuque.*

The friends of the Association for the propagation of the faith in this diocese, exhibit a zeal and energy in the cause, worthy of emulation elsewhere. On the Feast of Pentecost, this admirable association was solemnly established in the city of Dubuque, and is destined in a short period to extend throughout the diocese. Over 500 persons joined it immediately after its establishment, and 200 others shortly afterwards enrolled their names. The sum of $360 was collected and sent to the Director General of the diocese.

10. *Diocese of Albany.*

On the 17th ult. a new and beautiful church at Ogdensburg, N. Y., was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, by the Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany. The church was dedicated under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God. On the 23d ult. the same Rt. Rev. prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. John's Church, Plattsburg, to 104 persons.

11. *Diocese of Chicago.*

We sometimes hear of our clergy, and even our beloved Bishops being harassed by vexatious lawsuits to gratify the malice and caprice of some heartless individual, but we do not at present remember an instance where the sacred precincts of female retirement have been ruthlessly invaded by an officer of the law, and its unoffending inmates dragged forth under a legal process to answer a pretended charge in an open court. Such, however, has been the sad fortune of the good religious of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, of Chicago, Illinois, as will be seen by the following, which we take from the Chicago Tribunal of the 19th inst.

"Yesterday a singular case was brought before his Honor, Judge Manierre, the circumstances of which are as follow:

"Some time ago, Mary E. Parker, a young lady, daughter of one of the most respectable citizens of this place, was placed by her father in the Roman Catholic Convent here, for the purpose of education. Her father, a few weeks since, went East, and a friend of the young lady, understanding that she was confined against her will, and that she wished to be liberated, applied for a writ of *habeas corpus* in her behalf, which was granted.

"The parties appeared in Court by their attorneys, and in person, about two o'clock. The respondent, the Mother Superior of the Convent, was habited in the usual costume of the order of which she is a member. The plaintiff is a young lady of about seventeen years of age, handsome appearance, and of lady-like demeanor. She was dressed in a brown silk dress and blue mantilla, and wore a thick veil over a portion of her face, which obscured, in a great degree, her features.

"One of the council for the appellant remarked that the appellant appeared to be under the impression that she was not at liberty to converse with her counsel.

"Mr. Tracy said that he had advised the respondent to not allow the appellant to hold any converse with any one but herself (the respondent) and himself.

"The Court informed the appellant that she was at perfect liberty to converse with her council, either in or out of the hearing of the Lady Superior.

"The young lady appeared to remain under constraint, but conversed with her counsel for a few moments, without removing from the neighborhood of the Lady Superior.

"Mr. Tracy read the return of the respondent to the writ, which set forth that the said Mary E. Parker was placed in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, by her father, John Parker, some nine weeks ago, at the request and with the free consent of said Mary, for the purpose of being educated in said Convent; that she has since remained there, unrestrained of her liberty and by her own free will; that her father is now absent from the State of Illinois, and that her mother is dead.

"The Court then took the young lady aside and conversed for some time with her. The Court then stated that Miss Parker, although on some accounts unwilling to remain in the Convent, was not willing to leave it until her father returned to the city; and that she was not in the fear of returning thither. That as the writ of habeas corpus had been issued solely for the benefit of the young lady, and as she declined to avail herself of the liberty asked for therein, the Court would merely state that she was at liberty to go where she pleased."

The case was accordingly dismissed, and Miss Parker returned with the Lady Superior to the Convent.

12. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 136 persons at St. Patrick's Church, Cincinnati, on the 24th ult.; the Tridium closed on the same day.

The annual commencement of St. Joseph's College, Somerset county, took place on the 4th instant.

Conversions.—It is certainly consoling to Catholics to know that the only effect of the persecution which has been raised against them, is to drive thousands into the bosom of the Catholic Church, the centre of unity. On Trinity Sunday, Archbishop Purcell baptized Mr. Laurence Ballingall, in Cincinnati; on the Sunday following, Mr. Richard James Winters, in Columbus, and subsequently confirmed the converts, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Beecher, in Lancaster.

Recently the Rev. Mr. Wood baptized at St. Patrick's, the son of a Unitarian minister of Boston.

III.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MACCABE'S CATHOLIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—It is a source of much gratification to learn that this excellent and truly Catholic work has gained an extensive circulation, and has elicited the most unqualified approbation of men of pre-eminent literary distinction. M. de Saint Cheron, a French gentleman of distinguished literary abilities, in a recent letter to the author, says:

" . . . I was speaking to my illustrious friend, the Count de Montalembert, yesterday morning, and I mentioned you to him, when he interrupted me in order to testify the pleasure, the admiration, and the profit with which he had perused your learned history of the Anglo-Saxon Church; he considered it far superior to the work of our celebrated historian, Augustin Thierry; not only in point of Catholic feeling, but also with reference to talent. M. de Montalembert further added that he frequently quoted your work in his "History of Monastic Institutions,"—a History, the first volume of which will be published very shortly. He authorized me to write this conversation to you.

"I thought this opinion of so high an authority would be a source of gratification to you." . . .

We might also mention in connection with this work, an incident worthy of being placed on record. The Emperor of Austria recently sent to Mr. MacCabe, an *Emerald*

Ring set with brilliants, valued at £150, as a compliment to the author and as a token of the high estimation he placed upon the work.

THE REV. DR. FABER'S WORKS.—No Catholic publications, perhaps, in so short a period, ever met with a more rapid sale, or acquired a more extensive circulation, than the devotional works of Dr. Faber. His "All for Jesus" has obtained a world-wide reputation. It has been published in various languages on the continent of Europe; in England and in this country, also, it has passed through numerous editions. His later publications, "the Blessed Sacrament," and "Growth in Holiness," have also met with a favorable reception; and we venture to predict that in time they will (especially "the Blessed Sacrament") far exceed the unprecedented sale of "All for Jesus."

These results are truly gratifying to the learned and zealous author. They evince in the strongest possible manner, that his labors have been appreciated; that they have tended to awaken piety, fervor, and devotion in the hearts of Catholics, and to elevate and direct their minds from earth to heaven. Though these works have been given as a legacy to the Catholic public, the author, nevertheless, manifests the liveliest interest in their welfare, and indicates an earnest desire to guard against the remotest contingency that might give them currency without his approval or correction, as we learn from the following CARD TO THE CATHOLICS OF AMERICA:

"The Author is under great obligation to MESSRS. MURPHY & Co., of Baltimore, in being able to bring out his books and present them to his Catholic brethren in America, under their auspices, through their well-known and careful press. The kind indulgence and favorable reception which '*All for Jesus*' and '*Growth in Holiness*,' met with in America, made it a matter of no slight consequence to the author that he should find publishers, whose name and standing would be a guarantee to him both against unauthorized alterations of his text and also against errors of the press, which are the more serious when the works in which they occur abound in theological expressions. Under these circumstances, and considering the grave character of any thing like inaccurate statement in matters of doctrine, the author trusts he may be allowed to say that *no editions of his Works but those issued by* MESSRS. MURPHY & Co., *have any sanction from him, or are in any way submitted to his corrections and revision.*

"THE ORATORY, London, June 21, 1855. F. W. FABER."

A CATHOLIC GEOGRAPHY.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Donahoe, the enterprising publisher of the *Boston Pilot*, has announced for early publication a Modern Geography, by the Christian Brothers. We also see that Messrs. Dunigan & Brother have announced a new History of the United States. Messrs. Murphy & Co., of our own city, have recently issued an edition of Lingard's England, abridged; also, a New Greek Grammar, and a New Algebra, by Professor Sestini, of Georgetown College, whose Elementary Algebra and Analytical Geometry have been so favorably received.

It is gratifying to notice the additions that are daily being made to our school literature. It is an evidence of the growth of our institutions and the fruit of their labors. It is gratifying to know that there are now within the reach of every Catholic teacher, class-books that he can freely place in the hands of his pupils; books free from those objectionable features which have heretofore pervaded the school literature of the country, from the primer to the rhetoric. The Catholic publishers are entitled to much credit for the laudable part they have taken in this good work, and for the efforts they are making in aid of the dissemination of sound and useful knowledge.

OBITUARY.—Again it becomes our unwilling task to record the death of an estimable clergyman, the Rev. P. Corry. This zealous priest immigrated to this country when quite a youth, and shortly after his arrival entered the seminary of Mount St. Mary's, near Emmitsburg. After his ordination Mr. Corry remained in the Mountain engaged in the laborious occupation of training youth in the path of science. Recently he entered on the mission, and was for some time attached to St. Patrick's Church, Philadelphia, where he died, after a short illness, on the evening of the 4th inst.

THE

Metropolitan.

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THE SACRAMENTS.

Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.

MATRIMONY.

Europe owes to Christianity the few good laws which it possesses. There is not, perhaps, a single contingency in civil affairs for which provision has not been made by the canon law; the fruit of the experience of fifteen centuries, and of the genius of the Innocents and the Gregories. The wisest emperors and kings, as Charlemagne and Alfred the Great, were of opinion that they could not do better than to introduce into the civil code a part of the ecclesiastical code, which contains the essence of the Levitical law, the Gospel, and the Roman jurisprudence. What an edifice is the Church of Christ! How vast! how wonderful!

In elevating marriage to the dignity of a sacrament, Jesus Christ has shown us, in the first place, the great symbol of his union with the Church. When we consider that matrimony is the axis on which the whole social economy revolves, can we suppose it to be ever sufficiently sacred? or too highly admire the wisdom of him who has stamped it with the seal of religion?

The Church has made every provision for so important a step in life. She has determined the degrees of relationship within which matrimony is allowable. The canon law, which determines the degree of consanguinity by the number of generations from the parent-stock, has forbidden marriage within the fourth generation; while the civil law, following a double mode of computation, formerly prohibited it only within the second degree. Such was the Arcadian law, as inserted in the Institutes of Justinian. But the Church, with her accustomed wisdom, has been governed in this by the gradual improvement of popular manners.* In the first ages of Christianity, marriage was forbidden within the seventh degree of consanguinity, and some councils, as that of Toledo in the sixth century, prohibited without exception all alliances between members of the same family.†

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* Concil. Duziac. an. 814. The canon law was necessarily modified according to the manners of the different nations—Goths, Vandals, English, Franks, Burgundians—. who entered successively into the Church.

† Can. 5.

The spirit that dictated these laws is worthy of the pure religion which we profess. The pagan world was far from imitating this chastity of the Christian people. At Rome marriage was permitted between cousins-german; and Claudius, in order to marry Agrippina, enacted a law which allowed an uncle to form an alliance with his niece.[*] By the laws of Solon a brother could marry a sister by the mother's side.[†] The Church, however, did not confine her precautions to the above-mentioned legislation. For some time she followed the Levitical law in regard to those who were related by affinity, but subsequently she numbered among the nullifying impediments of marriage, all the degrees of affinity corresponding to the degrees of consanguinity within which marriage is prohibited.[‡] She also provided for a case which had escaped the notice of all previous jurisprudence; that of a man guilty of illicit intercourse with a woman. According to the discipline of the Church, this man cannot marry any woman who is related within the second degree to the object of his unlawful love.[‖] This law, which had existed to a certain extent in the early ages of Christianity,[§] became a settled point by a decree of the Council of Trent, and was considered so wise an enactment, that the French code, though it rejected the Council as a whole, willingly adopted this particular canon.

The numerous impediments to marriage between relatives which the Church has established, besides being founded on moral and spiritual considerations, have a beneficial tendency in a political point of view, by encouraging the division of property and preventing all the wealth of a state from accumulating, in a long series of years, in the hands of a few individuals.

The Church has retained the ceremony of betrothing, which may be traced to a remote antiquity. We are informed by Aulus Gellius, that it was known among the people of Latium:[¶] it was adopted by the Romans,[**] and was customary among the Greeks: it was honored under the old covenant, and in the new Joseph was betrothed to Mary. The intention of this custom is to allow the bride and bridegroom time to become acquainted with each other previously to their union.[††]

In our rural hamlets the ceremony of betrothing still exhibits its ancient graces. On a beautiful morning in the month of August, a young peasant repaired to the farm-house of his future father-in-law, to join his intended bride. Two musicians, reminding you of the minstrels of old, led the way, playing tunes of the days of chivalry, or the hymns of pilgrims. Departed ages, issuing from their Gothic tombs, seemed to accompany the village youth with their ancient manners and their ancient recollections. The priest pronounced the accustomed benediction over the bride, who deposited upon the altar a distaff adorned with ribbons. The company then returned to the farm house: the lord and lady of the manor, the clergyman of the parish, and the village justice, placed themselves with the young couple, the husbandmen and the matrons, round a table, upon which were served up the Eumæan boar and the fatted calf of the patriarchs. The festivities concluded with a dance in the neighboring barn; the daughter of the lord of the manor took the bridegroom for her partner, while the spectators were seated upon the newly-harvested sheaves, forcibly reminded of the daughters of Jethro, the reapers of Booz, and the nuptials of Jacob and Rachel.

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[*] Suet., in *Claud.* It should be observed, that this law did not become general, as we learn from the *Fragments* of Ulpian, tit. 5 & 6, and that it was repealed by the code of Theodosius, as well as that relating to cousins-german. In the Christian Church the Pope has the power to dispense from the canon law, according to circumstances; a very wise provision, since no law can be so universally applicable as to comprehend every case. As to the regulation under the Old Testament, regarding marriage between brothers and sisters, it belonged to the general law of population, which, as we have observed, was abolished at the coming of Christ, when the different races of men had received their complement.

[†] Plut. in *Sol.*

[‡] Conc. Lat.

[‖] Conc. Lat. ch. 4, sess. 24.

[§] Conc. Anc. cap. ult. an. 304.

[¶] Noct. Att., lib. 4, cap. 4.

[**] Lib. 2. Ff. de Spons.

[††] St. Augustin, speaking of this usage, says, that the bride is not given to her lord immediately after the betrothing, "lest he be inclined to think less of one who has not been the object of his prolonged aspirations."

The betrothing is followed by the publication of the bans. This excellent custom, unknown to antiquity, is altogether of ecclesiastical institution. It dates from a period anterior to the fourteenth century, as it is mentioned in a decretal of Innocent III, who enacted it as a general law at the Council of Lateran. It was renewed by the Tridentine Synod, and has since been established in France. The design of this practice is to prevent clandestine unions, and to discover the impediments to marriage that may exist between the contracting parties.

But at length the Christian marriage approaches; it comes attended by a very different ceremonial from that which accompanied the betrothing. Its pace is grave and solemn; its rites are silent and august: man is apprised that he now enters upon a new career. The words of the nuptial blessing—words which God himself pronounced over the first couple in the world—fill the husband with profound awe, while they announce to him that he is performing the most important act of life; that, like Adam, he is about to become the head of a family, and to take upon himself the whole burden of humanity. The wife receives a caution equally impressive. The image of pleasure vanishes before that of her duties. A voice seems to issue from the altar, and to address her in these words: "Knowest thou, O Eve, what thou art doing? Knowest thou that there is no longer any liberty for thee but that of the tomb? Knowest thou what it is to bear in thy mortal womb an immortal being, formed in the image of God?" Among the ancients the hymenial rites were a ceremony replete with licentiousness and clamorous mirth, which suggested none of the serious reflections that marriage inspires: Christianity alone has restored its dignity.

Religion also, discovering before philosophy the proportion in which the two sexes are born, first decreed that a man should have but one wife, and that their union should be indissoluble till death. Divorce is unknown in the Catholic Church, except among some minor nations of Illyria, who were formerly subject to the Venetian Government, and follow the Greek rite. If the passions of men have revolted against this law, if they have not perceived the confusion which divorce introduces into the family, by disturbing the order of succession, by alienating the paternal affections, by corrupting the heart, and converting marriage into a civil prostitution, we cannot hope that the few words which we have to offer will produce any effect. Without entering deeply into the subject, we shall merely observe, that if by divorce you think to promote the happiness of the married couple (and this is now the main argument), you lie under a strange mistake. That man who has not been the comfort of a first wife; who could not attach himself to the virginal heart and first maternity of his lawful spouse, who has not been able to bend his passions to the domestic yoke, or to confine his heart to the nuptial couch—that man will never confer felicity on a second wife. Neither will he himself be a gainer by the exchange: what he takes for differences of temper between himself and the wife to whom he is united, is but the impulse of an inconstant disposition and the restlessness of desire. Habit and length of time are more necessary to happiness, and even to love, than may be imagined. A man is not happy in the object of his attachment till he has passed many days, and, above all, many days of adversity, in her company. They ought to be acquainted with the most secret recesses of each other's soul; the mysterious veil with which husband and wife were covered in the primitive Church must be lifted up in all its folds for them, while to the eye of others it remains impenetrable. What! for the slightest pretence or caprice must I be liable to lose my partner and my children, and renounce the pleasing hope of passing my old age in the bosom of my family? Let me not be told that this apprehension will oblige me to be a better husband. No; we become attached to that good only of which we are certain, and set but little value on a possession of which we are likely to be deprived.

Let us not give to matrimony the wings of lawless love; let us not transform a sacred reality into a fleeting phantom. There is something which will again destroy your happiness in your transient connections: you will be pursued by remorse. You will be continually comparing one wife with another, her whom you have lost with her whom you have found; and believe me, the balance will always be in favor of the former: thus hath God formed the heart of man. This disturbance of one sentiment by another will poison all your pleasures. When you fondly caress your new child, you will think of that which you have forsaken. If you press your wife to your heart, your heart will tell you that it is not the bosom of the first. Every thing tends to unity in man; he is not happy if he divides his affections; and like God, in whose image he was created, his soul incessantly seeks to concentrate in one point the past, the present, and the future.

These are the remarks which we had to offer on the sacraments of holy orders and matrimony. As to the images which they suggest to the mind, we deem it unnecessary to present them. Where is the imagination that may not picture to itself the priest bidding adieu to the joys of life, that he may devote himself to the cause of humanity; or the maiden consecrating herself to the silence of retirement, that she may find the silent repose of her heart; or the betrothed couple appearing at the altar of religion, to vow to each other an undying love?

The wife of a Christian is not a mere mortal; she is an extraordinary, a mysterious, an angelic being; she is flesh of her husband's flesh and bone of his bone. By his union with her, he only takes back a portion of his substance. His soul as well as his body is imperfect without his wife: he possesses strength, she has beauty. He opposes the enemy in arms, he cultivates the soil of his country; but he enters not into domestic details; he has need of a wife to prepare his repast and his bed. He encounters afflictions, and the partner of his nights is there to soothe them; his days are clouded by adversity, but on his couch he meets with a chaste embrace and forgets all his sorrows. Without woman he would be rude, unpolished, solitary. Woman suspends around him the flowers of life, like those honeysuckles of the forest which adorn the trunk of the oak with their perfumed garlands. Finally, the Christian husband and his wife live and die together; together they rear the issue of their union; together they return to dust, and together they again meet beyond the confines of the tomb, to part no more.

EXTREME UNCTION.

But it is in sight of that tomb, silent vestibule of another world, that Christianity displays all its sublimity. If most of the ancient religions consecrated the ashes of the dead, none ever thought of preparing the soul for that unknown country, "from whose bourn no traveller returns."

Come and witness the most interesting spectacle that earth can exhibit. Come and see the faithful Christian expire. He has ceased to be a creature of this world; he no longer belongs to his native country; all connection between him and society is at an end. For him, the calculations of time have closed, and he has already begun to date from the great era of eternity. A priest, seated at his pillow, administers consolation. This minister of God cheers the dying man with the bright prospect of immortality; and that sublime scene which all antiquity exhibited but once, in the last moments of its most eminent philosopher, is daily renewed on the humble pallet of the meanest Christian that expires!

At length the decisive moment arrives. A sacrament opened to this just man the gates of the world; a sacrament is about to close them. Religion rocked him in the cradle of life, and now her sweet song and maternal hand will lull him to sleep in the cradle of death. She prepares the baptism of this second birth: but mark, she employs not water; she anoints him with oil, emblem of celestial incorruptibility. The liberating sacrament gradually loosens the Christian's bonds: his soul nearly set free from the body, is almost visible in his countenance. Already he hears the concerts of the seraphim: already he prepares to speed his flight to those heavenly regions, where Hope, the daughter of Virtue and of Death, invites him. Meanwhile, the angel of peace, descending towards this righteous man, touches with a golden sceptre his weary eyes and closes them deliciously to the light. He dies; yet his last sigh was inaudible. He expires; yet long after he is no more, his friends keep silent watch around his couch, under the impression that he only slumbers; so gently did this Christian pass from earth!

THE SILENT FAREWELL.

When starry gems from heaven are cast
  The winds awake no knell,
When rose leaves fall before the blast,
  Birds sing no sad farewell;
When waves their sparkles cease to throw
  Upon the pebbly shore,
When sunset hues no longer grow,
  And green boughs wave no more:

No *words* at Nature's shrine are breathed,
  She *silently* lays down
The garland that her temples wreathed,
  And takes the withering crown;
But in her mystic circle's range
  There lurks a quiet spell,
Where time and beauty interchange
  Their eloquent farewell.

And so when I am called to lose
  Communion sweet and dear,
And feel no more its holy dews
  My weary spirit cheer,
And streams that drooping willows shade
  From sunshine turn aside,
Let me from joys thy presence made
  In mournful silence glide.

H. T. Tuckerman.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER IV.

Entry of the French into Rome — Assassinations — Celebration in St. Peter's— Climate of Rome—Monte Cavallo—A visit to the Quirinal Palace—The Princess Belgiojoso and her Hospital—The Gardens—Recollections—Pius VII carried off by order of Napoleon—Troubles of Pius IX.

Rome, July 27th, 1849.

A slight illness has kept me confined to my room for two days. I was too impatient to see those fine churches and magnificent monuments, of which as yet I have hardly caught a glimpse, and providence, perhaps, wished to teach me to restrain my desires. My brother, whose wound is now almost completely healed, passes the greater part of his time with me. He has told me how the French made their entry into Rome after the unconditional surrender, and how the army was received with enthusiasm. Even the *Fraustevere,* the quarter beyond the Tiber, the poorest part of the city, and that which suffered the most severely during the siege, testified joy at the sight of the deliverers. On the Piazza Colonna, indeed, some hisses and cries were heard, but the firm conduct of the officers soon intimidated the revolutionists, a few arrests were made and the mutineers dispersed. But this is not the danger that threatens the French soldiers. They have little to fear from popular disorders, or attacks by daylight. The nightly ambush, the stiletto hid beneath the cloak, the assassin darting on his defenceless victim, treachery, in a word, is the enemy they must be continually on their guard against. Already many have fallen beneath the poignard, a French priest among the number, but General Rostolan, Governor of Rome, has taken the most vigorous measures to ensure public tranquillity. As for our soldiers, they are allowed by all to be of admirable discipline. Though they encountered such a long resistance and are still exposed to much danger, they show themselves so kind and polite, even towards the lowest citizens, that you would take them to be among friends in their own country.

My brother also told me of the ceremonies attending the restoration of the temporal authority of the Holy Father. On the 16th inst., the day before I met Captain Marceau, as you may remember, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the white and yellow flags, bearing the symbolical keys of the successors of St. Peter, were hoisted on the Castle of St. Angelo, and immediately saluted with a triple salvo of a hundred cannon. At the same hour all the French troops set themselves in motion, from the different quarters of the city, for the Piazza before St. Peter's. Three regiments soon stood in lines perpendicular to the portals of the majestic edifice, forming two avenues, one for the people, the other for the authorities, and the rest of the army was arrayed in dense masses in other parts of the Piazza and near the Colonnade. Immense crowds of people kept pouring into the Basilica, where chanting voices and pealing organs united in anthems of joy.

At four, General Oudinot came along Borgo Novo street, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant staff. Showers of flowers fell from the windows, and crowds, crying on all sides "Viva Oudinot, Vivan i Francesi," thronged eagerly after the cavalcade. The General passed along the standards and entered the church to hear the *Te Deum.* Cardinal Tosti pronounced the discourse, and exalted the services which France, the eldest daughter of the Church, had just rendered religion. The Commander-in-chief having replied modestly and appropriately, placed himself in a central position, surrounded by French officers, Roman ministers and signors, the consuls of foreign powers, and the noble guards. Then the French army and the splendid looking Roman regiments that had made their submission to the Pope, defiled before him amidst the shouts of the surrounding multitudes. In the evening, long lines of bright lamps, reflected on the river and multiplied by the sparkling waters of the numerous fountains, illuminated the whole city. Then, as if by enchantment, the cupola of St. Peter's became a blazing dome of fire, the wonderful beacon that lights up the Roman horizon on occasion of great public solemnities. Our soldiers are still lost in amazement at the magic spectacle, for nothing equals the rapidity with which it is effected. Men, accustomed from infancy to traverse these vast heights without a flutter, unseen from below, cross them with a luminous net work, and almost in the twinkling of an eye a hundred thousand lamps are blazing from the façade, the domes, and even from the cross on the summit, nearly 500 feet high. Of all this, however, I intend to give you a full description when I shall have seen for myself.

The climate of Rome is by no means so unhealthy as you have been told; on the contrary, it is very favorable to sufferers from delicate lungs and all diseases of the organs of respiration. Winter here is of a charming mildness, and the heat of summer is easily endured if you can only resign yourself to the idea of remaining within doors from noon till four o'clock. During that time all labor is suspended; the churches are shut, the stores closed; you need not try to buy bread, or meat, or dresses, or medicines; the butcher and the baker are taking their *siesta,* the physician and the milliner are fast asleep. The intermittent fevers described with such black colors, exercise a fatal influence, it is true, over the Roman population. The surrounding plains are so unhealthy, that every evening the laborers must abandon the fields, and take refuge in the city from the effects of the noxious air. But the doctors prescribe a thousand little, simple, effectual antidotes, of which it is easy to make use, and for several years past, the malignancy of the fever has been fast diminishing in consequence of several sanitary measures taken by the Papal administration, such as the removal of the slaughter-houses from the city, the establishment of cemeteries outside the walls, and the construction of great works along the Tiber. As for me, lodged as I am on the Monte Cavallo, reputedly the healthiest part of the city, I have little to dread from the *malaria.*

I send you a picture of the Piazza Monte Cavallo.* The building on the right is the Palace de la Consulta. Those two groups, attributed to the chisels of Phidias and Praxiteles, representing men subduing horses, pass for master-pieces of Grecian sculpture. They are supposed to represent Castor and Pollux, and are extremely spirited and grand in their conception. They are placed on each side of an obelisk that was found near the mausoleum of Augustus. All, as they stand there beside the fountain, form a very grateful object for the eye, while the ear is at the same time charmed by the sound of the living waters, as they fall, with gentle murmur, into a vast basin of oriental granite.

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* See *Metropolitan* for June, page 286.

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Rome, July 31st.

I have seen St. Peter's! I am still dazzled by so much grandeur and magnificence. But I must return there, again and again, before I undertake to describe this prodigy of modern architecture. To atone, however, for this delay, I will tell you of my visit to the Quirinal Palace, where they are making preparations for the reception of the Pope, whose return is looked for with equal impatience by the French and Romans. The Quirinal Palace, the constant residence of Pius IX from the time of his accession, was built by Paul III, to serve as a residence for the sovereign Pontiffs during the fever seasons, when the neighborhood of the Vatican is often unhealthy. By Gregory XIII, Sixtus V, Clement XII, and Pius VII, in succession, it was enlarged and decorated. The façade has nothing remarkable except the balcony from which the Pope gives his benediction. We found the vast apartments of the first story crowded with camp-beds, around which I remarked a certain number of women and young girls chatting and jesting with the convalescents; these, I learned, were the nurses enlisted by the Princess Belgiojoso, directress of this improvised hospital.

Love of fame had perhaps as great a share as any other feeling, in bringing this grand lady from Milan to Rome. She had gone to the French camp, during the truce, to persuade General Oudinot, as was said, to abandon the siege; but a reception of freezing politeness, and the nickname of "*Bel oiseau*" (fine bird), which the soldiers gave her, were the only results she gained by this negociation. She had entertained the idea of organizing a regiment of Amazons, of which she was to be *Colonel*, but not being able to find heroines enough to fill the ranks, she was obliged to content herself with the humble employment of directress of an infirmary, which she established in the very palace of the Holy Father. Her subordinates, however, raised indeed too hastily, found themselves, for the most part, very inferior to the sublime duties of sisters of charity, for which angelic purity no less than womanly tenderness is indispensable. The sick, surrendered to unworthy hands, often died of neglect, and deprived of every religious succour; the convalescent, exposed to the seductions of these shameless creatures, recovered with difficulty. Ah! philanthropy, however beautiful, is only a worldly virtue after all: it may lavish its alms with generous profusion, it may employ thousands to carry out its well-meant intentions, but it can never obtain those constant sacrifices, those disinterested acts of devotedness, of which celestial charity offers us so many brilliant examples.

After the infirmary, we visited the private apartments of his holiness, which are very plain and simple, and then the chapel, ornamented with fine paintings and frescoes. We traversed the grand gallery of the conclave, nearly a mile in length. It is the common corridor to the cells of the cardinals when they meet in the Quirinal to elect a new pope. Each then occupies a little suite of four rooms having no exit, except upon this immense gallery where they can promenade. They remain thus shut up, without any external communication, all the time necessary for the election being completed; not unfrequently has the imprisonment lasted several months.

We then descended to the vast gardens, ornamented with statues and fountains, and, among other curiosities we saw a grotto embellished with shells and bas-reliefs, where the murmuring waters mingled with the sweet sounds of an organ which their ceaseless motion kept continually playing. We visited the Casino, a little arbor, full of beautiful paintings, where the pope occasionally gives audience to ladies, as he never receives them in his palace. The burning noonday sun blazed over our heads; but the dense foliage of the laurels and the large box-trees formed bowers impenetrable to his rays; the limpid waters diffused an agreeable coolness around, and a thousand fragrant flowers embalmed the air with their perfume.

Seated on a bank of turf, I abandoned myself to the reveries which the palace and its recollections were so likely to inspire. I remembered that it was up and down these gardens Pius VII used to walk, forty years ago, sad and thoughtful, though resigned for any fate, as he pondered over the means of reconciling his duties and dignities as a temporal prince, with the natural mildness of his disposition.

The episode is worth recalling.

On the 2d of February, 1808, Napoleon, having seized on the provinces of Urbino and Ancona, to unite them to the kingdom of Italy, sent his soldiers to Rome. He declares that "the donation of Charlemagne having been made for the advantage of Christianity, and not for that of the enemies of our holy religion, the sovereign pontiff had forfeited all his rights by granting protection to the English, having admitted their vessels into the ports of the Roman States." General Miollis, commander-in-chief of the French troops, begins by arresting several members of the noble guard; he expels from the city every influential personage; he posts sentries at every gate of the palace. The resolution to carry off the Holy Father is no longer doubted or concealed. What can the feeble Swiss guard, the devotedness of Cardinal Pacca and of a few servants, avail against the will of the most powerful monarch in Europe?

The Pope's friends then conceive a plan of escape by means of which he can reach an English frigate, lying at anchor before Fiumicino; but Pius VII resists their solicitations. "I will never quit the holy see," he exclaims, with mild firmness, "until force tears me away." A few Roman nobles then wished to get up a conspiracy against the French who had taken their city, regardless of the law of nations. But he opposed this new project still more strongly. His paternal heart shuddered at the idea of shedding the blood of his children in Christ.

When, on June 10th, he had the grief of seeing the pontifical arms torn down from the Castle of St. Angelo and replaced by the tricolor, amid loud peals of artillery, he only raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, like his divine master, "It is consummated!"

Still some lingering remains of shame prevented the French from carrying him off by daylight; they dreaded, moreover, an insurrection of the people, and chose the silence of night for the execution of their plan. But the Romans retire to bed very late in summer, and it was three o'clock in the morning, when a corps of infantry advanced to the Quirinal, and several pickets of cavalry occupied the surrounding streets. Ladders were applied to the walls on the side of Ponta Pia; some Roman traitors broke the windows, entered the court, and opened the gates to the soldiers, who immediately penetrated into the interior of the palace.

The Pope, roused up from his sleep, dressed himself quickly and proceeded to the audience chamber, where he was immediately joined by Cardinals Pacca and Desping, and other prelates who resided in the Quirinal.

The assailants were beating down the doors with axes; the Holy Father gave orders to open that one leading into the apartment where he was standing, and General Rodet, pale and confused, presented himself, accompanied by some officers of the gendarmerie.

The Pope then advancing with gentle majesty into the centre of the hall, Rodet said, trembling and speaking in a hardly intelligible voice:

"Holy Father, the duty I have to fulfill is a hundred times more painful to me than to meet death on the field of battle; but I have taken an oath of fidelity and obedience to the Emperor. I must execute his orders, and ask you to renounce the temporal sovereignty of Rome and the Roman States. If your holiness be unwilling to comply with such demands, I am ordered to conduct you to General Miollis, who is to inform you of your place of destination."

"If, on account of your oath of fidelity to the Emperor," the Pope mildly replied, "you think it your duty to execute such orders, you can judge in what manner we, in our turn, should sustain the rights of the holy see to which we are bound by so many engagements. We can neither yield nor abandon the temporal domain which belongs to the Church, and of which we are only the administrators. The Emperor may hew us to pieces, but *this* he can never obtain."

He then got ready to follow the General, and, as he was fixing some of the articles in the chamber, Rodet said,—"Your Holiness need be under no apprehension; nothing shall be touched."

"He, who does not value his own life," replied the Holy Father, "thinks little of the things of this world." And quietly descending the stairs, surrounded by the gendarmes and attended by Cardinal Pacca, he crossed the great court, occupied by the French soldiers.

Arrived at the Piazza of Monte Cavallo, Pius VII stopped a moment to bless the city of Rome; then entering the carriage, a gendarme locked the door, and General Rodet, getting upon the seat, gave the signal to depart.

Alas! would you not wish that we could blot this page out of the history of our great emperor? Though it is not unlikely that you are acquainted with these details already, I take a melancholy pleasure in going over them, for they often occur to my recollection whilst lingering here amidst the scenes where they transpired. Still we must not forget with what signs of veneration and love, with what marks of sympathy and respect the Holy Father was surrounded during his abode in our country. Yes! the French, like other nations, have had their moments of error and madness; but they are yet, let us trust, the worthy descendants of those brave heroes of old, who in all their fame and glory, never forgot to be submissive sons of the Church. And at the present moment, have they not just undergone, with joy, all kinds of perils and fatigues, in order to protect, from rebellious and ungrateful subjects, a successor of that pontiff whom Napoleon had stripped of his dominions? And this too under another Napoleon whom an unexpected revolution had recalled from exile! Truly the designs of providence are inscrutable, and impenetrable his ways!

Ah! how often must the recollection of his august predecessor have filled the heart and soul of Pius IX, in this abode where he himself had to suffer so long, where the ovations, of which he appeared to be the object, were only the adroit snares laid by his hypocritical enemies to deceive Rome and the world regarding their real intentions!

The Holy Pontiff, in his paternal goodness, had wished to direct with his own hands the course of a revolution which had become imminent. But the torrent swelling, and spreading over all Europe, swept him to the very brink of the precipice. Every concession that he so generously granted, became a new arm, which those ungrateful ones, included in his own general amnesty, so remorselessly turned against him. His position had become like that of our Louis XVI, in 1792. When the frenzied populace, murdering priests and pillaging sacred places, rushed to the Quirinal, rending the air with sham cries of *Viva Pio Nono*, it was as a martyr marching to the stake, that the Holy Father presented himself on the balcony to bless the demented rabble. But at last, when on the 16th of last November, he was actually besieged in this palace by the very men he had loaded with benefits, when his life was attempted and many balls reached his apartment, it became evident to all that the time had arrived when he should seek, if not his own safety, at least, that of the holy cause to which he had become so necessary, and thus spare his unhappy children the crime of a sacrilegious parricide.

Pius VII, when persecuted by Napoleon, whose power extended over almost all the Catholic States, had been right in refusing to fly: for he could have retired only to Sicily, Sardinia, or Spain; countries, then, too dependent on England, the heretic and the foe of France, and doing so would have furnished the Emperor with too specious a pretext to cover his usurpation. Pius IX, on the contrary, could select his place of retreat. The Catholic nations disputed with each other the honor of offering him an asylum. He was right then, from motives of prudence as well as of justice, in departing from among his rebellious subjects; as we fly for a while from the company of men whom wine has rendered furious, but whose madness is soon to be dissipated, together with the intoxication that has produced it.

I have much to tell you of what I have learned concerning the life of our beloved pontiff, and especially regarding the particulars of the revolution. If I was bold enough to attempt a regular work on this subject, I would, of course, follow a very different plan from that of our epistolary communications. I would commence at the commencement. I would describe the condition of parties in Rome on the death of Gregory XVI, trace the causes of the state of public feeling, narrate the election of Pius IX, his series of reforms, the opposition they encountered, the abuse made of them, and the final outburst of the revolt; resulting in the flight of the Pope and the armed intervention of France. This would be the *philosophical* and *historical* way. But, my dear friend, you know I don't pretend to be an historian or a philosopher. I don't undertake to tell things in the order in which they happened, but only according as I saw them myself or learned them from the best sources. However, even by this method we may not lose our point; and it is pretty certain that, if you only continue to find my letters as entertaining as you are pleased to say they have been, and have a little patience, you will by degrees gain a fair knowledge of the events—and their regular succession too, which have made the affairs of Rome, at the present moment, an object of such serious consideration to the entire world.

But I am somewhat tired writing, as you are, no doubt, reading; I will stop a little and defer much that you will find very interesting, to my next letter.

To be continued.

Prayers to and for the Departed.—We take from a copy of ah old and rare controversial work, published at Coimbra, the following:

"I remember a notable passage that happened me in a certain foreign country, where meeting with an English rank Presbyterian, who was desperately sick, understood not the language, and was quite out of money, I got him into the hospital and spoke for him to the overseers, who took great care of him; I myself visiting him often, until such time as he was reduced to the last extremity. . . . . He could not be persuaded that the saints after death thought any more of those that remained here. Upon this, I took a little time to recommend the business to God, and then asked the sick person: Mr. John, (this was his name) have you not often these days past desired the heavens to bless me for the charity I used towards you during your sickness, and do you not remember that I desired you to reserve those thanks for the other life, putting in a good word for me there, if God was pleased to have mercy on your soul? Oh, Father, I do remember it, saith he, and will perform it. Take care, said I, don't forget me. No, no, said he, I cannot forget one to whom I owe so much. Then said I seriously to him, well, John, you must believe there are others in the presence of God, who are no less grateful than you who owe likewise their obligations to such as favored them or their children or the other poor for their sake, and so you must not wonder that these should also intercede for those that obliged them, or did any notable service for them or to the Church. . . . . With this the sick person took reason, was reconciled to the Church and died a little afterwards with great confidence in God."

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

Our Lord cures the servant of the Centurion—He raises the widow's son—The sinful woman—Parable of the sower explained—Our Lord instructs the people.

After the sermon on the mount our Lord once more returned to Capharnaum, and here a new incident occurred replete with instruction and consolation. Even as in our days the Catholics of England, Ireland and America are mostly steeped in poverty, while those around them revel in the wealth torn from their ancestors, so the Jews in our Saviour's day were, in many parts, oppressed by the infidel. The synagogue where the faithful met to listen to the reading of the prophets, was often mean and poor, though occasionally a charitable unbeliever would aid them out of his abundance. Such a man then lived at Capharnaum, a centurion in the Roman army. He had endeared himself to the Jews of that city by building a synagogue at his own expense. Now his house was shrouded in gloom, for a favorite servant lay dangerously ill. The ancients of the Jews, sympathizing in his grief, hastened at his request to invoke the aid of Jesus, then near the town. When they came up to our divine Lord, they besought him earnestly to cure the Centurion's servant. "Lord," they cried, "he is worthy that thou shouldst do this for him, for he loveth our nation, and hath built a synagogue for us." The sweet Redeemer of man did not reprove this patriotic feeling; he yielded to its force and went with them. When the centurion saw the crowd approaching, he knew that Jesus was coming, and full of a sense of his deep unworthiness he sent some friends to declare it, and beg our Lord to say but a single word. Yet

DISTANT VIEW OF CAPHARNAUM.

our Lord went on, and the centurion—conscious of his mastery over creatures—hastening forth fell before him, exclaiming, "Lord, trouble not thyself; for I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof. Wherefore neither did I think myself worthy to come to thee; but say the word, and my servant shall be healed. For even I, also, am a man use to authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it." The faith and humility of this Gentile, so far beyond that of the Jews, was a deep lesson for them, and our Lord, turning to them, exclaimed: "Amen, I say to you, I have not found so great faith in Israel. And I say to you, that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into the exterior darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Thus announcing

RAISING THE WIDOW'S SON.

the rejection of the Jew and the vocation of the Gentile; he turned to the Centurion with the consoling words: "Go, and as thou hast believed be it done to thee." And the servant arose in health.*

Such was our Lord's entrance into his city: but his stay was not long: he soon continued his course through Galilee, everywhere announcing the kingdom of God, and confirming his words by his wonderful works. In one of these journeys he entered the valley of Jezrael, and passing the crest of Thabor—robed to its flat summit in verdure, trees, and oderiferous plants—crossed the mountain torrent of Cison, which meanders through the valley to enter the Mediterranean.

> "He had come
> Since sunrise from Capharnaum, staying not
> To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool,
> Nor wash his feet in Cison's silver springs,
> Nor turn him southward upon Thabor's side,
> To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze." †

Nain lay before him, and as he approached, from out the gate where the Roman sentinel stood on guard issued a funeral convoy, and on the bier, uncoffined, lay, wrapped in his winding sheet, a mother's only son, and "she was a widow." The son of a widowed mother, he who was not deaf to an appeal to natural feeling, could not resist the picture of grief before him. How often did he draw similitudes and parables from the lone widow's state! He thought of Mary and, as if to console her by a token of his future restoration to her from the sepulchre by Calvary, he drew near to the mourning mother, and said, "Weep not." Then, as he laid his hand on the bier, the bearers stopped, and Jesus—addressing him whose eyes had closed in death—exclaimed: "Young man, I say to thee, arise!" and he that was dead sat up and began to speak, and Jesus delivered him to his mother.

> "In death's deep slumber, lying low,
> A youth is borne upon his bier;
> The widowed mother following slow,
> With many a bursting bitter tear:
> "Arise!" said Christ—the boy arose—
> The mother's heart with joy o'erflows." ‡

And while she, almost lifeless, sunk upon his neck, a great fear came upon all the crowd who witnessed the prodigy, and as they looked upon the Redeemer, they glorified God, exclaiming: "A great prophet is risen amongst us, and God hath visited his people."

Our Lord then entered the city amid the reverence of the people, and a Pharisee named Simon, a man of wealth and dignity, invited him to his house to dine. Jesus accepted the invitation and accompanied him. While all were hanging in breathless admiration on the words which issued from his divine lips, a woman, known throughout the city for her sinful life, entered the hall, with downcast look, bearing an alabaster vase. All eyes were turned upon her, but, regardless of them all, she threw herself on the ground behind our divine Lord, as he reclined at table, and bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hair of her head, and kissed his feet and anointed them with perfume."

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* Matthew viii, 5. Luke vii, 2. † Willis. ‡ Wallace.

"For bringing every balmy sweet,
  Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet,
  The precious odors poured;
And wip'd them with that golden hair,
  Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there,
  Which shine for God alone!"

THE SINFUL WOMAN.

The haughty Pharisee, who had indeed invited our Lord, but had even then neglected the ordinary rules of hospitality, began to doubt our Saviour's claim to be the envoy of God; for no holy man, he thought, would suffer a sinful woman to touch him. Our Lord, anxious to teach and convince him, showed him that he knew his secret thoughts, and exclaimed: "Simon, I have something to say to thee." "Master," said the Pharisee, "say it." "A certain creditor," said our Lord, "had two debtors, the one owed him five hundred denarii and the other fifty; and as they had not wherewith to pay, he forgave them both. Which now of the two loveth him most?" "I suppose," said Simon, "the one to whom he forgave most." "Thou hast judged rightly," said our Lord, and, turning, continued; "Dost thou see this woman, Simon? I entered into thy house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath bathed my feet with tears and wiped them with her hair. Thou gavest me no kiss, but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but she with perfumes hath anointed my feet. Wherefore, I say to thee: Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much. But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less." Then addressing the poor repenting sinner, who sought from him who raised the dead to life, restoration to a life of grace, he said: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Then, as in our day, this word excited murmurs, and the guests said in themselves, as sectaries say of the spouse of Christ: "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" Jesus was not ignorant of their thoughts, but he gave them no explanation, and with a tone of heavenly sweetness told the penitent, "Thy faith has saved thee, go in peace." She had believed the power of the Son of Man to forgive sin, and, baptized in her own tears, her faith had saved her, while the unbeliever in that power remained in his sin.*

"The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all, the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine,
Thou did'st kneel down to him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou did'st rise,
Holy, and pure, and wise."†

After this, our Saviour, leaving Nain, travelled through the cities and towns of Galilee, preaching and evangelizing the kingdom of God. His twelve apostles attended him, and several pious women ministered to his wants, among whom the Evangelist mentions Mary Magdalen, out of whom our Lord had cast seven devils; Jane, the wife of Chusa, Herod's steward; and Susanna. His instructions were often in parables; so often, indeed, that it is written: "Without parables he did not speak to them." This form of teaching is peculiar to our Lord; the apostles, addressing the same nation, never use it in any of their writings; it is the distinctive mark of his discourses. "If we take any portion of our Saviour's discourses, we are struck at once with the richness of its texture. It is like a beautiful piece of tesselated work, composed of rich designs of imagery, each of which is beautiful in itself, but runs into the next, while, perhaps, in the midst—to continue our image—comes a fuller and more finished picture, set as in a rich border. There is hardly a sentence that descends to what we would call prose: every thought is conveyed in a sententious, proverbial, and easily remembered form, or it is a beautiful and perfect simile, or comparison with natural objects, or ordinary usages, such as conveys the lesson familiarly, or gives it a hold on the mind and memory; or it is a more formal and complete allegory, corresponding point by point with a more solemn lesson."

These were peculiar to our Lord, and as in such the wise men had been accustomed to teach, he employed them, to claim and secure the title of a master in Israel, which his enemies never failed to give him.

Sitting by the seaside one day, our Lord taught the multitude, and as the numbers increased he went up into a vessel—Peter's bark, itself an image of his future Church—and there addressed them in a parable, which may well be considered as the preliminary to the whole series in which he typifies the Church, for it lays down the necessary dispositions for receiving with profit the words of Christ and particularly describes his ministry.

"A sower went out to sow his seed; and as he sowed some fell by the wayside, and it was trodden down and the fowls of the air devoured it. And other some fell upon a rock, and as it had not much earth it sprang up immediately, because it had not deepness of earth; and after the sun was up it parched, and because it had no root and no moisture it withered away. And some more fell among thorns, and the thorns growing up with it choked it. And more fell upon good ground, and sprung up and yielded fruit, the one a hundred fold, and other threescore, and another thirty. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

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* Luke vii, 36.

† Argensola; translated by Bryant.

All were amazed at this parable, not seeing its application; and even the apostles were among the number. And when he was alone they came and asked him to explain it, saying, "Why speakest thou to them in parables?" "To you," replied our Lord, "it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God." —to you who are to form my Church and be its teachers—"but to them that are without, all things are done in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted and their sins should be forgiven. But know you not this parable?" he exclaimed, reproachfully, "How shall you know all parables? The seed is the word of God, and they by the way side are they that hear; then the devil cometh and taketh the word out of their hearts, lest believing they should be saved. The seed upon the rock are they who when they hear receive the word with joy, and these have no root; who believe for a while, and in time of temptation fall away. And that which fell among thorns are they who have heard, and going their way are choked with the cares, and riches, and pleasures of this life, and yield no fruit. But that on the good ground are they that in a good and perfect heart, hearing the word keep it and bring forth fruit in patience."[*]

OUR LORD EXPLAINING THE PARABLE.

Soon after he continued his instructions to the people, and again resumed the figure of the husbandman. He had shown how variously men would profit by grace, how many, in one way or another, would render it fruitless. He would now show that temptation would always oppose the action of grace, that as God suggested good, the devil instigated to evil, so that his Church, in spite of its rapid extension over the world, would always contain good and evil. To depict its rapid propagation from a small beginning, he likened it to a mustard seed, "which when grown up is greater than any herbs and becomes a tree;" to a little leaven which affects a whole mass of dough. To show the devil's agency he gave the parable of the zizain, which an enemy sowed in the field where the husbandman had sowed good grain, but which he would not permit his servants to root out when growing, lest they might destroy what was good. Again he resorted to a parable to inculcate the same, "The kingdom of heaven is like to a net cast into the sea and gathering together all kinds of fishes, which when it was filled they drew out, and sitting by the shore, they choose out the good into vessels, but the bad they cast forth. So shall it be at the end of the world. The angels shall go out, and shall separate the wicked from among the just. And shall cast them into the furnace of fire, there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."*

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[*] Matt. xii, 3; Mark iv, 3; Luke viii, 5.

So assiduous was our Saviour in teaching that he scarcely had time to eat or take any repose. Some of his hearers too, incapable of understanding his doctrine, thought that he raved; and when his mother heard this, fearing that he would be overcome by his labors, and consulting only her maternal heart, she went with some of her relatives to induce him to withdraw for a time. So great was the crowd that they could not approach, but when some one at last penetrated to where our Lord was standing, and said: "Behold thy mother and thy brethren without seek thee," he answered, even as he had answered his mother in childhood, at the temple: "Who is my mother and my brethren?" and answering his own question, added, as he looked around upon the crowd: "Behold my mother and my brethren; for whosoever shall do the will of God, he is my brother, and my sister, and my mother." They knew his love for that mother, but, though on another occasion, he compared his love for souls to that visible love which they saw, and even exalted it above that natural affection, the Jews would not believe it; and we, alas, are as incredulous. How vain for many are all the efforts of the Spouse of Christ to make us realize his tender love.

OUR LORD INSTRUCTING THE PEOPLE.

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* Matt. xiii.

"Blessed is the womb that bore him—blessed
The bosom where his lips were pressed;
But rather blessed the heart
That hears his word and keeps it well,
The living home where Christ shall dwell,
Nor ever thence depart."

She portrays to us the sacred heart of Jesus to enkindle our love as some return, and showing that Mary reached all her glory by her love, and her fidelity to the love of her divine Son, urges us by every art to rival her love, if that were possible.

THE RESOURCES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THE WORK OF CATHOLIC INSTRUCTION, AND HOW TO PUT THEM IN ACTION.

Continued from page 419.

The Catholic Church being distinguished among all others in an especial manner as the refuge of the destitute, and being popularly known as having a much more real value for the poor than any other religion, it is always certain that the proportion of poor among Catholics will be greater than in any other body. The poor naturally flock there where they know that charity will offer them a welcome.

Presuming then upon the truth, that the Catholic Church in the United States owns an immense number of poor families, who, above all others, are, by natural tastes, most interested in religious picture books, the question comes: If a publisher decides to undertake the enterprise of bringing out a first rate cheap picture book of religious instruction, what special means can be taken to bring what he may produce in contact with Catholic families, and particularly the poor, who would be in a special manner, interested in and benefitted by it? The plan that I would suggest is, that of small weekly contributions. The teachers of the Day and Sunday Schools might provide themselves with subscription lists containing the title and the price of the number of the Pictorial Series about to be published, and take down the names and subscriptions of such of their pupils as may be able to purchase, by weekly contributions or otherwise. In this manner, nearly every child will be able in time to purchase its own book; and experience very clearly shows that no book that is given away is half so much valued or so much read as one that has been obtained by personal exertion and payments. By this system even the poor and the destitute may be supplied free of charge. When the teachers send their orders for the books they may generally calculate on receiving a discount of twenty-five per cent. from subscription prices. Now, supposing that one-fourth of the children, a very large proportion, especially in America, be unable to purchase, this portion may be supplied from the surplus arising from the sale of the books subscribed for; and when no such necessity exists, the surplus might be appropriated to the purchase of such other works as would be suitable for a Sunday School Library. Thus the publication of the Pictorial Series, while it is calculated to induce a spirit of reading and a desire for the acquisition of knowledge, may be made, by the judicious management of teachers, the medium of supplying the poor with other works of a similar character. This process of weekly collection need not be confined to the school. Let Sunday school teachers, and other religious persons who have their time at liberty, take a circle of families and collect the payments, and take charge of the distribution of the books. In this way much might be accomplished in disseminating knowledge among the poor, without the inconvenience attending the formation of societies.

If then it were possible for a publisher to satisfy himself that his liberal efforts to produce a first class Catholic work of pictorial instruction, would be practically seconded by the well directed efforts of a large proportion of those engaged in the work of instruction to bring such a work in beneficial contact with the numerous families of Catholics to whom it would be of interest—all that has been hitherto said, shows that the progress of art and mechanical skill, have placed at the command of the Catholic Church, the power of turning these inventions of our own day to the best account, in promoting the work of instruction and propagating the knowledge of religion,—and, the question whether they are so to be employed, turns upon the question, whether the Pentecostal gift which once could combine so many nations and languages in the one faith and hope of the Church, and mould to unity, still remains with us, so that though separated by space, and perhaps in this world never likely to see each other, we may not still be able to give to the world a proof of our power of union and combination, which wiser though it may be in its own generation than we are, its worldly wisdom will never enable it to reveal.

HENRY FORMBY.

THE USE OF PICTORIAL PRINTING IN THE WORK OF CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The facilities of the present century for creating a perfect Pictorial Illustration of the History of Religion.

HAVING now laid down, I hope with sufficient clearness, the principles: First, that we are not entitled to expect that our desires for a perfect series of illustrations of the history of our faith should be realized in the form of a fall from heaven of an extensive addition of the printed books, found covering the ground early in the morning, outside the principal towns where there are Catholic congregations; and secondly, that if we give up the idea of a miracle, and decide that we must have recourse to human agencies, to realize our desires, then the combination of every possible variety of resource can be the only basis of success. I proceed by remarking that commercial men, without any share in the Pentecostal gift, which alone fully cancels the rivalries of nations, and makes them of one heart and spirit, are able, to a certain extent, to combine for common objects, independently of national separation, and to make each others' countries the scene of their joint undertakings. What is then faintly and imperfectly possible without that gift, ought, amongst Catholics, whose inheritance this gift is, if they have not unhappily received it in vain, to require nothing but the ordinary time, perseverance and attention, to be satisfactorily realized.

I now advance a step further in considering my subject, and proceed to show that if extraordinary improvements in the mechanical processes of production, characterise our century, of which we ought to seek to avail ourselves, the facilities placed at the disposal of an editor, for creating a new and truthful series of designs, illustrating the history of religion, are even far more remarkable.

I may explain my meaning thus: What has tended to degrade, in public estimation, the value of any thing like a series of illustrations of history, particularly where, as in the case of religious history, the scene belongs to distant countries and remote times, has been the instinctive idea, that all attempts at representing facts of history must necessarily end in the fabrication of some arbitrary and fanciful scene or other, of which the very best that can be expected would be that they might possibly serve to amuse children. This, which is a really well founded instinctive idea, has been but too much borne out and corroborated by all our experience of what are called Bible prints; all of which, whether reductions from the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, or inferior designs of Dutch engravers, are one and all devoid of the quality of truth.

Raphael's works indeed are entitled to the esteem they have obtained as works of mere art—but, as illustrations of history, and as drawings professing to represent something like the actual scene as it literally occurred, they are no better than their Dutch companions.

All representations of this class of mere fanciful productions, if thrown amongst the people by the press, must indeed answer the purpose of amusing children, in company with other toys, but were they to profess to be representations of what is supposed to have really taken place, they never would escape being turned into ridicule as palpably untrue. Indeed, the extent of absolute comicality to which they not unfrequently attain, is almost itself wonderful. I may cite, as an example, Moses in the wilderness, exhibited feeding the flocks of his father-in-law, dressed as a Dutch butcher, driving his sheep past a water-mill, worked by a large overshot wheel, and with every variety of Dutch village and parish churches in the distance.

Suppose, in the present day, that the London Illustrated News had represented the marriage of Louis Napoleon with his Empress, on this principle, changing the scene to the Himalaya mountains, and surrounding him with blacks and coolies in every variety of Hindu dress, the result must have been that its proprietors would have speedily received the visit of a commission "de lunatico inquirendo." Yet Moses in the wilderness, is, to say the least, quite as much a real scene, requiring historical truth of representation, as the marriage of the Emperor of France. Now the fact is, that for the purposes of a weekly publication, which aims at nothing more exalted than a popularity productive of an immense sale, no expense is spared as regards the perfection of machinery, no pains nor cost is thought misplaced in the production of authentic designs. Artists go out to the Crimea, and form part of the various expeditions, and all this is organized in order to furnish a production at home, the larger part of which scarcely survives being torn up for a complete week. Such is what commercial enterprise does for a profitable return in one way, and with a view to the satisfaction of curiosity and trifling amusement in another.

From the world pass to religion, and here we have Divine revelation mixed up in a very special manner with the history of the nations of Judea, Egypt, Assyria and Persia, during a period of nearly two thousand years, and afterwards with all the nations in their turn. If commercial enterprise then has done and is doing so much, week by week, without any more serious purpose than that of legitimate amusement, to give people an insight into manners, customs, places and facts of not over important cotemporary history in all parts of the globe, and if owing to the marvellous resources which can now be commanded, it succeeds on a scale of magnitude never before known—what is religion doing? Let us admit the truth, religion is doing very little, and it were well if more could be done. Religion has not as yet turned the inexhaustible mine of pictorial printing to the work of illustrating her instruction upon any scale worthy of the capacities of the power placed at her disposal. Perhaps it is well in so important a work that she should have delayed to take in hand so great a power until its capacities had been first brought out and perfected in another service, and until in all those things in which the world is wise, the world had been suffered to go before and bring the required instrument, so to speak, into first rate order, before religion took it up and applied it to her own sacred purposes. If this be true, it would seem to follow that the present is the very moment for religion to commence her work, the instrument she desires to employ has reached either its very ultimate perfection, or at least such a degree of perfection as to be quite adequate to the service that will be required from it.

To speak, however, of the perfection of the mechanical power alone, would be to treat what is only an indispensable condition, as if it were the principal feature of the work. It is of course not sufficient merely to have the mechanical power of production at command. The cause of religion can only be the gainer, if the power of production is wisely and effectively used.

This very obvious reflection opens a wide subject on which speculatively, much admits of being said, but practically there need be no difficulty in finding a directing clue to guide the course of the efforts which may be made, to bring pictorial printing to the service of religious instruction.

Cardinal Wiseman, in his lecture on the Home Education of the Poor, remarks as follows: "I think it worth the consideration of those practically engaged in promoting education, whether the *creating an art for them,* would not be a far more efficacious way of bringing art before the poor, than the miserable colored lithographs, which are now put before them as illustrating sacred or profane history."

If the resources of pictorial printing are to be applied to the use of religious instruction, the creation of new designs embodying all the recent knowledge which the increased intercourse of Europeans with the countries that have been the scenes of the Divine revelation has acquired, is a matter of *strict* necessity. Religion has the truth of her own history to respect. In days when a few wealthy families only could purchase a heavy folio of copper-plate engravings, and when Palestine and Egypt were, in popular apprehension, almost fabulous countries, it did no great harm to depict Abraham as a Burgomaster and his servants in the dress of Dutch boers; people were too uninformed to cavil. But for us—in the present century, when the countries in which Abraham spent his life, and the present descendants of their inhabitants, with their habits and customs, their tents, dresses and peculiarities of life are known as accurately as those of any people of Europe—to use the prolific power of the press in throwing before the curious eyes of thousands designs similar to those which satisfied a less informed century, would infallibly result in exposing religion to the ridicule of the keen-witted unbelief of the age. Every-body now—what with panoramas, dioramas, and the illustrated popular weekly papers—has a competent knowledge of numbers of things which formerly were unknown, and the history of religion being the history of real facts, it would be a temerity of the highest order, to attempt to produce any series of illustrations which was not in conformity with the information that the spirit of inquiry and the enterprise of travellers has really gained. Catholics, themselves, would soon learn to treat them as child's play, while the unbeliever would be sure to make them a mark for his ridicule and contempt, and would be confirmed in his idea that the history itself was not one whit more true than its pictorial representation.

Once then establish *truth* as the basis of the popular art which alone is worthy of going forth before the world, as the companion of the instruction of the Church, and not only is the creation of new designs a matter of necessity, but it will appear—as I proceed to show—that the present century is eminently qualified to meet all the needful exigences of the task that has to be done.

The history of religion, as capable of truthful illustration, begins with the family of Noe, in the region of Mount Ararat, then it comes to the family of the patriarch Abraham, and exhibits him removing with his flocks into Canaan. Canaan and Egypt are afterward the scenes of the history, subsequently the wilderness of Arabia, then again the land of Canaan, with the roving pastoral life exchanged for that of citizen pursuits and fortified towns. Then the nations of Assyria and Egypt come into the scene, and the history visits Nineveh, Babylon, Damascus, the mountains of Ammon and Edom, and towns and temples of Egypt in their turn. In due time the Persian monarchy appears, succeeded by the influx of Greek sovereigns, and lastly appears the Roman eagle. Then—the fullness of time being come—the event for which the world had been so long preparing, comes to pass in Bethlehem of Juda. The Eternal Word takes human flesh and is born of a virgin; for a time sacred history returns to Palestine and exhibits the sacred Messenger from heaven engaged in the humble duties of his public ministry, and follows him to his death, burial, resurrection and ascension into heaven. Then comes the day of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descends upon the humble fishermen from the lake of Galilee, and gifts them with the power of speaking every language.

For a time the little society remains in Jerusalem, where St. Stephen is the first who falls a victim to the malice of the enemy; then the apostles are scattered upon their mission all over the world, going forth to take possession of the nations, in a manner somewhat parallel to the dispersion of the children of Noe, who spread themselves over the earth and took possession of its various regions and tracts of territory.

The history then advances century by century, tracing the apostolic work of converting the nations from their idolatries and perverted traditions of God to the faith of the Catholic Church, in its progress from country to country, from people to people; mixed up with the national wars and political revolutions and vicissitudes of government, but still as distinct in its constitution and outward form from anything merely national, as it has a distinct mission from God to fulfill, for the accomplishment of which it has received the special gifts of the Holy Ghost.

The whole of the sacred history is then eminently a history full of facts. The sale of Joseph by his brothers to a company of Ismaelite traders going down into Egypt; St. Stephen's martyrdom outside the eastern gate of the city of Jerusalem, stoned by the doctors of the Sanhedrim and the multitude, with St. Paul, the youngest member of the Sanhedrim, looking on; the death of St. Bonifacius, surprised and murdered by a troop of barbarians on the eve of Pentecost, in Friesland, A.D., 755; the recent execution of Mgr. Borie, 2d of December, 1838, at Tonkin, in China, in virtue of a royal mandate obtained at the instance of the Mandarin Bo—are, amongst others, samples of the kind of fact with which the history abounds. The main drift, indeed, of the history as a whole, is to describe the progress of the work of the holy and ever blessed Trinity, manifesting itself upon earth in the conversion of the nations of the earth, in their reception into communion with the Church, and their admission to partake in the grace of the holy sacraments; but when taken in its separate parts it is found to be full of the most varied incidents, not only of the very highest order of popular interest and instruction, but which bring the mind into contact with every corner of the world, where the holy enterprise of the messengers of the faith has led them to penetrate.

If there be one branch of human study more than another calculated for an inexhaustible popularity, suited to open the mind, and to enable it to burst through the narrow limits within which by nature it is sentenced to pass its life, it is the knowledge of the work of God in the Church and of the incidents which have marked the progress of that work. Ordinary history is but the knowledge of the world in the babel and disorder of its fall, without any meaning or end to its confusion. The history of revelation and of the Church, is equally the history of human action and suffering, but under quite different circumstances and quite altered in character.. There is here, no longer, an absence of purpose and design ; for the actors are now known to be working and suffering for the Gospel, and for the hopes and rewards of another and better life. Humanity indeed remains, but it is humanity softened by the dew from heaven ; and whatever there is in the heart of man of tenderness and endurance; of affection and of patience; of boldness, enterprise and heroism ; all that is capable of exaltation and refinement under the grace of God—all is brought out in the history of the Church; and this, under such an infinite variety of circumstances—in the populous city, in the desert, in the king's courts, in the peasant's cottage, among the academies of learning, among savages, in prisons, in the presence of judges and executioners, in exile, in solitude, on perilous journeys and encounters—that all the boasted powers of romance have to yield the palm to the mere unadorned narrative of the simple facts of the Church's history.

A history, then, so deeply instructive, so touching, that so speaks to the heart while it satisfies and improves the intellect, is quite of the nature to gain by a truthful and becoming pictorial illustration. In all times painters have loved to draw upon it for their subjects, and though they have too often handled them both falsely as well as profanely, still even then they bear their testimony to its powers of attraction.

Pictorial illustration, however, will have a duty to fulfill towards the faith, which it is most essential to see clearly laid down in the outset. Illustration must be the servant of history, and not the history the slave of the artist's will or caprice. The history, as has been said, abounds in facts, or rather consists of them. And as the characteristic of the history itself is truth, so must truth be the characteristic of the illustration. In short, the pictorial illustration ought to be a collateral history, in perfect harmony as far as is practicable with the truthful narrative of the text, otherwise, either it falls down to the level of a mere toy for young children, and as such escapes criticism, or if it aspire to more than this, it falls under the lash of some keen witted, unbelieving critic, and is at once exposed to ridicule and contempt.

The work then that lies open to Catholic enterprise, of adding to the history of Divine Revelation the charm of a *truthful* pictorial illustration for the delight and benefit of her countless multitudes, is now become a possibility. I do not mean to say that perfection can be attained, but it is quite true that the resources of the present century furnish all the necessary means of representing *truth*. Truth alone can be the basis of any real mental improvement, and without *truth* nothing can have any real value. The invention of the "Daguerreotype," or "Photography," added to the sketches and drawings of travellers, has brought every part of the living world under the eye of the artist, while the sculptures of Assyria, Persia and Egypt, and the works of art of ancient Greece and Rome, the various illuminated manuscripts of the middle ages, afford means, if all were properly employed, of tracing out and arriving at the truth, with sufficient accuracy to command respect, and thus from age to age, of all the several events of the sacred history.

Yet it must be borne in mind, that this work if it is to be realized, can be realized only on the plan of the great secular works of the age. The combined resources of the vast multitudes of different nations, must flow in to maintain and carry it forward. Ours is not th eage when Princes bestow boons upon the people, but when the vast resources of the multitudes themselves are combined, and when, from these resources, small in themselves but immense by aggregation, the greatest works are produced. In all that concerns the faith, the Church ever enjoys her own peculiar Pentecostal gift, and in the strength of this gift, a work of the kind above described cannot be deemed at all impossible, provided that it should please God to give the necessary gift of wisdom and perseverance to carry it forward in a becoming manner, and that the Immaculate Mother of God should be pleased to intercede in its behalf.

In my next and concluding paper, I propose to give some specimens of the manner in which the work might be carried forward, if the necessary arrangements can be made for proceeding to business with combined resources.

HENRY FORMBY.

POPERY AND PAGANISM.

Suaviter in Modo, fortiter in Re.

THERE are few things in polemical discussions so difficult as the art of giving one's opponent a *genteel dressing*, of using him up by argument, applied temperately, coolly, and perhaps somewhat humorously, without any harsh or insulting sarcasm. Whoever would see how such things may be done, can find an illustration in a work recently published in this city for the benefit of the world at large, and more especially for the Protestant Bishop of Vermont.

There are other specimens we can call to mind where strong reasoning is presented *suaviter*, and yet with dashes of humor which relieve the strict logic of the argument. Dr. Challoner's preface to the "Catholic Christian Instructed," is rich in every sense. He replies to the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton, who took it upon himself to prove that the Papists had borrowed the whole of their religion from Paganism, on account of certain resemblances in some of the external rites. Mr. Middleton not only proves all that he desires, to his own satisfaction, but a good deal more than any *orthodox* Protestants, at least of his own church, can consent to. He is down upon our idol-worship, but when we deny that our images are idols, he floors us as he thinks, by the declaration that all images of the dead are idols! But, says Challoner, your own church which has generally removed the images of Christ, has brought in, in their stead, the images of Moses and Aaron, who are certainly dead; and what is still worse, has introduced dead lions and unicorns into the sanctuary, in place of the cross of Christ; though this has also of late been erected on the top of the chief church of this kingdom, surrounded with many other "idols," to the great offence of the Puritans, "who are the only people to thank the Doctor for the pains he has been at to furnish them with arms against the established church. Though it is to be feared, if they take for good the Doctor's definition of an idol, their zeal against idolatry may raise some scruple in them, with relation to the images of kings deceased, which they carry in their pockets, or hoard up in their bags, and *which it is thought they worship more than either their living king, or any deity whatsoever.*"

In fact, Dr. Middleton proved too much in all directions—he traced Catholic "Superstitions" to Paganism through the very apostles, and Catholics were quite satisfied to take things as the apostles left them, and many Protestants were of the same opinion, so the Doctor's erudition did but little service to his own cause. A few years back, a disciple of his, John Poynder, Esq., a gentleman of learning and ability, it seems, took up the cudgels; he too, demonstrated "POPERY IN ALLIANCE WITH HEATHENISM." Well, John Poynder, Esq. was favored with a very genteel, and a very effectual dressing from the hands of Nicholas Wiseman, D. D., who now wears so worthily the Roman purple.

We would like to serve up in full, as a rich repast, in four courses, Dr. Wiseman's four letters to this gentleman; as we cannot do this, our readers may thank us for a few extracts which come under the disadvantage of being detached from their natural connection, and thereby of losing to some extent their point and pertinency. However, as one of Dr. Franklin's wise saws has it, "half a loaf is better than no bread," a maxim, that we take it, even the cross-grained Cassius would approve.

Imprimis. Poynder, full of Christian zeal, and averse to malice and ill will, complains touchingly "with what injustice the Church of Rome charges her younger sister, the Protestant Church, with heresy," and this, says Wiseman, after having through his entire work called Catholics in every line, idolators, and the clergy cheats. "Little was I prepared for such gentle fondling expostulation as this; little could I have thought that you held the right of calling names so exclusive a monopoly; that you cared about being considered a heretic by idolaters, or claimed any compassion at our hands. But, sir, allow me to say, that in the publications of Catholics, or in their sermons, you will not find the name of *heretic* applied to Protestants, however we may consider their doctrines heretical—and observe, there is a great difference between the two; while you in every page of your work, call us personally idolaters; and that were any one among us to call down the fire of heaven—as you have done—upon any of our fellow subjects, we should say to him, as was said to others of old: 'Ye know not of whose spirit ye are.'"

Dr. Wiseman neither allows Middleton or Poynder the credit of original discovery. "The first person who argued as you have done, was Julian the apostate, who said that the Christians had borrowed their religion from the heathens. This proves at once, that even then the resemblance existed of which you complain as idolatrous; so that it is not the offspring of modern corruption, but an inheritance of the ancient church. It proves that the alliance between CHRISTIANITY and heathenism existed three hundred years after Christ, and that consequently, so far, Popery and ancient Christianity are identical. The Manichees are also accused by St. Augustine, writing against Faustus, of making the same charge.

"To this objection the fathers answer precisely as I have done: 'Habemus quædam cum Gentibus communia, sed finem diversum,' says St. Augustine. The same father says more *in extenso*, the Pagans have their temples and priests and sacrifices; it is not for this the Christians blame them, for we also have the same, but that their immolations are to false gods."

The cream of the letters, however, is in the analogies between the few rites preserved in the Protestant religion, and heathen customs. The marriage ceremony, with the nuptial ring, the *annulum pronubum*, is the counterpart of that of the Roman pagans, "for which use of ceremony and outward right, I know not what warrant you find in the New Testament. * * * * though where the worshipping with the body, 'and with my body I thee worship,' came from, I cannot discover; for, as when Catholics speak of the worship of images, it is insisted, in spite of their declarations, that they adore them, I suppose I must take this bodily worship for idolatry, and that of the very worst kind, being directed towards a living being.

"The funeral service may be treated in like manner; the fashion of bearing the body to the grave with great pomp, but without a single symbol of Christian hope or of religious feeling, appears to all foreigners marvellously heathenish; and the friends going as mourners, and the escutcheons of his family borne with it, and the hired mutes, are exactly to be found in the ancient Roman funerals; where the bier was followed by relations, and the images of ancestors were borne before it, and many hired mourners swelled the crowd. In Italy, on the contrary, the clergy and charitable confraternities alone accompany the body, singing religious chaunts." * * * * * * *

Mr. Poynder finds heathenish deification and Catholic canonization the same thing, but then, says Wiseman, "what make you of the apotheosis of King Charles, martyr? For what virtue was he taken into the calendar? * * * You imagine that little or no change has taken place in the Pantheon, by the substitution of all the saints in it for all the gods; I presume you would not quarrel with a heathen temple being changed into a church, for you have not scrupled to occupy our churches, even without a thorough Knoxian purgation."

There are several pages now so admirably expressed, supposing an ancient Roman revisiting this our modern world, and the impressions made upon him by visits to places of worship of different creeds, yet each professing pure Christianity, that we cannot withhold them from our readers, especially as so far as we know they have never been published in this country.

"But I will suppose, if you please, an ancient Roman revisiting that temple: the first thing which would strike him would be the sign of salvation—the image of Christ crucified, raised upon every altar,—and most conspicuously upon the principal and central one. On the right, the picture of one whom men are stoning, while he with eyes uplifted prays for their conversion, would rivet his attention; and on the left, the modest statue of a virgin, with an infant in her arms, would invite him to inquiry. Then he would see monuments of men, whose clasped or crossed hands, express how they expired in the prayer of hope: the inscription on one side would tell him how the immortal Raphael had willed, that no ornament should deck his tomb, but that very statue of God's mother which he had given to that church; another informs you, that the illustrious statesman (Consalvi), after bequeathing the fortune he had made in the service of the public, without reserve, to the propagation of Christianity among distant nations, would have no tomb; but that his friends had, as it were by stealth, erected him that modest memorial. Around him he could see, at whatever hour of the day he might enter, solitary worshippers, who gently come in through the ever unclosed brazen portals, to keep watch, like the lamp which sheds its mild light upon them, before the altar of God. And, I fancy it would be no difficult task, with these objects before us, to expound and fully develope to him the Christian faith; the life of our Redeemer, beginning with his birth from a virgin, to his death upon a cross; the testimony to his doctrine, and the power which accompanied it, exhibited in the triumph of the first among his martyrs; the humble and modest virtue his teaching inspired to his followers, their contempt of worldly praise, and the fixing of their hopes upon a better world; the constant and daily influence his religion exercises among its believers, whom it sweetly invites and draws to breathe a solitary prayer, amidst the turmoils of a busy life. And methinks this ancient heathen would have an idea of a religion immensely different from that which he had professed—the religion of the meek and of the humble, of the persecuted and the modest, of the devout and the chaste. I believe, too, that by seeing the substitution of symbol for symbol,—of the cross, the badge of ignominy, with its unresisting victim, for the haughty thunderer,—of the chastest of virgins for the lascivious Venus,—of the forgiving Stephen for the avenging god of war,—he would thereby conceive a livelier idea of the overthrow of his idolatry by the mildest of doctrines, of the substitution of Christianity for heathenism, than if the temple had been merely stripped and left a naked hall, or a tottering ruin.

"For I think that the ark of God, standing in the very temple of Dagon, with the idol at its side, broken and so maimed that it might no longer be made to stand upon its pedestal, would convey a prouder and stronger demonstration of the superiority of the Law to the religion of Syria, than when concealed in silence behind the curtain of the sanctuary. And, in fact, so far were the ancient pagans from considering the substitution of Christian emblems for those of their religion, as only a modification of the same worship, that nothing enraged them more, or made them feel more keenly the change which had been introduced. Julian, the apostate, thus writes to the Christians:—'You, oh hapless men! while you refuse to adore the shield descended from Jove,' (the ancile which you somewhere compare to a popish thing) 'which the great Jupiter, or our Father Mars, sent down, giving a pledge, not by words but by deeds, of sure protection to our city, adore the wood of the cross, signing its image on your foreheads, and sculpturing it on the front of your houses.' You see, therefore, that Julian did not think the substitution of our symbols for those of heathenism any continuation of the same religion.

"And I might here ask you, what sort of Christians these were, who are thus accused of substituting the cross for the ancile, and superstitiously signing it on their foreheads? Were they Protestants, or do not these practices strangely savor of Popery? Now mark St. Cyril's answer. He does not deny the facts—he does not enter into any long explanations—he answers as a Catholic child might answer your cavils, from the words of his catechism,—that Christians 'are indeed careful, and esteem it a primary duty always to mark the cross upon their foreheads and houses, because it brought to their remembrance how one, dying upon the cross, banished the devil from the kingdom he had usurped over all men, and with him his evil powers, whom our calumniator calls tetulary deities: and here too, they are reminded of the spiritual blessings purchased for us on the cross.' And again, allow me to ask, would you or I, in other words, your religion or mine, have met the objection in these terms? Who then were the Christians whom Julian attacked, and Cyril defended? I will gladly yield you the benefit of the former's alliance, and contentedly put up with the second's reply, and the faith and practice it supposes. In fact the Theodosian code orders heathen temples to be destroyed, and 'expiated by placing thereon the sign of the venerable Christian religion.'

"But, to return to my parallel. After having thus allowed the heathen to discover, if he could, his ancient worship and morality in the very Roman Church which you have chosen, and explained to him the doctrines there taught, I would bring him to the only splendid temple in this country wherein the Catholic religion has never been exercised, and where alone it has left no vestige of its truths and practices. I would bring him, after duly paying his entrance fee, into the cathedral of St. Paul's, and desire him to *guess* the religion to which it belonged. Would not his first question be, does it belong to *any* religion? is it a place of worship at all? No altar, no chapel, no emblem of any holy thought is visible; no point towards which men turn, as strongly concentrating the divine presence; no emblem of a peculiar dedication; not a worshipper or a reverential spectator; not one who, as he crosses the threshold, prepares his soul, as if approaching God, in prayer. There he sees men with their heads covered, as if in the public streets, walking to and fro, looking at the edifice only as an architectural wonder, cut off by a stockade from the great nave, because so little respect is paid to it, that, if open, it would be profaned without scruple; while the jibe and the joke, or the state of the funds, or the scandal of the day, alone divide with their well-taxed curiosity, the conversation of the various groups. Would he, so far, see any thing to show him that he stood in a place for *Christian* worship? Might not the organ suggest to him that it is a hall for festive meetings? Might not the mouldy banners that wave above him, lead him to imagine it was the curia or the senate-house of the city? But one circumstance alone might lead him to some accurate judgment; the seeing how here, one portion of the building, precisely its *cella*, is parted off and closely screened from the gaze and the tread of the profane; and as he had not seen any thing of this sort in the Catholic Church, and it exactly corresponds to the form of his temples, assuredly he might suspect some still closer analogies.

"But while he thus felt himself at a loss to discover what religion claimed the possession of this temple, I would direct his attention another way, and bid him look among the tombs and costly monuments which surround him, for some intimation of what god is here worshipped, and what virtues taught. There he sees emblems indeed in sufficient number,—not the cross, or the dove, or the olive branch, as on the ancient tomb, but the drum and the trumpet, the boarding-pike and the cannon. Who are they whose attitudes and actions are deemed the fit ornaments for this religious temple? Men, rushing forward with sword in hand, to animate their followers to the breach, or falling down while boarding the enemy's deck; heroes, if you choose, benefactors to their country, but surely not the illustrators of religion. Of one it is said, that he died as a Roman would certainly have wished him, after having grappled with his enemy's ship, and rendered the destruction of one or both secure; the epitaph of another is expressed in the words of his commander's despatch; that of a third, in the vote of the House of Commons; not a word of a single Christian virtue, of a thought for God, of a hope of heaven; not a hint that one professed or believed in any religion. And would not the heathen rejoice to have found a temple, where the courage of the three hundred Fabii, or the self-devotion of the Decii, or the virtues of the Scipios, were so plainly taught, and held up to the practical admiration and imitation of men?

"And how would his delight increase, on more closely inspecting the emblems under which these virtues or their circumstances are expressed. Sea and river gods, with their oozy crowns, and out-pouring vases; the Ganges with his fish and calabash; the Thames, with the *genii* of his confluent streams; and the Nile, with his idol the *sphynx*: *Victory*, winged and girt up as of old, placing earthly laurel on the brows of the falling; *Fame*, with its ancient trumpet, blasting forth their worldly merits; *Clio*, the offspring of Apollo, recording their history; and, besides these, new creations of gods and goddesses, *Rebellion* and *Fraud*, *Valor* and *Sensibility*; *Brittania*, the very copy of his own worshipped *Roma*; and some of these, too, with an unseemly lack of drapery, more becoming an ancient than a modern temple. This assemblage of ancient deities, as the only symbols to instruct his eye, would assuredly go far to confirm him, either that his ancient religion, its emblems, and its morality, had never been supplanted, or had lately been restored. Little would it boot to explain to him, how behind that screen a sacred book was read to a few people once a week,—to empty benches every day, —which teaches men to abhor his idolatry, and worship God in spirit: and that learned men there preach homilies on the peril of idolatry, and the danger of admitting even symbols into worship. All this would, I think, but perplex him more. If you are not permitted to make any images, or to have them in your temples, he would ask, why break the law only in favor of warriors and river-gods? If you are allowed, why are the Christians of Rome to be denounced and anathematized for erecting those of Christ and his saints? And truly, I have no hesitation in saying, that if he reasoned as you have done, and followed your principles of judgment; if he pronounced upon religion by the shell, and not by the kernel—by the body, not by the soul—by the outward forms, not by the belief which they express; and if he persisted, like you, in giving credit to his own impressions and preconceived judgments, rather than to the protestations and declarations of those with whom he deals; I have no hesitation in saying, that he would see a much fainter impress of Christian thought in the Protestant than in the Catholic temple—much greater memorials of proscribed idolatry in the English than in the Roman cathedral.

"Such, however, are not the tests which I should suggest to him. I would send him into a neighboring island to study its history, and the conduct of those who have there taught the two conflicting religions, with a text in his hand, which would decide the point upon higher authority than yours or mine. In which of the two clergies has the following comparison been fulfilled, or which hath shown more propensity to do that which is attributed in it to the heathen? 'Be not solicitous therefore, saying:—what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed? FOR AFTER ALL THESE THINGS DO THE HEATHENS SEEK. . . . Seek ye, therefore, first, the kingdom of God and his justice.'" Matt. vi, 31.

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THE following notes have been recently taken from the records of the old church in Andover, Massachusetts:—

"January 17, 1712. Voted (under protest) yt those persons who have pews sit with their wives."

"Nov. 10th, 1713. Granted to Richard Barker four shillings, for his extraordinary trouble in swiping our Meeting House ye past year."

"March 17th, 1766. Voted that all the English women in the parish, who marry or associate with negro or mulatto men, be seated in the Meeting House with the negro women."

"In 1799 it was voted, amid much opposition, to procure a bass viol."

TO FATHER MARQUETTE.

The following beautiful lines, which we gratefully acknowledge, will be read with pleasure by those, who are at all acquainted with the life of the illustrious Missionary to whom they allude. Father Marquette, after spending a long and laborious life among the children of the forest, sank at last, as tradition informs us, to a lonely grave, somewhere near the banks of the Michigan. Our readers will find a most interesting account of his life and labors in Mr. Shea's History of the Catholic Missions, a work which should be found in every Catholic family.

Tho' no stone marks the end of thy journey on earth,
  Tho' the spot be unknown where thy ashes repose,
And the river obscure keeps the secret and dies
  Which the murmuring Michigan ne'er can disclose—
Yet we may not forget thee, disciple of Xavier!
  Thy faith, and thy zeal, and thy labors of love
For the children who sat in the shadow of darkness;
  Where error and night their dim labyrinths wove.

Tho' the name of the river "Conception" be lost,
  To "Mary Immaculate" gratefully given—
Our gratitude lives—and the name may be found
  Yet on earth, or be one of the rivers in heaven.
And we may not forget, other names of thy giving
  Live still in this region, where plenty has smiled
And now teems with new life—where the cross of the Master
  Was planted by thee when a wilderness wild.

Ah! no grave of the Huron "fur lined," is thy bed,
  And no taper is burning above thy lone rest,
And the smoke of the incense has melted in air,
  And the cross has sunk down and unseen on thy breast;
And if o'er the blue lake by the Indians who loved thee
  Thy bones have been borne ere thy flesh knew decay,
The music that rose from the deep "De profundis"
  Long since into silence has trembled away.

And no altar remains where was offered by thee,
  On those shores unfrequented, thy last sacrifice;
And the trees that hung over have mixed with the mould
  And the new forests spread their green roofs to the skies;
Yet the names that were last on thy lips never perish,
  Nor the love they impart to such spirits as thine,
Which—while pallor creeps after the fast ebbing life tide—
  Can light up the soul with a rapture divine!

Milwaukie. Bernard.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by ***PAUL PEPPERGRASS**, Esquire.*

CHAPTER XI.

It was now within a short hour of midnight, and Mr. Weeks, drenched and weary, still plodded his lonely way over the hills of Benraven. The night was very stormy, and Mr. Weeks very much out of sorts. In truth he was troubled exceedingly, both in mind and body—especially in the latter, for he had unfortunately lost his cap in his rencontre with "Nannie," and was obliged to use his pocket handkerchief instead. It was a poor substitute to be sure, but what else could he do. He had already drawn his coat tails over his head, but found it impossible to keep them down on account of the violence of the wind. Still the wind and the rain together, though bad enough, were not the worst he had to contend with; the darkness was the great difficulty, for he could hardly "see his finger before him," nor tell whether he was going to Crohan or back again by some circuitous route to Araheera Head. Twice indeed, he had the good fortune to meet with benighted travellers like himself, who seemed to know all about the roads, and took, as he fancied, very great pains to set him right. They kindly informed him he had lost his way, and gave him strict caution to take the left hand road, which, curious enough, was the very thing he intended not to do. But he was a stranger in the country, and of course should take the directions of those better acquainted with it than himself. Yet it was now nearly two hours since he met the latter of the two parties, and still, strange to say, he was as far from Crohan, for ought he knew, as ever. On he went, notwithstanding—on he drove through the pitchy darkness, butting his bare head against the pitiless storm, and seeing nothing but the lightening flash as it shot across his face. Many a lusty malediction did he vent, that night, on Ireland, and the unlucky day he first took it into his head to speculate in matrimony and tobacco on her barbarous shore. At last he topped the summit of a hill, which must surely, he thought, be Benraven Scalp, and had began to descend the opposite side, when much to his relief, he heard a voice shouting through the storm—

"Hoagh!!"

"Hilloa! who's that?" he cried, turning round, "who goes there?"

"Hoagh!" was again repeated.

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

"Come nearer," bawled Mr. Weeks, "come nearer; can't hear you with this infernal whistling." And no wonder, for in turning, the wind blew the skirts of his sporting frock about his ears, which now kept flapping so rapidly against his cheeks, that he could hear nothing distinctly. "Come nearer," he repeated, "come nearer; I'm here on the middle of the road."

"Hoagh! hoagh!"

"Tarnation to your 'Hoagh!' hai'nt ye got English enough to tell what's the matter."

"Hoagh!"

"Oh darn your gibberish—you're the most confounded barb"—

"Hoagh! hoagh!"

"That's it; go it again! by thunder, he bellows like an ox."

"Mhoagh!!"

"Well there! By crackie, if you're sick it's not with the lung complaint, I reckon, any how. But hold on, you may have got into some fix—hold on. I'll find you out, I guess."

Mr. Weeks, actuated by compassion for the sufferer, as well as by the hope of gaining some information respecting his whereabouts, began to grope his way towards his companion in distress. He felt quite sure the unfortunate man could not be far away, for it was impossible for human lungs to make the voice tell at more than a few yards, in the teeth of such a furious gale. With this notion in his head, he commenced his search along the road side, floundering, as he went along, through the water tables, and tripping occasionally over the slippery rocks which had fallen from the banks into the deep ditches. As it was impossible to see any thing in the darkness, his only alternative was to keep sweeping both hands out before him in semicircles like a swimmer, with the expectation of at length touching something with life and warmth in it. In this manner he searched up and down both sides of the road, for a considerable time, calling loudly to the man in distress, but receiving no reply, and was at last on the point of abandoning the poor wretch to his fate, when he fancied he heard a heavy groan as of some one in his last agony, and stretching out again both hands, to feel in the direction of the sound, stumbled once more and fell—alas, not like Homer's heroes, "with their arms resounding over them," but as "horsemen tumbling on the watery plain."

Just as he had expected, Mr. Weeks felt something warm and hairy under his open palms.

"Well there!" he exclaimed, "the fellow's got corn'd and fell in the ditch. I swow he has, and lost his hat too, for his hair's as wet as the very grass. Say! what's the matter," he continued, shaking him. "Say! wake up, if you don't want to die here right off."

No answer came.

"Look here!" and he pulled him by the hair of the head, to make him speak. "Look here, you're got drunk, ha'int you?"

At this moment, and just as he had inserted his right arm under the helpless creature's head to raise him up, a flash of lightning illumed for an instant the person of the prostrate sufferer, and revealed to the astonished eyes of Mr. Weeks, the face and form of a young steer quietly chewing his cud under the shelter of a projecting rock.

"Heavens and earth, what's this!" he exclaimed, snatching his arm from under the animal's neck, and jumping on the bank at a single bound. "Well there! if that ai'nt the darndest sniggle—I swonnie if I did'nt take the critter for a drunken Irishman shouting for help all the time. Oh Ireland, Ireland! if there's such another country in all universal space—well—if there be, I'd like to see it—that's all."

"Not so fast, my fine fellow, not so fast," shouted somebody in his ear, "you've driven that baste far enough. I'll take charge of him now, if ye plaze, and yerself too, into the bargain."

"Me!"

"Ay in troth, honey, just your very self. You're the Queen's prisoner."

"The Queen's humbug—for what, pray?"

"Stealing that yearling."

"Stealing! You don't say! ha, ha."

"I do say."

"You're mistaken, aint you?"

"Not in the laste, my good man."

"Well, I kinder think you be."

"Kinder think. Ay, exactly—that's one of the tokens; you're a Yankee they say."

"Well, I always reckoned so—happened to be born in New England, any how."

"Just so—in Ducksville."

"In Ducksville!—why, how the thunder came you to know that—eh?"

"Niver mind—I know more than all that, my fine fellow. I know you've stolen three more of this same stock from Benraven Mountain, within the last fortnight, and this one makes the fourth."

"My dear man," said Weeks, "let me tell you again, this is a great mistake—I'm a private gentleman."

"Feth, may be so. Hilloa, come on here Tom Henley—come on with the lantern;" and as the latter came up, the speaker raised the light to the face of his prisoner, and deliberately scanned his person from head to foot. "Let me see—*six feet in height, slender make, knock-kneed, long sandy hair, grey frock and trowsers, several gilt chains, rings, brooches,* &c. Very good—you're just the person I've been searching for these three nights past. Come, my lad, you must trot to Mr. Johnston's."

"Well, I'd rather not"—coolly replied Weeks. "I sorter think I'll sleep to-night at my cousin's, Mr. Robert Hardwrinkle's."

"Not till you see Mr. Johnston first. I'm his bailiff, and must do my duty. Come, trot, and no more palaverin about it."

"Look here," exclaimed Weeks, as the bailiff laid his hand roughly on his shoulder—"look here—hold on a minute—don't you think you're carrying this joke a leetle too far? I told you already I was Mr. Hardwrinkle's cousin-german."

"What, of Crohan?"

"Ye-e-s."

"Just so—precisely—that's another token. You've been trying hard to pass for the foreigner visiting there."

"Trying to pass! My dear man, I'm that very individual himself, and was on my way to Crohan from Araheera light house, when I heard that animal" ——

"Ha! ha! a likely story indeed," exclaimed the bailiff—"on your way to Crohan—here, on the very top of Cairnerit—three miles further from Crohan than when you left the light house, and the very animal we're lookin for, too, in your company."

"Well, I reckon I must have been directed the wrong way."

"And how did you happen to get in company with the stirk?"

"Why, I heard the critter bellow, and seemed to think it might be an Irishman shouting for help."

"Ha! ha! upon my conscience now, that's mighty flatterin, so it is—heard a stirk routing under the rain, and took it for an Irishman in liquor."

"Is'nt he mighty cute, intirely," said Henley.

"Wonderful, out and out—but tell me Tom, did'nt Lanty say the fellow generally carried a fishing rod with him."

"Ay, did he, but who the deuce cud carry a fishin rod with him such a night as this, when the strongest of us can scarcely carry ourselves against the storm. Oh! as for that, you need'nt be the laste afeerd in life; he's the very man yer lookin for as sure as your name's Ned Griffin."

"Say, what Lanty d'ye mean," said Weeks, "Lanty Hanlon—eh?"

"Niver mind," replied the bailiff, "it makes no difference to you who he is."

"Well not much, I guess, but if I could see him just as well as not, I might save you further trouble on my account. Let me see, he lives in this here neighborhood somewhere, don't he?"

"Come, come, my good fellow, this hoodwinking won't take just at present. You may be very smart and cunning, and all that, but I have had some twenty years experience of gentlemen of your profession. So come on, we'll take you down here to one of these houses in Ballymagahey for the night, and carry you before Mr. Johnston to-morrow. You can then call on Lanty Hanlon to give you a character, and as many more as you plaze. Lift your feet, and they'll fall themselves," he added, grasping the unfortunate Weeks by the collar. "Come away out of this rain; come, trot, my customer, trot—you've legs enough if you only use them."

"Trot h—ll!!" vociferated Weeks at last, loosing patience; "if you don't let go my collar this instant I'll blow your brains out. Away you ignorant, beggarly savages—confound you, to take me for a cow thief. Away—make tracks this minute or by" ——

"Be aisy, my valiant fellow, be aisy," said the bailiff, still gripping him by the collar.

"No, I sha'nt," cried Weeks—"let me go—I'll not put up with this, no how."

"Don't fret—we'll put you up, and in lavender too, never fear."

"I tell you once more I'm Ephraim C. B. Weeks, cousin-german to the Hardwrinkles of Crohan."

"Oh thin, bad scran to the much ye need boast of the connection," replied Henley, helping the bailiff to drag him down the hill.

"Unhand me, villians, unhand me, I'm a stranger here—I'm a foreigner."

"An sure we're only helpin to send you to foreign parts again—oh faith, honey, we'll accommodate ye that way, and welcome."

"Look here—hold on," vociferated Weeks, as they ran him down the hill, "I want you to understand who I am—I'm a citizen—a free born citizen of the United States, under the protection of the stars and stripes, and I protest against this violence—I command you in the name of my country to let me go."

"Bedad, that's very alarmin, Ned, is'nt it?"

"Ha, ha, mighty alarmin intirely," responded the bailiff. "He speaks like that Yankee fellow in Dublin last week, who threatened the magistrate with the stars and stripes because he fined him five shillings for spitting tobacco juice on a lady's dress."

In this way the bailiff, assisted by Tom Henley, continued to drag the unhappy Weeks down the south side of Benraven Mountain, despite his solemn protest against the outrage, and his frequent assurances of his innocence, and finally succeeded in conveying him to a house in the little village of Ballymagahey, where, late as the hour was, a light was still burning.

As the party approached the house, several voices were heard within, some speaking loud, some laughing, others singing, and now and then the squeak of a fiddle breaking out at intervals.

Without pausing an instant, the bailiff knocked loudly on the door, and the next moment pushed in before him Ephraim Weeks, haggard and torn, and dripping like a water god.

The fiddle stopped short in the middle of Miss McCloud's reel, and the affrighted dancers fell back, and left the floor clear to the new comers.

"Oh *hierna!*" cried some one in a stage whisper, "he's mad—see how his eyes rowl in his head—he'll tear us in pieces."

The young females hearing this, took alarm—and ran out of doors screaming for protection; the elder ones ran after to bring them back; the men shouted to the runaways to stop in twenty different voices, till in a shorter time than we have taken to describe it, the place was a scene of unutterable confusion. Nearly all the females had disappeared one after another. The haunch-back fiddler jumped through the window with his instrument under his arm; and to make the din still more intolerable, the house dog set up such a howling outside as if the world had actually come to an end, when the bailiff, seeing how matters stood, stepped on a chair and began to address the company, assuring them the man was not mad by any means, but a notorious cow thief he had arrested in the act of stealing Mr. Johnston's cattle from the mountain, and then proceeded to give the details of the capture.

Whilst the bailiff thus endeavored to quiet the apprehensions of the ladies, Mr. Weeks stood stock still in the centre of a curious and wandering group—his hands thurst down as low as he could drive them in his breeches pockets, and his eyes wandering round and round in search of some one to recognize him—but alas! the faces he saw there were all strange faces to him.

It was some time before the bailiff's repeated guaranty of his prisoner's sanity of mind and peaceable disposition, could induce the ladies to return to the dancing room; and when they did return each fair one as she entered was seen to cast a fearful glance at the tall stranger, and press closely the side of her partner. Last came the little fiddler, looking twice as big as when he fled through the window but a moment before; and swearing all kinds of anathemas against the bailiff and his prisoner for exposing his instrument to the rain.

Still amid all the noise and bustle, Mr. Weeks stood there in the centre of the now laughing group of Celtic faces, as calm and solemn as an undertaker. He was no longer excited—that state of feeling had given way to a calm, contemptuous, silent indignation. He felt precisely as an unfortunate Irish Catholic feels in New England when arrested for robbery, and happens to reflect he is the only stranger in the township, and without a friend to say a word in his favor. But we must not stop to moralize; we can only say—to borrow a line from the poet,

> "We have seen such sights, but most not call to mind."

Suddenly, however, Mr. Weeks' attention seemed to be attracted by the entrance of an active, curley headed, humorous looking fellow, wearing a rabbit skin cap jauntily set on the side of his head, and supporting a laughing, dark haired girl on his arm.

"Say, hold on there, you," cried Weeks, at length breaking silence, and motioning to the new comer.

The individual made no reply, but hastened to escape further observation by ensconsing himself behind a door in a remote corner of the room.

"Look here!" persisted Weeks, breaking through the group, and holding out his hand in token of recognition, "Look here—how do, old feller, got into a sorter snarl here, and glad you turned up to see me out."

"Me!"

"Why, yes—you're Lanty Hanlon, ai'nt you?"

"Ay, that's my name and surname."

"All right; I knew you by your cap as soon as you entered. Well—I want you to clear up a mistake. This here bailiff, or constable, or whatever darned thing you call him, has arrested me for stealing a steer, up thereaway, ha! ha! and won't believe I'm Mr. Ephraim Weeks no how you can fix it."

"Mr. Ephraim Weeks!" muttered our friend Lanty, slowly repeating the words, and looking up in affected wonder in the man's face, "Mr. Ephraim Weeks—you're a stranger in these parts."

"Why, what d'ye mean?"

"No offence in the world, only you've the 'vantage of me."

"Advantage! How's that?"

"Why I don't remimber iver to see you afore in my life."

"You don't, eh? Look at me again."

"I do luk at ye agin, and the Lord bless the mark, you're not the kind 'i man to be aisy mistaken, anyway."

"Why, darn ye, hai'nt you seen me every day this month past?"

"Me! bedad, may be so. Whereabouts, if it's a fair question?"

"Now, you go to grass," cried Weeks; "you know me as well as I know myself."

"Faith, and that same might'nt be much to brag of aither."

"Why, tarnation t'ye, haint you sold me two dozen flies, last Thursday, at Kindrum pond?"

"Me sell you flies; ha, ha, ha! Why, upon my conscience, my good fellow, you must be ravin."

"Well, there!" exclaimed Weeks, looking at the imperturbable Lanty as if he could run him through; then drawing a fly-book hastily from his pocket, he pulled it open, and holding the flies before Lanty's face, demanded to know if they were of his dressing or not.

"Mine—begorra, it wud'nt be aisy to tell that in the state they're in now, anyway."

"Ladies and gents," said Weeks, appealing to the bystanders, "I vow I bought these flies from this here fellow last Thursday. And, what's more, he stuck me in them too, to the tune of twenty-five cents a-piece."

"Why, don't they ketch?" inquired some one in the crowd.

"Ketch—no, guess they don't ketch—they're the darndest things ever fell in water. Why I niver could turn a tail with them, if I fished till doomsday."

"I admit," said Lanty, "I sold flies to a gentleman of the name of Weeks; the gentleman that's on a visit to the Hardwrinkles, of Crohan."

"And thunderation to ye! aint I that same Mr. Weeks?"

"You! ha! ha! ha! begorra, that's capital—you Mr. Weeks."

"What! will ye dare deny me to my face, you scoundrel?"

"Deny you, oh holy patience, did man or mortal iver hear the like."

"Shut up, you lying rascal," shouted Weeks, gesticulating at his innocent looking tormentor, "shut up, you unprincipled scamp, you know in your soul who I am—if you have a soul—but you hai'nt, dang the one you have!"

"Oh my poor man," responded Lanty, looking at his victim with all the gravity of a judge about to pronounce sentence, and shaking his head sorrowfully as he spoke. "My poor man, how hardened a sinner you must be, to pass yourself off for the good, innocent, modest gentleman that's now lyin sound aslape on his vartuous bed."

"Well, if there be a devil on earth," exclaimed Weeks, "you're that individual or his nearest relation, that's sartin. You stepped out from the lower regions to-night to get a cooling, and met me some two hours ago on the mountain. You're the person planned and played this here trick—no mistake about it."

"Is'nt he bowld spoken to be a thief," said one of the by-standers, knudging his neighbor's elbow.

"Ay, and purshuin to him, see how innocent he tries to look," replied the other.

"Oh the dear be about ye man, one 'i them fellows that's used to it 'd chate St. Pether."

"Whist! whist! boys," remonstrated Lanty, waving his hand for silence. "Let him alone, let him alone, we shud niver rejoice ye know in anither's misfortune. May be, if you wur lake him yerselves, ye wud'nt care to be laughed at."

"Come, come, my good fellow, interposed the bailiff—you're only making matters worse. Let us go some where and get rid of them wet clothes."

"Ay, do Mr. Stranger, take a friend's advice," said Lanty, "and don't expose yer precious health. The truth will all come out th' morrow. If yer innicent, so much the betther, an if yer not, why, ye'll only be thransported two or three months afore yer time; so take courage and don't be onaisy."

Lanty's cool impudence at last so provoked the Yankee that he could hardly restrain himself. Once or twice indeed he hitched up his shoulders and showed symptoms of battle, but his resentment as often cooled down again without further trouble. Like poor Bob Acres, Mr. Weeks could never get his courage up to the fighting point; some how or other, it always escaped through his fingers' ends, like that of his illustrious prototype.

"Well, ladies and gents," said he at length, falling back as a last resource on his soft sawder, "Well, I must confess I feel a kinder disappointed. Now I do, that's a fact. Why, it's just like this—I always heard the Irish cracked up all over creation for their hospitality to strangers. At hum, in New England, they're tip top in that line. Well, they're about as hospitable folks I guess as you can scare up any where between Maine and Georgia. We get along with them slick, I tell you. And as for extending them the right hand of fellowship, why golly, we love them like brothers" ——

"Phew!" cried Lanty, "just listen to that. He's puttin his foot in it deeper and deeper. Oh faith, my fine fellow, it's aisy seen ye niver was much in New England, or ye'd know a little bether how the Irish are thrated there."

Weeks suddenly drew in his horns—to use a homely expression. He saw, in an instant he had touched a delicate subject, and the sooner he dropt it the better. Like many of his countrymen, he fancied the Irish he saw about him never could have an idea in their heads above the pick or the spade; a ragged coat and an Irish *brogue,* being in his mind synonymous with consummate ignorance and absolute barbarism. He now felt he had gone a little too far, and that any attempt to hoodwink his tormentors by such barefaced humbug as he was then attempting, would only make matters worse, since to all appearances they knew as much about the persecution their countrymen suffered in New England as he did himself. The broad grin that overspread every face as he went on to speak of the love which the citizens of New England cherished for their Celtic brethren, assured him of this, even before Lanty could say a word in reply. Affecting, therefore, to disdain further conversation on the subject, after hearing the laugh with which Lanty's humorous but cutting rebuke was received, he turned to the bailiff and demanded to be taken forthwith to some resting place for the night.

"You'll get comfortable quarters," said Lanty, "never fear, but av coorse you'll take *dhoch in dhorris* with us, afore ye go, to the health of the new married couple."

"What's that?"

"Why, something to warm ye afther the could rain."

"Don't drink," said Weeks.

"Nonsense."

"No, sir. I'm a Washingtonian."

"A what?"

"A Son of Temperance."

"Pshaugh—son of botheration. I'm ashamed of ye. Hilloa there Hudy Branagan, bring in the bottle."

"You may bring in a hogshead," said Weeks, "I sha'nt taste it."

"And you in that condition! Why, the heavens be about us; d'ye mane to pit a hand in yer own life."

"None of your confounded business. I sha'nt drink none of your darned liquor, that's all."

"Well, ye'll die if ye don't—and that'd be a burnin disgrace to the counthry, if ye were even as great a thief as James Freny himself. Hoot, man, what'd yer people say of us if we let ye die here in ould Ireland, for want of a glass of stout potheen. Here, take this, and swallow it, like a sensible man."

"Away with it," cried Weeks.

"Be aisy, avourneen, be aisy."

"Take it away, or by thunder I'll break your bottle and glass in pieces," and making a plunge, he attempted to force a passage through the crowd, but was again driven back into the centre of the group.

"Let me out," he shouted, now completely excited, "let me out, ye beggarly Irish vermin. I despise your liquor, and your country to boot. I spit upon you and your nation, for you're both as mean as dirt."

"Ha! ha! there now"—cried Lanty, laughing, with the bottle and glass in his hand, "there now, that's more of yer New England friendship. But niver mind, if ye were a Yankee fifty times over, we won't thrate ye the worse for that. Come, take this drop—you'll be the betther of it."

"Let me out."

"Whisht, man; sure it's all for yer own good. Arrah, don't refuse to drink to the bride and groom. It's as much as yer life's worth to refuse it. Take it, it'll warm ye—taste it, any way—it's the deuce 'i the barley, it's the rale ould Tuneshomen," broke out from several voices, each rising higher than the other, till poor Mr. Weeks knew not what to say, nor what side to turn to. Still he obstinately refused to touch the beverage.

"Well boys," said Lanty, at last, "take hould iv him, and lay him down, since nothin else will save him. Whatsomiver the crathur is, we're christians sure, any way, and can't let him die fur want iv a thifle i' midicin. It's a liberty we take, my good man, to be sure, but still it's betther do that, than have yer death on our sowls, the lor between us an harm."

"The sorrah take him, the spalpeen," said one of the by-standers, "is'nt he nice about it, feth ye'd think it was a physick he was goin to swallow."

"Begorra, I niver heerd the like of it—why, it's punch it they ought to do for the gintleman."

"It's a bad sign to see him refuse the liquor, any way."

"Indeed, then Audy, it's the truth ye're tellin, so it is, for in troth it's not much depindence iver I had in the man'd refuse a glass in dacency."

"Oh there's a bad dhrop in him, ye may take yer oath iv that, but luck at Lanty Ned, just luck at his face—as sober as if it was cut on a tombstone. Did ye iver see such a born devil in all yer life."

"Well, Lanty had it in for him any way. And begorra he desarves all he'll get and more, for he's niver aisy but when he's runnin down the Irish—jist for all the worl as if we were dogs, every one of us."

"So I'm tould. He thinks no one in the whole country fit to spake to him. As for the Doghertys and Currans and Johnstons here, why, they're not fit to tie his shoes."

"Ladies and gentlemen," exclaimed Lanty, stepping up on a bench, and still holding the bottle and glass in his hands, "I'm goin to give ye a toast, and may the man's heart niver again warm to good nature, that dos'nt drink it."

"Silence there, silence—till we hear the toast."

"Stop that fiddle there, and listen to the spaker."

"Here's then to the honest man," cried Lanty, raising his glass, "here's to the honest man all over the world, and confusion to the narrow minded knave who'd make religion or birthplace a test of friendship," and tossing off the bumper, he ordered the company to pass the bottle.

Round went the toast, and off went the glass with many a loud hip-hip, hurrah. There was shaking of hands, and touching of cans, accompanied by snatches of songs suitable to the toast, and pledges of friendship to one another, not forgetting long life and happiness to the bride and groom; all seemed as joyous and happy as they could wish to be, Mr. Weeks alone excepted, who still stood there in the centre of the crowd, looking silently on the noisy enjoyments of the company, and obstinately refusing all participation in the hilarity of the occasion.

"Where, in the name of patience, were you born at all," demanded the bailiff, "that you won't drink at a weddin."

"He's an unnatural lookin thief, any way, exclaimed another."

"Stand aside, boys," commanded Lanty, waving his hand from his elevated position, "and let us give the stranger fair play. He's all alone here amongst us, and we mus'nt be hard on him. Jemmy Bragan fill that glass, and offer it to him again. And now, my good man," he continued, addressing Weeks, "you heerd the toast 'the honest man all over the world, and bad luck to the knave who'd make religion or birthplace a test of friendship'—will you drink it?"

"No," replied Weeks, "darn me if I do."

"Then gintlemen, lay him down and administher the midicin."

Four or five stout fellows now laid hold of the unfortunate Weeks, and were deliberately proceeding to execute Lanty's orders, when a new actor suddenly appeared in the scene, and commanded them to desist. It was the handsome dark haired girl whom the reader saw a few minutes before entering the room, leaning on Lanty's arm.

"Shame! shame!" she cried, "are ye men, to treat a stranger in this way?"

"Don't be onaisy Kate," replied Lanty, "we don't intend him the laste harm in life."

"Well, you've carried the joke too far already, Lanty Hanlon; let him come with me—I'll take care of him."

"Why, Kate, it's only a bit of a frolick he brought on himself. He tould me a dozen times the Irish were no better nor savages, and we jist want to shew him how much he's mistaken."

"And you do this to a furriner not a month in the country—paugh! puty hospitality, that."

"He's green, you know, Kate, and we want to saison him."

"Ha, ha, saison him."

"It's for his own good—saisonin in time will make a dacent man iv him."

"Hould yer tongue, now Lanty, ye'd provoke a saint, hould your tongue, and let us out. I must go and find some dry clothes for him, or he'll die in this condition. Stand back, gintlemen, if ye plaze, and give us room to pass."

"Bedad, Kate, I'm afraid to trust ye with him, feth may be he'd take a fancy to ye, and cut me out."

"Whisht now, and let me go. That tongue of yours 'll hang ye up on the gallows yet some day," and taking Weeks familiarly by the arm, in she led him unresistingly from the crowd, and disappeared with him through one of the inner doors of the apartment.

The dance was now resumed, and mirth and music made the time pass quickly and merrily for the next hour. Lanty danced with every girl in the room, and when he could no longer find a partner, he danced a hornpipe himself on a door, amid the shouts and cheers of the party. Every one seemed to share in the general joy. Even the grand parents of the happy couple, old as they were, took each other's hands and went through some ancient saltations to the great amusement of the younger spectators.

On went the mirth and up rose the song, and the little haunch-backed fiddler had just tuned his instrument once more, and commenced to rattle away at a country dance with renewed ardor, when all of a sudden a shout was heard at the door, followed instantly by bravos! bravos! echoed and repeated, till at last, in the midst of a wild hurrah! in drove Ephraim C. B. Weeks, dressed in an old blue swallow-tailed coat, and pantaloons that descended but an inch or two below the knees, dragging in the young lady who had so kindly rescued him from his late tormentors, and in rather unsteady accents, commanded the fiddler to "fire up, and let him have something to dance to." Every body now crushed and crowded round to welcome him back. Those who but a short time before were disposed to mortify him to the very utmost in revenge for his insolent abuse of their religion and their country, were the first to call for three cheers for the "bould American," and foremost among the first was Lanty Hanlon, who clapped him lustily on the back, and ordered the fiddler to strike up something with a "sowl in it to shuit the taste of the jolly Yankee."

It is needless, dear reader, to describe what followed. Weeks seemed to have abandoned himself entirely to the excitement of the moment. How that excitement was brought about, however, no one could tell. He drank, and drank freely—as was evident the moment he made his appearance at the door, but whether at the solicitation of his fair friend, or merely to preserve his health after so long an exposure to the storm, was never discovered; certain it is he was completely fascinated by his lovely partner, and danced with her as long as he was able to move a foot—swearing all the while by his "crackie," she was the finest gal in all creation, and went through her figures like a real thorough bred Yankee, "no mistake about it."

Here, dear reader, we must stop, leaving the last scene in the little comedy to your own charitable imagination; for a description of our friend Mr. Weeks' position on the stage as the curtain fell, would be more than we should dare attempt. One thing, however, we ought to mention (just to relieve your anxiety), he was conveyed safely home that same night and awoke in his own comfortable bed next morning in Crohan house.

WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old—and, oh! how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon;
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shrouded in the solemn night,
Till like a story well nigh told
Will seem my life when I am old.

When I am old this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under-tone
Of sadness, not by right their own,
And Spring's sweet power in vain unfold
Its rosy charms, when I am old.

When I am old I shall not care
To deck with flowers my faded hair;
'Twill be no vain desire of mine
In rich and costly dress to shine;
Bright jewels and the brightest gold
Will charm me not when I am old.

When I am old my friends will be
Old and infirm and bowed like me;
Or else, their bodies 'neath the sod,
Their spirits dwelling safe with God;
The old church bell will then have tolled
Above their rest, when I am old.

When I am old I'd *rather* bend
Thus sadly o'er each buried friend,
Than see them lose the earnest truth
That marks the friendship of our youth;
'Twill be so sad to have them cold
Or strange to me, when I am old.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Rudiments of the Greek Language, arranged for the Students of Loyola College, Baltimore, upon the basis of Wettenhall. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a handy little introduction to the study of Greek, and we are glad to see the good taste of the Jesuit Fathers exercised in bringing back the student to the "landmarks of our fathers" even in so little a matter as grammar. Our school-boy experience remembers well the dismay with which we took up the otherwise excellent grammar of Gloucester, old Ironsides we called it, and it well deserved the name for the batterings it received from our violence. But Ironsides was an epitome, when put in competition with the Greek Rudiments that succeeded it in school, and often when we were allowed to see Wettenhall, we hoped some good angel would put it into the heads of our masters to use his nice little volume in preference to all others. We knew not then how valuable in other respects for its purpose Wettenhall's was, but since we have been better able to understand the aptness of a book for the purposes of education, we are astonished how any one could ever have thought of giving up its comprehensive brevity, where there was very little superfluous, for the larger and more elaborate grammars, which since have frightened so many scholars away from classical studies. The advantage of this edition seems to be in the removal of some few superfluities, which yet remained. We commend it most heartily to those who wish to study that most perfect of all human languages, as the shortest and readiest way to smoothe all their difficulties.

2. A Treatise on Algebra: by *B. Sestini*, S.J., author of Analytical Geometry and Elementary Algebra. Professor in Georgetown College. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have had occasion before to speak of the works of Professor Sestini, and the commendation we then bestowed upon them we have no hesitation in repeating now on this new work, which has issued from his indefatigable pen. The best praise, however, in these matters, is experience, and that this is in his favor is evident from the necessity of publishing a second edition of his Elementary Algebra. This shows that he has the proper manner of communicating knowledge on that abstruse study, and should be an *a priori* recommendation to this larger treatise on the same subject. As far as we are capable of judging, for Algebra is not altogether a favorite with us, and we do not like to meddle with it much, we think this treatise will be very acceptable, not only to the student of mathematics, for whom it was ostensibly written, but to the scientific reader generally. It is as clear and concise as the nature of such works permit, and seems to embrace every thing necessary to a full knowledge of Algebra. But let the author himself speak. "The treatise is divided into two parts, the first of which contains Algebraical operations, with several questions and doctrines connected with them, so that each section may prove complete in its own subject, and the inconvenience of turning elsewhere to speak of matter left unfinished before, may be avoided. . . . . . The second contains the most indispensable theories of equations, proportions and progressions, logarithms and some few principles on the series. The doctrine of equations has been treated more copiously than the others, not so much on account of its importance, as because it is well adapted to give an idea of algebraic analysis, and thus prepare the mind of the student, who would afterwards apply himself to higher studies."

3. The History of Napoleon Bonaparte, by *John S. C. Abbott*. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Mr. Abbott should have added, "an historical novel founded on facts," for although he professes to be guided by "truth and nothing but the truth," any of his readers could tell him that truth had put on her holiday dress and was not sparing of ornament and paint, when she led him along the romantic scenes of Napoleon's life. It requires no great sagacity to see this; the only wonder is that Mr. Abbott should think that American readers could be so far humbugged as to believe his novel a history. However, it is a novel for which he should be thanked, ten thousand times better and more interesting than any novel we ever read, and far to be preferred to all that now crowd our book-stores, and what perhaps is equally interesting to the author and publishers, it takes amazingly.

4. Enchiridion Symbolorum et Definitionum quæ de rebus fidei et morum a Conciliis Oecumenicis et Summis Pontificibus emanarunt; or, a Manual of the Symbols and Definitions which emanated from the General Councils and Sovereign Pontiffs regarding Faith and Morals, for the use of Schools: Wirceburgii, Sumptibus Stahelianis. Edidit *Henricus Denzinger.* Milwaukee: apud Christianum Ott. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is an excellent little manual for the use of theologians, written no doubt by the Professor in order to supply a vacuum he met with in his classes. As far as we have been able to examine it, we think it very suitable to its purpose, but the approbation of the the ordinary supercedes the necessity of praise. Such manuals must of course bear the stamp of the occasion that calls for them, and these can scarcely be the same in every country. It may, however, have its uses even here.

5. Chateau Lescure, or The Last Marquis: A Story of Brittany and the Vendée. New York: Edward Dunigan & Bro. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This new series of the "Home Library" will soon, we trust, find its way into every family, to whom we can promise beforehand a great deal of innocent and instructive amusement from its perusal. The present tale is located in that truly Catholic department of France, where, during the first years of the revolution the Faith found so many ardent and generous defenders, ready to shed every drop of their blood for the holy traditions of their fathers, and where the first ages of the Church were renewed in the devotion of the clergy and the self-sacrificing spirit of all her children. It is a fruitful land for the romancer, where he may learn that "truth is often stranger than fiction." This little episode is but one of many, which has adorned French literature and sent a glow of real religious enthusiasm through the frame of the youthful reader. We hope the Messrs. Dunigan will continue to furnish our youth with such attractions as will effectually draw them away from those pernicious beauties, which unhappily for our country are now fascinating her children.

6. Lettres a un Sceptique.—Par *Balmes.*

Among the many interesting books we have noticed among the recently imported foreign works on the shelves of Messrs. Murphy & Co., there is one which particularly attracted our attention, and which we have read with avidity. It is only necessary to say it is from the pen of Balmes to convince our literary friends that it is a work of merit, but in our humble view it is more than that; we would call it a work of superlative merit, and one eminently adapted to the wants of our age and nation. It is styled upon the title page, "Lettres à un Sceptique, en Matiere de Religion, par J. Balmes," being a translation from the Spanish to the French, by J. Bareille. We consider such a work quite important to the interests of religion at large—there are many fine intellects perverted by the sophistry of an unbelieving philosophy, that would embrace the truth if they knew it, and such as these are worthy of the most zealous efforts of enlightened Christian charity.

To such Balmes addresses himself, arguing with the logic of a philosopher, and with a zeal born of true faith, and consequently, in a manner to reach at once the heart and the intellect. We commend this little book both to the defenders of the truth and to those who are in search of it, assured that they and all classes will find in it valuable material to supply their respective wants.

Editors' Table.

THE NATIVITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—*September 8th.*

The birth of Mary was a subject of joy and exultation to man; it announced the nearer approach of the redemption of a lost and sinful world. When the first mother of our race had fallen from her allegiance to the law of God, and with the companion of her fall, shrunk with fear and trembling from the reproving frown of an offended Deity; when about to depart from the happy abode which had been the witness of her innocence, her transgression and her sorrow, she was consoled by the promise that her transgression should be made the means of the exultation of her race, that her seed should crush the serpent's head. In the birth of the Holy Virgin, the commencement of this solemn prediction was begun; in that of her divine Son, it was consummated.

The Church has instituted this festival for the purpose of giving thanks to Almighty God in a special manner for having given to the world a creature so pure and so holy as to be worthy to become the mother of his beloved Son, and to thank him for the part he has caused Mary to take in the great work of man's redemption. Her nativity was a mystery of sanctity, and distinguished by singular privileges. She appeared in the world not like other children of Adam, infected with the loathsome contagion of sin, but pure, holy and beautiful, adorned with every grace that become the high destiny to which she was chosen. She appeared, indeed, in all the weakness of our nature, but in the eyes of heaven she already transcended the brightest seraph in purity and in the richest ornaments of grace; while among the daughters of Eve she was truly, *as the lily among thorns.*

This festival, like most of the festivals of the Blessed Virgin, may be traced to an early period of the Church. The precise time, however, when it was established is not known. The Roman Order mentions the homilies and litany, which were appointed by Pope Sergius, in 688, to be read on it. A procession was ordered to be made upon this day from St. Adrian's Church to St. Mary Major. In the Sacramentary of St. Gregory the Great, particular collects or prayers are prescribed for the mass, procession and matins, on the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. The Greeks and the Oriental Christians generally keep this festival with great solemnity.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE HOLY NAME OF MARY—ITS ORIGIN.

On the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity, the Church celebrates the festival of the Holy Name of Mary. Though this festival is, comparatively, of modern origin, the circumstances which gave rise to it are, nevertheless, exceedingly interesting. For centuries, the reduction of Western Europe seems to have been the chief object of the ambition of the Turkish Sultans. The infidels, though often foiled in their attempts, seized upon every opportunity of accomplishing their designs. Towards the close of the year 1682, circumstances again favored their long cherished project, and in the early part of the following January the fatal *horsetails*, the usual ensigns of an ensuing war, were seen upon the gates of the Seraglio at Adrianople, and the whole Ottoman empire was in commotion to carry fire and sword into the bosom of the German empire. Mustapha, the Grand Vizier under Mahomet IV, at the head of an immense army, swept like an impetuous torrent across Lower Hungary, spreading destruction as he passed, and in the early part of July, appeared before the capital of Austria. At the view of the fires kindled in the Turkish camp, which occupied both sides of the Danube, the emperor was filled with consternation, and yielding to the entreaties of his generals, quitted Vienna with the empress and fled first to Lintz, and thence with great precipitation to Passaw. The city at that time was in a very bad state of defence, and it was impossible long to have withstood the formidable hosts by which it was encompassed.

Upon the first news of the siege, John Sobieski, the illustrious and pious king of Poland, forgetting the ingratitude of the emperor towards him, and thinking only of the common cause of Christendom, determined to march without delay to the relief of the besieged city. Accordingly, at the head of 24,000 chosen men, he marched with all possible expedition towards Austria. Joined by the Duke of Lorrain near Ollerburn, he crossed the Danube at Zala, led his army through narrow passes which the enemy might easily have guarded, gained the mountains near Vienna and seized upon the castle of Clarembnrg, which commands the whole country. His army encamped on these mountains on the morning of the 11th of September, and his troops rested the whole of that day that they might be the better prepared for action on the following. The interval was chiefly occupied in exercises of devotion.

Early on the morning of the 12th, Sobieski and the Duke of Lorrain heard mass in St. Leopold's Chapel, at which the good king served in person. During the time of the holy sacrifice, he held his arms stretched out in the form of a cross, except when it was necessary to employ them in waiting on the priest. He received the holy communion, and after mass, prostrate before the altar, he received the solemn blessing, which the priest bestowed upon him and his whole army. Then raising up he said aloud : "Let us now march to meet the enemy with entire confidence in the protection of heaven, under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin."

Having made a proper disposition of his army, he descended with impetuosity upon the Turks. The outposts yielded one after another to the superior valor of the Poles, and at noon Sobieski was prepared to fall upon the camp of the Grand Vizier. Mustapha in the mean time making a jest of the assault, was drinking coffee in his tent with his two sons, and the Cham of Tartary. While his troops on the outside of the camp were being routed and cut to pieces, he kept about him 150,000 men, to be, as it were, spectators of the combat, and awaited in a state of insensibility the approach of the Polish king. A mistaken confidence, or rather the interposition of heaven, blinded him, and concealed from him the danger by which he was surrounded; but the sight of the standards of Sobieski, now almost upon his very tent, aroused him to a sense of his position. He now passed from the extreme of presumption to that of terror and consternation. His courage forsook him, and he fled with the speed of the wind. The whole Turkish army was terror-stricken, and followed the Vizier, with the utmost precipitation and confusion, leaving the camp with its immense wealth and treasures in the hands of the Polish monarch. The costly standard of Mahomet, which was erected in the middle of the camp near the tents of the Vizier, was sent to Rome as a present to Pope Innocent IX. Besides their tents, standards and camp furniture, the Turks left behind them one hundred and eighty pieces of heavy ordnance.

Sobieski immediately after the victory entered the city, and proceeding to the Cathedral, returned thanks to God for the brilliant success that had attended his arms, and joined in the Te Deum offered on the occasion.

To commemorate this signal interposition of heaven in favor of the arms of the Christians who had placed themselves under the patronage of the mother of God, Pope Innocent IX established this festival in honor of the Holy Name of Mary. On this day the faithful are invited in a special manner, to recommend to God, through the intercession of his Immaculate mother, *the necessities of the Church*, and to return him thanks for his innumerable graces and favors. With what pleasure should we not hail this festival! The necessities, the wants of the church are numerous, especially in our own country at the present time. Oh! let Catholics on this festival repeat with renewed fervor the sweet name of Mary; and while they hear the raging of the storm, that is raised against them even in this free land, let them like the good king of Poland, place their confidence in God under the patronage of his holy Mother. Let them ask her that, as in the days of Sobieski she defended Europe against the power of the infidel, she would, in this our day, defend our homes, our families and our altars against the machinations of our enemies.

BRIEF OF HIS HOLINESS, POPE PIUS IX, IN BEHALF OF CHILDREN ASSOCIATED FOR THE WORK OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

By the following Brief, the Holy Father has been pleased to extend the indulgences granted to the members of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, to persons who may be too young to make their first communion. It evinces in the strongest possible manner the deep solicitude which the venerable Pontiff feels in the welfare of this laudable Association. By extending the spiritual treasures of the Church, even to children, he manifests a desire that all the faithful, without distinction of age or condition in life, should aid in the great and noble work of the propagation of the faith. The plan of associating the youthful and the innocent in this good work and early familiarizing their minds with the missionary cause, contains in itself, apart from other considerations, something peculiarly interesting. The experiment must be productive of immense benefits, not only to the cause of religion, but even to the children themselves. Let their names be enrolled in this pious confraternity, let them be taught from infancy to give, at stated periods, some small stipend in aid of the propagation of their holy faith, and to offer to heaven their most fervent aspirations for the success of the same cause, and the practice will increase with their years, and exercise a salutary influence on their conduct in after life; for it can scarcely be possible, that the young man or young woman who is zealous for the propagation of religion abroad, will be careless about the practice of it at home. He that aids in the work of propagating the faith, is promised a reward of a hundred fold; how many blessings, then, would descend upon the parental roof, if fathers and mothers were zealous in training their children to the few and simple practices of this association. Let us hope that the zeal so strikingly exhibited by the Holy Father, may meet with a corresponding interest on the part of the faithful.

But to return to the Brief. It needs no comment. Let parents read it, and may the blessings which it is intended to impart, descend to their children:

FOR PERPETUAL MEMORY.—Since we have nothing more at heart than to contribute as much as we are able in the Lord to the spiritual good of the faithful, we receive cheerfully the humble requests by which we are asked to grant that which promotes the eternal salvation of souls. Therefore, as it has been recently asked of us that the Plenary Indulgences accorded by the Apostolic See to the Christians enrolled in the pious work of the Propagation of the Faith, may be put within the reach of children associated in this work, who on account of their age cannot receive Holy Communion, provided that, with the permission and direction of their confessor, they perform other works of piety and charity, we have judged it proper to acquiesce heartily in this request, which tends to the spiritual good of the faithful. Therefore, we, trusting in the mercy of Almighty God and in the authority of the Blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul, accord and grant according to the tenor of these presents to all Christians of both sexes, now and hereafter to be associated in the pious work of the Propagation of the Faith, who are not of an age to approach the Eucharistic Communion, if truly penitent and confessed, they perform faithfully in the Lord, the works of piety enjoined by their confessor and fulfill all other conditions, that they may gain all and each of the Plenary Indulgences which have been accorded to the pious work, by this Apostolic See, anything to the contrary notwithstanding. These presents will be valid in all future time. And we wish that the same faith may be placed in the copies of these present letters, or when printed, authenticated by the signature of a notary public or by the seal of some ecclesiastical dignitary, as if the original letters were exhibited or shown.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, in the year of the Fisherman, April 17th, 1855, being the ninth of our pontificate.

For His Eminence, Cardinal Macchi,

J. B. BRANCALEONE CASTELLANI, Substitute.

In connection with this subject, the Society of the Propagation of the Faith has issued a circular of instructions to the institutions of education, advising that means be taken to make children understand and love the work of Propagation and feel an interest in its success. For this purpose they make the following suggestions:—

1. To read aloud during the meals or at other times, the Annals of the Propagation.
2. To establish sections or tens among the children, the place of chief being given to the most meritorious, and to whom also might be given the copies of the annals after being read by the section.

3. To require that the children hand over promptly every week to the chief of the section, the weekly contributions.

4. To remind the children from time to time of the obligation to recite every day a Pater and an Ave, and the Invocation of St. Francis Xavier, for the success of the missions.

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."

Since the resuscitation of the old Native party under the new name of Know-Nothingism, it has been the chief endeavor of the leaders to persuade their followers that the grand and paramount object of this new order is to re-establish the doctrines and teachings of the patriotic founders of the Republic. It is not sufficient that they should have slandered the living, but they have defamed the characters of the dead. What would the Father of his country, the friend of La Fayette, Baron Steuben, De Kalb, Lord Sterling, Lee, Hamilton and others, natives of foreign climes, think, could he revisit the land once so dear to his heart. With what an indignant frown would he look upon those who invoke his name in their unhallowed crusade against their adopted fellow-citizens, and who are endeavoring to represent him as an enemy to those, who have sought on our shores an asylum from the oppression of other lands. But no devices are too degrading, or artifices too vile, for the men of this intolerant order to accomplish their designs. With effrontery equaled only by the wickedness of the act, they have invaded the records of the past, and with irreverent hand mutilated and garbled the writings of the illustrious Washington, and then published them to the world as containing the language and expressing the sentiments of that great man!

That the maxim "Place none but Americans on guard," was never used by General Washington either in the language, or in the sense which the American party seeks to attach to it, is obvious to every man even imperfectly acquainted with the history of the men, or the period to which it relates. No sooner had the pretended quotation appeared in the public prints, than its genuineness was assailed, and it was denounced as a forgery. Professor Sparks, Biographer of Washington, was appealed to, and the Professor replied that in all the writings and manuscripts of the illustrious dead, he had never met with the words above quoted. Attempts were then made to prove that Washington used words of a similar import, and to substantiate the charge the following order, purporting to be taken from the original orders issued by Gen. Washington, in the early part of the war of Independence, appeared in the Know-Nothing journals:

CAMBRIDGE HEADQUARTERS, July 17, 1775.

GENERAL ORDER.—The General has great reason to be displeased with the negligence and inattention of the guard who have been placed as sentinels on the outposts—men whose characters he is not acquainted with. He therefore orders, that for the future none *but natives of this Country* be placed on guard as sentinels on the outposts. This order is to be considered a standing one, and the officers to pay obedience to it on their part.. (Signed) FOX, Adj. of the day.

Countersigned, Exeter, Pay Roll, Dorchester.

That this order is a falsification of the words of Washington, and has all the moral guilt of a forgery, will appear evident when compared with the genuine order, for which the above has no doubt been substituted, to be found in the General Orders printed in Force's American Archives, Vol. II, p. 1634, and reads in the following words:

"CAMBRIDGE HEADQUARTERS, July 7th, 1765.

"The general has great reason and is highly displeased with the negligence and inattention of *those officers who have placed as centries at the outposts, men with whose characters they are not acquainted.* He therefore orders, that for the future, *no man shall be appointed to these important stations, who is not a native of this country, or has a wife or family in it to whom he is known to be attached;* the order is to be considered a standing one, and the officers are to pay obedience to it at their peril.

"Parole Dorchester: countersign, Exeter."

We will not stop to consider the minor points in the forgery, such as the change in the date, the substitution of the word "pay roll" for *parole*, and "countersigned" for *countersign*, we will consider the circumstances under which the latter order was issued. Washington had arrived at Cambridge only three days before, and finding the army destitute of discipline, and a want of care in the military arrangements, and having reason to believe that there were persons in the camp favorably disposed towards the British, who then occupied Boston, gave certain directions in the selection of sentinels, not against foreigners as such, but against *traitors* generally. The words omitted or altered in the forged order, which we have italicised, place the intention of Gen. Washington in the clearest light, and prove beyond a question the dishonesty of the purpose for which the mutilated document was circulated.

That Washington entertained the kindest feeling towards foreigners, and the most liberal views on the subject of emigration, is apparent from his writings and his public and official acts. The following extracts from his writings will serve to show his sentiments on emigration :

> "The bosom of America is open to receive, not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and of all *religions*, whom we shall welcome to a *participation in all rights and privileges.*"

Again :

> "The Irish volunteers merit the warmest thanks of America for their patriotism; and I hope their countrymen, who have so long struggled for liberty, *will be hospitably and cordially received here.*"

It is moreover well known, that Washington in his first address to Congress, after his elevation to the Presidential office, earnestly called the attention of that body to the subject of naturalization. Accordingly the first Congress convened under the Constitution fixed the term of naturalization at *two years*—and this act *received the signature and approbation of* Washington. Without further comment, we leave our readers to conclude what were that great man's sentiments in relation to foreigners.

PRO ARCHIVIO RDI PTRIS PROVLIS MARYLANDIÆ.—BREVIS NOTITIA DE SOCIETATE JESU IN MARYLANDIA AB IPSO MISSIONIS SEU PROVINCIÆ HUJUS PRINCIPIO USQUE FERE AD NOSTRA TEMPORA.

The following interesting particulars, relating to the establishment of the Catholic religion in the United States, are selected from an old French MS., preserved in the library of the Archbishop of Baltimore.

From certain passages, we are inclined to believe, that it was originally written in English by Archbishop Carroll, and translated into the language in which we find it. To all who feel an interest in such details, this notice will be pleasing and valuable.

Towards the end of the reign of James I, King of England, who died in 1625, the Catholics, oppressed by the penal laws of that kingdom, sought afar an asylum from the persecutions which they suffered at home. Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, obtained from the king a grant of all those lands which now form the State of Maryland. This grant was confirmed to him by a charter issued in form immediately after the accession of Charles I to the throne of his father. By this same charter the King granted to all who should emigrate to the new province, the liberty of exercising their religion, and the rights of citizens. A great number of Catholics, and especially the descendants of ancient families, quitted England, and settled in America, towards the year of 1630, under the conduct of Lord Baltimore. With them came Father Peter White, an English Jesuit. This band of emigrants chose for their residence a district of country near the junction of the Potomac and St. Mary's river: the latter afterwards gave its name to the first town that was built there, and which continued to be the capitol of the country during seventy or eighty years.

Father White, finding himself unequal to the duties which pressed upon him, returned to Europe, in order to procure missionaries: and, from the very imperfect memoirs before us, it appears that he brought over with him Fathers Copley, Harkey and Perret. Their principal residence was a place which they called St. Inigo, a Spanish word which signifies Ignatius. They acquired there a considerable tract of land, a part of which is still in the possession of the Jesuits.

All historians, Protestant as well as Catholic, speak in favorite terms of the first Catholic emigrants, who faithfully observed the laws of justice, and, by their humane deportment, gained the confidence of the Indians. Not an inch of land did they take by violence from the aboriginal inhabitants; but they purchased a large district, and honorably confined themselves within the limits traced out in the charter, insomuch that neither fraud nor bloodshed disgraced the birth of the rising colony.

In proportion as it increased (and its progress was rapid) the heads of the establishment advanced into the country, accompanied by some clergymen; who, for their subsistence, and that of their successors, made several acquisitions of lands.

Towards the year 1640, a design was formed to carry the Gospel to the Indians of the neighboring parts. In the MS. which was lent us, we find that the Provincial of the Jesuits wrote, this year, to the young men at Liege, exhorting them to consecrate their services to this difficult and perilous enterprise. In consequence of this invitation, more than twenty requested, in urgent language, to be associated in the new missions, but from what we can learn from contemporary monuments, it does not appear that they crossed they ocean—prevented in all probability by the influence of the Protestants who inhabited the district of Virginia: and who saw with a jealous eye, the incomparably better understanding that existed between the Catholics and the Indians, than between themselves and the tribes around them. Add to this the troubles which arose the same year (1640) in England, and ended in the deposition and decapitation of Charles I, 1649. The incredible hatred which the dominant party of that kingdom entertained against the Catholics, and the umbrage which was taken by the factions, at any enterprise that could further the promotion of the Catholic religion, rendered it necessary for the emigrants to break off all communication with the Indians.

As long as Cromwell was in power, the Catholics of Maryland were cruelly harassed: Lord Baltimore was removed from the government, the Catholics were excluded from all offices of trust which they had held before, and the clergy were reduced to the necessity of exercising their functions in secret, and with great circumspection.

From this epoch, I cannot discover any steps taken to diffuse the knowledge of the Gospel among the Indians. Before the death of Cromwell, it is probable they removed into the interior to a very great distance, and in Maryland there were hardly clergymen enough to discharge duties towards the Catholics. The power and influence of the Protestants, supported by the English government, and favored by the colonies that surrounded them, had greatly increased; and the jealousy, formerly occasioned on the part of the Catholics by their correspondence with the Indians, was still alive.

After the restoration of Charles the Second, Maryland again flourished under the genial government of Lord Baltimore and his representatives. Pious establishments were formed, and the clergymen were scattered through the different sections of the province. They subsisted not on the contributions of the faithful, but on the products of the lands which they had obtained. But after the revolution which followed in England, the Catholics were again deprived of public offices, and of the exercise of their religion, contrary to the privileges granted in their charter. In consequence of this intolerance, Lord Baltimore would again have been stript of his authority, had he not unfortunately yielded to the times, and conformed to the Protestant religion. From this era, a tax was levied on all the colonists without distinction, for the support of the ministers of the Anglican Church. Many attempts were made to enforce the penal laws; and if they were not generally carried into execution, but only in certain places, and that, too, by intervals, it was, according to all appearances, less through a spirit of toleration, than through policy. The most distinguished families, impatient of the restrictions, and induced, perhaps, by the example of Lord Baltimore, forsook the Catholic Church. By this means, the Protestant party became strengthened: the seat of government was transferred from St. Mary's to Annapolis, where the Protestants were most numerous: and the Catholics, oppressed and persecuted, were reduced to poverty and contempt.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes several congregations existed in the province, with resident priests: and others, which were occasionally visited by the missionaries. But they were so removed and dispersed, that a great number of families could not assist at mass, and receive instructions, but once in a month; and though pains were taken by pious heads of families to instruct their children, it must have been done but imperfectly. Among the poor, many could not read, and those that could were without books, to procure which it was necessary to send to England: and the laws against printers and sellers of Catholic books were extremely rigorous. It is surprising that, notwithstanding all these difficulties, there were still so many Catholics in Maryland who were regular in their habits, and at peace with all their neighbors. The propriety of their conduct was a subject of edification to all, and long continued to be so. Near the residences of the clergy, and on the lands belonging to them, small chapels were built, but few elsewhere, so that it was necessary to say mass in private houses. The people contributed nothing towards the expenses of the clergy, who poor as they were, had to provide for their own support, for the decoration of the altars, and for their travels from place to place. They demanded nothing, as long as the produce of their lands could suffice for their maintenance. Towards the year 1730, Father Grayton, a Jesuit, (all the clergymen, it should be remarked, who labored in the colonies were Jesuits), went from Maryland to Philadelphia, and laid the foundation of the Catholic religion in that city. He resided there until the year 1750. Long before his death he built the chapel near the presbytery (St. Joseph's), and formed a numerous congregation, which has continued to increase to the present day. "I remember," said Archbishop Carroll, whose language we here use, "to have seen, in 1746, that venerable man at the head of his flock."

He was succeeded by Father Harding, whose memory is still in benediction in that city; and under whose auspices, and the untiring energies of whose zeal, the beautiful church of St. Mary's was erected. In the year 1741, two German Jesuits were sent to Pennsylvania, for the purpose of instructing the German emigrants who had settled in that province. These were Father Schneider, a Bavarian, and Father Wapeler, a Hollander, men full of zeal and prudence. The former was particularly gifted with a talent for business, and possessed, says the MS. before us, "consummate prudence and intrepid courage." The latter, after having labored eight years in America, during which he converted many, was in consequence of his bad health constrained to return to Europe. He was founder of the establishment now called Conewago. Father Schneider formed several congregations in Pennsylvania, built the church of Goshenhoppen, and propagated the Catholic religion around that country. Every month he visited the Germans who lived in Philadelphia, until the time when he judged it expedient to establish a resident priest in that city. The gentleman chosen to fill that post was the Rev. Father Farmer, a distinguished and highly respectable personage, who some years before had arrived in America, and had been stationed at Lancaster, where his life was truly apostolical. It was about the year 1760 that he took possession of his new appointment. "No one can be ignorant," remarks our MS., "of the labors which were undergone by this servant of God." His memory is in veneration among all who knew him, or have heard of his merit. He continued to be a model for all succeeding pastors, until his death, which occurred in 1786. In 1776 the American Independence was declared, and a revolution effected, not only in political affairs, but in those also relating to religion. For, while the thirteen provinces of North America rejected the yoke of England, they proclaimed, at the same time, freedom of conscience, and the right of worshipping the Almighty, according to the spirit of the religion to which each should belong. Before this great event, the Catholic faith had penetrated into two provinces only, viz. Maryland and Pennsylvania. In all others the laws against Catholics were in force. Any priest coming from foreign parts was subject to the penalty of death; all who professed the Catholic faith were not merely excluded from the offices of government, but could hardly be tolerated in private capacity. While this state of things continued, it is not surprising that but very few Catholics settled in these provinces: and they, for the most part, forsook their religion. Even in Maryland and Pennsylvania, as was before mentioned, the Catholics were oppressed; the missionaries were insufficient for the wants of those two provinces, and it was next to impossible to disseminate the faith beyond their boundaries. By the Declaration of Independence, every difficulty was removed: the Catholics were placed on a level with their fellow Christians, and every political disqualification was done away. Several reasons were assigned in the MS. for the immediate adoption of the article extending to all the members of the States an unqualified freedom of conscience.

1. The leading characters of the first Assembly, or Congress, were, through principle, opposed to every thing like vexation on the score of religion; and, as they were perfectly acquainted with the maxims of the Catholics, they saw the injustice of persecuting them for adhering to their doctrines.

2. The Catholics evinced a desire, not less ardent than that of the Protestants, to render the provinces independent of the mother country, and, it was manifest, that, if they joined the common cause, and, exposed themselves to the common danger, they should be entitled to a participation of the common blessings which crown their efforts.

3. France was negotiating an alliance with the United Provinces; and nothing could have retarded the progress of that alliance more effectually than the denomination of any ill will against the religion which France professed.

4. The aid, or at least the neutrality of Canada was judged necessary for the success of the enterprise of the provinces; and by placing the Catholics on a level with all other Christians, the Canadians, it was believed, could not be but favorably disposed towards the revolution.

It was not till after the war, that the good effects of freedom of conscience began to develope themselves. The priests were few in number, and almost superanuated. There was but little communication between the Catholics of America and their Bishop, the Vicar Apostolic of the district of London, on whose spiritual jurisdiction they were dependent. But whether he did not wish to have any relation to a people whom he regarded in the light of rebels: or whether it was owing, says our old MS., to the natural apathy of his disposition, it is certain that he had hardly any communication either with the priests or the laity, on this side of the Atlantic. Anteriorly to the declaration of Independence, he had appointed the Rev. Mr. Lewis (a Jesuit), his vicar; and it was this gentleman who governed the missions of America during the time that the bishop remained inactive. Shortly after the war, the clergy of Maryland and of Pennsylvania, convinced of the necessity of having a Superior on the spot, and knowing too that the United States were opposed to any jurisdiction in England, applied to the Holy See, to grant them the privilege of choosing a superior from their own body. The request was acceded to; and their unanimous suffrages centered in the Rev. John Carroll, whose election was approved by the Holy See, and on whom ample power, even that of administering confirmation, was immediately conferred. The number of Catholics at this period in Maryland, amounted to about sixteen thousand; the greater part of whom were dispersed through the country, and employed in agriculture. In Pennsylvania, there were about seven thousand, and in the other States, as far as it was possible to ascertain, there were about fifteen hundred. In this number, however, were not comprised the Canadians, or French, or their descendants, who inhabited the country to the West of Ohio, and the banks of the Mississippi. In Maryland the priests were nineteen in number; in Pennsylvania but five. Of these, five were worn out with infirmities and age, and the rest were advanced in years. None, except those in Baltimore and Philadelphia, subsisted on the contribution of their flocks. The MS. here ends; other documents, however, may be had, which will afford a continuation of this interesting subject.

Record of Events.

From July 20, to August 20, 1855.

I.—Foreign Affairs.

Letter from our Roman Correspondent.

Rome, *June* 21, 1855.

How true it is, that in every age the vocation of the Church is to struggle against the world, that of the Papacy to stand in opposition against the powers that be! And this has been exemplified almost incessantly by the Pontificate of Pius IX, alike when he was the object of an *exalté* homage, rebelled against and assailed by his temporal subjects, assisted by the armies of allied kings, and finally opposed, insulted in attacks against the prerogatives of the Church, by the ministers of those very governments which had combined to place him on the throne! Spain, Sardinia, and Naples, all, at this day, conspire more or less in declared hostility against the Holy See.

The newly appointed minister of Spain, Pacheco, has been able to effect nothing since his arrival in Rome, or advance one step towards securing the ratification of the sale of ecclesiastical property. His credentials, it is true, were accepted, and every honor was shown him, personally, at the Vatican; and at the entertainments frequently given at the Spanish Legation, several Cardinals have, in many instances, appeared. The cabinet of Madrid has lately attempted, but in vain, to dispose of the property of a college for Spanish ecclesiastical students, founded in the fourteenth century at Bologna, by the celebrated Cardinal Albornoz: according to the statutes of this college, the right of nomination to its presidentship belonged, in the absence of either a Spanish or Portuguese cardinal attached to the Roman Curia, to the Cardinal Titular of S. Sabina, now the Archbishop of Naples, (Prince Riazio Sforga.) The successor to the president lately deceased had been legitimately appointed by his Eminence, when the cabinet intruded a nominee, not of the nationality required, neither a Spaniard nor an ecclesiastic, but an emigrant from Lombardy, who had been involved in political affairs, in the interest of Espartero, at Madrid, and was sent to Bologna simply to carry out instructions for the sale of the property yielding a revenue of four thousand dollars a year, by which the Albornoz College had been supported. The president protested, and the Holy See has ratified the acts of opposition to this attempted injustice, which is now happily thwarted. With the Portuguese government the question of patronage due the churches of the Cisgangetic Indian peninsula, has been brought to the desired issue by the Holy See. The Archdiocese of Goa will be circumscribed to the Portuguese territories of India, namely, the ancient Goa (now almost deserted, and visited only by pilgrims to the shrine of the apostle of the Indies, who has there a sepulchre and temple of great magnificence) Pandyin, (or new Goa) Diu, Damao and Bardez, in all comprising 365,000 inhabitants, the sole remnant of that once illustrious Lusitanian kingdom, founded by Alfonso dē Albuquerque and amplified by Juan dē Castro. The bishopricks of Macas, in the Portuguese territory of China, of Cochin, Mallacca, and St. Thomas, (or Weliopor) will form a single ecclesiastical province under the jurisdiction of the Goa Metropolitan; and although the last three dioceses are in territory now pertaining to Great Britain, the crown of Portugal will, it is expected, continue to exercise its ancient right of patronage over them, the British ministry having declared its acquiescence in this arrangement, after negotiations set on foot by the Portuguese representative at London.

Affairs in the kingdom of Naples are far from satisfactory as concerns ecclesiastical interests. It is understood to be the desire of the Holy See to restrict the extraordinary jurisdiction claimed by the crown in virtue of concessions anciently made to the Norman kings of Sicily. A confidential mission was lately entrusted (according to the belief of well informed parties) to an official of the Vatican, with the object of inviting the king of Naples to an interview with the Pope at Parto d'Augis (where his Holiness lately spent a day at the marine villa purchased for him some years since.) Not only the differences between that government and the Jesuits, but the question of the rights of the Church to interpose in the directing of public education, and other subjects relating to ecclesiastical prerogative, were, as believed, those which the Pontiff desired personally to discuss with Ferdinand II, whose mind might probably have been influenced more efficiently by this than any other species of appeal. But the counsellors of that king dissuaded nim from accepting the frank and gracious invitation of the Supreme Pontiff. The *Civiltá Catholica* remains under ban in the Two Cicilies; the Jesuits in disfavor; canonical law thwarted by absurdly unsuitable pretensions from the civil power; and no meeting signalised the day past at Porto d'Augis by Pius IX. The terms of the Concordat with Austria, long occupying high ecclesiastical authorities here, have been finally agreed upon; the Archbishop of Vienna, who had prolonged his stay in Rome expressly to attend to this important transaction, and labored indefatigably for its accomplishment, has left within the last few weeks

The reduction of duties on importations, long expected here with anxiety, has lately been announced in the form of an edict from the Cardinal Secretary. From a very early epoch in its history the Papal Government has exerted itself for the advancement of agricultural improvement; and one of the last acts towards this object was the institution by Pius IX, in 1847, of a system of premiums on plantation, to extend over ten years. A lately issued notification from the minister of commerce and public works, has confirmed this system in application to the season of 1855–6. The premiums vary from $25 to $5, to be awarded for the planting of orange, lemon and olive trees, by the hundred: for that of poplars and mulberries, by the thousand. Chestnuts, elms, oaks, olive and almond trees are required to be of large dimensions, as determined in the ministerial notice. Apropos of this subject may be noticed a valuable, though brief publication on the statistics of the Roman Campagna lately brought out here, by a civil engineer named Pitorri. Interesting details are given in its pages, showing that the Pontiffs had scarcely acquired the temporal dominion over the city and its territories, than they directed their efforts to the repeopling and cultivating of the "*Agro Romano*," now desolated in consequence partly of barbarian invasions, partly of causes more remote in the circumstances of proprietorship under the empire; and, that from time to time in succeeding centuries, those efforts have been energetically renewed. It is argued that the *malaria* of this region proceeds not from causes inherent in the soil, but from deficiency of population and culture. Referring to the system of premiation above mentioned, this writer shows that, whilst many proprietors in other provinces have made good their claims to this bounty from government, only two have yet become entitled to it by planting on their estates within the Agro Romano. On this territory, at the present day, there exists three hundred and sixty-two estates, of which two hundred and thirty-six belong to seculars, (mostly the great aristocracy of Rome) and only one hundred and twenty-six to chapters, monasteries and institutions of beneficence, the entire extent covering so vast a surface as nine hundred and seventy-nine square miles. The scarcity of crops on this immense territory of flat or undulating plains, is to be attributed to the short-sighted selfishness of the great proprietors, who deem it for their interest to farm out these estates almost exclusively for pasterage, instead of cultivating them. Many years ago the harvests, in all the extent of the Campagna, yielded an average of sixty thousand rubbia (the measure of six hundred and forty pounds) of corn, and three thousand of maize or Indian corn—a quantity below one-third of that now annually consumed in Rome; yet, instead of meeting the demands of increasing population, agricultural activity has been declining since that period, so that the average of the Compagna harvest is now far less than in years long past.

Literature.—As to general literature, it cannot be denied that sterility prevails in Rome: publications in the imaginative walk, there are none, except occasional poetry, produced, in most cases, with more facility than thought in the melodious accents of Italy. But, in consistency with that character which has distinguished for ages the metropolis of the Popes, the literature of solid description that modern Rome still possesses, has a stamp of superiority, and a title to permanent endurance. One of these works of a high order, no doubt to take its place in the literature of Christianity forever, is now being prepared by the distinguished Oratorian, Theiner (a Prussian, long resident here), from whose pen have, within the last five years, appeared the lives of Clement XIV, of James II, of England, and a history of the attempts to introduce Protestantism into Italy. He is now laboriously dedicating himself to a great task—the history of the Church (in Latin), designed as a continuation of the Annals of Baronius. In order to secure the quiet desirable he resides principally, not at the convent, but at a villa belonging to the Oratorians at Monte Mario, a short distance from Rome. Pius IX has much interested himself in the undertaking, and desired that Father Theiner should have access to every source of information, to the archives of all public and monastic libraries here. The 2d volume of the history of the Greek Schism, by Pitzipios, has recently appeared: and we are promised a valuable edition to archæological records in a work, with plates, of the antique basilica of St. Alexander, recently excavated on the Nomentan Way. A new journal came into existence here last March, supplying a deficiency in periodical literature, called "L'Eptocordo," dedicated to belles lettres and criticism; another, aiming principally at the illustration of modern art in Italy, is presently to be started, permission being already obtained; and the German Bookseller, Spithover, who opened, last autumn, a reading room for journals of various languages (the third establishment of this description here), has the project of setting on foot another, a German periodical in Rome. The palaces and public buildings here were illuminated with fine effect last night, for the anniversary of the coronation of Pius IX, which occurs this day; and this morning his Holiness assisted at High Mass in the Sistine Chapel, celebrated by the first Cardinal Priest of his creation. All the public bodies presented addresses to the venerable Pontiff; to these, he replied, expressing his confidence, and in things his entire submission to the will of God.

A Sicilian abbot of much erudition, named Matranga, one of the writers engaged in the Vatican library, has discovered among those archives a yet inedited MS. record, apparently cotemporary, of the massacre of the Sicilian Vespers, written in early Italian, of quaint but generally correct style. This he has authority to publish, and entertains the idea of using as neuclus to a more developed history of that celebrated conspiracy of national vengeance, founded on an aggregate of original documents.

The execution of the assassin De Felici, who lately attempted the life of the Cardinal Secretary of State, took place on the 11th inst. at the early hour of three in the morning. While we regret the fate of this unhappy man, it is some consolation to know that he died with a penitential sigh upon his lips. Finding his doom inevitable, he consented to receive the services of the zealous chaplain of the prison. He prepared himself for the last and trying moments of life with fervor, shedding an abundance of tears.

Fetes in honor of the Immaculate Conception are still being celebrated, especially in the churches of the religious orders with undiminished fervor. The cholera has raged violently at Bologna and Arcona, but at the present time the Eternal City enjoys ex-excellent health. H. J. C.

Spain.—The news from Spain contains nothing to cheer and much to afflict the heart of every Catholic. This once noble country has fallen into the hands of unprincipled politicians and infidel philosophers. Under the auspices of these men, the direst calamities are being inflicted on the Spanish Monarchy. Trade, commerce, the arts of war, science and literature are all being neglected; the Church is persecuted, the religious orders suppressed, convents and ecclesiastical property confiscated and exposed to public sale. At present it is imposible to divine when this unhappy state of things will terminate. Several of the bishops and many of the clergy have been separated from their flocks and treated with every injustice upon the most trivial offences. Under present circumstances, the Holy Father has deemed it his duty to recall his representative from the court of Madrid. The condition of the country has been for some time unsettled. The spirit of revolt has manifested itself in several sections, especially at Barcelona. The government had decreed a forced loan of 230,000,000 reals.

France.—The political news of the country presents nothing striking for the past few weeks. The government loan, circumstances considered, is one of the greatest financial operations of modern times, and demonstrates anew the great statesman-like abilities of Napoleon, and his popularity with the people. The total amount subscribed within ten days amounted to no less than three milliards and six hundred millions of francs, or *one hundred and forty-four millions pound sterling*, or about seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars in Federal currency—about ten-fold more than the government asked. No less than 310,000 persons participated in the subscription, and about a third of the loan actually required was subscribed in small sums of fifty francs rente, or a capital not exceeding £50.—The expected visit of the Queen of England to the Emperor of France, was the engrossing subject at Paris, and extraordinary preparations were making for her reception. At the Hotel de Ville measures were being made for an extensive illumination in gas, and the court-yard of Louis XIV was receiving new decorations. The apartments of the Tuilleries were filled with workmen, who were engaged in fitting them up most splendidly. The palace of St. Cloud is already prepared for the reception of its illustrious guest. In the palace of Versailles, the theatre, which is decorated in the style of Louis XIV, was being provided with chandeliers, carpets, &c. In the Champ de Mars a grand review is to take place. Orders have been given for the battalions of the National Guard of Paris to hold themselves in readiness to line the streets on the day of the arrival of the Queen of England. A triumphal arch is being erected in front of the terminus of the Strasburg Railway, in honor of the visit of the Queen. Workmen were also employed on the roof of the Hotel of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the Quai d'Orsay, in making preparation for a splendid illumination.

The Pilgrims of the Belgic-French Caravan to the Holy Land have addressed to the Emperor a feeling letter, earnestly protesting against the usurpation of the holy places in Palestine by the Greek schismatics. From the letter we take the following extracts:

> "Sire—When right is oppressed upon the earth, it reascends towards God, who is its source, to implore an efficacious protection, and God replies to its appeal by pointing out to it the providential men charged to second His designs.
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> "Our rightful grief shall be told to you in a few words, Sire. Prayer is loaded with chains in the Holy City, and with it the Catholic world is enslaved; and, in effect, if each part of the Catholic world sends representatives of its faith to the altars which, notwithstanding that Catholicity possessed them first, usurpation opposed to their pious progress a barrier of brass:
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> "Who will believe it?—in the very place where the cross was erected, usurpation says to the representative *par excellence* of the universal faith, in Jerusalem, to the generous patriarch, to the martyr of Beit Djallah:—'Thou shalt not ascend to the altar of the universal expiation.'
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> "This is not all, Sire. The very day in which the whole world in mourning weeps at the foot of the cross, or at least preserve a respectful silence before the memento of that solemn expiation, in Jerusalem, under the patronage of a shameless schism, is given the signal of those strange scenes which inscribe the ceremonies of the *sacred fire* in the annals of a phrenzied paganism.
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> "At Bethlehem, Sire, the sweetest memorials of the Christian faith recoil in the presence of this slavery. Catholicism has not the right to offer up the Holy Sacrifice there where sparkles the inscription which has been at length yielded to it as an irrefragable testimony of its first and rightful possession. 'Here Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.' Catholicism cannot upon that altar renew the Eucharistic birth of Jesus Christ, and even on the altar of the Magi, which belongs to it, it can say only two Masses; the third is menaced with the baton. . . . .
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> "Sire, this cry of anguish from the Catholic prilgrims may reach you perhaps amidst the tumult of battles; but it will not be the less heard: it is the cry of justice and the lamentation of the Catholic faith."

Among the many splendid churches now being built or undergoing repairs in Paris, is that of St. Clotilda, on the banks of the Seine. It was commenced in 1846, and is now nearly completed. Its two lofty spires can be seen from all the elevated points of the city. The architectural decorations are of the richest kind; and it is ornamented with fourteen sculptured bas reliefs, representing the stations of the cross. The facade is adorned with the statues of the saints, and the whole is to be finished in a manner worthy of the piety and skill of France.

The acts of the Council of Bordeaux held at La Rochelle in July, 1853, have just been published. A Synodal Letter of the Fathers of the Council announces and accompanies this publication. This document dwells upon the obedience due to the Holy See, upon the duty of the clergy to preach, and of the Faithful to hear, the Word of God, upon the sanctification of the Sabbath, upon the advantages of special missions, &c. It also speaks of the steps taken to advance the education of ecclesiastical students.

The Countess of Cordoue has bestowed a sum of twelve thousand francs on the commune of Rouvres, on condition of maintaining, in perpetuity, in a convenient residence in the principal place of the commune, two Sisters of Charity, one of whom should attend to the instruction of young girls, and the other visit the indigent sick at their houses.

It is proposed to hold in Paris, in connection with the Exhibition, what is termed an "International Re-union of Charity." The object is said to be statistical or expository. In addition to the representations of French charities, M. l'Abbe Huc will contribute a memoir on the Charitable Institutions of China; M. Bettencourt on those of the Holy Land; and men noted for their experience in philanthropic enterprise, such as Mr. Matthew Hill and Mr. Sydney Turner, have received an urgent request to attend.

England.—The second Provincial Council of Westminster, was opened on the 11th ultimo, at St. Mary's College, Oscott. His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman presided, and the Bishop of Birmingham preached the opening sermon, in which he paid an eloquent tribute to the illustrious Cardinal. The Rev. Dr. Talbot was present at the council, but left immediately after its conclusion, on his return to Rome. At Shiffnal, near Madeley, on the estate of Lord Stafford, a brutal riot occured on the 30th of June. The Catholic inhabitants of the place are about three hundred, mostly Irish. For some imaginary provocation they were assailed by an English mob, which rivaled in deeds of atrocity some of the riots which have disgraced our own country. *The Tablet* thus describes the scene:

"In a few minutes after a crowd of English savages banded themselves together, clearly for the work of rapine and blood, but only at the expense of the poor Irish. They tore up the paving stones and poured volleys of them in through the windows of the Irish houses. They smashed in the doors—took the chairs, tables, and culinary apparatus out in the streets, and broke them to pieces. Full fifteen houses have been treated in this villianous way.

"In one of these houses was a poor woman, who had been confined to her bed by sickness, and so terrified was she at the approach of these monsters, that she thrust herself, with her infant in her arms, through a small window, and hid herself during the night under the vegetable leaves in the garden.

"Another poor fellow, when he felt the boards of the floor going from under his bed, burst a hole through the roof of the house, and had barely time to get off with his life! In another they pulled a poor married woman out half naked; they took her shivering baby out of her arms, and threatened to cut it to pieces. Aye, even to violate her own person! They gathered up the blankets and set fire to them, and did all they could to set fire to one house—they threw a shovel of fire on the thatch (I believe it was the only thatched house amongst the attacked); they held a blazing piece of linen up to it. During all this time not a policeman was to be seen! and the poor people say that the cry of the rabble as the went along was, "the policeman told us to come."

"Not a single Irishman resisted in any way whatever these most atrocious, insulting attacks: they lasted from midnight until about three o'clock in the morning."

Ireland.—The Jesuit Fathers lately held a mission in Kilkee. A correspondent of the ***Dublin Tablet*** speaking of the labors of these zealous ecclesiastics, says: "Animated with the holy zeal of a Loyola and a Claver, the Jesuit Fathers have been messengers of great joy to the people of Kilkee, and have infused into their souls the pious ardor of their own. Nor do they labor in vain. Day after day we have seen a continually increasing congregation. Day after day we have seen the confessionals thronged and the communion rails crowded with those who hungered after the bread of life. Day after day have we witnessed the indefatigable exertions of the missionaries and the priests who have come in from all the neighboring parishes to join in the good work; and never have the deep religious feelings of the Irish peasant been more extensively excited, never has their love for the Immaculate Virgin, and their childlike simplicity and faith been more fully displayed than during this present mission. Three times a day—at morning, noon, and sundown—the missionaries explain to the people the saving truths of our holy religion, and exhort them to the practical observance thereof. All the sweet and captivating influences of Catholicity are used to attract the people, to excite their devotion, to elevate and purify their souls."

Father Matthew.—This distinguished apostle of temperance was shortly expected to arrive in Liverpool on his way to Ireland. His health was much improved.

Emigration.—The emigration from Ireland to the United States is being gradually diminished. The number that left Ireland for the United States, British America, and Australia, in the year 1853, was 192,609; whereas the number that left Ireland in the year 1854 did not exceed 150,209. Of these, 111,095 emigrated to the United States, 22,909 to British America, and 16,202 to Australia. In 1853 the amount of money sent home by Irish emigrants to their relatives in Ireland, for payment of passages as well as for various other purposes, was £1,439,000; but in 1854 that amount, vast and wonderful as it was, far exceeded, it having reached to £1,730,000, or nearly £300,000 over what it was the previous year.

Smith O'Brien.—No answer to the memorial lately presented to the government in favor of the return to Ireland of this gentleman has yet been received. This delay is interpreted by many as favorable to the petition; as it is scarcely possible that the government would keep his friends and family so long in suspense, and then disappoint them.

The Catholic University.—The first public examination of the Catholic University of Ireland was held on the 16th and 17th of July. The examination took place in the presence of the Rector, Professors of the Institution, and a large number of distinguished personages. The candidates were ten in number, and if successful, will be styled *students*, a step preparatory to obtaining degrees in the end of the academical course. Seven prizes of five guineas each have been offered by the University to competition on the following subjects:

1. A comparison, in English, of the respective views of a country life entertained by Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, and Cicero, or any of them.
2. Translation into English verse of Virg. Æn. vi, 703. "Interea videt" to "velle reverti."
3. A series of original examples from Greek writers, in illustration of the rules contained in Wordsworth's Græca Grammaticæ Rudimenta, §§ 130–133, edit. 1853.
4. Narrative in Latin prose of the death of Alexander the Great.
5. Account, in English, of the conversion of Ireland to the Christian Faith.
6. Knowledge of McLaurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries.
7. Knowledge of Conic Sections; geometrically investigated, *vid. e.g.* 2d volume of Davies' Hutton.

All-Hallows College.—The students and directors of this institution some time since addressed a letter of congratulation to the Holy Father on his escape at the time of the accident at the Convent of St. Agnes, near Rome. The letter was gratefully received by the venerable Pontiff, and elicited from him the following reply:

To our Beloved Children, Barth, Woodlock, Rector, the Professors, and the other Priests, and Students of the College of All-Hallows, Dublin, Pius IX, *Pope.*

Beloved Children, Health and the Apostolic Benediction.—A letter has been handed us replete with sentiments of devotion towards ourselves personally, as also of piety and religious reverence, in which are set forth the great joy and gladness you did all experience, for as much as we have been preserved unhurt amidst the ruins of the floor which so suddenly fell from beneath us, the ardent attachment and affection of the college for your own prelate—who had so many claims upon your gratitude—as also feelings of brotherly love towards the students of the Propaganda, are fully evinced by the same letter, they, together with ourselves, having been placed in the same imminent danger to their lives upon the 12th day of last April.

Having therefore manifold cause, as well for public as for private rejoicing, you resolved—and indeed most meetly—that a solemn thanksgiving should be offered up to God upon the festival of that saint, who, with his own blood has consecrated the first fruits of the martyrs of our congregation of the Propaganda. The discharge of a duty so worthy of your relation to it and of your piety, deserves the greatest praise from us, who are fully persuaded that so great a manifestation of the divine mercy is entirely to be attributed to the patronage of our Blessed Lady, conceived without sin—seeing that not even one perished on an occasion of such peril. Hence, my beloved children, with grateful and devout minds continue to renew the remembrance of this favor, and let it serve as an incentive to your piety. Do not cease to venerate and honor, with ever increasing fervor, the most merciful mother of God, to the end she may increase your vigor and quicken your alacrity for the furtherance of the kingdom and glory of her Son in all places. Recommend to her with earnest prayers, both us and the entire Church, that in times so hostile and so wicked we may be every day more safe in her holy keeping. Receive, now, as a token of that love wherewith we cherish you in our Lord, and as a pledge of all celestial blessings, the Apostolical Benediction, which with all the outpourings of an affectionate heart, we most lovingly impart to you all.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 16th day of June, in the year 1855, being the ninth of our Pontificate. PIUS IX, Pope.

The prospect of the crops of Ireland is generally good.

Prussia.—The *Volkshalle*, a Catholic paper published in Cologne, has been suppressed by order of the government. The *Volkshalle* gave offence to the king by the publication of certain anti-Russian articles. It seems that his Majesty, who is a strenuous follower of Luther, will not permit a Catholic journal to express its abhorrence of the schismatic persecutors of the nuns and the spoliators of the monasteries. We are not surprised at this, as the same monarch a short time since prohibited the Catholic associations of Germany from holding a meeting for religious purposes in Cologne.

The Crimea.—Nothing of particular interest has taken place at the seat of war during the last month. The latest arrivals, however, bring the intelligence that the bombardment of the city had been commenced.

The East.—*The Progress of Religion.*—A correspondent of the *Univers* gives an interesting description of this first procession of modern times round some of the most sacred of the holy places of the Holy Land. The great change which has preceded so marked a demonstration of the rites of Christianity seems to be mainly traceable to the government of Ibrahim Pasha. The fanaticism of Mussulman hatred and defiance was greatly broken down from the date of his rule in these countries; now for some years, and even in Jerusalem, ecclesiastical chants and the cross publicly accompany the mortal remains of Christians to the cemeteries of the different rites, all on Mount Sion, *extra muros.*

The funeral *cortege* follows the streets in the interior of the city, and passes out to Mount Sion by the gate of David. The Latins set the example—the Greeks and Armenians followed it. Moreover, in the great Catholic solemnities the cross is carried through the streets before the Latin Patriarch, when that Prelate proceeds with his Clergy to the Church of St. Saviour. On a recent occasion the standard of redemption was carried in triumph between two files of Turkish soldiers, through streets and quarters which had never witnessed it since the ill-omened day on which the Latin kingdom, shaken by internal divisions, fell beneath the blows of Saladin. Last Christmas Bethlehem had the joy of seeing the Latin Patriarch and his Clergy, clothed in their sacred ornaments, go in procession from the square of that city of David, and make a solemn entry into the Church of St. Mary.

This religious display gave umbrage only to the Greeks, who submitted only because they could not help themselves. On the 24th of May last Mgr. Valerga performed the beautiful and imposing ceremony of laying the first stone of the Church of Beit Dijallah; a lasting testimony of the salutary influence ever exercised in the Holy Land by the France of Charlemagne and St. Louis. It is evident that if Catholicism has trials awaiting it at Jerusalem, it will be from the side of the schismatics rather than the Mahomedans, whose hatred daily loses its force.

For the first time the procession of the Corpus Dei was solemnly celebrated in public at Nazareth this year. The Fathers of the Holy Land and the four French "Religieuses," called Dames de Nazareth, with their Chaplain, had made arrangements for giving greater solemnity to the festival. The procession left the Church of the Annunciation and crossed two inner courts before deploying on the public square, in the midst of an attentive crowd, not of Latins alone, Maronites and United Greeks, but even of schismatics and astonished Turks. The procession crossed the public square and proceeded to the chapel of the house of the French "Religieuses," and returned to the sanctuary of the Incarnation. The Celebrant and the Clergy descended to the the crypt and placed the Blessed Sacrament on the altar raised at a distance of two metres from the supposed spot on which the Blessed Virgin received the Angel sent from heaven to announce to her that she was to become the Mother of God.

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell dedicated on the 17th ultimo a handsome church in Ironton, under the patronage of St. Lawrence, and at the same time administered the sacrament of confirmation to fifty-five persons. The erection of this church is another monument of the zeal of the worthy pastor, the Rev. Father Gilmour, and to the liberality of the Catholics of the town and vicinity, who have of late greatly increased. On the following day the same Most Rev. Prelate confirmed fifty-one persons at St. Mary's, Lawrence county, about seven miles from Ironton. Attached to this church, there is a fine school, which is well attended. The church is attended by the Rev. Father Rauch. The Archbishop also confirmed thirty-four persons at the church near Wilksville, twenty-nine at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Pomeroy, and fifty-one at the Church of St. James, near Mount Airy. Among those confirmed at the Church of the Sacred Heart, several were converts.

2. *Diocese of Boston.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, from the 15th of July to the 12th inst., administered the Holy Sacrament of confirmation to *fifteen hundred and seventy-two persons.* At Lowell alone five hundred and twenty-one were confirmed. These facts give unmistaken evidence of the increase of Catholicity even in that land of bigotry and intolerance, and proclaims in trumpet tones the unceasing energy of the Bishop, the zeal of the clergy, the willing co-operation of parents, and the fervor and piety of the children. At Marlbora, a new church was dedicated under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception.

3. *Archdiocese of New York.*

Conversions.—The Rev. William Markoe, together with Mrs. Markoe and family, were received into the Catholic Church on the festival of St. Alphonsus, August 2d, by the Rev. Mr. Everett, in St. Anne's Church, New York.

Mr. M. was for several years a much esteemed clergyman of the Episcopal denomination, officiating in Delafield, Wisconsin, under Dr. Kemper, the Protestant Bishop, and was educated at the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in New York.

Within a few weeks past, in the State of New York, three ministers, Messrs. Wheaton, Whitcher and Markoe, have been received into the Catholic Church.

4. *Diocese of Brooklyn.*

Dedication.—A new church, situated on the corner of Van Brunt and Ewen streets, Red Hood Point, was dedicated on Sunday by the Right Rev. Bishop Loughlin, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, with the usual solemn and impressive ceremonies. The church is under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Farrell. The Rt. Rev. Prelate preached on the occasion.

5. *Diocese of Detroit.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Lefevre administered the Holy Sacrament of confirmation to sixty-six persons on Sunday the 5th inst., at the Church of the Holy Cross, Newport, St. Clair county; and the Sunday following, the same Prelate confirmed one hundred and ninety-six, mostly children, at the Church of St. Paul, near New Baltimore, which is situated on the shores of Lake St. Clair. The Bishop addressed those who were confirmed in an appropriate and eloquent discourse.

Obituary.—Scarcely a week passes that does not bring the sad intelligence of the death of some of our clergy or religious, who have become martyrs to the cause of charity and suffering humanity. On the 9th inst. the Rev. Father Plantaz, of the Society of Jesus, fell a victim to the yellow fever at St. Louis, and on the 17th ult. Sister Rose, attached to St. Philomena's Asylum in the same city; and Sister Serena, superioress of that institution, both died of the cholera. Sister Rose was only a few months from Emmitsburg. May they rest in peace.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

Election Riots.—Would to heaven that we could only tear from the future history of our country the page that will record the events of the late election at Louisville, or obliterate the remembrance of deeds that can scarcely find a parallel amidst the most atrocious scenes of blood that distinguished the reign of Robespierre. Henceforth, when the American moralist seeks to illustrate the depravity of man and atrocity of his nature, he will not be compelled to go abroad for examples, he will not be forced to direct us to the scenes of horror perpetrated upon the soil of *La Belle France*, during the darkest period of her history, he need but turn with blushing countenance to the banks of the Ohio. It is not, however, our purpose in this connection to moralize on these events, we will simply subjoin a truthful narrative of the transactions by one who was a witness to the revolting scenes.

The editor of the Louisville Courier, after stating that there was no unusual degree of disorder in any of the wards except the sixth, says:

> "Indeed there was but little opportunity for fighting, as the poles in every ward had been taken possession of by Know-Nothings, and though, with the exception of the Sixth, they used no violence to hinder any one in the exercise of the right of suffrage, they did that which was worse. Every possible obstruction was thrown in the way of those voting who were not recognised as Know-Nothings. *Large crowds were stationed at the entrance to shove back Preston voters, while side and back doors were provided for Marshall men. In this way, unusual facilities were extended to the American party, being in itself an outrageous course of action, with full complicity in which, we charge the Know-Nothing officers of the election.*
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> "In the Sixth ward, one of the most quiet and respectable in the city, foreigners were driven from the polls and then beaten for presuming to do that which the Constitution grants them. About the court house there were stationed during the day a party of worthless bullies, who disgraced the city by their demoniac yells and acts of ruffianism.
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> "The first severe fighting occurred near the corner of Shelby and Green streets, about 11 o'clock in the morning. In this Germans, Irish and Americans actively participated. The foreigners were worsted, and several of them, taking refuge in a house, had to escape the rear way with broken bones and bruised bodies. This partly subsiding, a German is reported to have fired his gun at a carriage in which a lady and gentleman were riding. Another man was also shot while driving along in his buggy.
>
> "Intelligence was soon communicated to the Lafayette and Kentucky engine houses, and instantly a force was armed and marching towards the scene of the reputed outrages. Going up to Shelby street, this body of men and boys became wild with excitement, and when they reached Green street were panting for blood. Here it was that while the preliminaries of battle were being arranged the Americans received a volley of shot and then the engagement followed. In this first shot officer Williams was peppered with small shot; Joe Selvage received ten shots; Frank Stout was shot slightly

in the arm and side; William Richards received a charge of small shot indiscriminately over his body; Vard. Morris was slightly injured, and William Atkinson received several bad wounds. In the same melee Mr. Ether was wounded by a ball that crushed the bones in one of his legs, rendering amputation necessary for the safety of his life. Having dispersed the Germans, the mob immediately went to work demolishing the corner coffee house, kept by Chris. Mein. The windows and doors were broken in, the counters and shelving demolished, the furniture smashed up, and the inmates forced to flee. In a short time this army of vandals, receiving constant armed accessions from all quarters of the city, as the news was spread, took up its march, stopping next at Conrad Kitzler's, corner of Walnut and Shelby, who was sitting in his house quietly enjoying his pipe and beer. His neighborhood had not previously been the scene of any disorder, and he had particularly abstained from going on the street during the day. No attention, however, was paid to Mr. Kitzler's good behavior. The property for which he had laboriously worked, was nearly demolished, his furniture cut in pieces, and the lives of himself and family threatened.

"Having finished the work of destruction at poor Kitzler's, the mad mob rushed further out Shelby street, and had nearly reached the Catholic church, which they proposed sacking and burning, when Mayor Barbee appeared in the crowd. His efforts at pacification were for some time fruitless, but at last he gained the multitude's attention, went and examined the church, reported "no powder found," and then having assured them that they had won the election, ordered them, under the command of Captain Rousseau, to return to their respective wards. With much trouble Capt. R. marshalled the large force and countermarched to the Lafayette engine house, the rioters as they returned, knocking down signs and breaking windows.

"Peace was but partially restored in that section when a cannon, fully manned for action, followed by fifty men, armed with muskets and bayonets, came up the street at a furious rate. This party, under the command of Captain D. C. Stone, proceeded up Main street, crossed over to the head of Jefferson and burned and destroyed a number of dwellings and stores belonging to German inhabitants in that vicinity.

"While the mob was at its highest pitch of excitement, engaged in this work of destruction, the most painful sights were witnessed. Poor women were fleeing with their children, and little mementoes of home that were brought from the fatherland; men were cowering before the mad multitude, and hiding themselves wherever opportunity offered, while most painful of all sights, the stars and stripes waved at the head of sacrilegious mobites. Visiting yesterday the scene of these outrages, we were sickened at the ruin that had been wrought, the houses devastated, furniture broken and burned, and the poor inhabitants gathered about the remnants of their property, terrified at every sound lest it might be the signal of another attack. Whatever may have been the provocation of any one man in any one house, there can be no excuse, no palliation for the indiscriminate burning and plundering of houses in nowise connected with the property of the *said to-be* aggressing parties.

"A German, named John Vogt, residing on Clay street near Madison, was shot and killed. His wife was cut across the breast and her young child injured. A German named Keiser, living on Marshall street, was killed. Walter Murphy, an Irishman, was chased by a large party and shot on Monday evening near Owsey's, Kinnard & Co's pork house. He died yesterday morning, having previously stated that James Genet was his murderer. A man, while conversing with some ladies on Green street, received a shot just below the chin. John Feller, a German, was stabbed seven times in the fight on the corner of Shelby and Marshall; and Hein, a German ropemaker, while walking along the street, was attacked by a crowd and terribly beaten.

"Late in the afternoon, in the sixth ward, an Irishman was peaceably walking along the pavement in front of the court house, when he was assaulted by a gang of men standing by. He attempted to escape, but was pursued by some thirty men who had concealed on their persons short sticks, with one end loaded with lead. He was knocked down and brutally beaten, and one man actually thrust a large pitch fork into his person. He was then taken up and dragged to jail, the man marching along with the pitch fork on his shoulder, blood running from its prongs. While the victim was placed in jail, the attempted murderers were permitted to go undisturbed in search of other subjects.

"In the lower part of the city the difficulties originated near the corner of Chapel and Main streets. About five o'clock a man named Rhoads pursued an Irishman into a house on Main street, was fired at and killed. John Hudson, residing on Green street, near the corner of Preston, was shot in the eighth ward, about the same time. William Graham, a foundryman, while assisting Rhoads, was shot in the back of the head by Barrett, an Irishman. Barrett was immediately seized, shot and hung, but, not dying, he was taken to jail, where he expired during the night.

"About eight o'clock, the block of brick buildings on the corner of Main and Eleventh streets were surrounded by a very large, excited, and well armed mob. The cannon was stationed in the streets, and the corner building occupied as a grocery store by

Mr. Long, an Irishman, was fired. His three sons were in the house at the time, one of whom escaped with the assistance of C. W. Field, while the other two perished in the flames. The fire immediately extended, burning the adjoining three story brick house, occupied by D. Riordan, an Irishman, as a feed store. A frame building occupied as a boarding house by Charles Kyan was next consumed. Two vacant houses then caught and were burned. Next came a brick, occupied by McKinney, a cigar maker. Adjoining was a brick building, in which Patrick Flynn lived, also tenanted in part by Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. McFinty and Mrs. Dowd. The house next was occupied by Dennis O'Brien, Mrs. Hanery and Mrs. McGrath. Farther up the street two brick stores, one used by John McDonald, grocer, was nearly demolished. On Eleventh street the fire destroyed two houses occupied by Dennis Higgings, James Welsh and Mrs. Monohan. All the above twelve houses were the property of Patrick Quinn, brother of the late Rev. Mr. Quinn, a Catholic clergyman. Mr. Q. had a room in one of his houses, was shot and beaten and then consumed in the flames. On the opposite side of Main, two houses occupied by John Fitzgerald and Mrs. Trainer were burned.

"The acts of incendiarism that we have just recorded, while outrages in themselves, do not compare in atrocity with the dreadful murders that were committed at the same time. Seeking to escape death from the flames, the wretched inhabitants reached the street only to seek death in another form. As soon as one appeared at the door he was fired at and generally killed. A number were taken off badly wounded, and others, shot to pieces, returned to the burning houses, preferring rather to be burned than to meet the infuriated mob. One man escaped in woman's clothes, was detected and shot. Another, who came out covered with a blanket, and leaning upon the arm of his wife, was torn away and deliberately shot. To escape from within to the street without being killed was almost a matter of impossibility. How many of these miserable people, thus caged in their own houses, were burned alive, there can be no computation. The blackened and charred remains of some have been discovered, while we hear of wives and children, whose husbands and fathers are not to be found."

A few days after the election, the following card was published by Bishop SPALDING, which will sufficiently explain itself:

"*Fellow Citizens.*—In the Louisville Journal of this morning I find the following passage: 'We are now not prepared to say that they (assaults committed by foreigners) * * * * were instigated by direct instructions of men of fiendish hearts who control in a great measure the passion, and are able to dictate actions to the German and Irish, who made these attacks.'

"If—as some have understood it—this passage was meant to refer to the Catholic Bishop and Priests of this city, I beg respectfully, but most distinctly and earnestly to deny the truth of the injurious insinuation conveyed by this language. I have myself been until the last day or two, confined to my room for two weeks by illness, and I have the most positive information that none of the Catholic clergy of this city have had any agency, direct or indirect, in bringing about the recently lamentable outrages, which no one deplores more than we do. Our voice has been uniformly for peace. We have not even in any way interfered in the late election, being overwhelmed with laborious duties in a different sphere altogether. I venture also to appeal to the sense of justice and fairness manifested for so many years by the editor of the Journal and to ask him to correct this impression so injurious to us, if such was the meaning of the passage—which I would be loath to believe.

"To all whom the influence of my voice can in any way reach, I beg to say that I entreat them, in the name of Jesus Christ, the God of Peace, to abstain from all violence, to remain quietly at home or attending to their business, to keep away from all excited assemblies, and if they think they have been injured, to return good for evil, and to pray for those who have wronged them. I appeal to them and to the world whether this has not been always the tenor of my instructions to them, both public and private, and also that of all the Catholic clergy.

"I have too high an opinion of my fellow-citizens of every class to believe for a moment that the threats which have been made by some will be carried out. I entreat all to pause and reflect, to commit no violence which they would regret in their cooler moments, to believe no idle rumors, and to cultivate that peace and love which are the characteristics of the religion of Christ. We are to remain on earth but a few years; let us not add to the necessary ills of life those more awful ones of civil feuds and bloody strife. M. J. SPALDING."

The election, as might have been expected, resulted in the success of the American ticket; but it is a triumph of blood. The elections in Alabama and North Carolina have resulted in the triumph of the Democratic party and in the discomfiture of the Know-Nothings.

THE
Metropolitan.

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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—ITS IMPORTANCE AND ADVANTAGES.

It is not our design in the following pages to enter into the discussion of the importance of education in a general sense; neither is it our intention to utter a single word against any particular system now prevalent in the land. We propose simply to offer to Catholic parents a few reflections on a subject which vitally concerns their own household, namely—the religious instruction of their children. When we consider the noble zeal and energy which have heretofore marked the conduct of the Catholics of this country in the cause of education; when we reflect on the many sacrifices to which they have subjected themselves in establishing and maintaining their own schools, it would seem almost entirely unnecessary to say a single word to them on a subject in which they have already manifested so deep an interest. Nevertheless, there may be those who have not appreciated as thoroughly as they should, the importance of giving their children a religious education, and if such there be, to them our remarks may not prove wholly unproductive of fruit. And as the sound of the bugle heard on the battle field nerves the arms and inspires the souls of the combattants to renewed deeds of valor, so also the task we have assumed may serve to awaken new energy in the minds of those who have lent their aid and their influence in favor of Catholic education, and to inspire them to make still further and greater exertions in a cause so worthy of their generous efforts.

Education is usually classed under two heads, namely, *religious* and *secular.* Religious education or instruction is that which tends to enlighten the mind and regulate our conduct in reference to a higher state of being; from it we derive a knowledge of God, and of his infinite perfections; that to attain the abode of endless bliss, we must perform certain duties in this life; and that God has revealed to us certain truths and imposed upon us certain obligations—this is purely religious education. Secular education is that which imparts a knowledge of objects, which relates to the world in which we live. We shall, therefore, consider these subdivisions of education in their relation to each other, and in their relation to man.

That we may clearly understand the importance of a religious education, we have only to inquire the object of man's sojourn on earth. Why was he placed in this world? Was it to enjoy pleasure; to eat and drink and pass away like the brute creation? Was it to debase his noble form and the far more nobler qualities of his soul, by the indulgence of his passions? Was it to amass wealth and to acquire a name that should live after him, when his remains shall have mouldered in the tomb? Vain speculations! Man was destined for a nobler end. His perishable frame arose from the dust of the earth, to dust it will descend, but his immortal spirit emanated from God, and to God it must return. This earth is but the passage to eternity. Mankind are pressing forward in rapid succession to that land from which no traveller returns. God has created us for heaven; he has promised us a crown of unfading glory in his own kingdom, as the reward of our fidelity in his service during our progress through this land of probation; he has permitted us to enjoy the fruit and gather the flowers of the garden through which we are journeying, and as we fold our garments to commence our pilgrimage, we hear his paternal voice admonishing us, lest we should forget our destiny: *Seek first the kingdom of heaven!*

To obtain heaven then, is man's first and great object on earth. To serve God and save his immortal soul is paramount to every other duty. If, therefore, the affair of salvation be first in the decalogue of man's earthly duties, what are his obligations to those around him? What are the obligations of the parent to his children? To this important inquiry we reply, that his first, his great and most imperative duty is early to impress upon their tender minds those sublime lessons, which relate to heaven and to God. That the first duty of the parent is to take his children, while their hearts are pure and undefiled, to the altar and dedicate them to the service of God and religion; to instill into their hearts the principles of their holy faith; to watch over them with ceaseless vigilance, and guard them against every contaminating influence that might endanger that sacred deposit: in a word, that it is his duty to give them a *religious education.* This is first; secular knowledge is of secondary importance. In vain will we have taught our children; in vain will they have learned the last problem of earthly science; in vain will they have explored the depths of the earth, or scanned the heights of heaven, if they have neglected the science of salvation. In vain will parents have lived, if they have neglected to impress upon the minds of their children the love, the reverence, and the fear of God. It will not therefore be considered a superfluous task, if we dwell for a few moments on the importance of religious instruction.

If ever there were a period in the history of our country when we ought to invoke the aid of religion with more than usual fervor, that period is the present. Look abroad upon the community and behold the deplorable state of morals by which we are surrounded. Impiety, immorality, infidelity, and an open contempt for God and religion, stalk forth even at noon-day. We see these marks of the evident decay of the moral principle, in the countenance, in the conduct, and in the dress, and hear them in the language of the thoughtless multitudes, that crowd our public thoroughfares. They enter with bold front the halls of Justice: they contaminate the sanctity of the jury-box, and are even proclaimed as virtues by some who style themselves ministers of God. Secret societies, the scourge of nations, like an ingenious net-work, overspread the land, diffusing everywhere the venom of their pernicious principles and poisoning the very atmosphere in which we live.

How, we ask, shall the faith and morals of Catholic youth be preserved amidst these countless seductions? How shall they avoid the snares which are laid to beguile them, to corrupt their innocence, to seduce them from the path of virtue, and to lead them into the labyrinth of crime? Oh! Catholic parents, would you learn the antidote to all these evils—seek it in the religious education of your children. If you wish them to be virtuous, you must sow deeply in their youthful minds the seeds of virtue. If you wish to see them useful members of society, an honor to their religion and a source of consolation to you in your declining years, early instruct them in the principles and obligations of their holy faith.

Parents being once convinced of the importance and of the imperative obligation resting on them, relative to the religious education of their children, may anxiously inquire, how they shall enter upon the discharge of this sacred duty, that their efforts may be crowned with success. To this inquiry, we answer—begin at home. In the family circle, the religious instruction of your children must be commenced; in the school-room it must be continued and completed. The first lessons of religious truth should be taught to children while yet they cling fondly to the parent's bosom. The mother is by nature their first teacher, having in her voice, her looks, and even in her fondest caresses, a holy power to mould to virtue the minds of her tender offspring. It is then beneath the parental roof, that the work of religious instruction must commence, if we hope to see its happy fruits realized in after life.

But as children advance in years, they require more attention to be paid to their religious tuition than parents can generally find time to bestow. A thousand circumstances arise which prevent fathers and mothers from attending to this sacred and solemn duty, and they find it necessary to commit the religious training of their children to other hands. But where will they find those, who will discharge this duty with a parent's care? Where will they find the institution, which will secure for their children this greatest of earthly blessings? In answer to this important inquiry, we would simply ask (and take the idea from the writings of one who has labored long and zealously in the cause of religious education): If a father should desire to have his son educated in the military profession, would he send that son to a law or medical school, or would he place him in a mercantile house? Most certainly not. The parent would naturally say, I want my son to study mathematics and military tactics; I wish him to learn to wield the sword and cutlas, to use the rifle, and to become enured to the hardships of the camp. What benefit would Coke or Blackstone be to him on the battle-field? I desire to fit him for the army, and therefore I will send him to a school where he may learn those branches that appertain to his future profession. Such a parent reasons correctly. Therefore, we say to Catholic parents, if they desire to give their children a Catholic education, send them to Catholic schools. If they desire to prepare their children for the high and exalted profession of Catholicity, send them to those schools where they will be taught in connection with the secular sciences, the tenets of their faith, and those sublime lessons of morality, which are only to be found within the teaching of the Catholic Church.

Parents will more clearly understand the importance of religious schools by reflecting on the nature and character of children. We know from experience, that the minds of the young are susceptible of almost any training, and will reflect the exact mould in which they are cast. If the mould be perfect, the impression will be faultless; if the mould be defective, the image will reflect its imperfections. If the school wherein the future character of the child is moulded, be perfect, be Catholic, the character will be virtuous. For it cannot be denied but that the school room has a powerful influence over the minds of children. With the lessons of history, rhetoric and philosophy, they imbibe principles which in after life exert upon their minds an irresistible influence. The teachers, too, often exert an extraordinary influence over the minds of their pupils. They fashion the will and the tendency of the very thought of those under their charge; they impart to their minds a manly or effeminate cast, infuse into them high-toned principles of morality and virtue, or instill into their very souls the poison of irreligion, skepticism and infidelity. If therefore the school be religious; if the sacred science of religion and the tenets of Catholicity be imparted in connection with their secular studies; if the child be taught with the class-book in one hand and his catechism in the other; if the teacher be a man of God; if he be a man, who endeavors by word and example to impress upon the minds of those under his charge, their duty to heaven, to their parents, and to society, oh! how sacred, how salutary, will be the influence, which such a school will produce upon the minds of its pupils! How bright, how pure the image, which it will reflect! But on the other hand, if the school be imperfect, if it be irreligious and infidel, it will reflect its impression in doleful colors upon the minds of its pupils.

But in order to demonstrate the advantage of having Catholic teachers for Catholic children, let us suppose the teacher to be a Protestant. He may desire not to interfere in the remotest degree with the religious principles of his Catholic pupil; he may even endeavor to act fairly and honorably, but his mind is altogether unacquainted with the beauty of Catholic faith and the sublimity of Catholic institutions; his heart is incapable of understanding the teachings of the Catholic Church, or of appreciating the most familiar impressions which it makes upon those who are members of its fold. He is beyond the portals of the temple, and can neither feel the warmth, nor see the light that burns therein. Moreover, we well know the decided tendency of Protestantism; its vagueness of principle, its want of centre of unity, its positive rejection of the principle of authority, its exaltation of individual reason, and its right of private judgment. Beyond a few leading dogmas of Christianity the whole system is left in doubt and uncertainty. Few indeed among Protestants have any fixed form of belief. They hold what they term the morality of the Gospel; with them the morally upright man is secure of divine favor no matter what form of Christianity he may profess. Now it is evident, that a mind thus constituted is incapable from its very nature to impart instruction to a Catholic child. In the field of general education, innumerable ideas will arise, which to the mind of the Catholic are of vital moment and intimately connected with the tenderest and deepest of his religious emotions. These such a teacher will pass by unheeded, or trample them under his feet, little aware perhaps of the beauty, which perishes beneath his tread. Add to this, that which is most to be regretted, that the whole course of scientific knowledge will be imparted without reference to religious principles. On the other hand let a Catholic professor occupy the academic chair, and how changed is every department of literature to the minds of his pupils? The great and noble deeds of our Catholic ancestors receive new lustre from his words. The whole circle of institutions, which flourished during the Middle Ages, is contemplated with mingled feelings of pleasure and admiration, when seen by the torch of history in the hands of the Catholic teacher. He infuses a spirit of religion into every lecture; he introduces those occasional hints and observations, which may be necessary to explain the apparent inconsistencies of several of the facts of secular knowledge with the Catholic religion, or with revelation in general; he turns the discoveries of science into evidences of religion; he endeavors to elevate the minds of his pupils in their progress through science to the throne of the Deity; in a word, he makes science what it should be, the handmaid of religion.

The very position which Catholics occupy in this country renders the religious education of their children a work of paramount importance. In a community like that in which we live, made up as it is of so many different religious persuasions; of so many shades of religious belief; so many nice distinctions of theory and practice, how important is it for the Catholic to understand the dogmas of his own creed. Catholic youth will associate with those of their age, and mingle with those who differ from them in faith. They meet in the work-shop, the counting room, and in places of amusement. Whenever religion is mentioned, Catholicity is generally turned into ridicule; a sneer is thrown out against some dogma of Catholic belief; the most unblushing falsehoods and misrepresentations are uttered against the most cherished institutions of the Catholic Church; her ministers are traduced, her religious orders are maligned. How, we ask, will the Catholic youth under these circumstances be able to preserve his soul free from the contagion by which he is surrounded, unless he be thoroughly instructed in the principles of his holy faith and confirmed in the practice of the precepts of his Church. Without being thus fully instructed, he will yield to human respect, which will beat upon his soul like a blighting storm: he will become liberal minded on the score of religion, he will begin gradually to disregard its precepts and neglect its practices, he will not become Protestant, but he will become infidel! Where are the hundreds of young men who were baptized in the Catholic Church, who learned the sweet accents of Catholic prayers in early childhood, who were taught the rudiments of the faith from the lips of a devoted mother? Where are they now? Alas! they have wandered from the practice of their faith. Trace back the cause to its source, and almost in every instance, you will find that it was owing to the fact, that they had not been thoroughly instructed in the duties of their religion, that their religious education was neglected.

From what we have said in the foregoing pages, two things are apparent. First: That Catholic parents are bound under the most solemn obligation to heaven, to attend assiduously to the religious education of their children. Secondly: That Catholic schools are the best, if not the only institutions, where such an education can be obtained.

Oh, Catholic fathers and Catholic mothers! you who are to render a strict account of the immortal souls of your children, ponder and reflect upon the importance of their religious training. We are told that the mother of the Gracchi, when asked to show her jewels, pointed to her children; and if the Church were asked to show her treasures, she would point to our children. They are her jewels; they are to shine as her ornaments, when our names shall be written among the dead; they are to become the depositories of her faith; they are to adorn her sanctuary; they are to reflect honor upon her by holy and virtuous lives. Let us guard and protect these jewels, which she has confided to our keeping; let it be our care, that they grow more bright as they increase in years.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER V.

Sketch of Pius IX—*His Birth and Education—Sent to Chili—Bishop of Imola—Unexpectedly appointed Pope—Letter to his Brothers—Extraordinary popularity—Anecdotes—Generosity—Grants an Amnesty for political offences, and tries to reform the Government—The parties in Rome—Artful conduct of the "Liberals"—Insurrection of Nov.* 16*th—His life in danger—The Swiss—Refuses to acknowledge the self-constituted Ministry.*

Rome, August 1st, 1849.

In my last I promised you a short history of Pius IX; here it is.

Born at Sinigaglia, May 13th, 1792, of a noble family, Giovanni Mastäi Feretti gained a brilliant reputation at the College of Volterra, and at the age of twenty entered the ranks of the Noble Guards, where his birth, his talents and his distinguished manners promised a rapid advancement. But the nervous attacks, to which he had been subject from his infancy, assuming a more alarming character, the young man, in compliance with the advice of Pope Pius VII, made a pilgrimage to Loretto, implored the assistance of the Mother of God, and returned completely cured. Touched with this signal favor, and in accomplishment of a vow which he had taken to embrace the ecclesiastical state, the descendant of the Counts Mastäi renounced the grandeurs of this world, studied his course of theology at the institution of the Jesuits, was ordained Priest, and took the direction of the Asylum *Fata Giovanni*, founded by a poor old man for little orphans, and to their instruction the young Abbé Mastäi devoted both his time and his means.

He was soon, however, directed to attend the Vicar-Apostolic of Chili, as Auditor, and in the new world, as in the old, he was remarkable for his warm piety and exalted virtue.

Appointed Bishop of Spoleto in 1827, he deserved the confidence and love of his flock so well, that when, in 1832, Gregory XVI, wishing to bestow on Romagna, then a prey to political agitations, a pastor capable of reconciling all parties, appointed Monsignor Mastäi to the important See of Imola, the inhabitants of Spoleto, in despair, sent a deputation to implore the Holy Father not to deprive them of their beloved Bishop: but the necessities of the Church would not allow the Sovereign Pontiff to listen to their demands.

In 1840 the Bishop of Imola was made Cardinal with the title of Saints Peter and Marcellinus; and in 1846, when the death of Gregory XVI left the Church without her chief pastor, the Cardinals assembled in conclave, having implored the light of the Holy Ghost, proclaimed Giovanni Maria Mastäi Feretti, Pope, under the name of Pius* IX, even before instructions from the Catholic Powers had time to reach their Ambassadors; for on the very second day of the conclave, the majority of voices, which seemed at first likely to unite on

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* He chose the name Pius in honor of Pius VII, who had also been Bishop of Imola.

Cardinal Lambruschini, suddenly pronounced in favor of the Bishop of Imola.

The people, assembled in dense throngs on the Piazza Monte Cavallo, all at once saw the fountain stop, and immediately comprehended that the decision of the Sacred College was going to be announced; and the name of Mastäi soon excited unanimous acclamations and transports of joy. On the same evening, the new Pontiff, who had had no expectation of such an honor, sent to his three brothers the following dispatch, which I copy for you as an affecting model of Christian humility.

"It has pleased God, who exalts and humbles, to raise me from my insignificance to the most sublime dignity in this world. His will be done! I feel all the immensity of this burden, and all the feebleness of my means. Get the people to pray for me, and also pray yourselves. If your city intends to make any public demonstration on this occasion, let it be done, I entreat you, for I desire it so, in such a way, that the whole of the sum destined for this object may be applied to purposes considered useful to the city by the Mayor and the Ancients.

"As for yourselves, my dear brothers, I embrace you most affectionately in Christ. Do not be proud: but rather take pity on your brother, who gives you his apostolic benediction."

Not for a long time had there been a conclave of such short duration, or when so young a man was raised to the Pontifical throne. Some say that the Sacred College had dreaded the inflexible character of Cardinal Lambruschini, all-powerful under Gregory XVI, and who seemed likely to succeed him; others, that the Cardinals dispatched business thus quickly in order to give no time to the foreign powers to attempt the intrigues usual on such occasions, but as for my part, like all faithful children of the Church, I believe that the Holy Spirit inspired the members of the conclave with this almost unanimous choice, which was moreover fully deserved by the well known eminent qualities of Pius IX.

On the 8th of November, 1846, the Holy Father took possession of the Pontifical See with the usual ceremonies, the enthusiasm of the people, far from cooling, becoming more ardent every day. Their love, in fact, almost amounted to delirium. He could not stir out of his palace without crowds thronging around him, and crying out, *Viva Pio Nono! Viva nostro buon Papa, il padre del popolo.* Long live Pius IX! Long live our good Pope, the father of his people!

The slightest change in his features filled the people with uneasiness. "One day," says M. Bretonneau, "the report spreads that Pius IX is sick. At this news great alarm in the *Transtevere*. The whole population must go to the Quirinal to see the Pope. But the noise such a visit should make in the ears of an invalid, strikes them; they resolve to confine themselves to a deputation. Four individuals, accordingly, arrive at the Quirinal and ask to see his Holiness. Not being regular audience-day, they were refused admission. But this was only a decisive proof of the serious nature of his illness. At last the Holy Father was consulted on the difficulty, and he ordered them to be admitted.

"Well, my children," he says, seeing them, "what do you desire?"

"Nothing, Holy Father. We only wanted to see you. The report goes through the Transtevere that your Holiness is unwell, and we are come to see if it is true."

The Pope thanks them, shows them that he is very well, since he is hard at work, and dismisses them with kindness. "Holy Father," they say, as they retire, "your Holiness knows if ever you have need of us, that we are at hand!"

But very soon, when his Holiness did have need of them, they forgot their promise.

If he went to visit the neighboring towns, the same demonstrations of respect and love greeted him every where during his journey, and when he returned to the capital, thousands flocked round to welcome him. In vain did he try to set bounds to these manifestoes, extraordinary, and often dangerous; opposition seemed only to swell the torrent of popularity. His praise was on all tongues, his image in all hearts, and the whole world soon partook of this enthusiasm of the Romans which Pius IX so well deserved to inspire.

Nature indeed has bestowed on him the most attractive qualities. His countenance, full of nobleness and goodness, inspires you with respect, confidence, and love: calm and benevolent, it reflects all the virtues of his soul: his lips open only to let fall accents of peace. Rigid and economical towards himself, generous and indulgent to others, as gracious and affable towards his humblest as towards his most powerful subject, he had, like St. Louis, appointed days of public audience, when every one could freely express his complaints, and make known his wants. Thousands of little anecdotes are related of him, and I will tell you a few.

One day, while he was still Bishop of Imola, a poor woman asked him for alms. Monsignor Mastäi, who, in his boundless charity, often gave away whatever he had at the moment, was just then without a cent. But taking a cover off the table, he gives it to the poor woman, saying, "Take this and pledge it at the Mont-de-Pieta; I will redeem it when I get money." His servant missing the cover, comes to tell him that it is stolen: "Oh! don't trouble yourself about it, I know the thief," said the Bishop with a smile.

A poor Roman peasant having lost his old mare, which, with a bad wagon, was his only means of subsistence, conceived the singular thought of asking the Pope for the loan of one of his broken-down horses. He repairs to the Quirinal, makes known his request to the Secretary of his Holiness, whom he met by chance on the stairs. Pius IX relishes the idea of the poor man so well that he orders him to be presented with a good horse and twenty pieces of gold to get another start in business.

A boy, twelve years old, wrote one day to the Pope informing him that he had an absolute necessity for thirty-one *pauls* (little more than three dollars), to buy different articles for his poor mother, who was sick and in great distress; and that he would call for them the next day if his Holiness would permit him. Pius IX, who opens his letters himself, gave orders that the boy should be brought before him as soon as he made his appearance. Admitted into the Pope's presence he received a piece of gold.

"Oh! Holy Father," said he, "this makes only seventeen pauls, and I want fourteen more to buy every thing wanting for mother."

Pius IX gave him a second piece of gold.

"That is three pauls too much," said the boy, "and I have not got any change."

The Pope could not help smiling at such artlessness: he told the boy to keep the rest, had him followed to ascertain if he really spent the money in making purchases for his mother; and finding that it was all true, Pius IX sent for him again to tell him that he would place him in college and take charge of him in future.

"I thank you, most Holy Father," said the child, "but I cannot leave my mother: she has only me to make her bed, and prepare her food."

The Pope much moved at this filial piety, said, "Since your mother is so poor, I will take charge of you both."

A man employed by the government complained one day of having been unjustly passed by in a case of promotion, under the pretence that he was incapable of filling the office though he had been aspiring to it the last twenty years. The Pope made no reply at first, but he gave him three difficult questions to answer with regard to the duties in which he had been employed. The man having acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the Pontiff, the latter sent for the Minister who had passed him by, and said, "Remember that a man capable of answering such questions is also capable of discharging the trust you refuse him. It is my will that he be installed within two days, and that such things don't happen any more."

On another occasion the police arrested an individual that was clandestinely distributing copies of a tract entitled "*the History of Pius* IX, *the intrusive Pope, the foe of Religion, and the Chief of young Italy.*" The Holy Father, hearing of his arrest, had the accused brought before him, asked him a few questions, and then said, "As your fault affects only me, I pardon you."

The man, touched with the generosity of the act, threw himself in tears at the feet of the Pontiff, and offered to name the writers of the pamphlet.

"No, no," said the Pope, "let their fault remain buried in silence, and may repentance penetrate their hearts."

But I would never have done were I to relate all the acts of goodness, generosity or magnanimity which made the Pontiff the idol of his people. He often went out alone, on foot, night and day, dressed as a priest, visiting the poor, the monasteries, the hospitals, unexpectedly, to be the better able to reform abuses, or to relieve the distressed.

All the acts of his government were acts of humanity and clemency. Scarcely on the throne, he delivered with his own money, all that were imprisoned for debt, and contracted his personal expenses in order to succor a greater number of the needy: not satisfied with the usual distribution of six thousand Roman crowns to the poor, he ordered it to be increased by twelve thousand taken from his own estates. He opened the prison gates to all political prisoners, whether condemned or accused, and recalled the exiles. He extended his benevolence to men of all parties, of all sects: even the Jews became the object of his tender solicitude. He founded schools, encouraged instruction, commerce and agriculture: took unwearied efforts to establish the reign of justice and harmony; adopted prudent means for promoting the health of the towns: in a word, consecrated every moment of his life to the welfare and happiness of his people. The Papal government, at all times so mild and paternal, (the Romans, of all nations, paying the lowest taxes and furnishing the fewest soldiers), he wished to render still more paternal, to correct its imperfections and to afford an opening to its intelligences. But the part of reformer, always difficult and dangerous, became peculiarly perilous in the present circumstances. There existed in Rome opinions quite antagonistic, and interests almost impossible to reconcile. The government and the greater share of the more important offices had been for a long time altogether in the hands of ecclesiastics. These men, generally indeed of superior abilities, only regarded it as a matter of course that they should occupy the first rank in a State of which the head was also head of the Church. On the other hand, the nobility, rich and privileged, had little or nothing to employ their time. Military glory, the only glory flattering to the aristocratic classes, might be said to be wholly interdicted to them; for the Pope, though temporal sovereign of a nation once so warlike, is, at the same time, the Vicar of a God of peace and love, and, far from attempting conquests, can at most only defend himself. Many members of this idle nobility naturally enough envied the authority of the clergy, who, on their part, as they had always made a fair and temperate use of their power, naturally enough too, saw no reason why they should part with it. But the most numerous, the most active, and the most dangerous party, was one formed in the third estate, consisting principally of small merchants, storekeepers, physicians without patients, and lawyers without clients. Jealous alike both of clergy and nobility, they had at their head the most wily intriguers, and under the high sounding title of "Defenders of Italian Independence," caressed the mob, and flattered by turns the other two parties, hoping to destroy one by means of the other, with the expectation of elevating themselves on the ruins.

The most influential men of this party were precisely those whom the tribunals of Gregory XVI had imprisoned or banished, and the excessive goodness of Pius IX recalled. Abusing the liberty that was restored to them on their parole of honor, henceforward to live as peaceful citizens, they labored incessantly for the end they had in view, and were dexterous enough to attach to their party many of that turbulant nobility, who were attracted by the bait of succeeding the ecclesiastics in the government. Pius IX, who believed in their repentance, even had the generosity to call some of them to important posts; it was, indeed, a political fault, but still it was one of a great heart that had no idea how far the ingratitude of men could go. However he was still so much beloved and venerated by the people generally, his reputation for wisdom and goodness was so solidly established, that it was impossible to overthrow him all at once from the pedestal to which the enthusiastic love of his people had raised him. So the enemies of the Holy See, long before organised in secret societies, whose ramifications extended not only throughout Italy, but also through France and Germany, craftily proceeded to undermine his authority by degrees. They turned his own good acts against him. Determined on accomplishing the reform he had undertaken, desirous to see every thing for himself, encouraging zeal, reproving negligence and remissness, still, though always preserving in his remonstrances and his corrections that evangelical gentleness, that inexhaustible love, which forms the basis of his character, he could not avoid exciting much dissatisfaction. Attacked privileges, wounded self-love, seldom pardon; and the Holy Father thus made for himself, even in the ranks of the clergy, secret enemies, whose resentment the "liberal" party did not neglect to inflame. Of this party, in the meantime, the leaders were becoming, every day, more and more urgent in their demands. The Pope had made them all the concessions that could not wound his conscience: he had granted them an amnesty: he had organized at their request the Civic Guard and the Roman Municipality: he had published a Constitutional Decree to change the form of the government. Already a certain number of laymen had been admitted into the ministry and the council.

But it was not liberty, nor the happiness of the people, nor even a share in the government, that the revolutionists desired. *The absolute control of all matters* was their object, and to obtain that, they lost no opportunity of agitating the minds or exciting the evil passions of the multitude. One day, at their instigation, the arms of Austria were dragged through the streets in the mud, and when six thousand Austrians came to occupy Terrara, to oppose General Durando's menacing advance on Trevisa, the "Liberals" required the Sovereign Pontiff to put himself at the head of a military movement, knowing very well that the Father of Christianity, though he had already protested energetically against this invasion of the Roman States, and was still negociating to obtain satisfaction, could never be induced to go to war against his children in Christ.

This was the moment his enemies were waiting for: they could now throw away the mask. The murder of the Abbe Ximenes, editor of a conservative journal, condemned to die by the secret societies and poinarded by their emissaries, had commenced the era of assassinations! that of Rossi, the details of which I have already given you,* precipitated the arrival of the Republic.

As soon as the news of this murder spread through the city, the Roman nobility, the chiefs of the Civic Guard, and the officers of the Papal troops, hastened to offer their services to the Holy Father, and to swear that they were ready to lose their lives in his defence. But next day, November 16th, a multitude, excited and paid by the chiefs of the Republican party, collected on the Piazza del Popolo about noon, and began to move towards the Quirinal, increased on the way by crowds of the rabble attracted by curiosity or fear. Arriving at

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* See June No. of Metropolitan.

Monte Cavallo, the leaders sent forward deputies ordered to present Pius IX with the following demands:—

1st. A Promulgation of Italian Nationality;

2d. The Convocation of a Constituent Assembly;

3d. The execution of the measures voted by the Chambers regarding the war;

4th. The acceptance of the Mamiani Proposition of June 5th;

5th. A Democratic Ministry, consisting of Galetti, Sterbini, Mamiani, &c.

The greater part of these men owed their liberty, their high offices, all that they were in fact, to the liberality of the man that they were now laboring to destroy ! To such demands, Pius IX made answer through Cardinal Soglia, President of the Council of Ministers, that *he would consider the matter*, but that nothing should be yielded to violence.

The leaders, dissatisfied with this reply, sent a second deputation, consisting of officers of the carabineers, to entreat the Holy Father to yield to the wishes of his people.

"My quality of Sovereign forbids me to receive conditions presented by troops in insurrection," replied the Pope, with courageous dignity.

Then the foreign ambassadors who had hastened to the Quirinal, as soon as they heard of the danger that threatened the Pope, reminded the carabineers that their military duty enjoined them to repress, by force of arms, disturbances on which words would have no effect, and that the sovereigns of Europe would never allow to go unpunished, the sacrilegious menaces of a *faithless, lawless rabble.* "We will resist, if your Holiness commands it, " replied the carabineers; "but we shall certainly become victims to the fury of the people, and we are all fathers of families."

"I do not command the effusion of blood," replied the Pontiff, "but I have a right to expect my subjects to fulfill the duties dictated by their conscience."

The carabineers, in confusion, bowed, left the palace and dispersed, without however, taking any resolution.

In the meantime the vociferations of the multitudes outside were becoming more menacing, and the situation more dangerous. The Holy Father, surrounded by the members of the diplomatic corps, Cardinals Antonelli and Soglia, Father Vaures, the officers of the Swiss Guard and others, preserved a serenity of soul such as confidence in God could alone inspire. From time to time, he retired for a few minutes to his oratory to pray for his guilty people, whilst the Swiss Guard, the only soldiers of the Papal army, insensible to fear, struggled with all their power against the popular flood that threatened to deluge the palace.

Soon the cries of "*Death to the Swiss, kill them, kill them,*" were joined to those of "*Long live the Italian Constitution! Long live the Republic!*" resounding on all sides. The Swiss, whose halberts the populace already attempted to seize, now closed the principal gate. The shouts are becoming more violent. The prince of Canino, gun in hand, breathes his own passions into the multitude: Civic Guards, soldiers of the line, obey the voice of the Sterbinis, the Campellos, the Galettis: even the carabineers themselves bring up a piece of artillery and point it against the great gate. The tumultuous throng prepares to attack the Sovereign Pontiff, who is defended by only seventy badly armed men.

At this critical moment, some Roman officers that had managed to introduce themselves into the Quirinal, receive orders to depart.

"Don't require this of us," they reply, tremblingly, "we would have to pass by the Swiss Guards, who would be certain to do us injury."

"I will answer for my soldiers as for myself," said Capt. Leopold Meyer, of Schanensee: "I will even accompany you, if you promise me in your turn that no injury shall be done to me."

"We give you our word of honor," replied the Roman officers.

On this assurance they depart, but scarcely has the Captain set his foot outside the palace than he is seized by a troop of armed men, and the Roman officers meanly abandon him. "Are you for the people or the Pope?" he is asked, with the guns levelled at his breast.

"I am for my duty," replied the bold captain; "fire, if you dare, on a soldier who fought at Vicenza for Italy, and who is now ready to die for the sovereign he has sworn to defend."

At this reply another party of men seize the intrepid officer, tie him before the mouth of the cannon which they are just going to discharge. But the captain, looking at the gun, exclaimed—

"I recognise this cannon: I recovered it myself at the head of my company from the Austrians into whose hands you had let it fall: history shall tell that you make it to-day the instrument of my death."

The captain was untied, but the Swiss Guards had now enough to do to extinguish the fire made by the mob at one of the gates of the palace. At the same time a ball, fired from a house in Scanderburg street, penetrated the apartments of the Holy Father, and Monsignor Palma was killed in his chamber by a shot discharged from the top of a belfrey.

During such doings, the Prince of Canino, Sterbini, and some of their adherents were forming at a Café a kind of provisional government, whilst the insurgents dispatched, as a new deputation to the Quirinal, the lawyer Joseph Galetti, who, under the hypocritical mask of devotion and gratitude, had so often abused the goodness of the Holy Father.

He entreated the Pope to sign the nomination of the democratic ministry.

"I am here as a prisoner," was the reply: "I refer then to the Chambers the decision of such measures as are sought to be imposed on me: I do not wish a single drop of blood to be shed on my account: but I wish Europe to know that I take no part in this government."

Galetti, pale and with eyes abashed from shame, perhaps from remorse, retired and announced to the multitude that Pius IX referred them to the wisdom of the Chambers. This was the signal for new cheers, and the populace, as if having attained their demands, soon dispersed. The Pope immediately took care to have all those whose lives were threatened, conveyed carefully out of the palace, and sent

Cardinal Soglia to the French embassy, for it was against him that cries of vengeance seemed to be most frequently directed.

But I fear you consider this letter already too long. I must defer to my next then, some particulars regarding the flight of the Pope and the results attending it.

To be continued.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE ANGELUS.

'Twas when the Moslem's hated power,
In many a dark and dreary hour,
O'erthrew religion's might;
That Peter's chair in sadness bowed,
Though zealous John proclaimed aloud,
The Cross should tame the Crescent proud
And darkness yield to light.

But how?—through Mary's glorious name,
Through her to whom an Angel came,
Announcing Heaven's decree,—
At sunset hour the curfew tolls,
Provoked again the echo's roll,
With comfort to th' immortal soul,
The glorious *Aves* three.

They prayed that Heaven their homes would bless
With plenty, peace and happiness,
Through every Christian land,—
They prayed with faith, with hope and love,
To Her who sits a queen above,
That where the Christian warrior strove,
His would be conquest grand.

Alas! for our degenerate days,
What tongue is loud in Mary's praise
As in that holiest hour;
At matin chime or vesper bell,
All, prostrate before Mary fell,
To save them from the grasp of hell,
In cot—or lordly tower.

Then—did the wayfarer lose his road,
Or pine for rest in safe abode,
From beast or bandit free;
Then—was the tempest beaten bark,—
The sport of winds thro' winter dark,—
Who steered it safe as peaceful ark?
But thou,—Star of the Sea!

And guide us still, O glorious queen!
Let not our fervent prayers prove vain,
Because of lives so frail;
Remember, none e'er prayed to thee
In vain, for grace or clemency,
In joys or sorrows, then do we
Cry—Mother of God "all hail!"

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

Miracles preparing for the Holy Eucharist.

We have already witnessed many of our Divine Saviour's miracles and endeavored to treasure up their lessons: we now come to a series which seem to typify the sacraments, and above all the sacrament of sacraments, the Divine Eucharist, the keystone of Christian faith, the centre of Christian worship, the basis of all doctrine.

Our Lord was at Capharnaum teaching the Jews, ever rebellious to truth. As he closed his discourse, through the crowd came struggling a band of men.

CURING THE DEMONIAC.

By main force they bore along a demoniac, blind, deaf and dumb, who writhed and struggled to escape.

What a striking similitude between his physical state and the spiritual condition of man under the ban of original sin! "Man's soul is blind, deaf and dumb, through the fearful possession of the evil one, who has usurped God's dominion over the mind and heart of man."

Our Lord about to institute a sacrament to deliver the soul from its spiritual possession, would now attest baptism by a miracle, similar to it, the delivery of the body from demoniacal possession. "He healed him so that he both spake and saw," and all the multitudes were amazed and said: "Is not this the son of David." The Pharisees were astonished, but not convinced: jealous of power and rank, they exclaimed: "This man casteth out devils, but by Beelzebub, the prince of devils." Our Lord knew their thoughts and said: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate: and every city or house divided against itself shall not stand. And if I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out? They therefore shall be your judges." Even so in baptism, the Church alone professess by that sacrament to deliver from the bondage of Satan, its ritual is fairly ridiculed from its belief in demoniacal power, it is indeed a form of exorcism, and yet like her Divine Spouse the Church is treated as an instrument of Satan! Although she alone is arrayed like an army against Satan and his legions, she alone is accused of confederating with him!

JESUS CURES THE MAN SICK OF THE PALSY.

He had already similarly foreshown the sacrament of penance, even before the consoling words to the sinful one on which we dwelt. On a former occasion, at Capharnaum, the crowd hearing of his arrival, filled the house to listen to his divine lessons. A paralytic, eagar to obtain the relief which he felt Jesus alone could give, induced friends to bear him to the house, but it was in vain. No human force could penetrate the crowd too absorbed in their attention to give way to the paralytic: but he was undaunted. The houses in Palestine, of the condition of those among whom our Saviour moved, were slight: the roof was easily raised for purposes of ventilation. The paralytic persuaded his friends to get on the roof, raise it, draw him up, and so let him down at the feet of Jesus. What faith! what perseverance was here displayed! Fit study for the sinner who would return to Jesus. What is the soul in sin or the body in palsy? to the eye alive, but in fact dead, incapable of doing aught of good. The man was chastened by his affliction, he was contrite: Jesus turned to him: "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." In their hearts the Scribes murmured: "Why doth this man speak thus? he blasphemeth, who can forgive sins, but God only?" even as men now murmur that the Church exercises the power given her by her divine Spouse. Jesus rebuked the Scribes. "Is it easier to cure the soul or to cure the body? But that you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins, I will by a word deliver the man from the palsy." Turning to him he exclaimed: "I say to thee, arise take up thy bed and go into thy house," and the sick man arose, and taking up his bed went his way glorifying God.

Here then we have the parallel exactly established between a visible act of supernatural power, and an invisible exercise of an equal or greater power. Both our Saviour bestowed on his apostles: the one incidental, the other more important, perpetual. And yet it is only in the Catholic Church that this has reality, or even that any one believes that the power which our divine Lord thus used and subsequently delegated ever really existed, or now exists.

Soon after curing the demoniac and condemning the blasphemy of the Pharisees, who attributed his works to Satan, he foretold his resurrection as the great proof of his mission, styling it the sign of the prophet Jonas. Then embarking on the sea of Galilee he sailed for the opposite shore. Night came down in gloom over the deep, and a gathering tempest broke in its fury. The little bark reeled and tossed in the storm, but Jesus slept. Even as in the tabernacle of his love apparently helpless, unconcious of all, there he lay reposing in the rude cabin. Yet in neither does his heart sleep. "He sleeps not, neither is he drowsy that guarded Israel." He guards them all amid the storm, he hears each whisper of their hearts, he marks every act of confidence or distrust in himself: even so in his tabernacle is he cognizant of all around; the storms of popular sedition, the satanic rage of his enemies, the infidelity of believers, their tepidity, their indifference. He seems indeed to sleep, but could we awaken him it would be only to hear. as the apostles did, a rebuke. They awaked him saying: "Master we perish." He chid the winds and the raging waters: the storm ceased and there was a great calm. Then he exclaimed: "Where is your faith?" And they being afraid wondered, saying to one another: "Who is this that he commandeth both the winds and the sea and they obey him."*

Even so, though we see it not, from his tabernacle will he calm the raging tempest, if we confide in him with an unwavering faith.

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* Luke viii, 23.

The storm is laid, and now
In his meek powers he climbs the mountain's brow,
Who bade the waves go sleep,
And lashed the vexed fiends to their yawning deep.
How on a rock they stand,
Who watch his eye and hold his guiding hand?
Not half so fixed amid her vassal hills
Rises the holy pile that Kedron's valley fills.*

JESUS CALMS THE TEMPEST.

When day broke our Lord reached the country of Gergesa or Gerasa on the eastern shore of the lake, a part abounding in abrupt rocks and cliffs. As our Lord ascended, two demoniacs came forth from the tombs, one of them possessed by a legion of infernal spirits, the terror of all around, whom no fetters could bind. Naked and covered with filth, he fell down before our blessed Lord, crying out: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, son of the most high God? I beseech thee do not torment me." Our Lord had already by an act of his will commanded the evil spirit to depart: he now asked his name, and they answered "Legion," for they were many and began to implore him not to plunge them into hell, but to let them enter a herd of swine, feeding near at hand. Our Lord permitting it, they left the man and seizing the swine hurried them down the steep rock into the sea. The demoniac conscious of his state, hastened away to cleanse his person and array himself in fitting garments, then returned to sit at the feet of Jesus.

* Keble.

And when he takes his seat,
Clothed and in calmness at his Saviour's feet,
Is not the power as strange, the love as blest
As when he said, be still, and ocean sank to rest.

Meanwhile the terrified people urged Jesus to depart, preferring their worthless and forbidden goods to the presence of the Redeemer; but the object of the miracle was not like them, ungrateful. He would fain have followed Jesus, but our Lord said: "Return to thy house and tell how great things God hath done to thee," and he went through the whole city proclaiming the power of Jesus. In this too we cannot but see the sacrament of baptism again portrayed; and we are further taught to robe ourselves in good works before we can hope to enjoy Jesus forever, unless he in his goodness and mercy call us to him after baptism.

Yielding to the entreaties of the Gerasens our Lord sailed back to the shore of stubborn Capharnaum. His little bark had been watched and a crowd were waiting on the shore. Scarce had he landed when Jairus, a ruler in the synagogue, a leading man in the place, fell at his feet: "Rabbi," he cried, "my daughter is at the point of death, come lay thy hand upon her that she may be safe and live." Our Lord consented and the crowd followed, all anxious to see the result. The poor father, whose whole heart was wrapped up in his only daughter, a girl of twelve, just beginning to appreciate his constant love, now cheered with hope, walked humbly behind our Lord. He was not the only one in that crowd that had deep faith in our Redeemer; a woman who had been afflicted for years with an issue of blood, and who had reduced herself from affluence to poverty, in vain endeavors to procure physicians capable of effecting her cure, now felt her

THE RULER AT JESUS' FEET.

error. So strong was her faith in the power of Jesus, that she said within herself: "If I shall but touch his garment I shall be healed," conscious that he could read her heart and that he could give a thread or his shadow the power which he was about to exercise by his word. Pressing through the crowd she touched him, and her malady ceased. Jesus stood still. "Who is it that touched me?" he asked. Peter in wonder answered, "Master the multitudes throng and press thee, and dost thou say, "Who touched me?" But Jesus continued: "Somebody hath touched me: for I know that virtue is gone out from me." The woman now came forward trembling and cast herself at Jesus' feet, and with unfaltering voice declared why she had touched him and how she had been healed. "Daughter," said Jesus, "thy faith hath made the whole, go thy way in peace." Even so will that same kind Lord have us confess to his minister, what he by the instrumentality of that minister forgives. Even so it is vain to approach the tribunal of penance without proper dispositions, or like the crowd that pressed on Jesus, we remain as we were, unpurified by his holy touch.

RAISING OF JAIRUS' DAUGHTER.

While the crowd were admiring the new prodigy a messenger approached Jairus, to tell him that his daughter had expired. "Thy daughter is dead, trouble him not;" but that father could not doubt the goodness or the power of our Redeemer. Turning to him with an air of inquiry, he was consoled by a new assurance of his love: "Fear not: believe and she shall be safe." On reaching the house they found it full of cries and lamentations: but our Lord, taking with him only Peter and James and John, entered with the parents of the now lifeless child. As the mourners continued their cries, he bade them cease. "Weep not, the maid is not dead, but sleepeth." And they all derided him, for they knew that she was dead, and our Lord thus made them attest the fact. Then approaching the corpse, he took her by the hand and said: "Maid, arise," and her spirit returned and she rose immediately. The parents were filled with wonder and gratitude, but our Lord bade them give her to eat, and charged them to tell no man.[*]

> "The Saviour raised
> Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
> The snowy fingers in his palm, and said,
> '*Maiden! Arise!*'—and suddenly a flush
> Shot o'er her forehead and along her lips,
> And through her cheek the rallied color ran;
> And the still outline of her graceful form
> Stirred in the linen vesture; and she clasped
> The Saviour's hand, and fixing her dark eyes
> Full on his beaming countenance—AROSE![†]

After thus crowning his miracles by raising the dead to life, a symbol of the spiritual resurrection in baptism, our Lord proceeded to Nazareth. On his way two blind men followed him, earnestly imploring his divine interposition. "Have mercy on us," they cried, "have mercy on us, O Son of David!" As he reached the house where he was to rest, he turned and asked them: "Do you believe that I can do this unto you?" "Yea, Lord," they replied. Then he touched their eyes, saying: "According to your faith be it done unto you."[‡] So many and so frequent are our Redeemer's cures of blindness, blindness from birth, that they seem a striking lesson of our condition in sin, and of the necessity of his grace in baptism or penance to rescue us from it. Without that grace we are all but blind men, and so far from being able by our natural lights to guide others, we are not able to guide ourselves. Wo to them that follow leaders blinded by the sin of heresy or schism! If the blind lead the blind will they not both fall into the pit?

In this case our Saviour charges them to tell no man, but they spread his fame abroad, and a dumb man possessed by a devil was soon brought to him. Jesus cast out the evil spirit and the man spoke. The multitude wondered at this, saying: "Never was the like seen in Israel:" but the stubborn Pharisees again blaspheming, cried: "In the prince of devils he casteth out devils;" even as now they blaspheme the spouse of Christ, with whom the Holy Ghost abideth, forgetful of the terrible penalty denounced by our Lord.

He also preached in the synagogue so that all wondered and said: "How came this man by this wisdom and miracles? Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary and his brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude? And his sisters, are they not all with us?" Meaning by these expressions his cousins and kinsfolk, for

> "On no sweet sister's faithful breast
> Would'st thou thy aching forehead rest,
> On no kind brother lean;
> But who, O perfect, filial heart,
> E'er did like Thee a true son's part,
> Endearing, firm, serene;
> Of all the dearest bonds we prove
> Thus counting sons' and mothers' love
> Most sacred, most thy own."[§]

[*] Luke viii, 49. [†] Willis. [‡] Matt. ix, 27. [§] Keble.

The people of Nazareth were scandalized at his claiming to be a prophet, and closed their ears to his teaching, even as thousands are scandalized at the claims of the Church and deny her authority. Jesus rebuked his countrymen, saying: "A prophet is not without honor, but in his own country, and in his own house, and among his own kindred." And he wrought not many miracles there, because of their unbelief.

THE DIALOGUES OF ST. GREGORY.—IX.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE PROPHECY MADE TO KING TOTILA, AND OF THAT TO THE BISHOP OF CANOSA.

Then Totila came in person to the man of God, whom when he saw seated in the distance he dared not approach, but fell upon his knees. And when the man of God said two or three times, "Rise up," but he dared not lift himself from the earth, Benedict, the servant of Jesus Christ, was pleased to go himself to the prostrate king, and raised him up, and rebuked him for his misdeeds; and in a few words foretold all which was about to happen to him, saying: "Much harm hast thou done, much art thou doing, now at length cease from iniquity. Thou art about to enter the city of Rome, to cross the sea; nine years shalt thou reign, in the tenth thou wilt die." Hearing which, the terrified king asked his prayers, and withdrew; and from that time his cruelty was not so great. Not long after he marched to Rome, and passed over to Sicily; but in the tenth year of his reign, by the judgment of Almighty God, he lost his kingdom together with his life.

Again, the Bishop of the Church of Canosa used to visit the servant of God, who loved him much for his good life. He, speaking one day of the invasion of king Totila, and of the destruction of Rome, said: "The city will be destroyed by this king, and will be no more inhabited by men." To whom the holy man answered: "Rome will not be exterminated by the barbarians, but harassed by lightning, by tempest, and by earthquakes, it will waste away of itself." The words of which prophecy are now made clear to us, who see walls prostrated, houses overturned, and churches destroyed in this city by tempests, while its buildings, spent with old age, we behold falling with frequent ruins. However, Honoratus his disciple, who is my authority, by no means alleges that he heard this part of the prophecy from his own mouth, but testifies that he was said by the brethren to have so spoken.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE CLERK, FREED FOR THE TIME FROM AN EVIL SPIRIT.

About the same time a certain ecclesiastic of the Church of Aquino, was vexed with an evil spirit, and was sent by the venerable bishop of the place, Constantius, to seek a cure at many of the shrines of the martyrs. But the holy martyrs willed not to grant the favor, that they might leave it to be made manifest how great was the virtue of Benedict. He was conducted therefore to the servant of Almighty God, who directing his prayers to the Lord Jesus Christ, instantly expelled the malignant spirit from the possessed man. Whom after the cure he charged, saying: "Go, and after this eat no flesh; and never presume to take holy orders; for the very day you shall dare to receive orders, you will be again subjected to the power of the devil." The ecclesiastic went away restored to health; and as a recent chastisement is wont to impress strongly the mind, he observed for some time all that the man of God had enjoined on him. But when after many years all his seniors had passed away from this life, and he saw those below him promoted over himself to holy orders, as if forgetful with the lapse of time, he disregarded the words of the holy man, and entered upon holy orders. When presently the demon who had left him, again seized him, and ceased not to vex him, till his soul was forced out from the body.

Peter.—The holy man, I perceive, penetrated even the secrets of the Divinity, for he foresaw that this clerk was therefore delivered to the demon, lest he should presume to take orders.

Gregory.—Why should he not know the secrets of the Divinity, who observed faithfully the precepts of the Divinity, since it is written: "He who is joined to the Lord is one spirit."

Peter.—If he be one spirit with the Lord, who is joined to the Lord, how is it that the same great Apostle saith: "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?" It seems an inconsistency to be ignorant of the mind of him, with whom one may have been united.

Gregory.—Holy men, according as they are one with God, are not ignorant of the mind of the Lord. For the same Apostle saith: "What man knoweth the things of a man, but the spirit of a man that is in him? So the things also that are of God no man knoweth, but the spirit of God." And to shew that he knew what are the things of God, he added: "Now we have received not the spirit of this world, but the spirit that is of God." Hence again he saith: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love him. But to us God hath revealed them by his spirit."

Peter.—If then the things that are of God had been revealed to the Apostle by the spirit of God, how is it that the text I first advanced be prefaced thus: "Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways!" And again another question occurs to me. For the prophet David saith: "With my lips I have pronounced all the judgments of thy mouth." And since it is a less matter to know, than to actually declare, how is it that Paul asserts the judgments of God to be incomprehensible, while David attests that he not only knew all these, but had even pronounced them with his lips?

Gregory.—To both points I have answered briefly before, saying, that holy men, so far as they are one with the Lord, are not ignorant of the mind of the Lord. For all who devoutly follow the Lord, by devotion, indeed are with God, while seeing that they are yet under the burden of corruptible flesh, they are not with God. The hidden judgments of God therefore, insomuch as they are joined with him, they know: insomuch as they are disjoined, they know not Because as yet they do not wholly penetrate his secrets, they testify his judgments to be incomprehensible; because in mind they adhere to him, and by so doing, whatever they receive from the sacred voice of scripture or of interior revelation, they are conscious of, such things they both know and declare. The judgments therefore which God reserves they know not, what he utters they know. Whence the prophet David when he had said: "With my lips I have pronounced all the judgments," immediately added, "of thy mouth," as if to say: those judgments I could both know and pronounce, which I knew thee to have spoken, for those which thou hast not told, doubtless thou concealest from our knowledge. The prophetic with the apostolic sentence therefore is in harmony; because the judgments of God are incomprehensible, and yet what have proceeded from his mouth are uttered by human lips; since the things disclosed by God may be known by men, and things hidden cannot be known.

Peter.—Through my poor questioning is the sound reason made manifest. But if there be any thing more known of the virtues of this man, I pray thee continue the history.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW HE FORETOLD THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS MONASTERY.

Gregory.—A certain nobleman, Theoprobus by name, had been converted by the admonitions of the Father Benedict, and as his life was a most worthy one, he enjoyed accordingly the unreserved confidence of the saint. One day that he entered his cell, he found the latter weeping bitterly. And when having waited a long time, he saw that his tears ceased not to flow and that the man of God groaned, not as usual, with the act of prayer, but through sorrow, he inquired what might be the cause of such great grief. Wereupon the man of God replied: "This whole monastery which I have built, with every thing which I have provided for the brethren, by the judgment of Almighty God, has been delivered over to the barbarians. Scarcely have I been able to obtain that their lives should be spared out of it." His words Theoprobus then heard, but we now discern, who know his monastery to have been destroyed by the Longobards. For some years since, in the night time, and while the brothers were at rest, they came upon them; and though they plundered every thing, yet they could not take a single man; for Almighty God fulfilled what he had promised to his faithful servant Benedict, that if he should deliver their goods to the Gentiles, he would preserve their lives. In which thing we see Benedict to have held the place of Paul, who, when every thing else was lost with the ship, obtained for his consolation the lives of all who accompanied him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE MAN OF GOD KNEW OF THE HIDDEN FLAGON.

A certain time also our Exhilaratus, whom you yourself have known a convert to the religious life, had been sent by his lord to carry to the man of God at the monastery, two wooden vessels of wine, such as are commonly called flagons; one of which he presented, but the other, as he was going, he hid by the way. But the holy man, from whom things done at a distance could not be kept secret, received that one with thanks and admonished the boy as he was taking his leave, thus: "My son, see that you drink not of the flagon which you hid away, but turn it down carefully and you shall find what it contains." He then withdrew in great confusion from the man of God, and on his return wishing to make trial of the warning he had received, he overturned the flagon, and immediately there issued from it a serpent. And then Exhilaratus, from what he found in the wine, was struck with horror for his evil deed.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW HE KNEW OF THE NAPKINS RECEIVED AS A PRESENT.

Not far from the monastery was a village, in which a multitude of persons, by the preaching of Benedict, had been converted from the worship of idols to the true faith. There were certain religious women also in the same place, and Benedict the servant of God took care to send thither frequently his brethren, to exhort the faithful in the way of salvation. One day he sent as usual; but the monk who had been appointed, after his discourse was concluded, being requested by the nuns to accept from them some little handkerchiefs, received them and hid them in his bosom. But no sooner had he returned, than the man of God began bitterly to chide him, saying: "How hath iniquity entered into thy breast!" But he was confounded, and having forgotten what he had done, could not understand why he was reprehended. To whom the other said: "Was I not there present when thou received the napkins from the handmaids of God, and put them in thy bosom." Then he, falling down at his feet, protested his sorrow for having acted thus foolishly, and threw away from him the little cloths he had concealed in his dress.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE MAN OF GOD KNEW THE PROUD THOUGHTS OF A MONK.

Another day, when now at even time the venerable Father was taking his repast, the monk who held the light before his table, was as it happened the son of a certain Prefect. And while the man of God did eat, but he himself might stand with his service of the light, he was led on by a spirit of pride to turn over silently in his own mind and in thought to say: "Who is this upon whom I attend while he eats, to whom I bear the light and render service? Who am I, to be waiting upon this man?" When immediately the man of God turning to him rebuked him, with vehemence, saying: "Sign thy heart, brother!" And immediately calling the brethren, he directed the taper to be taken out of his hands, and commanded him to withdraw from the attendance, and to sit down in quiet by himself. When asked by the brethren what had been the disposition of his heart, he told them candidly with what inordinate pride he had been puffed up, and what kind of things he was saying to himself against the man of God. Then was it clear to all, that nothing could remain hid from the venerable Benedict, when even the unspoken words of silent thought had reached his ears,

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

WHAT ROME THINKS OF THOSE WHO DENY IT.

In former numbers of the *Metropolitan*, we alluded to Mr. Brownson's Defence of the Deposing Power, or the Indirect Temporal Power of the Popes, as it is variously called. We are sorry that the illustrious writer not only adheres to the advocacy of this theory, but continues to treat his opponents as Gallicans and time-servers because they will not come up to his notions of the requirements of orthodoxy. We stated before, that even the illustrious Reviewer might find in the moderation of the Holy See itself, an example worthy of his imitation; for if Rome—the guardian of the Faith—feels justified in omitting to assert her rights in this respect, though they are every where impugned, it can hardly be the duty of one in his position to come to the rescue.

But not only does Mr. Brownson's zeal in defending the rights of Rome outstrip that of Rome itself, but his mode of treating those opposed to him is the very reverse of that adopted by the Holy See in regard to those who most emphatically reject this theory.

Mr. Brownson will have it that nothing but Gallicanism, time-serving, distrust of the Holy See, &c., can suggest a denial of the deposing power; yet persons who flatter themselves that they have as good a claim to orthodoxy as the Reviewer, have denied this theory. Let us see how Rome has judged them.

Though the British Act of Emancipation was passed only in the year 1829, the Test Oath, on taking which Catholics were then admitted to Parliament, was, in all its essential portions, long in use. The clause disclaiming a belief in the Indirect Temporal Power of the Popes was always considered an important part of this oath, and the Bishops of the country had, on various occasions, expressed their approbation of it. They were for a while embarrassed by a letter from the Pope's Nuncio at Brussels, written in 1768, which expressed a different doctrine. The following extract from a letter of the illustrious Dr. James Butler, Archbishop of Cashel, will show the conduct of the Irish Bishops and of the Holy See, respectively, on this subject, and also how the Nuncio's letter was received. Dr. Butler's letter was addressed to Lord Kenmare, an Irish Catholic Peer, on the occasion of a pamphlet written by the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne, in which reference was made to the Nuncio's communication.

"Thurles, *December* 27, 1786.

"My Dear and Honored Lord,

"I am not a little impatient to impart to your Lordship my thoughts on a late publication, entitled, 'The present State of the Church of Ireland.' It is written by Doctor Woodward, Bishop of Cloyne; and, in the short space of twelve days, has already passed through four editions. Whoever has seen the Address to the Nobility and Gentry of the Protestant Church, and reads this second pamphlet, cannot but look upon them as both designed to undo all that has been done in favor of the Roman Catholics, by tending to undermine the primary title the Roman Catholics had to the protection of government and the confidence of their fellow subjects. The unjust and false strictures his Lordship makes on the sincerity of the oaths of the Roman Catholic Bishops, concur to effect this in the minds of those who can or will be imposed on by what his Lordship so confidently asserts; for certainly, if the oaths of Roman Catholic Prelates can no more be depended on, all claim to a legal existence for us in the state ceases; we are all designing and most dangerous enemies; like the viper in the fable, we only sought the warmth of protection to gnaw the bosom which gave the reviving heat. His Lordship, to establish and enforce what he advances with regard to our oaths by some new argument, which, from not having been used before, had never been blunted by the shield of truth, brings forth a letter of a Monsignor Ghilini, Nuncio at Brussels, written in the year 1768, from amidst the dust of oblivion, where it would otherwise have, as it deserved, remained till doomsday; notwithstanding the most strangely misapplied encomiums bestowed on it by Doctor Bourke: encomiums, which I know from the letters the said *Nuncio* wrote to me, before I left the Continent, expressive of his own alarmed feelings, after cool reflection on the impropriety and indiscretion of said letter, he would have willingly spared the Doctor.

"Nothing, to be sure, but an enthusiastic partiality for scholastic opinions, which he, perhaps, had formerly, when professor, defended, (as *some* Ultramontanists have done, to their reproach and the discredit of religion, with as much warmth of debate as if they had been acknowledged articles of faith which they were supporting against unbelievers) can any way extenuate Dr. Bourke's imprudence, to call it by no harsher name, in publishing such a letter. The Doctor should have reflected, that the opinions alluded to by the Nuncio, however unnoticed they may be suffered to pass in a country like Italy, where the Sovereign and all the subjects are of the Roman Catholic religion, they cannot be considered in the same light in this kingdom, whereof the King and principal subjects are Protestants, and two-thirds, at least, of the inhabitants are of our communion. Here such opinions, if maintained, could not but be prejudicial, by alarming the Sovereign and by being a constant source of jealousy and dissention betwixt fellow-subjects; and this, I recall to mind, was what I alleged to Cardinal Marefuschi, who was, at the time the oath was proposed, our Cardinal Protector: that is, as your Lordship knows, the Cardinal entrusted by his Holiness with the *superintendence* of our ecclesiastical affairs in *Ireland*, as a *reason* why the Roman Catholic Bishops thought themselves called upon to declare in the public manner they did, that they found nothing in the Test of Allegiance, held out by the Legislature to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, contrary to the principles of the Roman Catholic faith: and therefore, that the opinions disclaimed by that oath never made part of our creed. The Cardinal in his answer, expressed the fullest approbation of these sentiments; which was afterwards confirmed by the Pope and the Congregation de Propaganda fide approving also of said Test of Allegiance: of all which approbations I have *authentic vouchers* by me; the *very* letters written on the occasion to and from the sacred Congregation. I shewed them to Lord Pery, when he was Speaker of the House of Commons, at Sir Robert Staples's; and I shewed him again, in Dublin, another letter, which I received from the same Congregation, two years after, expressive of their Eminences' thanks for my diligence in fulfilling what I owed to my station and religion, since the time I came into the kingdom. Now, my dear Lord, I hope I may venture to say, without risking the imputation of vanity or falsehood, that I was most particularly warm and active in promoting the taking of the Test Oath, after I had publicly approved of it, at the head of my Suffragans, in the year 1775; an æra which I have always called to mind with new felt pleasure; and consequently, the approbation of my conduct, *during all that time,* was of itself, had I no other proofs of the Congregation's approving the Test, tantamount to an approbation: Lord Pery, when I shewed him that letter of the Congregation, acknowledged it was; as did his Grace the Primate, when I had the honor of being introduced to him by your Lordship, and mentioned it to him."

It is unnecessary to make any remarks on this extract. It speaks for itself, and tells us what part the writer took in promoting the taking of the Test Oath, in which the Indirect Temporal Power was denied, and how his conduct was viewed at Rome.

It appears that then as now, there were men more zealous for the rights of the Holy See than the Holy See itself. While Monsignor Ghilini and Doctor Bourke were contending for the deposing power, the authorities at Rome were approving the conduct of a prelate who was "most particularly warm and active in promoting the taking of the Test Oath," who had "publicly approved of it at the head of his Suffragans." Nor was this a subreptitious approbation given without knowledge of his conduct; for the Roman authorities were fully aware of it. Dr. Butler had in his possession, as he remarks, *authentic vouchers* of their approbation of the Test Oath itself, and letters commending his "diligence in fulfilling what (he) owed to (his) station and religion," during the very time he was defending it.

It is unnecessary to bring forward any proofs of the high standing of Dr. Butler, whom Dr. Milner calls "a most loyal and orthodox prelate," in referring to the part he acted on this very subject. Those acquainted with the history of these times know him to have been one of the lights of the Church of his day. The following extract from a letter of Cardinal Antonelli, written on the part of the Congregation of the Propaganda by the authority and command of Pius VI, to the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, in reply to a letter of theirs addressed to his Holiness at their meeting in Dublin in the year 1791, will show what was thought of him and of his conduct at a still later period.

Cardinal Antonelli in a letter dated 23d June, 1791, writes as follows:

"Most illustrious and Most Rev'd Lords, and Brothers,

"We perceive from your late letter, the great uneasiness you labor under since the publication of a pamphlet entitled *The Present State of the Church in Ireland*, from which our detractors have taken occasion to renew the old calumny against the Catholic religion with increased acrimony; namely, *that this religion is by no means compatible with the safety of kings and republics; because, as they say, the Roman Pontiff being the Father and Master of all Catholics, and invested with such great authority that he can free subjects of other kingdoms from their fidelity and oaths of allegiance to kings and princes;* he has it in his power, they contend, to cause disturbances, and injure the public tranquillity of kingdoms, with ease. We wonder that you could be uneasy at these complaints, especially after *your most excellent brother and apostolical fellow-laborer*, the Archbishop of Cashel (Dr. James Butler) and OTHER STRENUOUS DEFENDERS OF THE RIGHTS OF THE HOLY SEE had evidently refuted and explained away these slanderous reproaches in their *celebrated writings*."

When those who denied, and in their official capacity openly instructed their flocks that they might safely deny on oath this doctrine of the deposing power, and did this with the full knowledge of the Holy See, are yet proposed by Rome itself, in official documents, as "strenuous defenders of the rights of the Holy See," and their works are specially commended as "celebrated writings," we think the imputation of Gallicanism or time-serving from either Uncle Jack or his Nephew, need not disturb our equanimity, and to Catholics, whether bishops, priests or laymen, who entertain and avow similar sentiments, need not fear that in doing so they are placing themselves in opposition in the slightest degree to the highest pastors of the Church.

OUR CONVENTS.

THE SCHOOL SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

Among the religious orders now devoting themselves to the cause of education in this country, there is none perhaps more interesting in its history than that which, devoted to schools among our German portion, bears the name of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, and has for some years been silently and steadily doing its good work. It is a distinct order from the *Sisters* of Notre Dame, to which the house at Roxbury belongs, and in fact dates back to a period long anterior to that association.

The order of which we are now speaking owes its origin to the blessed Peter Fourier, parish priest of Mataincourt, in France. Not long before 1597, Alice Leclerc, a young girl in his parish, suddenly awakened to the folly of the vanity in which she had indulged, consecrated herself to God, and felt called to found a society of religious women. The blessed Peter at first dissuaded her, but seeing evident marks of a divine vocation, permitted her to make the attempt. Three others, Gante André, Jane de Louvroir and Claude Chauvenel, joined her, and on the feast of Corpus Christi, 1597, they laid the foundation of their Institute at Pousey, exercising themselves in constant prayers and vigils, and devoting their time to the education of girls. The blessed Peter drew up rules for them, which the Bishop of Toul approved. This mother house was subsequently removed to Mataincourt and then to St. Mihiel. The order had now acquired permanence, many joined it, houses were opened at Nanci, Verdun, Pont-à-Mousson and other parts. The venerable foundress then sought to obtain an express approval of it, and Pope Paul V, by his bull of February 1, 1615, and a subsequent one of October, 1616, recognized it as a cloistered order, empowered to conduct even day schools. The constitutions were compiled by the blessed Peter in the following year, though not formally approved till 1645.

The Society now spread rapidly, and Mother Alice before her holy death in January, 1622, had the consolation of seeing it extend over France. In one of these houses, that at Troyes, Margaret Bourgeoy, a courageous and holy woman, inspired by the spirit of her foundress, determined in the inscrutable designs of Providence to establish a similar order at Montreal, in Canada, which still exists and conducts numerous schools in all parts of the British Province. Like the order of which we are speaking, they are called Sisters of the Congregation of our Lady, although commonly the last words are omitted.

So much good did the religious effect in France that neighboring States sought to profit by their labors; ere long the order numbered houses also in Lorrain, Germany and Savoy. When Father Helyot wrote his History of Religious

Orders, there were in Europe nearly a hundred houses of the Institute of Mother Alice.*

The French revolution swept away the houses of the society in France: the Protestant doctrines of Joseph II, had already led him to attack religion in his dominions. Under their impulse the houses in the electorate of Bavaria were suppressed, and the Sisters dispersed.† This loss to religion was soon felt, and the Rt. Rev. Michael Wittman, Bishop of Ratisbonne, with the saintly Sebastian Job, the holy confessor of the irreligious court, resolved to re-establish the house of the order which had existed at Stadt-am-hof. One sister of the old house remained; she was called Sister Walburga, after the daughter of St. Richard, and sister of Saints Winibald and Willibald, the saints of Saxon England. Around this namesake of the holy abbess of Heidenheim they resolved to restore the order of the blessed Peter Fourier and Mother Alice Leclerc. They applied to the government for the former house of the order, but the Josephine ideas prevailed. Germany had not yet learned the cost of sacrilege: and the government refused to restore the house. The good Bishop of Ratisbonne was not daunted by this: "Now then," said he, "we must begin from the beginning, from poverty itself, and they must be the Poor School Sisters, but still of Notre Dame, of the old institute of blessed Peter Fourier."

Sister Walburga was soon joined by fervent sisters: the old rule was modified to meet the changed circumstances of the time, for alas! in one short generation, revolutionary fury had operated changes which time and nature had in centuries failed to effect. The restorers of the order did not live to see its rapid progress; both were soon called to receive the reward of their labors in the ravaged vineyard of the Lord, whose fences had been overthrown and vines trampled down by the wild boars of the forest.

Their object was education, chiefly that of the poor, in parish schools; and they are subject to episcopal enclosure, being thus like the original order, cloistered. After spreading over many parts of Germany, the wants of the German immigrants in America were made known to them, and Bishop Henni was happy enough to have them enter his diocese.

In 1847 the first colony of School Sisters of Notre Dame, numbering only three or four, came to the United States and founded a house at Milwaukie. Two other little colonies soon joined these, and when Sister Mary Walburga died in 1849, she had the consolation not only of seeing her order completely restored in Europe, where forty houses of the rule existed, but spreading also widely over the far distant American Republic.

After the house at Milwaukie, now the mother house of the order here, convents were founded in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Buffalo and at Holy Cross, in Wisconsin: and in 1852 these six contained fifty members.

Twenty years experience had now proved the value of the institute, and the fitness of its rule: the sisters sought a formal approbation, and his Holiness Pope Pius IX, on the 23d of January, 1854, year of the Immaculate Conception, confirmed the order in the third degree, as distinct from the original institute, and also the regulations under which it is governed.

The School Sisters of Notre Dame have a Cardinal Protector at Rome, but the mother house for Germany is at Munich, where Sister Mary Theresa, the Superior General of the order, resides. It is a strict mission order, all houses depending on the mother house, subject to the jurisdiction of the Ordinary of each diocese in ecclesiastical matters.

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* Henrion Histoire des Ordres Religieus, (Ed. Mignæ) vol. i, p. 1088, Faillon Vie de la Soeur Bourgeoys, i, 9.

† Alzog. Kirsche geschichte, iii, § 369.

The sisters in America are all subject to a Vicar General. Sister Mary Caroline, who resides at Milwaukie, and depends immediately on the General: a novitiate and candidateship exists also at Baltimore, and besides the houses we have already mentioned, there are day and boarding schools at Mount Carmel, and St. Anthony's in Wisconsin, at Alleghany, New York, Rochester and Detroit.

They are rapidly extending; the novitiates and candidateships are filled with devoted women of every nation, not only German, but Irish, American, Scotch, French, Dutch, and strangely enough, Indians. One sister of the race of the Red Men, being like sister Mary Theresa Gannesag, the Indian sister of the Congregation of Notre Dame at Montreal, in other days, was a model of piety and regularity in the strict observance of her rule.* Side by side with her labors unnoticed and unknown, a lady of rank, allied to one of the highest prelates in Germany, who was too happy to lay aside titles and wealth and honors, to become in our land a poor School Sister of Notre Dame, to instruct and save the poor exposed foundling and orphan.†

EARLY FLOWERS.

"There is a daintiness about early flowers, that touches me like poetry."—N. P. Willis.

Early flowers, how I love ye!
  Blooming on the streamlet's side,
Giving promise of a summer
  Soon to come, and soon to glide.
Mild and gentle soft appearing,
  Far too fragile to endure;
And to me, though hale and hearty,
  Death is coming not less sure.

Early flowers, how I love ye!
  How I love you every one!
For ye mind me of my childhood,
  And its joys, forever gone;
Then for you I roved the meadows,
  Skipping on with mirth and glee;
Time has changed, and I'm no longer
  Child, as then I used to be.

Early flowers, how I love ye!
  Pale, and seems to me distressed,
Soon to see you droop and fading,
  Will make sad feelings in my breast;
'Tis for this, perhaps, I love ye,
  Knowing that you soon must go,
And other flowers come to mourn ye
  When Death's hand has laid ye low.

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* History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, page 327.

† For most of the details given in this sketch we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Anthony Urbanek, of Milwaukie.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XII.

"Is Miss Petersham engaged, please?" said a servant, opening the parlor door.

"No: what's the matter?"

"Father John sends his compliments, and wishes to see the Captain."

"Father John!—is it possible!" exclaimed Kate Petersham, wheeling round on the piano stool, and running to the door to receive him. "Ho, ho, indeed, so there you come at last, and Uncle Jerry too, surely something extraordinary must have happened to bring you all the way to Castle Gregory. Has there been a conflagration or an earthquake in your neighborhood?"

"Hold your saucy tongue," said the priest, slapping her affectionately on the cheek, "you're never done scolding, 'pon my word, I had better come here, bag and baggage, and live with you altogether."

"You'll do no such thing, sir—I hate you. You're a barbarous man. You're the most unsocial, ill-natured, hard-hearted creature in the whole world."

"Oh! to be sure, because I don't spend all my time playing chess with the greatest mad-pate in the province."

"Do you hear that, Uncle Jerry," exclaimed Kate, turning to Mr. Guirkie, "and the man has'nt been here to see us once in a month."

"Never mind, we'll have our revenge of him yet depend upon it. His neglect of you is absolutely unpardonable, after all the professions of regard you made him, ha! ha!"

"Psaugh! he's not worth my revenge. I renounce him; I shall take you for my gallant in future, and leave him to his beads and breviary. So come over here to your old easy chair and let us have a quiet chat together," and running her arm into his, she was hurrying him away to a corner of the room, when the priest laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Not so fast, Kate, not so fast. You've forgotten there's a stranger in the room. Miss Petersham, let me present to you Dr. Horseman, of B——, United States. Dr. Horseman, Miss Petersham, of Castle Gregory, one of the most mischievous and ungovernable of her sex."

"Don't believe him, Doctor Horseman. I'm no such thing. Welcome, sir, to Castle Gregory."

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

"How d' ye do, my dear, glad to see you," said the latter, bowing stiffly, and raising his gold spectacles to look at her more in detail. "Don't trouble yourself about what Father John says. It's not all gospel, I guess."

"Nor his preaching either, if what his Bishop says be true."

"Ha! ha! A very serious charge, indeed," laughed Uncle Jerry, "and I have no doubt reason enough for it too."

"I see you've been reading Swift, Miss Petersham," said Horseman, taking a volume from the table. "Do you admire him?"

"Swift—of course I do. Did you ever see an Irish woman who did'nt?"

"Well, I don't remember particularly as to that. But his moral sentiments are"——

"Oh, as to his morality, we must let that pass. Swift is an elegant writer, full of wit and humor—and best of all, he loved his country and never was ashamed to own it."

"Ah! and do you think he deserves credit for that?"

"I do indeed, sir—why not. He lived in times when devotion to his country and her cause was a disqualification for office both in Church and State; besides, Dean Swift was a near relation of ours by the Willoughbys, as my venerable aunt would tell you if she were here."

"Ah—that indeed!"

"But don't you like him, Dr. Horseman?"

"No: I don't," replied the Doctor, gruffly.

"You don't! is it possible! Why, I thought Swift was a favorite everywhere."

"He's only fit for girls and school boys."

"You must admit he's witty and humorous, Doctor."

"Well, yes—that and a keen sense of the ridiculous is about all that's in him."

"Oh, no, no, Doctor, I won't agree to that at all; you quite underrate Swift. For my part, I think there's more sound philosophy in Swift than in any other man's work I ever read."

"Humph—have you read much?"

"No; sometimes, when the fit takes me, I pick up a book and read a page or two here and there."

"But do you study what you read?"

"Not I, I'm too great a mad-cap for that. I can ride a horse, though, or sail a boat, as well as any girl in Ireland, and these are the only accomplishments I pretend to lay claim to."

"Not very feminine, I should think," ejaculated Horseman, pursing out his lips in his peculiar way, and looking over at the priest, with his eyes dilated into what he intended for a smile.

"No, sir; but they suit my turn of mind. And yet Mr. Guirkie here will tell you I've got some philosophy in me, too."

"I'll have nothing to do with your philosophy," said Uncle Jerry, pacing up and down the room, and bobbing the skirts of his coat on his hands behind him. "I wish to the Lord the Captain would come home; that's all I wish."

"Father John, go to the sideboard there, and find some refreshments. Come, Doctor, you must pledge me in good stout Burgundy, and I'll forgive what you said of Swift."

"I shall wait for the Captain," replied Father John, looking up from the newspaper, "the Doctor there will oblige you at present."

"You shall not, sir; he may not return for an hour yet. Wait for the Captain!

Am I not as good company as the Captain. Oh, Dr. Horseman, these Catholic priests are the most ungallant people in all creation, as you say over there in the States."

Dr. Horseman took a quid of tobacco from his mouth, flung it into the grate, and then emptied the glass which Kate filled for him, adding, as he laid it on the sideboard, "you're not so mawkish, I perceive, as our young ladies generally are."

"Oh, I'm an Irish girl, you know; I do what I please—no one minds me; Father John there once thought he could manage me, but it failed him."

"Not I," replied the priest, "I never was so silly as to think any such thing."

"You did—you need'nt deny it, you had me in leading strings for a whole week or more."

"How was that?" said Horseman.

"He tried to convert me, ha, ha. Kept me reading night and day" ——

"Convert you—what, from sin?"

"No, from Protestantism—sin, indeed! why, Doctor, I'm ashamed of you."

"Well, Protestantism is sin—and most grievous sin too," exclaimed Horseman.

"There now, you're at it again," muttered Uncle Jerry, still pacing the room in his usual way. "You're at it again; I vow and protest it's outrageous."

"You frighten me, Doctor," said Kate, "upon my word I'll run away and leave you."

"But don't you know, my good girl, that if you die out of the Catholic Church you'll be lost?"

"Listen to that," exclaimed Kate.

"I hear him—the Doctor's very strong on that point."

"Well, Doctor, I'm not prepared to dispute with you about the matter, at present," said Kate, "but I'm pretty sure of one thing—you could never make a Catholic of me in that way."

"He's got himself into trouble again," said Uncle Jerry, sitting down on a chair beside the priest.

"He deserves it," responded the latter, in a tone of displeasure.

"I declare I never saw a man in my life so fond of differing with every body as he is. Why, I vow to goodness I thought he was going to swallow me neck and heels this morning in the boat, when I attempted to defend Tillotson and Burnet."

"That's his greatest fault, he can never dispute five minutes without losing his temper."

"And does he suppose people must put up with it when he chooses to lose it? Ha, ha, I declare that's very fine."

"It's a great weakness in him, and I'm sorry, for he's a man of great mental ability."

"Oh! who cares for his mental ability. I would'nt give a brass button for a man who can't talk with you on any thing but great heavy subjects. And then he goes at them in such a way too, with all his might, just like a dray horse starting a load."

"Heavy subjects are his especially," observed Father John, "he don't pretend to handle any thing else. And indeed, as a polemic and logician, he has very few equals."

"But he *does* pretend to handle *every thing* else. Why, he reviews every book he can lay his hands on—stories, novels, poetry, every thing—from a primer to a course of theology. Specialty, indeed!"

"You're right; he has been doing something that way of late, now that I remember. But the truth is, I think so little of his literary criticisms that I don't care to read them. He never should attempt to criticise such books at all. They are entirely out of the sphere of his taste and acquirements."

"To be sure they are," said Uncle Jerry.

"And then he goes about them so awkwardly."

"He! he! he!" chuckled Uncle Jerry, "awkwardly—that puts me in mind of his last number. Did you see his criticism there on Cameron's Book of Poems?"

"No—what does he do with it? Strangles it, I suppose."

"No, he makes an exception to his rule in this case. He praises it greatly. Cameron's a Catholic, I understand."

"Ah, yes, there's something in that. Well."

"In speaking of some of the fine passages he tries to be exceedingly nice in his appreciation of the beauties."

"Nice. Ha! ha!" laughed Father John, "that's good; I must read the criticism."

"Do. It's worth the reading, I assure you."

"But he must have gone about it very awkwardly."

"Awkwardly. He! he! he reminded me of an elephant I once saw picking up a boquet with his trunk. He first made a ——

"Hush, here he comes," interrupted Father John, "and full of indignation at Kate's presumptuous boldness. See how he runs his thumbs into his waistcoat pockets—that's a sure sign he's ruffled. Kate," he added, as an offset to further controversy, "can't we have some music?"

"Certainly—what shall it be?"

"Yankee Doodle!"

"Excellent—just the very thing," she cried, opening the piano and rattling away. "How do you like it, Doctor?"

"Well, so, so. Associations make it pleasant just now."

"Makes you think of home!"

"Yes."

"What think you, though, of our Irish music?"

"Very fair, but it always gives me the blues."

"The blues!"

"Yes. It's so melancholy."

"Moore's songs are indeed, rather melancholy, but exquisite of their kind, nevertheless."

"Yes—he's a very decent lyric poet, is Moore, and still there's nothing in him after all but sentiment and fancy—he's greatly wanting in force and power of thought."

"That is to say, he's neither Byron nor Milton!"

"No, I don't mean that, either. But he tires you with the incessant play of his fancy. He is forever hopping from flower to flower, like a butterfly."

"Ah! then you adopt the criticisms of the Edinburg Review."

"I adopt no criticism. I make my own," replied Horseman, gruffly.

"Well, you think with the Scotch Reviewers, that his poetry is too full of beauties, and hampered too much with imagery!"

"I think simply this: he was a very respectable songster in his way, but an immoral man and a bad Catholic."

"Oh Doctor, that's not fair. I must protest against your bringing up our poet's private character. It's not magnanimous of you at all."

"His poetry, take it all through," persisted Horseman, spitting into the grate, "has done more to enervate and corrupt the mind of young men and women, than any other I am acquainted with. And do you know the reason, Miss Petersham?"

"No."

"Well, it was simply because in losing his faith he lost his morality also."

"My dear sir, we have nothing to do with his faith," replied Kate. "Why, you bring faith into every thing. Can't we admire a man's writings without first inquiring what his faith was?"

"Yes, that's very true—but it strikes me you value faith too little, and for that reason you cannot properly estimate a man's writings. We Catholics disapprove of all books and writings injurious to faith or morals. You Protestants have no faith at all, and you let your morals take care of themselves."

"Highty tighty," muttered Uncle Jerry, running his hands again under his coat tails, and pacing the room as before, "he's at it again."

Father John rose also, and turning Kate round on the piano stool, commanded her under pain of disobedience, to play "the Last Rose of Summer," with Henry Hews' variations first, and then sing it.

"Now!" she exclaimed, when she finished the song, "now, Dr. Horseman, I put it to you as an honorable man, did you, or did you not ever hear so exquisite a song as that?"

"The words or the music?"

"Both together, I mean, when played and sung as they ought to be."

"Y-e-e-s, it's light, and pretty and fanciful, and"——

"No, no, sir. I shall not be put off with that; but tell me what poet ever wrote a song of its kind, equal to that? I give you the whole world to find him."

"I never trouble myself much about such trifles," responded Horseman. "I leave them to the boys and girls."

"I wish to goodness you did," muttered Uncle Jerry, looking at the priest.

"Just so," replied the latter, "and if he only knew himself well enough he would. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*"

"There, listen to him now. I wish to patience the Captain was come, for the man will never stop disputing and fault finding. 'Pon my word I don't think he'll do here at all."

"As Professor, you mean!"

"Yes; he is so disputatious and dogmatic. They'll never put up with him. But is he really appointed?"

"No, not quite—they have written him on the subject, I believe, and he has stolen over here to see how things look."

"So his visit's all a secret, then!"

"Entirely so; his friends at home don't know but he's in some of the southern or western States."

"Ho, ho! I declare! so that's the way of it."

"Dr. Horseman is undoubtedly a clever man," observed the priest, "and I believe a pious man and a strict Catholic, but his anti-Irish tendencies are too strong I fear for the men he has to deal with."

"And why did they think of him at all, then?"

"Well, he's a distinguished man, you know, and the founders of the institution are desirous of securing men of ability and reputation, of course."

"Of course—but they should have made some inquiry about the man's personal character. Ten chances to one they'll strive to get rid of him as quietly as possible, when they come to hear how anti-Irish he is."

"Hillo! what are you doing there, Mr. Guirkie," exclaimed Kate, "chatting away with Father John, and I all alone here with this great foreign Reviewer, trying to defend my countrymen from utter annihilation; come to the rescue, or he'll not leave us one of them."

"What's the matter?" inquired the priest, looking over his shoulder.

"Why, he's actually making mince meat of all our celebrities. He has come down now as far as Burke, and is cutting him up at such a rate that nothing will be left of him, by and bye, but the bones."

The priest threw his legs across and pulled down his waistcoat with a jerk, but said nothing in reply.

"You're growing angry," said Uncle Jerry.

"No, I'm not angry, I'm too well accustomed to him, for that."

"Poor Kate's as mad as a hatter, look how she shakes her curls at him. The man might try to be a little more courteous, I think, even on our account."

"Were he in any other place but Castle Gregory, he would'nt come off so easily I assure you," responded the priest.

"There now," cried Kate, running away from her antagonist, and flinging herself down beside Uncle Jerry on the sofa, "I won't dispute another syllable with him—he has no mercy at all. He opens his great broadsides on every thing indiscriminately, and goes firing away at you all the time his ponderous logic. He has murdered me out and out, I hav'nt had such a quarrel these five years. Heigh! he looms over me like a nightmare."

"And why did you continue at it so long?"

"What could I do, am I to be challenged at my own fireside, and by a stranger too, and not fight? O could I only get him once aboard the Water Hen with a stiff breeze from the southard, or on 'Moll Pitcher's' back for a morning's heathing, if I would'nt have my revenge—no matter."

"So you've surrendered at last, Kate," said the priest, walking over leisurely to the sofa, and tapping his snuff box on the lid.

"Of course I have, how could I understand all the theories and philosophies and systems into which he dragged me. If he only could talk as other men do, and on subjects that girls like me are generally acquainted with, I might do well enough; but botheration to a thing you can say but he reduces to logic in a minute, and measures it by some one of his new theories, as a haberdasher would measure a yard of tape."

"He don't give you latitude enough, Kate," said the priest, taking a pinch.

"No, he holds you like a vice. And then so bewilders you with his newly imported principles and methods, and so on, that you don't know what you're saying. But Father John, could you guess how he tries to account for the decay of nations?"

"Oh! hoh! the decay of nations, no less."

"Yes, indeed—a subject I know as much about as old Thomas there. Thomas, tell aunt Willoughby Father John wants to see her."

"Well, let us hear how he accounts for it."

"Why, sir, he accounts for the decay of nations generally, and of the Irish nation in particular, by the laws that regulate the circulation of matter."

"Ha! ha! Go, you mad creature," said the priest, again slapping her on the cheek, "you're making him worse than he is."

"It's a positive fact, sir," persisted Kate. "He says as the world is developed, the attractive power of new countries becomes greater than those of the old, and carry away from their weaker neighbors, through the atmosphere, more than their share of animal and vegetable life."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Uncle Jerry, quitting the sofa, and bobbing his skirts up and down the room. "Ha! ha! the man's fit for the mad house. I declare! account for the decay of nations by laws regulating the circulation of matter. Oh the Lord be about us, what's the world coming to, at all, at all."

"That reminds me of an article I read in some magazine last week, where the writer discovers the antipathy of the Irish to the English people to have originated in the difference between the Roman and the Celtic civilizations."

"Ha! ha! he went far back to find it, did'nt he," said Uncle Jerry, bobbing away as he spoke.

"He was right, nevertheless," said Horseman, who had been listening. "I agree with him."

"Right or wrong," said the priest, "of what earthly advantage is it to us to discover the cause—is not the fact enough?"

"No, sir, it is not enough," replied Horseman, "as a priest and a Christian, you should feel happy to be able to ascribe this national antipathy to a more creditable cause than the memory of past injuries."

"That rebuke is unmerited by me, Dr. Horseman," responded the priest, kindling up a little. "I deplore those unhappy differences between the two countries, as much as any man."

"And still you're never done dinning in our ears, how you've suffered and bled and all that, under the lash of the Saxon—in America we are sick of it."

"Humph! don't doubt that the least. There has been, I must confess, rather too much of this clamor about our rights and our wrongs. But, my dear Doctor, I suspect very much *your* sickness arises from another cause."

"What's that?"

"Your Anglo-Saxonism."

"I am an Anglo-Saxon," responded Horseman, promptly, "and what of that. Have I not reason to feel as proud of my Anglo-Saxon as you do of your Celtic origin. Has not the Saxon been as good a Catholic as the Celt—and as good a soldier. I am an Anglo-Saxon, sir, and to the back bone."

"Precisely—and that's one reason you dislike the Irish so much."

"You're mistaken, sir, I do not dislike the Irish. I love and admire them for their staunch adherence to the faith of their fathers—but" ——

"Ay, ay, but—'that's the rub.' You love them in the abstract, but you hate them in detail."

"Mr. Brennan, I see you're determined to misunderstand me," exclaimed Horseman, drawing himself up, and running his thumbs into the arm holes of his waistcoat. "You're disposed to regard me as your countrymen do in the States."

"How is that?"

"Native American."

"Precisely. You're as much a Native American as you can be, and be a Catholic, or rather you're first American and then you're Catholic."

"Sir, I protest this is the most extraordinary"——

"Oh pshaugh! Doctor, don't try to play that trick on me. You've caught the contagion, that now prevails all over the United States, and in its most malignant form."

"You mean"——

"I mean hatred of the Celt. And how a man of your intelligence and Catholic sentiments can entertain such feelings, is more than I can well understand."

"You're personal, Mr. Brennan."

"I'm candid. You dislike the Irish, that's my firm conviction."

"It's your assertion, sir."

"Dr. Horseman, I am not disposed to quarrel with you on the subject, nor indeed is it worth quarreling about, for it matters little to the Irish, whether you happen to be their friend or foe. But it appears very odd to me, after all your professions of regard for the Irish, how you manage to see their faults sooner than even their professed enemies. Since you landed on these shores nothing seems to please you. Our people are lazy and ignorant, our clergy indolent, our schools and colleges slow and undisciplined; even our great men have not escaped your contempt—Burke, Grattan, O'Connell, Curran, Goldsmith, Sheridan, Banim, Swift, Moore—not one of them you have not spoken of in terms of the grossest disparagement."

"Sir, I'm not to sit here, and listen to all this"——

"You have drawn it all on yourself, Doctor. Why, you've been hardly introduced here to Miss Petersham, when you offended her national pride, by the contemptuous language you use in speaking of her countryman—confessedly one of the greatest men of modern times."

"I may express my opinion, I presume?"

"Certainly, sir, but you should reflect that you're a stranger, and expected to treat us at least with common civility."

"You are very severe, Mr. Brennan."

"I speak the truth, sir, and that I fear is something you cannot very well bear to be told."

"And pray, sir, how come you to know that? Our acquaintance is but short."

"Long enough to discover that you cannot bear the least contradiction without losing your temper. Simple differences of opinion expressed in the most respectful manner, excites you."

"And yet strange to say, since I joined the Catholic Church, I have submitted with the docility of a child to the corrections, and even the rebukes of the humblest of her priests."

"Upon my word then, Doctor," replied the priest, laughingly, "humility, so far as I can learn, is not a virtue you have ever got much credit for. I am aware you profess great respect for the clergy of the American Church, but I fear you sometimes forget to practice it."

"That's a calumny, sir. I could appeal to the whole body of our American B——, if I have ever been wanting in respect to a single individual amongst them. Their endorsement of my Review is a sufficient guaranty on that point."

"Humph!" said Father John, "that happened some years ago, if I don't mistake. Were the endorsement to be made now—ahem!"

"What, sir?"

"Nothing, let it pass. The endorsement however, did you no good, Doctor. It gave you a credit on which you depended too much—it spoiled you."

"I presume you mean to say, the B—— approval of my Review has made me insolent?"

"That is not exactly the word I should use—though the word is a good English word of three syllables."

"Humph! I understand you," growled the angry Doctor, and spitting the tobacco he had been fiercely chewing for the last ten minutes, into the grate, he replaced it by another quid from his silver box, and looked over at the priest as if he could have annihilated him with a glance.

"And now, Doctor, as we have been quarreling," resumed the priest, without taking the least notice of the Doctor's anger, "let us fight it out and be good friends again. Let me ask you then how it happens, that you dislike so much every thing Irish, especially for the last five years?"

"I tell you again, sir, you are mistaken—I am unconscious of any antipathy to the Irish people, whether at home or abroad."

"Is it possible you can so far deceive yourself on this point? Can you tell me of a single instance, where in word or writing, you have these five years manifested a friendly feeling for us. I have read your Review for six years, from cover to cover. I heard you lecture before Irish audiences seven times, during my stay in the United States, have been in your company and conversed with you freely and frequently during that time, and I protest I could never discover the slightest indication in any thing you ever wrote or said, of friendship for the Irish, priest or people."

"Humph! You would expect me to shew my love for Ireland in blowing about Brian Boru and Tara's Hall, and that sort of humbug, I presume?"

"No sir, I despise that as much as you do. I should merely expect you, as a Catholic, to cherish Catholic sentiments towards us. I should expect that when you profess friendship for us, you would at the same time give us some proof of your sincerity?"

"And have I not given such proofs? Did I not, six years ago, devote all the energies of my mind and body to the improvement of their political and social condition in the States—and what have I gained by it?"

"Nothing—and you deserved to gain nothing, for your motives were selfish."

"Selfish!"

"Ay, selfish. You aspired to the leadership of the Irish in the United States, without a particle of love for them in your heart. You would be the O'Connell or the Montelambert of America, but you failed, for you possess neither the talent of the one, nor the self-sacrificing spirit of the other to sustain you."

"The charge is false," exclaimed Horseman, passionately.

"No, sir, but as true as you now stand before me, and when the Irish withheld their confidence, which nothing but your own vanity could have led you to expect, your pretended love for them turned to hatred. I know you well, Dr. Horseman, and yet nothing but the provocation I have had from you to-night, could have drawn from me this rebuke. I introduced you here as my friend, and you have hardly entered the room when you tell the young lady of the house she's on the straight road to damnation, and then you set about deliberately abusing her countrymen without distinction, and in a manner so overbearing, that no man with a particle of feeling left in his heart could tolerate. How would you feel, sir, if one of our reviewers, after landing in your native city, commenced a general attack upon your American authors and orators, Prescott, Bryant, Cowper, Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and the rest of your great men? How would you like to hear a foreigner in one of your drawing rooms speak in that style?"

"Sir, I have never withheld my opinions any where. When I form opinions I am not ashamed to avow them."

"But I tell you, Doctor, you ought to be ashamed to avow such opinions as you have just expressed here. I have listened to you in my own house speak in the most contemptuous manner of our Irish writers and statesmen, and borne with you patiently, for I was then your host; but I cannot sit patiently here and hear you outrage the feelings of a young and gentle girl at her own fire-side, and on your very first introduction, because she happens to be a Protestant and is national enough to feel proud of her countrymen."

Horseman again took out his tobacco box, and was about to reply, when the door opened, and Mrs. Willoughby entered, carrying a letter in her hand. She was evidently beyond three score and ten, to judge from the deep furrows of her cheeks and thin white hair, and yet she walked as sprightly and upright as a girl of sixteen. Approaching Father John and Mr. Guirkie with a smile of welcome, she extended a hand to each, and expressed the pleasure she felt in seeing them at Castle Gregory.

"Kate," she added, "where are you, Kate?"

"Quarreling with Dr. Horseman," replied the priest.

"O the wild creature. She's always at some mischief. Kate, here's a note from Mary Lee."

In a moment the delighted girl was at her aunt's side, and kissing her hand fervently for having carried the precious billet, she bounded off again to read it.

"News for you, Uncle Jerry," she exclaimed, as she ran her eye rapidly over the contents; "Mary Lee comes to-morrow, and you must stay to see her. You can't refuse, for you know how anxious you've been to converse with her."

"Come over," said Uncle Jerry, "and sit beside me here on the sofa, we must talk a little of your friend. Do you really know what this girl is, or whence she came, and what's to become of her?"

"Not I," replied Kate. "All I know is, I love her dearly, and that's all I want to know."

"But of her father?"

"She never speaks of him; I never even heard her mention his name."

"I declare!—is'nt it strange, and you so intimate?"

"Very—she told me all about her uncle's embarrassment, though. She fears he cannot hold out much longer. His creditors in Dublin and Cork are pressing him very hard, and he has no means to meet their demands."

"God help him, poor fellow, if he did'nt happen to be a gentleman, it had'nt been half so bad."

"Have you called to see him yet, as you promised?"

"No, I thought better of it," replied Uncle Jerry.

"How so?"

"My visit might be disagreeable perhaps."

"Disagreeable?"

"Yes—he might feel embarrassed."

"What! ashamed of his poverty, you mean?"

"No, but if he knew me to be the purchaser of Mary's pictures, what should I do then? Rodger would never sell me a picture again."

"He knows nothing about it," said Kate. "Rodger would die sooner than tell him; even Mary herself don't know who buys her pictures. She thinks Rodger sells them in Derry to a picture dealer. All she don't understand about it is the high price she gets for them."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated Uncle Jerry, "she receives the value of them, and not one stiver more or less. I'm not such a fool as to throw my hard earned money away for nothing."

"Fool," repeated Kate, looking at Uncle Jerry, till the tears came to her eyes. "I wish to God we had more fools like you, for then the world would be both better and wiser."

"There it is again," said Uncle Jerry, turning away from his companion, for nothing irritated him more than to charge him with the crime of benevolence; "there it is again; always harping on the same string. I'll stay at home, in future," he continued, "for I sha'nt be plagued in this way any longer. I'll not let a beggar—I'll not let a man with a torn coat, nor a woman with a child in her arms, within a league of my house."

"Don't grow angry with me, Uncle Jerry," pleaded Kate, taking his hand in both hers.

"I will grow angry; I can't help it; a saint could'nt stand it. I'll turn off Mrs. Motherly too, for she's the cause of all this. I can't fling a copper to a beggar, but she reports it a pound. Upon my word it's a pretty thing, to be taken for a simpleton at the age of sixty years."

"I only hinted at your generosity—I mean your goodness—in-a-in-why, in giving a fair price for Mary's pictures."

"Fair price"—

"Yes, and I thought you would'nt be angry with me for saying that."

"Of course I would'nt, but you said nothing of the kind—not a syllable," replied Uncle Jerry, softening down a little.

"I meant to say so," said Kate, "but you would'nt hear me. I certainly think it's very good and kind in you to buy these pictures from the poor girl when you don't want them yourself. I say *that*, Mr. Guirkie, and I shall always say so."

"But I do want them—I want all she can paint, for a twelve month to come, and I would'nt give one of them for twice the price they cost me. Do you hear that, Miss Petersham?"

"Oh well," said Kate, humoring the whim, "that accounts for it then."

"Certainly. You thought all the time, I suppose, I bought these pictures as an act of charity. He! he!" he chuckled, endeavoring all the while to belie his own heart, "when I buy, Kate, I have an eye to business."

Kate raised up her eyes in appeal against the sacrilege, but dared not venture to say a word.

"And that's the real reason, Kate, I don't visit at the Lighthouse," added Uncle Jerry, holding his head down, for his conscience smote him for bearing false witness against himself, "that's the reason, precisely."

"Oh, very well," said Kate, "I'm satisfied if you are."

"I must acknowledge it's a selfish motive," continued Uncle Jerry, "but I have been a man of the world and doubtless my feelings are hardened by long intercourse with it."

"Humph, and so you won't visit at the Lighthouse, lest Rodger should never come with his pictures again?"

"Precisely. If the old man saw me once there, he should never, never come knocking at my door again. He's a wonderful man, that Rodger, and I think I should miss him very much."

"He's a faithful creature," replied Kate; "like the ivy, he clings on to the last; when the old house falls into ruins he falls with it."

"He is very obliging to me, at all events," said Uncle Jerry, "to make me the first offer. But you'll keep the secret to yourself Kate, (and he whispered the words in the ear,) there's no need you know of telling every body the value of these pictures. 'Let that flea stick fast in the wa,' Kate."

"Never fear; I'll not discover on you."

"And now, can you tell me if Mary Lee has any friends or relatives in or about Rathmullen?" inquired Uncle Jerry.

"No, not that I know of."

"You're not certain, I suppose?"

"Well, as certain as I can be, without actually hearing her say so."

"Then, I must have seen her ghost."

"Her ghost, forsooth! where?"

"In Rathmullen grave yard."

"Oh, it was only some one like her, you saw. She has no relatives buried there. The Lees, you know, are absolute strangers in this part of the country."

"So I understood, and yet upon my word, I could almost swear I saw her there, at two different times, as plainly as I see you now. On both occasions it was late in the evening, and she passed within a few yards of me, apparently on her way to the shore."

"It was some one else, you may rest assured. Mary never goes there; I should hear of it if she did. Sometimes in calm evenings, she and Lanty Hanlon take a run up the loch together, but I never heard of her visiting the grave yard."

During this little conversation between Uncle Jerry and Kate, Dr. Horseman and Mrs. Willoughby were busily engaged talking on various subjects, particularly those relating to America and American society. Being of a very old aristocratic family herself, the good lady was very fond of speaking of her ancestors, dating them back as far as the conquest, and of the various noble houses all over England and Scotland, with which she had become connected during a long succession of years. Dr. Horseman, on the other hand, coming, as he did, from the Puritans of Plymouth Rock, and still proud of the grim old warrior fathers, was not inclined to set much value on his venerable companion's reminiscences of the past, and indeed went so far in his rough, brusque manner of speaking of the English nobility, as to shock the old lady's prepossessions very much. Fortunately, however, a circumstance of rather a ludicrous character occurred just then to prevent an open rupture between them.

Lanty Hanlon, as the reader may remember, was appointed to take charge of the negro in the boat-house, and keep him as comfortable as possible under hay and blankets, till a carriage could be sent next morning to convey him to Greenmount, if indeed it should so happen that no accommodation could be had for him at Castle Gregory. Lanty waited patiently till the half hour was up, expecting by that time to see some of the Castle servants coming down to relieve him. But when the half hour was past and gone and no one coming, he began to feel somewhat uneasy at the prospect of being obliged to sit up all night with so unsociable a companion. The next half hour passed away also, and no one came. Lanty went to the door to listen—but all in vain—not a sound could he hear, but the occasional screech of the peacock on the old sun dial.

"Begorra," he muttered to himself, at last, scratching his head and returning to his weary post, "begorra, it's a mighty agreeable akipation, sittin here all alone nurse-tendin a blackamoore, an not a sowl within call of me. I'd know what Mary Kelly will say when I'm not there to take her up to Ned Callahan's christenin. I'm sayin, Mr. Blackamoore," he continued, turning to the negro, who now lay motionless on the flat of his back, "I'm sayin, ye'd do me a mighty great favor if ye'd let me off till day break. I've some weighty business on my hands th' night."

"Bery sick, massa."

"Oh I don't dispute that in the laste. But there's no fear of you till mornin, any how."

"Berry bad, massa," repeated the negro, "berry sick; no tink me live."

"Oh musha, bad luck to the fear of ye, my *augenach*, yer more frightened than hurt, I'm thinkin."

"Me no feel toes—none at all."

"Confound your toes—I'm not goin to stay here all night nursin them, without as much a drop 'i drink, or even a draw of the pipe to warm me. So start, my darlin; I'll carry ye to the castle."

"You kill me, massa."

"Dang the fear of ye—come, up my fine fellow—ye'll ride on a Christian's back, any way, and that's an honor ye little expected."

The poor negro begged hard to be left where he was for the night, but Lanty was inexorable; the dance at Ned Callahan's christening, with Mary Kelly for a partner, was too strong a temptation. After various twistings and turnings, he succeeded at length in seating the invalid on the top of an empty barrel, and then backing in, wound the creature's arms round his neck and tied them there with his handkerchief, lest he might happen to grow faint, and fall on the road. In this fashion Lanty started off with his burden, intending to leave him in one of the out houses till morning. When he reached the Castle, however, he found all the office houses locked. The only door in fact he saw open, after hawking his load all over the place, was the great hall door of the castle itself. So after some hesitation he took courage and in he went. Looking round the spacious hall for some time, and seeing no one coming, he determined at last to deposit the negro on a door mat, and then having rung the bell, to disappear as fast as possible. Unfortunately, however, he selected the wrong place, but worse still, in turning round to drop the negro behind him, he stumbled backwards, burst open the parlor door where the company we have just left were quietly seated, and rolled into the middle of the room, with the negro's arms clasped around his neck like a vice.

The uproar was awful. Mrs. Willoughby screamed, Mr. Guirkie shouted thieves and murder, Dr. Horseman upset the table with the lights, in his effort to lay hold of his aristocratic antagonist, as she fell fainting from her chair. Kate ran to one door, and the priest groaped his way to another, calling on the servants. Within the room all was darkness and confusion. Uncle Jerry, in his attempts to escape, upset chairs, tables, tumblers, decanters, dumb-waiters, and every thing else that came in his way. Mrs. Willoughby, in a fit of hysterics wriggled furiously in the stalwart arms of the burly Reviewer, whilst Lanty kicked and swore lustily at the "blackguard blackamoore" to let him go.

At length the servants came running in with lights, one after another, all out of breath, and inquiring what had happened. The shouts and screams of the party had attracted to the spot every domestic in the house, from the boot-boy to the stewart. But their stay however, was short, for the instant their eyes fell on the negro's black face, they mistook him for a certain gentleman of the same color, and away they fled, treading on each others heels, and screeching like very demons, till the din grew ten times greater than it was before.

"What's all this clamor about," cried the priest, motioning back the affrighted servants. "Brave fellows you are to be scared in this way by the black face of a poor African. But where's Lanty Hanlon," he added, suddenly recollecting himself, "away, and bring the villain here forthwith, he's the cause of all this trouble. Bring him here instantly."

"Lanty Hanlon, where are you?" shouted one.

"Lanty Hanlon, the priest wants you!" cried another.

But no answer came. Lanty was gone.

Review of Current Literature.

1. THE SOUTHERN QUARTERLY REVIEW; new Series, Vol. XII, No XXIII. July, 1855. Charleston: C. Mortimer.

We must certainly beg pardon of our talented contemporary for our want of courtesy in not paying our respects to him at an earlier day, but really these hot days and the regular stampede, that scatters mental as well as corporeal animals during this season, must plead in abatement of our involuntary fault. There is no mistake in saying that this number equals its predecessors in all that is calculated to make a periodical readable. There is real merit in the most of the articles, and something of which the editor and publisher may be proud. Against one article, however, we enter our protest as being, in our opinion, too much of a sop thrown to the Cerberus of prejudice and fanaticism, which now guards the entrance to our literary Elysium. We did think of penning an answer to the very inaccurate, not to call it by a harder name, article on the Jesuits, but having heard that an abler pen had taken the gauntlet in favor of that abused and misrepresented order, we content ourselves with merely expressing our astonishment, that so able a periodical should have admitted it. Its reputation, and we are sure, its subscription list, wanted not such a prop to keep them from falling.

2. ENGLISH PAST AND PRESENT. By *Richard Chenerix French.* New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a series of five lectures on our language, its gains and losses, written evidently by one who is master of his subject and possessed of imagination and skill sufficient to render so dry a matter interesting to the general reader. A great deal of useful information, not easily found elsewhere, has been gathered together, and many of the customs and practices of our ancestors have been illustrated in the apparently uninteresting study of etymology, while many of the conclusions are of vital importance to him who would have a complete knowledge of his mother tongue. In these days of slang, when almost every writer thinks himself at liberty to coin new words and phrases, it is a real benefit to be recalled to the love of our own expressive language and made to see, I had almost said, to touch its capabilities. "So we may hope," we quote our author, "to be ourselves guardians of its purity and not corruptors of it; to introduce, it may be, others into an intelligent knowledge of that, with which we shall have ourselves more than a merely superficial acquaintance; to bequeath it to those who come after us not worse than we received it ourselves. Spartam nactus es: hanc exoma? This should be our motto in respect at once of our country and our country's tongue."

3. MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF THE LATE DR. MAGINN. Edited by Dr. *Shelton Mackenzie.* 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The rare, spicy, sparkling style which delighted so often the readers of Blackwood, and which we have often attributed to old Kit North, are now for the first time made to honor its father, Dr. Maginn. Dr. Mackenzie has evidently looked upon his part as a labor of love, and his friend must certainly in these spirit-wrapping times have rapped many a thanks for his editorial love, in thus bringing his remains to light and life. But the reading public have not, we are certain, been less grateful for the pleasure they have enjoyed in recalling to memory the many jeux-d-esprits that "shook their lungs" into new vigor in olden times, when classical memories were yet fresh and lively, and the life of the college had not yet been altogether merged in the vortex of business. At least for ourselves we must say we were sated with fun. How we gloated over the "ridendo dicere verum," which shone more brightly and genially than did the satiric lights of old Horace! We could even pardon and overlook all his tory tendencies and his flings at O'Connell and agitation for the hearty laugh, which his careless pen, as if it were a magician's wand, would evoke from our wearied breasts. It was no wonder that Kit North should be christened the Northern Wizzard, when he could bring such a rollocking pen under contribution. We wish we had room for extracts, but there is no need of them, nor would our readers be thankful to us for forestalling their enjoyment.

4. Satire and Satirists. By *James Hannay*. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

A series of lectures on the writers of Satire from the first origin, affords a vast scope for fun, and must interest those who desire to learn something without the trouble of study or any other fatigue that would be incurred in going to a place of amusement. Mr. Hannay has not been below his subject in this little collection. His style is easy and colloquial as lectures before a mixed audience should be. But as with the most of the modern literati, the Catholic religion and its institutions are no great favorites with him, and where he has occasion to speak of the Satirists of the sixteenth centuries in our own and other languages, he cannot help showing how cordially he hates *monkery* and *bigotry*, although inconsistently enough, he praises in Luther what he condemns in the "bigots and ignoramuses." What a curious existence this Catholic Church is, always dying yet never dead, always exposed in some way or other to the shafts of ridicule or persecution, yet never wounded, verifying the Latin poet's encomium of the Roman people: *merses profundo pulchrior evenit:* and showing that divine life and activity, with which her Founder blest her and sent her to conquer the earth. Satirists may ridicule the imperfect and vicious among her children, and lecturers may try to make out a case against her unblemished holiness. But though "blackened she is ever beautiful," and the attempts of the scoffer only go to prove with more evidence that she is ever "terrible as an army set in array," and all their efforts can never prevail against her.

5. Pictorial Bible Stories: from the Creation to the Death of Joseph. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

We have, in a former number, spoken at some length of the nature and design of the Pictorial Series of publications under preparation by Father Formby, of Birmingham, England. Since then, the first number has been issued, and we are now enabled to speak of the comparative merits of the whole work from the sample before us. The learned and zealous author tells us (and we cannot too strongly impress it upon the minds of Catholics) that the object aimed at, in the arduous task he has taken upon himself, is to place within the reach of every Catholic family, in a pleasing and attractive manner, a connected view of the principal and most striking events that have attended the progress of Divine Revelation from the earliest dawn of creation to the present time; and to show that the Son of God was, from the beginning even as he is now, the only medium of salvation to fallen man.

Faithfully has the author carried out this object in the volume before us as far as it goes. He carefully points out those events in the Old Testament which bear a resemblance to passages in the New, and connects them with such remarks as tend to impress both firmly upon the mind of the reader. Take for example his description of the death of Abel. On the one side a beautiful wood cut represents Eve in all the grief and agony of a mother bending over the lifeless remains of her murdered son; and on the other we read the following: "The picture of the death of Abel on the opposite page, is a type of Christ. But the word "type" will require a little explanation. Before Jesus Christ came into the world, and while the people were looking forward to his coming, Almighty God was slowly preparing the world to receive him when the time should come. Jesus Christ, though *God*, was still to come into the world as *man* in great humility, was to suffer many cruelties, and to be put to death through the hatred and jealousy of his own people, who could not bear to witness the example of his virtues and goodness in contrast with that of their own sins and wickedness . . . . . Abel is a type of Christ in this respect, that he was murdered by his own brother, owing to Cain being jealous that Abel was more acceptable to God for his virtues than himself. Abel's death is thus the figure of the death of Christ; while Eve mourning the death of her son is a type of the Mother of God, receiving and mourning over the lifeless remains of Jesus taken down from the cross on which he had suffered for mankind."

The illustrations, in general, are much superior to what we have been accustomed to in this class of works, and in one respect they far surpass most other Biblical illustrations—they present a faithful representation of the objects for which they are designed. Artists generally act upon the principle that,

> "Pictoribus atque poetis,
> Quid libet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;"

and their productions are to a great extent, as far from truth and fact as it is possible to conceive. This is a serious defect, especially in illustrations designed to accompany history; for they mislead where they ought to teach and convey ideas of persons and places completely at variance with truth and reality. The illustrations, moreover, representing the most important events, constitute an excellent chronological table, and serve strongly to impress these events upon the mind of the reader.

But no description of ours will suffice to give an adequate idea of the book; to be properly appreciated, it must be read and examined. It is a hand-book of sacred history, peculiarly adapted to the use of children, while persons of maturer years may read it with pleasure and profit. It is, moreover, the first of the series of an important work; it is the corner-stone of a grand and noble edifice, it is for Catholics to say whether the building shall be completed; whether its benefits shall be permitted to flow on their children. To Father Formby they owe a debt of gratitude, for his zeal and energy in producing a work, in every respect so worthy of their patronage. To insure this patronage, we feel confident that it is only necessary to add that the undertaking has the sanction and approbation of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, and the English hierarchy generally, as well as that of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. This alone is sufficient to recommend the enterprise to the special attention of the Clergy and the Catholic public.

6. Elements of Criticism. By *Henry Horne*, of Kames, revised with omissions, additions and a new analysis. Edited by Rev. *James R. Boyd*. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

We felt disposed to quarrel with Mr. Boyd, when we first read the title page of these excellent elements. Omissions, additions made, and then to present the work as the original of Lord Kames, was, we thought, imposing on the public and rendering the editor liable to an action for trespass under false pretences, as it was certainly in our ideas a liberty that no editor should take with the author submitted to his revision. But when we came to find out in what these omissions consisted, and saw how many serious blemishes, which rendered the original work unfit for a modest eye, were made to give place to beauties that all could safely admire, we cast our quarrelsome humor to the winds and thanked Mr. Boyd for his zeal and industry in the cause of sound literature. There are very few works in our language that are more worthy of praise for its treatment of a particular subject, than this of Lord Kames. It is not tainted with that materialistic tendency, which since the days of Locke and Hobbes, has made such havoc among English philosophers, and we know of no work in our language that can compare with it in its explanation and teaching, regarding that part of psychology, which treats of the origin of ideas, of emotions and passions and of the principle of beauty. Being a Protestant he could not of course pass by an opportunity of having a fling at the Catholics, and in this respect the editor is as good as his author. Perhaps he thought he would not have deserved the title of Reverend, had he acted otherwise. Yet there was no necessity for such a display of religious fervor, and he should have remembered that "the word of the cross, to them indeed that perish, is foolishness." But perhaps he was willing in himself to give an example of that impropriety, "the sense of which, according to his author, with respect to mistakes, blunders and absurdities, is evidently calculated for the good of mankind." If so, we have certainly no right to blame him, for in this free country any man, even a Reverend Professor of Geneva, New York, may make a fool of himself as often and as long as he pleases. And if he thinks he can thus benefit mankind, it is a heroism which we cannot sufficiently extol. It is however a great pity, that when he was removing blemishes, he had not removed this, which certainly merited as much condemnation as many of the others.

7. THE CURSE OF THE VILLAGE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF BEING RICH. From the Flemish of *M. Henri Conscience.* Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have never met with a book that gave us more pleasure than this. It is really an intellectual feast, where the mind may seek both refreshment and relaxation. But had we not read the work, it would have been sufficient for us to know that it is from the pen of the distinguished Belgian novelist, M. Conscience. Like all the other works of this distinguished author, it possesses a simple beauty that charms and delights the reader. Its scenes, deeply interesting in themselves, are rendered the more striking and entertaining by the under-current of humor that flows beneath its style. Its purity and chasteness of sentiment, its freedom from every thing that could in the remotest degree offend the moral or religious sensibility of the most refined taste, or raise a scruple in the most fastidious mind, must and will commend it to universal patronage. The elegant style in which it is presented to the public, requires no commendation. The beauty of its external appearance is but a fitting type of the purity and sublimity of its contents.

Apart however from the merits of the work, other circumstances add to it a degree of interest. It is the first of a series of light and entertaining works, which Messrs. Murphy & Co. are about to issue under the title of the "AMUSING LIBRARY." We are glad to see an enterprise, which promises so much good, undertaken. A want of light literature, at least such as could have been read indiscriminately by young and old, has been much felt in this country. Works suitable especially for the young, of a purely moral and healthy character, avoiding every thing that could give offence on the subject of religion, are a class much needed, and such, we are happy to learn, is the class to be supplied by the Amusing Library. This library, therefore, will do an essential service to the community, by furnishing an antidote to the pernicious, seductive and sickening trash with which the country is inundated, in the name of "light literature."

8. A COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF THOUGHTS, MEMORIES AND FANCIES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED. By *Mrs. Jameson.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

Mrs. Jameson might have put it down among her common fancies, that the public would be delighted with her thoughts and memories, but we scarcely opine that the public would even think of giving a penny for her thoughts. There is a great deal in our opinion more fit for her papèterie or a warmer place still than for the reader, and those friends, who advised her to trouble the printer, were scarcely judicious, and to our mind were, as we Americans use the term, humbugging her. She has at least so much good sense as to let the public know her own judgment regarding the farrago she has sent forth. Truly old Montaigue helped her book to a character, when he wrote the words, which she has selected for her epigraph: "Un pen de chaque chose et rien du tout." We might commend her to the "Tale of a Tub" for a proper idea of a common-place book, and common writers.

9. FRENCH TRANSLATION SELF-TAUGHT, OR FIRST BOOK OF FRENCH TRANSLATION ON A NEW SYSTEM. By *Guillarme H. Talbot.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Those who purchase this book with the expectation of finding a new system for learning how to translate the French language will be sorely disappointed. It is the *crambe repetitia* of *interlinear translation*, long ago rejected by the experience of scholars and teachers, and is only another proof of the Scripture assertion, that "there is nothing new under the sun, neither is any man able to say: Behold this is new: for it hath already gone before in the ages that were before us." Apart from this false pretence, as a book of selections and helps to learn, it is not without merit, and may contribute somewhat with the teacher's guidance, to the purpose for which it was prepared. But we have no faith in self-teaching. There is no such a thing in nature, and least of all in regard to a living language.

Editors' Table.

The following beautiful lines, accompanied by the introductory words, have been handed to us by a fair contributor. They are the production of a young poet, and if they do not possess that perfection which we might look for in one of maturer years, they give evidence of genius, which we love to encourage. And while we read them, we too should not forget that we are "*nearing home.*" That every day brings us one step further towards the goal of life: that death approaches us: that eternity awaits us:

It was an evening in the month of May. Clarence sat by the open window of his chamber, looking out upon the broad patches of moon-light and shade that flaked the park. That morning his soul had been refreshed by the sacrament of his Saviour's love, and strengthened by the heavenly food, it seemed no longer hard to die. The ties of earth were slowly falling off. He arose, and going to his desk, wrote the following lines, which were found by his sister after his death.

NEARING HOME.

A light has flashed on the darkened way,
'Mid the shadows 'tis softly gleaming,
And I know that the steady placid ray
From the portals of home is streaming.

To my weary feet new strength it brings,
New hope to my shrinking soul;
And my heart in its rapture softly sings
"Thou art nearing the promised goal."

But a dreary gulf must first be passed,
And a bitter pang be borne;
The grave's chill shade be o'er me cast,
And death's dark mantle worn.

A moment's woe! Then joy forever:
A full, majestic tide
Flooding the heart like some gushing stream
That sweeps down the mountain side:

Fills each fair vale, and lovely glade,
Each dark and silent wood,
And chasms by some convulsion made,
Where giant mountains stood:

'Till nought is seen but the waters clear
Reflecting the clearer sky,
And the wind's low voice alone is there
Whispering mysteriously.

But one deep pang, O faithful heart!
One farewell calmly spoken,
One effort to still the fears that start
O'er the hopes so early broken.

A shuddering dread of the cold, cold ground,
A glance to the sky above;
Then hope and fear alike are drowned
In the fathomless waves of love.

CELEBRATION OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—*September 17th.*

The anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States was celebrated on the 17th ultimo, in this city, with becoming honor.

At a time when fanaticism would seem to prompt a portion of our fellow-citizens to raise a hand against the Constitution of the country, the palladium of our rights and liberties, it was meet and proper that this celebration should have taken place. It was opportune at this crisis of our country, that former party lines should be laid aside, that the hatchet of political differences should be buried, that our fellow-citizens, without distinction of creed or country, the friends of civil and religious liberty, should meet and renew their vows of fidelity to the sacred principles contained in the national charter, and plight to each other the words of freemen, to transmit to their children those principles unsullied and unbroken.

On this, as on every other occasion, where we have had an opportunity of hearing the views of the truly great men of the country, these views have been directly adverse to the doctrines put forth by the new order that has lately sprung up in our midst. Our space will not permit us to do more than refer to the truly eloquent and patriotic letters from the Hon. Geo. M. Dallas, His Excellency Governor Ligon, and to the eloquent remarks of the Hon. Wm. D. Merrick, and other distinguished gentlemen. But there is one name which we cannot pass over in silence; it is that of our own distinguished citizen, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of whom not only his native State, but his country may feel justly proud. Standing as he does in the foremost ranks of his profession, and having filled with honor the distinguished position of Attorney General of the United States, his opinion on the grave and vital questions now agitating the country, will be received with the deepest interest. That opinion is freely and frankly given in a letter addressed to the "Executive Committee of the Constitutional Anniversary." The Hon. gentleman will be found, where every right-minded, honorable American citizen ought to be found, on the side of constitutional right and equal liberty, civil and religious, while he enters a protest against those, who would attempt to invade the one or infringe the other. Having reviewed at considerable length the letter and spirit of the Constitution, and the efforts making to exclude our naturalized citizens from the rights and privileges secured to them under that instrument, the Hon. gentleman, in the letter alluded to, says:

> "But the aspect in which such a combination, successfully carried out, would present us to the world, should be a matter of deep regret. It would prove native Americans false to a most solemn national promise—that holds forth the expectation, in words too clear for debate, of equality of rights. This after the expectation has been acted upon in good faith by the emigrant—denies it. It therefore carries with it national dishonor. It makes also the Constitution what it is not. It changes the law, which all are equally bound to obey, in spirit as well as letter, and makes for itself a law.
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> Upon the subject of religious freedom our ancestors were so jealous that they deemed it right to secure it more effectually than it was thought to be secured by the Constitution as at first adopted. This they did in the first of the amendments by denying to Congress the right to pass any 'law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.' And this they deem equally important as the whole article shews with 'freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances.'
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> "If a combination to the injury of the naturalized citizen, merely because of his being naturalized, is improper, how much more improper, if that be possible, is such a combination to affect the rights of a citizen whether native or naturalized because merely of his religious opinions?"

Having spoken with feelings of deep regret of the strife and contentions that have divided the human family on account of religion, and the persecutions that have raged in other lands, he continues:

> "With us, too, at this time, the Roman Catholics are the objects of assault. Forgetting for the occasion their own substantial differences, Protestants of most sects, if not of all, are said to be concerned in this political religious crusade. What would they think, if, constituting as they once did, a majority, the Catholics were to unite in such a warfare? Thank God, at that period, they set not a nobler, for there is nothing

noble in the opposite cause, but a noble—a sublime example. Of this their descendants may well be proud. Flying from religious persecution, one amongst their first acts of legislation was a provision for perfect religious freedom. On the 21st of April, 1649, they passed this statute:

"'And whereas the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in these commonwealths where it has been practised, and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this province, and the better to preserve mutual love and amity among the inhabitants, no person within this province professing to believe in Jesus Christ shall be any way troubled, molested or discountenanced from his or her religion or in the free exercise thereof.'

"This was done too, as history tells us, 'with the earnest concurrence of their governor and of the proprietary.' Sir George Calvert, who we are also told, 'in an age when religious controversy still continued to be active, and when the increasing divisions among Protestants were spreading a general alarm, his mind sought relief from controversy in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church—and preferring the avowal of his opinions to the emoluments of office, he resigned his place and openly professed his communion.'

"'Increasing divisions among Protestants!'—How much have they since multiplied and how persuasive should the fact be with Protestants for the cause of religious toleration!

"In justification of this political hostility to the Catholics, it is alleged that they owe a paramount allegiance to the Papal See. Suppose they do, is there any thing in that to alarm us? Should we be fearful that they would sacrifice the interests of this country to those of Rome, or that our liberty could in any measure be endangered? The temporal government of the Pope is impotent for aggression. Not able to maintain it at home he has relied and yet relies on the aid of other governments. To feel apprehensions for American freedom, or the institutions protecting it, from such a quarter, would be as idle as a fear that the light and power of the sun would be lost in the mild radiance and feeble power of the moon.

"But in truth, what ground is there for charging such an allegiance? Can any one believe that Catholic American citizens entertain it? Every battle field of the revolution was illustrated by their valor—every field in the war of 1812 was mired with their blood—every struggle of the Mexican war witnessed their gallantry and devotion, and every office they have held (and what office have they not filled under the Federal and State governments?) they have discharged the duties of with credit to themselves and usefulness to the country.

"I forbear to name an instance amongst the living, but there is one holding the highest judicial office in the world, who has long since enjoyed the respect and won the admiration of all. A religion which numbers amongst its followers such a man, one would think, incapable of doing harm to American freedom, or of having a concealed political allegiance, inconsistent with a full and faithful discharge of every duty known to American institutions.

With these facts before us—pouring out their blood in common with Protestants to maintain the honor of the nation—with their dust commingled in the same grave and watered alike by the dews of Heaven—with an equally honest and patriotic performance of every duty, how can any one be found so bold as to declare that under the constitution and laws they should be hereafter treated as aliens and enemies?

"Ever confiding with absolute confidence in the sound sense, honesty and justice of the American people, I have no fear that such an opinion can long prevail, nor do I know any more certain mode to arrest at once and forever such *fanaticism*, than the recurrence in every year to the teachings of the constitution and the learning of true wisdom and patriotism from the memorials of the sagacious, far seeing and patriotic men to whom under Providence we are indebted for it."

The Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*—*The obstacles to the Conversion of the Natives of India.*

We have had frequent occasion to speak of the Association of the Propagation of the Faith, but so great, so exalted are the ends contemplated by this noble institution, that we cannot forego the pleasure of referring to it again. Still in its infancy, how vast is the sphere of its operations. Rising like a mighty pyramid, it casts the reflection of its shadow to the furthest bounds of the earth. By the waters of the Ganges, and on the banks of the Indus; in the various provinces of the Celestial Empire, in Syria, Japan, and in the deserts of Abyssinia; amid the snows of North America, and the sands of

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Africa, holy and heroic missionaries, under the auspices of this Association, are zealously laboring to spread the light of Christianity and to erect the standard of the cross, where paganism for ages has held undisputed sway. Nevertheless, how few Catholics, comparatively speaking, are acquainted with the labors of these courageous heralds of the cross? How few read the Annals of the Propagation, the faithful, simple, but sublime records of their noble deeds?

Why these Annals are not more read, is to us a matter of surprise. They abound with interesting details, thrilling incidents, and pleasing descriptions. They are often the only reliable source of information relative to the geography, resources, and national characteristics of the countries to which they relate. The men too, and the circumstances under which they are written, ought to throw around them no small degree of interest. The authors are for the most part zealous and holy bishops and priests—men, who have forsaken all the endearments of home, friends, and country; have exchanged the position of wealth, affluence and ease, for poverty, want, toil and sufferings. And amidst labors and privations, from which others of less courage and energy would recoil, they write these annals. If any earthly consideration is capable of giving these holy men one consolation greater than another, it certainly would be to know that their writings are appreciated by the Catholic world. But apart from the interest and pleasure that may be derived from the reading of the Annals, there are other and higher motives which should induce every Catholic to take an interest in their circulation—*they are sold for the benefit of the missionary cause.* Every twelve and a half cents paid for a number goes to the common fund, and thus contributes towards promoting the noble object for which the Association was established. The price of a number is, then, to a certain extent, the ransom of an immortal soul from the shades of paganism and infidelity! What a reflection for Catholics!

But we are digressing too far, as it was our intention in referring to the Annals, only to treat our readers to an extract from their interesting pages; but our pen carried us into the above remarks.

Father Bordereau, Missioner Apostolic at Selam, India, gives the following interesting account of the *castes* of the inhabitants, and which he ascribes as one of great obstacles to their conversion:

"But the great and principal obstacle to the conversion of the Indians, is the prejudice of castes. You are, doubtless, aware that they are divided into numerous tribes, each of which has its laws, usages and privileges, each trade forming a separate corporation. This classification, which has served to preserve the national character, and maintain the manners and customs of India, so far as any human institution could do, affords to its enemies a great advantage, and may serve to explain why foreigners so easily seize upon the sovereign power. The result of this division is that there is no community of interests, no centre of unity, no point about which the different castes can rally. The Indian has no fatherland, each tribe exists separate and independent of the rest; hence, the English never attempt to interfere with this system, being well aware that this is the grand secret of their force; and as the caste of the brahmins overawes and holds in subjection, by the mere prestige of their nobility, the other sections of the population, by affording them occupation, they take advantage of this circumstance to keep the whole peninsula under their dominion.

"The Indian's caste is to him everything—life, honor, and glory; each one is proud of that in which he has been born, and will never admit that it is inferior to that of the upper classes. Beyond the pale of this hierarchy exist the parias, who have not, nor can have anything in common with the other tribes, although even they are subdivided into several branches. They are looked upon by the rest of the population as an impure race,—as beings who have no family connexion, and are so abject and despicable, that no one can have any intercourse with them without being contaminated. They are, in the full sense of the term, excommunicated, and regarded as the outcasts of society, from which they have been excluded for some serious fault; and this original stain irrevocably condemns them to a civil death. The soutras themselves, who rank as the lowest of the castes, entertain for the parias a profound contempt, which amounts to a species of horror. It would be considered a great scandal, and a compromise of the honor of the tribe to touch a paria, to enter his abode, to drink of the water which he has drawn, to eat from a vessel which he has used, to partake of food that he has prepared, or drink at a well at which he may have quenched his thirst. Should any one have involuntarily touched him, the bath is the only means of purification; and any earthen vessel that his impure hands may have profaned, must necessarily be destroyed. On this subject, it will not be uninteresting for me to relate a circumstance that occurred a few days ago at Selam.

"In front of the church in course of erection, a number of people were engaged in a warm and noisy dispute, when a deputation consisting of five or six of the principal individuals waited on the Missioner, who at the time was saying his office. At the earnest request of the parties, he was obliged to interrupt his orisons and repair to the theatre of debate to pronounce an equitable judgment, upon a grave and important case which had arisen out of an unfortunate circumstance. The contending parties awaited his arrival prepared with their witnesses. The people in the neighborhood, on hearing the disputants declaiming with all the force of their eloquence, in support of their rights, abandoned their occupation and came in crowds to see what was the nature of the quarrel. The whole place was soon crowded with an excited multitude, who transformed the temporary sanctuary of justice into an arena of combat. On the one side was the master mason and his wife, who had come from a great distance, the former to work at the church, which was already six feet high. Their cause was supported by the sympathies of numerous friends, whose zeal was manifested with especial energy. The opponent was a plasterer's wife, who was ably defended by her companions. The female antagonists, although deficient in muscular strength, maintain the contest by their gesticulations and natural eloquence. Amid this tumultuous assemblage one man alone remains calm, and preserves the impassible attitude of one who is to pronounce an impartial sentence, and this man is the Missioner, whose experience enables him to control the infuriated disputants. The pleadings having been heard on each side, a sentence, admitting of no appeal, is pronounced against the mason's wife. On hearing this, the husband, feeling himself wounded in his conjugal pride, takes revenge by threatening to resign his engagement, and transfer his labor to some other locality. But without a mason, what was to become of our building operations? The work would at once be suspended, the church left unfinished; and this reflection silenced the clamors of the opponents, and threw all present into the greatest consternation.

"Now, what do you think was the origin of this quarrel? The most futile incident. A little paria, so young that he could scarcely walk, had unfortunately touched with his finger an old jug, used by the mason's wife to throw water on the lime, and which she had left within the boy's reach whilst gossiping with her associates. It was admitted on all sides, that the vessel in question, having been contaminated by an indelible stain, must of necessity be destroyed; but who was to bear the loss? This was the point at issue; and yet the pitcher was not worth at most a halfpenny.

"The superior castes have sometimes to pay much more dearly for their contempt of the parias. At a place near Darmaboory, one of the principal Christian stations of Selam, a pond had been fished. In accordance with a local custom, when the water is nearly all out, any one may enter the pond and catch the small fishes that have escaped the nets. Among those who were expecting to have a share in the booty, were a number of parian neophytes from a neighboring village, strong and courageous men, who, although resolved never to commit an assault, were fully prepared to defend themselves against any aggression. On this occasion, I know not for what motive, the *tamougeres*, of noble caste forbade the Christians to enter the pond. 'Very well,' said they, 'if no paria is permitted to enter it, we will remain on the bank; but, in the contrary event, rest assured that we shall not respect your prohibition.'

"At a signal given by the village chief, the *tamougeres* entered the pond, in the confident hope that they would be the only competitors, and fully expecting to make on this occasion an abundant catch. The parias, although anxious to have their share of the fish that had been left, remained on the bank tranquil spectators of the proceedings, when one of them who was not aware of the arbitrary prohibition, at once entered the pond. He was instantly assailed by others, who began to beat him in the most inhuman manner. 'Do not beat him,' cried the parias, 'he is one of our party.' Notwithstanding this request, they still continued to use violence, until at length our Christians lost all patience, entered the pond, and in their turn fell upon the tamougeres, rolling them in the mud, without any regard to the consequences. The latter, although the more numerous party, perceiving that they were likely to have the worst of it, fled from the scene of contest. But the parias were not satisfied with this partial victory. Emboldened by their success, and excited by the struggle, they pursued the fugitives, armed with the sandals and other objects which their assailants, in their hurry to escape, had left on the banks of the water. The pursuit was warmly maintained by the parias who drove the enemy into the stronghold of their village: but, as the tamougeres approached this last entrenchment, their fears were redoubled. The honor of their caste had already been compromised by a defeat, their persons were covered with bruises, and their position rendered doubly painful by the reflection that every blow they had received was a stain upon their honor, and that the parias might even invade them in their own dwellings, in which case, every thing they possessed would be profaned, and the quarrel might thus result in their utter ruin. In spite of all the contempt and disdain which they profess for the parias, they had no alternative but to humble themselves before these men of a low and abject condition. In this dilemma, therefore, motives of interest overcame their pride, and throwing themselves on the ground, they stretched out their arms imploring the forgiveness of the parias, to whom they paid the same honors as to their gods. 'Gentlemen,' said they, 'we have had enough; do not proceed to any further violence: you see that we now adore you.' This act of debasement disarmed the conquerors and calmed their anger. As for the tamougeres, it required the ablutions of several days to purify them; and the stain that had been inflicted on their honor was still more difficult to efface.

"It is, therefore, an incontestible fact, that the Indian entertains the greatest horror of holding any intercourse with the parias. I have myself experienced its effects. On one occasion, when out on a mission with a native Priest, we could neither of us induce a barber to cut our hair or shave us; and the motive assigned for this refusal was, that we entered the same church as the parias, and that no one could touch us without being contaminated by the act. To become a Christian is, consequently, to become a paria. The infidel who may be possessed of sufficient moral courage to receive baptism, instantly loses all claim to his caste; fire and water are refused him, and his social position is lost."

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

The readers of the *Metropolitan* will no doubt recognise in the article on this subject, which we have elsewhere inserted, the style and language of the learned and distinguished writer, who on a former occasion lent the influence of his pen to dispel the misconceived views, even of certain Catholics, in reference to the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff. We give it a place more willingly as it expresses not only our own sentiments on this subject, but also the sentiments and views of the great Catholic body of the *country.*

We ourselves in a late number exhibited the teachings of the illustrious Prelates, the Archbishops and Bishops of the American Church, on the subject of Catholic allegiance; and our readers would do well, in this connection, to turn to that number, and refresh their memories in reference to what we said on that occasion. We have not thought it necessary, neither do we now think so, to vindicate ourselves from the unfair deductions drawn from our statements by some of our cotemporaries. We have said, and we repeat it, that in *temporal* matters, the Catholics of this country owe no allegiance whatever to any "higher law" than the constitution and laws of the country. In spiritual matters, in all things relating to their religion, they bow in humble acquiescence to the voice of Pius IX.

These are the views we heretofore expressed; these are the teachings of the illustrious Prelates whose authority we quoted, and we respectfully reiterate that there is no "school," or body of Catholics in the country, who maintain a contrary doctrine. We trust, however, that the seal has at length been set upon this subject; and that, that seal will not be broken. The voice of authority has been heard on this subject. Our beloved bishops and clergy have every where, and on the most solemn occasions, repudiated the charge that the Catholics of this country owe any allegiance in temporal matters to the Sovereign Pontiff. After such authority on the subject, we are wholly at a loss to conceive, how any Catholic can maintain a contrary doctrine.

FEMALE LABOR.

It is a truth that cannot be denied, that the labor of females, especially of those who are compelled to earn a livelihood by their needle, is deplorably underrated. Thousands of the fair daughters of our country are at this moment wasting away their lives, and sinking into a premature grave under the pressure of unremitting toil. But if the lot of the most favored is little to be envied, the condition of the poor seamstress is oftentimes lamentable in the extreme. How can it be otherwise? How can want and misery be kept from the poor woman's door, when she is compelled to make a man's under-garment for *six and a quarter cents,* and other articles of wear in proportion? How much a female can make at such rates, even if she toils unremittingly from dawn to the midnight hour, we leave to our readers to judge.

But this is not all. It would be some consolation if she could get her miserable pay when earned. How often is the paltry dollar, the wages perhaps of a hundred hours, denied. How often when her heavy task is done, does she hear those spell-words, which almost rivets her to the spot on which she stands: "Call again;" "I will settle with you next week." She retires to her wretched home, to die, perhaps in want, or sink in despair ere the next week returns. The public hears and knows but little of the sufferings of this fair portion of the human family. It is only,

"When some cord indignant breaks,"

that we learn the misery and wretchedness to which it is reduced.

These reflections were suggested by reading the account of a tragedy which lately took place in the city of New York. The melancholy story is thus told by one of the daily papers of that city.

A small room in the upper story of a dwelling is occupied by two sisters, strangers from a foreign land. The elder is a widow, and her child, aged about six years, is the sharer of their misery and their poverty. For some time they gained by their needle a wretched subsistence. At length they become destitute of every means of support. To add to their misfortunes, their rent is due and they have not wherewith to pay it. Want, destitution, and starvation, with all the accompanying horrors, seemed the only fate that awaited them. They resolved as the last expedient, to seek in death a refuge from the ills of life. The fatal cup is prepared. The mother wild with delirium, administers it to her child, and then partakes of it herself. Her sister followed her example, and shortly afterwards they are found wrapped in the arms of death. The coroner is called in, and after an investigation of the facts, declares that the rash act was perpetrated to avoid death from *want and starvation!*

What a subject for reflection! What a commentary upon the times. At the moment, when thousands were being spent in dissipation and folly, two friendless females are driven to despair and self-destruction, to avoid a horrid death from starvation! At the moment perhaps when *Rachel* was making her last bow amidst the plaudits of an admiring crowd, a disconsolate mother, with a heart bursting with anguish, grief and despair, administers the fatal potion to the loved one of her bosom to save it the agony of death from want and destitution!

The following excellent parody on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," taken from a London paper, seems almost to have been written in anticipation of the tragic event, which we have above related. Change the location, and you have the scene enacted in all the vividness of truthful reality:

Not a sigh was heard, nor a word of complaint,
  As home to her garret she hurried;
She was sick with toil and her soul was faint,
  And she seemed to be worn and wearied.
She hastened on sadly at dead of night,
  Without for a moment turning;
Then working, she strained her waning sight,
  By a rushlight dimly burning.

From her aching eyes hot tears were shed,
  But she spoke not a word in sorrow;
She gazed on the face of her child unfed,
  And anxiously thought on the morrow;
She thought, as she pressed his feverish hand
  And drew her thin shawl around her,
Of the boasted freedom of freedom's land,
  And the misery which grew around her!

Not half of her weary task was done,
  She had no more coal for firing;
She fancied she heard some lovely one
  Next morning the dress admiring.

Slowly and sadly she laid it down—
  For the mother was tired and chilly—
The work, perhaps, might gain some renown,
  But who'd think of her and her Willy?

She bent o'er the form of her slumb'ring child
  On its wretched pallet lying,
Her cheek grew pale, and her eyes looked wild—
  Both mother and child were dying!
Lightly they'll speak of them both next morn;
  In the pauper-ground they'll lay them;
They'll merely say "a poor dressmaker's gone"—
  Yes! this is how *freemen* pay them!

Record of Events.

From August 20, *to September* 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—*The Allocutions.*—On the 26th of July the Holy Father pronounced in Secret Consistory two Allocutions, one on the affairs of Piedmont, and the other on the affairs of Spain and Switzerland. Since the appearance of these Allocutions, our dissenting brethren have been seized with undue alarm, and have renewed their invectives against the prerogatives of the Holy See, as if they had discovered in these documents some new arguments in support of their theory of the Pope's temporal power. But there is no cause for alarm. The power wielded in these Allocutions is that of the crosier, and not of the sceptre. Nations had sinned, sovereigns had committed crimes that cried to heaven; the venerable Pontiff goes boldly forth, like the prophet of old to the guilty king of Israel, reproaches them for these crimes, and in the name of religion enters a protest against their wicked deeds.

The recent laws of Spain and Sardinia for the suppression of the religious houses and confiscation and sale of ecclesiastical property were passed in violation of contracts and stipulations existing with the Holy See, which secured the immunity of church property. The existing laws of these very nations secured the immunity of this property. For centuries it had been regarded as inviolable as the property of any private citizen. It had been acquired by purchase or donation, and improved and rendered valuable by the industry of its owners. In violation of all the sacred principles of right and justice, these governments seize upon this property and wrest it from its lawful owners, who are driven forth to seek a refuge where they may, and the Sovereign Pontiff protests against these acts of injustice and spoliation, and declares the laws by which they were perpetrated to be "null and void," and as such, of no binding effect upon the subjects of these governments. In this surely he assumes no temporal power.

Again, the perpetrators of these acts of high handed plunder, call themselves Catholics, and profess to be obedient members of the Church, against which they have raised a sacrilegious hand; the Pope wishing to undeceive the world, declares that by their very acts they have forfeited their claim to Catholicity, and that they are no longer members of the Catholic fold. Here again there is no assumption of temporal power.

But statesmen may discover in these acts of Pius IX, not merely an effort to save from destruction the property of the Church, but to shield the property of the subject every where, nay even society and social order, from the destroying hand of infidelity. That which would justify the acts of the Spanish and Sardinian governments in confiscating the Church property and abolishing the religious state, would justify an act abolishing the right to *all* property, and declaring the marriage state illegal. Herein we see the wisdom of the Sovereign Pontiff in his efforts to arrest the progress of legislation which must ultimately end in the establishment of all the horrors and abominations of socialism.

ALLOCUTION OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX,

ON THE AFFAIRS OF PIEDMONT.

Venerable Brothers:—As you are aware, venerable brothers, we have often before, in your meetings, deplored with extreme grief the melancholy state of our holy religion in the kingdom of Sardinia, but more especially in the Allocution which we addressed to you on the 22d of January in the present year, and which was printed, we complained once more of the grievous injuries which, for many years, the Piedmontese government has not ceased to inflict daily on the Catholic Church, on her power, her rights, her ministers, her pontiffs, on her supreme authority, and on the dignity of the Holy See. In that allocution, raising once more our apostolic voice, we reproved, condemned, declared null and void, in the first place, all and each of the decrees passed by that government to the prejudice of religion, of the Church, and of the rights of the Holy See, and in the second place, that supremely unjust and disastrous law which was then introduced, and by which it was proposed, among other things, to suppress almost all the monastic and religious communities of either sex, the collegiate churches, all the simple benefices with right of patronage, and to hand over their revenues and property to the administration and free disposition of the civil power. Nor did we neglect in that allocution to advise the originators and promoters of this iniquity to reflect again and again on the censures and spiritual penalties which the apostolic constitutions and œcumenic councils inflicted *ipso facto* upon those who usurp the rights and property of the Church. We were sustained by the hope that those, at least, who still boast of the name of Catholics, and who dwell in a kingdom where the very constitution itself declares that the Catholic religion shall be the only religion of the state, and guarantees the inviolability of all property without exception, would ultimately be overcome by the just remonstrances of our venerable brothers, the illustrious bishops of the country, by our remonstrances, by the complaints and paternal admonitions, which we repeatedly addressed to them; that they would recall their minds and their hearts to better ways; that they would desist from persecuting the Church, and hasten to repair the grievous injuries which they had inflicted on it, which hope was held out to us by certain promises made to those Bishops, and in which we thought that we might place confidence.

But, with grief we say it, not only has the Piedmontese government closed its ears to the supplications of its Bishops, and to our own words, but, inflicting daily more grievous injuries on the Church, and on our authority and that of this Apostolic See, and despising openly our reiterated protestations and our paternal admonitions, it has not hesitated to approve, to sanction, and to promulgate the aforesaid law, which has been altered in appearance, but the principle, the object, and the animus of which remain absolutely what they were. It is truly most afflicting and painful to us, venerable brothers, to be obliged to depart from that gentleness and mansuetude to which we are naturally inclined, which we have observed, which we have moreover learned from the Eternal Prince of Pastors, and which we have always endeavored to manifest, and to adopt instead a severity that is completely repugnant to our paternal disposition. But when we see that for six years and more we have exerted in vain all the cares, and solicitude, and longanimity, and patience that were possible, to repair the evils suffered by the Church; when there is no longer any room for hope that the authors of these attempts would ever show themselves docile to our exhortations, whereas, despising all our admonitions they persist in following their injustice, and in doing every thing to oppress the Church in Piedmont, and to destroy her power, her rights, and her liberty, we are constrained to have recourse to ways of severity that we may not appear as wanting in our duty and abandoning the cause of the Church. And in thus acting we do no more, as you are aware, than follow the illustrious examples of so many Roman Pontiffs our predecessors, who, distinguished by learning and by holiness, have not hesitated to inflict on degenerate and rebellious children of the Church, who violated and usurped her rights, the penalties decreed by the holy canons against those guilty of such crimes.

Wherefore we once more raise our Apostolic voice in your august assembly, and we reprove again, and condemn, and declare null and void as well the law above mentioned as all and each of the acts and decrees which have passed in Piedmont to the detriment of religion, of the Church, of our authority, and of the rights of the Holy See—acts and decrees of which we have spoken with sorrow in our allocution of January 22d of the present year, and in the present one. Moreover, it is with the most profound regret that we are obliged to declare that all those in Piedmont who have dared to propose, or approve, or sanction the aforesaid measures and the law against the Church and the rights of the Holy See; also, that all those who are employed by them, or give them their support, counsel, or adhesion, and those who become executors of their orders, have incurred major excommunication and the other censures and ecclesiastical penalties imposed by the Sacred Canons, by the Apostolic Constitutions, and by the decrees of the General Councils, particularly by those of the Council of Trent.

Although the inevitable necessity of fulfilling our duty obliges us to employ apostolic rigor, we nevertheless know and bear in mind that, notwithstanding our unworthiness, we are the vicar upon earth of Him who, when he was angry, was still mindful of his mercy. Therefore, raising our eyes towards the Lord our God, we humbly and earnestly supplicate Him that He would be graciously pleased to illuminate with the heavenly light of His grace and to bring back to better sentiments the degenerate children of His holy Church in all ranks and conditions, whether lay or clerical, invested even with the sacred character, and whose errors can never be sufficiently deplored; for nothing could be more grateful to our heart, nothing more desirable or more consoling, than that those in error should enter into themselves and return. Nor do we neglect in the prayers and supplications which we offer with thanksgiving to implore of God, rich in mercy, that he would pour out the most abundant gifts of His divine grace on all our venerable brothers, the Archbishops and Bishops of the kindom of Sardinia, that he would aid and console them in the midst of so much tribulation and anguish, so that after all they have already done for the glory of His name they may continue to defend courageously the cause of religion and of the Church by their episcopal zeal, their fortitude, and their prudence, and may watch with the utmost care over the salvation and preservation of their flocks. Finally, we do not cease to offer the most humble and fervent prayers to the God of all Mercy that, in His infinite clemency, He would vouchsafe to fortify by His divine assistance, not only the faithful clergy of that kingdom, who, following, for the greater part, the example of their Bishops, accomplish their duty with distinction, but also so many eminent laymen of that country, who, animated with the purest Catholic sentiments, and heartily devoted to us, and to the See of Peter, make it their glory to consecrate their efforts to the defence of the Church's rights.

ALLOCUTION OF HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX,

ON THE AFFAIRS OF SPAIN AND SWITZERLAND.

VENERABLE BRETHREN:—You all know, venerable brothers, that less than four years ago we spared neither anxiety, deliberation, nor labor for the interest of the ecclesiastical affairs of Spain. You know the convention concluded by us in 1851 with our very dear daughter in Jesus Christ. Maria Elizabeth, Catholic Queen of Spain; which convention was solemnly propagated as the law of the state in that kingdom. You are also aware that in this convention, among many other things enacted for the protection of the Catholic religion, it was, above all, decreed that this august religion, continuing, to the exclusion of every other form of worship, to be the sole religion of the Spanish nation, should be maintained as formerly throughout the Spanish dominions, with all the rights and prerogatives which it should enjoy according to the law of God and the canonical laws; that education in all public and private schools should be entirely conformable to the Catholic doctrine; that in the exercise of the episcopal charge, and in all things that pertain to the exercise of ecclesiastical authority and of the sacred order, the Bishops should enjoy that full and entire freedom which the sacred canons prescribe; that the Church should have the full and free enjoyment of its natural right to acquire in all respects legitimate title to new possessions, and that this right of property in the Church should be inviolable with regard to the estates which it then possessed or should afterwards acquire. Affairs being thus regulated, we reposed in the confidence that our cares and solicitudes had been successful, and that, in accordance with our wishes, the Catholic Church would be seen to flourish and prosper more and more in Spain; and this confidence was the greater in proportion as this great nation glories in its profession of the Catholic religion, and in its attachment to the chair of St. Peter.

Meanwhile, with heart full of astonishment and grief, we have seen what we could never have thought possible, the convention of which we have spoken broken and violated with impunity in this kingdom, not only against the will of the Spanish nation, but in defiance of its protest and the manifestations of its grief, and new outrages committed against the Church, its rights, the Bishops and the sovereign power of our person and of the Holy See—outrages such as oblige us to express our affliction to you, venerable brothers. Laws have been passed which, to the great injury of religion, destroy the first and second articles of the Concordat, and which ordain the sale of the property of the Church. Various decrees have been published, by which Bishops are forbidden to confer holy orders, and the virgins consecrated to God prevented from admitting others as novices into their own institute, and by which it is ordered that the lay chaplainships and other institutions shall be completely secularised. As soon as we had learned that such grave offences had been proposed against the Church, against ourselves, and against this Holy See, we have, without delay, in accordance with the duty of our charge, whether by our Cardinal Secretary of State, or by our Charge d'Affaires at Madrid, energetically protested and reclaimed against every thing which the Spanish Government had dared of this nature. We have, moreover, caused it to be notified to this government that if the law for the sale of ecclesiastical property were not rejected, our acclamations would be communicated to the faithful, that they might abstain from the purchase of such property. We also reminded the Cabinet of Madrid of what we had clearly and openly expressed in our Apostolic letters relative to the Concordat, that if the engagements entered into by this Concordat should ever, as they now so gravely are, be violated or broken, we should regard as null and void the concessions made by us with respect to this Concordat, and by which we declared that the purchasers of ecclesiastical property sold prior to its conclusion should not be in any way disturbed, either by ourselves or by the Roman Pontiff, our successors.

Not only have these our just acclamations been useless, as well as the remonstrances of the illustrious Bishops of Spain, but many of these venerable Bishops, who themselves, with such good right, opposed the aforesaid laws and decrees, have been violently torn from their dioceses and banished elsewhere. You perceive, venerable brothers, with what affliction we are struck at beholding all our cares and solicitudes for the ecclesiastical affairs of this kingdom thus rendered fruitless, and the Church of Jesus Christ there again endures the greatest evils—its liberty, its rights, our authority, and the authority of this Holy See, are trampled under foot. For this reason we have not permitted our Charge d'Affaires at Madrid to remain there any longer, and ordered him to quit Spain, and return to Rome. Our grief is great at the idea of the perils in which the illustrious Spanish nation is placed in regard to religion by this new disturbance of sacred affairs, that nation whose zeal for the cause of Catholicity and merits in the eyes of the Church, of ourselves, and the Holy See, render so dear to us. But as the duty of our apostolic ministry requires absolutely that we should defend with all our power the cause of the Church which has been divinely confided to us, we cannot avoid expressing openly, publicly, and in the most solemn manner, our complaints and remonstrances.

Therefore, raising our voice in the midst of you, we complain of all that the lay power has done, and still does, unjustly in Spain against the Church, against its liberties and rights, and against us, and the authority of this Holy See, and we especially deplore, in the strongest manner, the violation of our solemn Concordat in contempt of the laws of nations, and in the interruption of the just authority of the Bishops in the exercise of the holy ministry, the violence employed against them, and the usurpation of the patrimony of the Church, in defiance of all right human and divine. Moreover, in virtue of our apostolic authority, we reprove, abrogate, and declare without value or force, and null and void, as regarding the past as the future, the laws and decrees aforesaid. Finally, with all the authority we possess, we admonish the authors of all those audacious acts, we exhort and supplicate them to consider seriously that those who fear not to afflict and persecute the Church of God, cannot escape the hand of the Almighty.

We cannot now avoid felicitating our venerable brothers, the Archbishops and Bishops of Spain, and giving them the praise they so well deserve for fulfilling their duty regardless of danger, raising their episcopal voices with perfect unanimity of view, thought, and sentiment, and ceasing not to defend the cause of the Church with equal constancy and courage. We owe, also, especial praise to the faithful Spanish clergy who neglected nothing to satisfy the obligations imposed on them by their vocation and their duty. We also give the praises due to so many distinguished Spanish laymen, who, signalizing themselves by their piety and devotion for our holy religion, for the Church, and for ourselves and the Holy See, have gloried to defend energetically the rights of the Church by word and writing. Sighing, in the fervor of our apostolic charity over the deplorable situation in which this illustrious nation, so dear to our heart, and its Queen are placed, we earnestly supplicate the good and powerful God to deign, in His boundless mercy, to protect, console, and remove from all dangers, this people and their sovereign.

We also wish to say to you, venerable brothers, that we suffer inexpressibly from the deplorable state to which our most holy religion is reduced in Switzerland, and especially, alas! in some of the principal Catholic cities in these confederated cantons. There the power of the Catholic Church and its liberties are oppressed, the authority of the Bishops and the Holy See trampled under foot, the sanctity of marriage and of an oath violated and despised, the seminaries of the clergy and the religious communities either entirely destroyed or completely subjected to the will of the civil power, the collation of the benefices and ecclesiastical property usurped, and the Catholic clergy followed and persecuted in the most deplorable manner. We now rapidly indicate to you these events, so sad, over which people cannot sufficiently lament, and which deserve all reprobation; but our intention is to speak to you another time on this painful subject.

Meantime, venerable brothers, let us never neglect to pray and supplicate, day and night, with fervor and constancy, the most clement Father of Mercies and God of all consolation, to aid with the power of His arm His holy Church, assailed from all sides by so many casualties, and to defend and save her from all the adversities which afflict her.
PIUS IX.

Scarcely a day passes that does not reveal some act of Pius IX, expressive of the deep interest he feels in religion, and the ardent desire he entertains for the promotion of piety and devotion among the faithful. There is a devotion, called the *vow* or *oblation*, established, if we mistake not, by Father Gaspar Oliden, in the time of Pope Benedict XIII, and consists in offering for the souls in purgatory, *all meritorious works done during life, and the suffrages and prayers that would belong to ourselves after death.*

This admirable devotion was encouraged by several Popes, by extending to it the treasures of the Church; but his present Holiness has far exceeded all his predecessors in his marks of approbation, and by the following extraordinary indulgences which he has granted to it:

1. He grants to all priests who make this oblation a personal privileged altar every day.
2. All the faithful who make the same vow or oblation may gain a Plenary Indulgence applicable to the Holy Souls *only*, whenever they go to Communion. Also on every Monday when they hear Mass for the benefit of the Holy Souls. It is required in both these cases that they visit some church or public oratory, and there pray for some time for the Pope's intention.
3. They may also apply to the Holy Souls all the Indulgences that have been granted or shall be granted, even though they are not applicable to the souls in purgatory by the rest of the faithful.
4. This Indult is declared to be extended to the faithful of the whole Christian world who make this oblation.

Lastly, the Holy Father having in view the young who have not made their First Communion, also the sick, the aged country people, prisoners, and all who are otherwise hindered from communicating, or from hearing Mass on Mondays, declares that those who cannot hear Mass on Monday, may gain the Indulgence by their Mass of Obligation on Sundays; and Bishops have the power to subdelegate to approved Confessors the faculty of commuting Communion into some other pious work in the cases above mentioned.

Late advices from Rome state that Lucien Bonaparte, son of the Prince of Canino, is to be created a Cardinal at the next Consistory in September.

The Most Rev. Father Paul Micallef, a native of Malta, has been appointed by the Pope, General of the Order of St. Augustine. He succeeds the late general, the Most Rev. Father Joseph Palermo, who has resigned by reason of his promotion to the episcopacy and office of sacristan and confessor in ordinary to his Holiness. It is also announced that a Concordat with Austria, which secures to the Holy See very great privileges, has been ratified. The selection of a successor to Mgr. Hillereau in the Patriarchate of Constantinople, has become a question of considerable importance. The Roman correspondent of the *Univers* thus speaks on the subject:

"The influence which the present war has given France, has been effectively used in the interests of Catholicity in this part of the world, and Mgr. Hillereau, who was a Frenchman, used the advantages of his position with equal prudence and zeal.—The appointment of another Frenchman to the Patriarchal Vicariate of Constantinople will it is apprehended, elicit remonstrances to the Holy See from other Catholic powers, whose national jealousy may induce them to overlook the advantages that must result to religion from the immediate protection of a power which the Catholics of the East, now more than ever, regard as the natural guardian of their privileges and rights. It is even thought that the Holy See may regard the time as peculiarly favorable for the establishment of a Patriarchate at Constantinople, a step which, though taken under unpropitious circumstances, has been attended with such happy results at Jerusalem."

The Pope has in contemplation the founding of a College at Rome for the education of English clergy. Alexander II, Emperor of Russia, has announced through his ambassador at Rome, that henceforth the Pope shall have the privilege of nominating the Catholic Bishops of Poland.—The cholera has prevailed to some extent in the North of Italy.

Spain.—The condition of this unhappy country under the misrule of the petty tyrants who have usurped the powers of government, is deplorable in the extreme. Since the passage of the law for the sale of the ecclesiastical property, strenuous efforts have been made to carry the provisions of the law into effect. The work, however, progresses slowly, owing to the unwillingness of the people to become parties to these acts of sacrilege and spoliation.

In the meantime the noble conduct and firmness of the Bishops and clergy command the highest admiration and even the respect of their enemies.

To give more authority to their complaints, and greater weight to their acts, the Bishops have not been satisfied with isolated protests; they have held assemblies in ecclesiastical provinces, and their memorials and memoranda, made after deliberation in common, have had a collective and hierarchical character. All have invoked the sacred rights of the Church and the Canons of the Council of Trent, the law of nations and the stipulations of the Concordat made with the head of the Catholic Church. They have instructed their subjects to abstain from resistance and violence, but to take no part whatsoever in the plunder of the patrimony of the poor, and the lands of schools and churches, either by furnishing documents, registers, titles, or indications, but to keep aloof entirely. Such have been the instructions publicly addressed to local pastors by the Archbishops of Saragossa and Toledo, and the Bishops of Badajoz and Zamora.

The Queen, who is opposed to the course of violence pursued by her ministers, occupies a most unenviable position. Not only is her most cherished desires disregarded, but the free exercise of religion is in some instances denied, unless she consents to insult, as may be seen in the following instance. Her Majesty, according to an ancient custom, recently attended mass in the subterranean chapel of the Escurial. It was her wish to receive the holy communion, but as her confessor, the Cardinal Bishop of Toledo, the Grand Chaplain, in whose diocese the Escurial is situated, was in exile, and as she did not choose to receive the sacred rite from the minister intruded by the government, she was compelled to forego the pleasure of receiving it altogether. This has given rise to much popular discontent and comment in the public journals.

France.—The visit of the Queen of England to the Imperial Court of France, has been the great event of the month. Her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess royal, and a numerous suit, arrived at Bologne on Saturday the 18th ult., where the royal party was met and welcomed by the Emperor, in the most cordial manner. From Bologne she was escorted to the capital. Her progress was one of triumph, and her reception at St. Cloud is described as magnificent in the extreme. She passed the Sunday privately at St. Cloud, and had religious service performed in her apartments by Dr. Hall, chaplain to the British embassy. Her Majesty visited *Sainte Chapelle*, *Notre Dame*, and other places of note, but her visit to the tomb of the Great Napoleon, was perhaps the most remarkable. It is thus described by an eye-witness: The Queen arrived at night fall, followed by a numerous staff, surrounded by the veterans of our old wars, who had hastened to meet her, while she advanced with noble composure towards the last resting-place of him who was England's most constant adversary. What a spectacle! How many remembrances with all the contrasts, they brought up to the mind! But when by the light of torches, the glitter of uniform, amid the strains of the organ, playing "God save the Queen," her Majesty was led by the Emperor to the chapel where the remains of Napoleon lie, the effect was overpowering and immense, the emotion profound, for every one was reflecting that this was no ordinary homage offered at the tomb of a great man, but a solemn act, attesting that the rivalries of the past were forgotten, and that now the union between the two peoples had received its most signal consecration.

The political news present little of interest. The fete of Napoleon was celebrated at the theatre and throughout Paris by spectacles and illuminations, and was marked by an act of clemency on the part his Majesty by the commutation of the sentences of several thousand prisoners.—A retreat of the clergy was lately concluded at Portier, at which nearly four hundred priests assisted. At the Diocesan Synod which immediately followed, the use of the Roman Liturgy was established in the diocese, in conformity with the ordinances of the last council of Bordeaux. The Emperor sent a handsome picture of the Blessed Virgin, to be placed on the altar of the chapel at the Camp of Santhonay. This single act speaks more than volumes in favor of the truly Catholic spirit which governs his Majesty.—The conferences of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which have recently been held in the various cities of France, show the increasing influence and prosperity of this admirable Catholic association. The highest dignitaries of the Church have honored those reunions with their presence, and the sympathy and zealous support of the people prove the high estimation in which the pious labors of this truly Christian institution are held by those who are most interested in its progress and operations.—At Dieppe, on Saturday, July 28th, the population were gathered together at the foot of the new Cross, erected on the pier last year, and solemnly blessed by His Grace the Archbishop of Rouen. On the present occasion the anniversary of the erection was celebrated. The most simple ceremonial acquires a dignity when performed in the presence of the boundless expanse of the ocean. The Cure of St. James' delivered an appropriate address, and offered up prayers for the cessation of the scourge of war. There was also an altar on the pier, and a statue to Mary, Star of the Sea, which was crowded on the occasion.—A new and splendid hospital for children, to be dedicated under the invocation of St. Eugenia, is now in the course of erection in the Fauburg St. Antonie, Paris.—Madame de Caumont, called in religion Sister Mary, has lately founded at Montpelier, an institution for the education of blind children. The system to be pursued is the same as that adopted in the Imperial institutions at Paris.

England.—On the 15th ultimo, parliament was prorogued by commission. The speech delivered in her Majesty's name, was the usual expression of acknowledgments with the declaration of a firm resolve, to prosecute the war until its objects be accomplished. It was rumored that England intended to call Naples to an account for some real or imaginary insult offered by the Neapolitan police, to an attache of the British embassy. Fergus O'Connor, the well known Chartist, is dead. The Queen and royal family at latest accounts were at Balmoral, Scotland. The vexatious suit of Mr. Boyle against Cardinal Wiseman has been withdrawn by the plaintiff, the parties having agreed upon terms. The Cardinal's friends consented to pay £100 towards the cost of the abortive trial at Guildford, and the taxed costs of the trial at Kingston and the present action. No apology or retraction was made. It was demanded by the Plaintiff's counsel, but sternly refused by the counsel of the Cardinal.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop lately opened the new schools of our Lady of the Rosary, in Winchester row, in the Chapel at which Mass will be said on Sundays and holidays.

A new Chapel, that of the Rosary, was opened on the 16th ultimo, at Spanish place, London. This is the third we believe that has been opened in the diocese of Westminster within the past month. It is stated upon what seems to be good authority, that the Rev. W. J. Vaughan, for many years priest of the church of the Holy Apostles, Clifden, and formerly of Lime Regis, is the new Bishop-elect of Plymouth.

Ireland.—There is nothing new or important in the political condition of the country. The crops are generally good; in some quarters, however, the potato blight had appeared. Ecclesiastical news is sparce. The Redemptorist Fathers were giving missions in several places with extraordinary success. On the Feast of the Assumption the solemn celebration of the Triduum was commenced at St. Mary's Church, Drogheld. On the 5th ultimo, the anniversary of the holy founder of the Dominica Order of Friars was celebrated in Black Abbey, Kilkenny, with unusual splendor. The Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin and Primate of Ireland, lately addressed a Pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, appointing a Triduum in thanksgiving to God, and in honor of his Immaculate Mother.

Russia.—Recent accounts from St. Petersburgh state the condition of Russia would become very serious if the present state of things lasted a twelvemonth longer—not, however, in consequence of the warlike deeds of the four opponents of Russia, but as the effect of the blockade of Russian ports. The loss of Sebastopol, of the Crimea, or, indeed, of all Bessarabia, could not bend Russia; but a third year of blockade can dictate to her conditions of peace. Affairs in the Crimea still progress without material change. By late advices, we learn that active preparations were being made to recommence the bombardment of Sebastopol.

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

It is gratifying to observe the rapid increase and spread of Catholicity in every section of the country. We are not surprised to hear of the founding of Churches on the shores of the Huron, or of mass being celebrated in a rural chapel on the rocky heights of Oregon, but who would imagine that there was a distinct locality in old Catholic Maryland, wherein the cross had not been reared. Catholicity planted by Lord Baltimore upon the shores of the Chesapeake, followed the march of improvement, and extended westward, leaving to our own time to witness its extension to the eastern shore of the old bay. Kent county, even to the present day, has not a Catholic church within its limits. It will not, however, be long without this blessing. On the 29th ultimo, the corner stone of a church was laid at Georgetown in that county, by the Rev. Mr. Foley, of our own city, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McManus, also of this city, and the Rev. Father Sanders, S. J., of Bohemia. The Rev. Mr. Foley preached on the occasion an able and eloquent sermon. Our venerable and beloved Archbishop, visited Rockville, Montgomery county, on the 2d inst., and administered the holy sacrament of Confirmation to about seventy persons, nine of whom were *converts.*

Religious Reception.—On the 1st inst., at the Convent of the Visitation in this city, Miss Margaret McKenna, of Pittsburg, received the holy habit of religion, and the name of Sister Mary Sebastian. Rev. Father Seelos, assisted by Rev. Mr. Flaut, officiated. On Saturday, the Feast of the Nativity of the B. V. Mary, Miss Mary McHenry, of Baltimore, received the religious habit in the Convent of the Ladies of the Visitation, at Georgetown, D. C., with the name of Sister Mary Thomas.

Ordination.—Ordination was held by the Most Rev. Archbishop, on the 21st inst., in the chapel of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, at which Messrs E. Brennan, W. B. Street and E. Didier, of the diocese of Baltimore; M. Hartney, M. Moran, P. O'Reilly and J. Creen, of the diocese of Boston; P. McMahon, of the diocese of Covington, and H. H. Meuffels, of the diocese of Detroit, were admitted to the holy tonsure; and Messrs. M. Hartney, P. O'Reilly and P. McMahon, received the minor orders. On the following day, Messrs. D. E. Lyman, of the diocese of Baltimore, and P. McMahon, were promoted to the subdeaconship.

The Rev. Fathers Aschwanden and Woodley, both of the Society of Jesus, while the epidemic raged fearfully in Norfolk and Portsmouth, offered their services to the sick and dying, in these ill fated cities, and repaired to the scene of their dangerous mission. Five Sisters of Charity also went down from this city shortly after the breaking out of the fever, to assist those already there in attending the sick.

2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

It was with feelings of deep regret, that we learned in the early part of the month, that the beloved Archbishop of Cincinnati was suffering from indisposition. We trust that his illness is but temporary, and earnestly hope, that through the intercession of Mary the Immaculate Queen of Heaven, and the fervent prayers of Catholics, the learned Prelate may soon be restored to his usual health, and be long spared to his diocese. The following notice which the Archbishop has thought necessary to publish for the benefit and guidance of the clergy of his diocese, may be found useful to others:

1st. That it has been most earnestly recommended to the clergy of this diocese, in the various synods that have been held in it, not to receive money on deposit, or for safe keeping, from the people.

2d. That the liability of clergymen to be removed, sometimes suddenly, from one mission to another, makes them unfit to be the depositaries of such moneys.

3d. That death, misfortune, and the neglect of providing for the payment of their debts, after their removal from their place by the dispensation of God, aggravate still more their unfitness to be chosen as the keepers of other persons' money.

4th. That the Bishop is not at all responsible for the payment of debts contracted by such clergymen without his knowledge or consent.

5th. That he prefers never to have a church built in this diocese than to have it built without its being paid for day by day as the work advances. The observance of these rules—the dictates of common sense and honesty—by both the clergy and the laity, will save all concerned much needless annoyance.

3. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

During a late visitation of the eastern part of his diocese the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Pittsburg, confirmed about 60 persons at St. Patrick's Church, in the village of Newry. The Church of this place is under the Pastoral care of the Rev. Father Bradley, whose Apostolic labors there for the last twenty years have endeared him to the Catholics of Newry and its vicinity. The same Right Rev. Prelate visited Hollidaysburg and administered confirmation at St. Mary's Church; and conferred the same sacred rite in St. John's Church at Altoona, under the pastorage of the good and zealous Father Tuigg. On Sunday the 26th ultimo, a new and beautiful church in Washington, Washington County, Pa., was dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the patronage of the Mother of God, and bearing the title of the "Immaculate Conception." The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, being, we believe, not only the first Catholic Church in Washington, but the first time also that a Catholic Bishop officiated in that place. The Church was commenced by the lamented Father Hickey, and completed through the energy and zeal of the Rev. Father Farran, the present Pastor.

☞ The want of space compels us to omit much interesting ecclesiastical intelligence, which will appear in our next.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

The Yellow Fever at Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va.—This terrible scourge has visited these ill fated cities, and still rages, carrying off hundreds without regard to age or condition. So fearful has been its ravages that business has been almost entirely suspended, and portions of both cities have been nearly deserted. Many of the most distinguished men have fallen victims to the ravages of the epidemic. Among these are numbered Mayor Woodis, and William B. Ferguson, Esq., President of the Howard Association, whose noble and heroic conduct won for them universal admiration. Mr. Woodis was attended in his last moments by the Rev. Father O'Keefe. The noble and generous conduct of the Rev. Fathers O'Keefe and Develin, during the whole of the trying scenes through which they have passed, will ever endear their names to the citizens of Norfolk and Portsmouth. They ministered to the sick, consoled the dying with the last offices of religion, and even assisted in burying the dead, when the nearest friends on earth had fled from them. Both in turn were stricken down with the disease, but it pleased heaven again to restore them to the field of their usefulness. But while we record with pleasure the heroic deeds of these courageous ministers of God, it is due to state that the conduct of many of the Protestant clergy was worthy of the highest commendation. They remained with their flocks, and several fell victims to the discharge of their duty. The Sisters of Charity too, have added new laurels to those they have so often won on similar trying occasions, but our limits will not permit us here to dwell upon their noble deeds; moreover they want not our praise; their reward will be found in the gratitude of the afflicted, in the prayers of the orphans, in the approving smile of the God of charity.

The wants of the afflicted in these doomed cities, were generously responded to on the part of their fellow-citizens in almost every part of the country, and there were found many noble and heroic souls, who freely and voluntarily braved all the horrors of the pestilence, to carry relief to the sufferers. Our limits at present will not permit us to particularize. It will afford us pleasure to do so in a future number. In the meantime, we commend the following extract from a letter of Dr. Bryant, of Philadelphia, to the Pennsylvania Inquirer, to our fellow-citizens of all parties and all creeds, and while they peruse it, let them not forget that it is the language of a *Catholic*. This distinguished gentleman, one of the noble band of volunteers, who fled to the rescue of the suffering in Norfolk, after referring to the scenes of sorrow and distress around him, adds:

"Party strife is rampant through the land; and while politicians are fulminating their anathemas abroad, here, in the city of pestilence, Catholics and Protestants, men of the North and men of the South, peacefully and harmoniously unite in all the offices of brotherly love and self-sacrificing kindness. How all party spirit and bigotry pale before this sublime picture and hide their diminished heads. Before partizan strife has taken its frenzied hold upon our community, and severed the ties which bind us as a people, let us learn these important lessons from the present afflictive dispensation of Providence, namely: that we all mutually love our common country: that, whatever religion we may profess, we should make it the chief aim of our being to exercise towards each other that charity which, in the Divine Scriptures, is said to be a greater virtue than faith and hope."

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ROME—THE PATRONESS OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Translated for the Metropolitan from the Works of Chateaubriand.

Before we undertake to describe the services which the Church has rendered to agriculture, let us take a survey of what the popes have done for the sciences and the fine arts. While the religious orders were engaged throughout all Europe in the education of youth, in the discovery of manuscripts, and in the explanation of antiquities, the Roman pontiffs by conferring liberal rewards and even ecclesiastical honors on scholars and men of science, took the lead in the general solicitude for the promotion of knowledge. It is, indeed, highly glorious to the Church that a pope should have given his name to the age which commences the era of civilized Europe, and which, rising from among the ruins of Athens and Rome, borrowed its light from the age of an Alexander, to reflect it upon that of a Louis.

Those who represent Christianity as checking the advancement of learning, manifestly contradict all historical evidences. In every country civilization has invariably followed the introduction of the gospel. The reverse is the case with the religions of Mahomet, Brama and Confucius, which have limited the intellectual progress of society, and made man grow old in his infancy.

Christian Rome might be considered as a capacious harbor, in which all the wrecks of the arts were collected and preserved. Constantinople falls under the Turkish yoke, and the Church immediately opens a thousand honorable retreats to the illustrious fugitives of Athens and Byzantium. Printing, proscribed in France, finds an asylum in Italy. Cardinals expended their fortunes in researches among the ruins of Greece, and in the purchase of manuscripts. So glorious did the age of Leo X appear to the learned Barthelemi, that at first he preferred it to that of Pericles for the subject of his great work: it was into Christian Italy that he intended to conduct a modern Anacharsis.

"At Rome," says he, "my traveller beholds Michael Angelo raising the cupola of St. Peter's; Raphael painting the galleries of the Vatican; Sadolet and Bembo, who were afterwards cardinals, then holding the situation of secretaries to Leo X; Trissino giving the first representation of Sophonisba, the first tragedy composed by a modern; Beroaldus, librarian of the Vatican, engaged in the publication of the Annals of Tacitus, then recently discovered in Westphalia, and purchased by Leo X, for five hundred gold ducats; the same pontiff offering places to the learned of all nations, who would settle in his dominions, and distinguished rewards to such as would bring manuscripts before unknown. . . . . . . In all quarters were founded universities, colleges, printing-houses for all kinds of languages and sciences, libraries which were continually receiving accessions of works published in the country, or manuscripts lately brought from regions where ignorance yet maintained her empire. The number of the academies increased to such a degree, that there were ten or twelve at Ferrara, about fourteen at Bologna, and sixteen at Sienna. They had for their object, the cultivation of the sciences, the belles-lettres, languages, history and the arts. In two of these academies, one of which was exclusively devoted to Plato, and the other to Aristotle, his disciple, the opinions of the ancient philosophy were discussed, and those of modern philosophy examined. At Bologna, and likewise at Venice, one of these societies superintended the printing establishment, the casting of types, the correction of proofs, the quality of paper, and in general whatever could contribute to the perfection of new editions. . . . . In every state, the capital and even the towns of inferior importance were extremely covetous of knowledge and fame: almost all of them offered to astronomers observatories; to anatomists ampitheatres; to naturalists botanic gardens; to the studious in general, collections of books, medals and antique monuments; and to talents of every kind, distinguished marks of consideration, gratitude and respect. . . . . The progress of the arts encouraged a fondness for public spectacles and magnificence. The study of history and of the monuments of Greece and Rome inspired ideas of propriety, unity and perfection, which had not before prevailed. Julio de Medicis, brother of Leo X, having been proclaimed a Roman citizen, this proclamation was accompanied with public exhibitions; and in a vast theatre erected for the purpose, in the square of the Capital, was performed for two days a comedy of Plautus, the music and extraordinary splendor of which excited universal admiration."

The successors of Leo X did not permit this noble ardor for the productions of genius to die away. The peaceful bishops of Rome collected in their *villa* the precious relics of ages. In the Borghese and Farnese palaces, the traveller admired the master-pieces of Praxiteles and Phidias. It was the popes that purchased at an enormous price the statues of Hercules and Apollo; that preserved the too much slighted ruins of antiquity, and covered them with the sacred mantle of religion. Who can help admiring the pious labor of that pontiff, who placed Christian images on the beautiful remains of the palace of Adrian? The Pantheon would not now exist, had it not been hallowed by the religion of the twelve apostles, neither would Trajan's pillar be still standing had it not been crowned with the statue of St. Peter.

This conservative spirit was manifested in all the orders of the Church. While the ruins collected to adorn the Vatican surpassed the wealth of the ancient temples, a few poor monks pretected within the precincts of their convents the ruins of the houses of Tibur and Tusculum,* and conducted the stranger through the gardens of Cicero and Horace. A Carthusian pointed out the laurel which grew on Virgil's grave, and a pope was seen crowning Tasso in the Capitol.

Thus for fifteen hundred years the Church has protected the arts and sciences; and at no period has she abated her zeal. If in the eighth century Alcuin, the monk, taught Charlemagne grammar, in the eighteenth *another ingenious and patient friar*[*] discovered a method of unrolling the manuscripts of Herculaneum: if in 740 Gregory of Tours described the antiquities of Gaul, in 1754 the canon Mazzochi explained the legislative tables of Heraclea. Most of the discoveries which have changed the system of the civilized world, were made by members of the Church. For the invention of gunpowder, and perhaps also of the telescope, we are indebted to Friar Bacon; others attribute it to the German monk Berthold Schwartz; bomb-shells were invented by Galen, bishop of Munster; the mariner's compass was invented by a deacon, Flavio de Gioia, a Neapolitan; spectacles by Despina, a monk; and clock-work either by Pacifico, archdeacon of Verona, or Pope Sylvester II. How many scholars, a great number of whom we have already named in the course of this work, have shed lustre on the cloister, or added dignity to eminent stations in the Church! how many celebrated writers! how many distinguished literary characters! how many illustrious travellers! how many mathematicians, naturalists, chemists, astronomers, antiquaries! how many famous preachers! how many renowned statesmen! In mentioning the names of Suger, Ximenes, Alberoni, Richelieu, Mazarin, Fleury, do we not commemorate at once the greatest ministers and the most important events of modern Europe?

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* Now Tivoli and Frascati.

At the very moment (1800) when we are drawing this hasty sketch of the benefits conferred by the Church, Italy in mourning, is exhibiting an affecting testimonial of love and gratitude to Pius VI. The capital of the Christian world is expecting the remains of the unfortunate pontiff, who, by works worthy of an Augustus or a Marcus Aurelius, drained pestilential morasses, discovered the road of the consuls, and repaired the aqueducts of the first monarchs of Rome.[†] As a last instance of that love of the arts so natural to the heads of the Church, be it observed, that Pius VII, at the same time that he is restoring peace to the faithful, still finds means, amid his noble indigence, to replace with new statues those master-pieces, which Rome the patroness of the fine arts has yielded to the heir of Athens.

After all, the progress of letters was inseparable from the progress of religion, since it was in the language of Homer and Vigil, that the fathers explained the principles of the faith: the blood of martys, which was the seed of Christians, likewise caused the laurel of the orator and the poet to flourish.

Christian Rome has been to the modern, what Pagan Rome was to the ancient world, the common centre of union. This capital of nations fulfils all the conditions of its destiny, and seems in reality to be the eternal city. There may perhaps come a time, when it will be universally admitted that the pontifical power is a magnificent institution. The spiritual father, placed amidst the nations, binds together all the different parts of Christendom. What a venerable character is a pope truly animated with the apostolic spirit! The general shepherd of the flock, he either keeps it within the bounds of duty, or defends it against oppression. His dominion, sufficiently extensive to make him independent, too small to give room for any apprehension from his political rank, leave him the power of opinion alone; an admirable power, when it embraces in its empire no other works than those of peace, charity and beneficence.

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[*] Barthelemi, *Voyage en Italie.*

[†] This aged and venerable pontiff was unfortunate indeed; insulted by the infidel French General Duphot, who placed a national cockade upon his head, while performing the most solemn acts of devotion in his own chapel, driven from Rome, and deserted by the Italian Princes who ought to have protected him, he died a martyr to persecution. S.

The transient mischief which some bad popes occasioned, disappeared with them; but we still daily feel the influence of the immense and inestimable benefits for which the whole world is indebted to the Court of Rome. That court, on almost all occasions, has proved itself superior to the age. It had ideas of legislation, of public rights, and was acquainted with the fine arts, the sciences, and possessed refinement, when all around was involved in the darkness of the Gothic institutions. Nor did it keep the light exclusively to itself, but shed it abroad upon all. It broke down the barriers which prejudice erects between nations; it studied to soften our manners, to withdraw us from our ignorance, to wean us from our rude or ferocious customs. In the time of our ancestors, the popes were missionaries of the arts sent among barbarians, legislators among savages. "Only the reign of Charlemagne," says Voltaire, "had a tincture of politeness, which was probably the consequence of his visit to Rome."

It is, therefore, generally admitted, that to the Holy See, Europe owes her civilization, part of her best laws, and almost all her arts and sciences. The sovereign pontiffs are now about to seek other means of being useful to mankind: a new career awaits them, and we have a presentiment that they will pursue it with glory. Rome has returned to that evangelical poverty which constituted all her wealth in days of yore. By a remarkable similarity, there are now Gentiles to be converted, nations to be restored to harmony, animosities to be extinguished, tears to be wiped away, and wounds, which require all the balm of religion, to be healed. If Rome is thoroughly sensible of her situation, never had she before her greater hopes and more brilliant destinies. We *say hopes*, for we reckon tribulations among the objects desired by the Church of Christ. The degenerate world requires a second preaching of the gospel; Christianity, in renewed vigor, is rising victorious over the most tremendous assault that the infernal powers ever made upon her. Who knows if what we have taken for the fall of the Church, be not her re-establishment! She was declining in the enjoyment of luxury and repose; she forgot the cross; the cross has again appeared, and she will be saved.*

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* Long continued prosperity has often led to a relaxation of morals and of ecclesiastical discipline: but the faith of the Church ever remains in its purity and integrity, guarded against all the contingencies of the world by the promises of Christ. This faith is revived in times of suffering and persecution, which direct the Christian's attention more forcibly to his eternal welfare, and to that divine truth on which it depends. But, the enemies of the Church, disregarding these facts, imagine that the efforts of human power against her must necessarily effect her ruin, while these efforts, on the contrary, are the very means employed by the providence of God to exalt her before the world, and to exhibit her supernatural character and divine commission, by signal and perpetual triumphs over the passion of men. This has always been the case: but, a remarkable instance of this truth was recently witnessed, when Pius IX was driven from Rome, and an impious rabble held dominion in the holy city. The enemies of Catholicity predicted with the utmost confidence that popery was at an end. The milk-white hind, however, is more vigorous than ever. When the adversaries of the Catholic Church venture to form an opinion as to the effect of persecution upon her vitality, they should remember the words of our author: "Who knows if what we have taken for the fall of the Church, be not her re-establishment." T.

VIEW OF CAUGHNAWAGA.

CAUGHNAWAGA, AND THE REV. JOSEPH MARCOUX, ITS LATE MISSIONARY.

BY JOHN G. SHEA.

As the traveller descends the Saint Lawrence towards Montreal, just beside the boiling rapid of St. Louis, he descries on the shore an Indian village, and strange combination of savage and civilized life, the dusky sons of the forest will guide the steamer, pride of modern skill, over the yawning, seething gulf, amid the bristling rocks ever and anon disclosed by the gaping waters. The scene is thrilling and exciting beyond description; all around impresses one with awe, the wide expanse of the river across which the rapid extends—on one side, the Canadian village of La Chine, historic of the mighty projects of La Salle, projects inherited from Columbus in the fifteenth century, and bequeathed to Franklin in the nineteenth; historic too of the fearful massacre wreaked on its sleeping denizens, by men set on to the work of midnight slaughter by the colony of New York: on the other, the stately church and scattered cabins of the Indian town, which the French call Sault St. Louis, from its proximity to the rapid, but which the Iroquois inhabitants style simply Caughnawaga, a term which in their language is equivalent to our English word "rapid." Here too the ages blend: over the level plain behind the Indian village, you see approaching the panting steam car with its groaning train, and at a pier lies a steamer to convey the passengers to La Chine.

If from the latter town you would visit Caughnawaga itself, you may take this boat, or more romantically still a birch-bark canoe, such as Cartier found here three centuries ago, in which, by Indian hands, you will soon glide across the majestic river. As you near the southern shore, you find it a kind of bluff, the steep ascent crowned by an old stone fortification, parts of which still frown upon the intruder. Ascending the slope this bastion appears alone, now forming the parsonage garden wall; the curtain is gone; the ruins of the rear of the fortress overgrown with vines and creepers which laugh through its once deadly loop-holes, stretches behind the school house. The church is more recent than the parsonage, which dates back to the days when the sons of St. Ignatius, who founded the mission, still directed the dusky sons of the forest, whom they had won from the worship of the demon Aireskoi to faith in the Son of Mary. It is a classic spot in Canadian soil: we have enshrined the Homes of American authors; this too, deserves that name: here, with all that is grand in nature to inspire them, Bruyas, the philologist, completed his Mohawk grammar and dictionary; here Charlevoix, wrote his History of New France; here Lafetau drew up his "Manners of the American Indians, compared to the manners of the earliest times," in which every classic author gives his part; and here, in our own day, Marcoux gave the last form to his incomparable grammar and dictionary of the Caughnawaga dialect of the Iroquois language, and compiled those catechisms, books of prayer, devotion and instruction, which furnish such a library to his flock. Home of literary men, home of laborious priests, to whom science owes so much! 'tis time indeed that pen and pencil should essay to portray thee.

Marcoux is no longer there: but a few months in zealous devotedness to his flock, he sank a martyr to charity, and as we wander through the irregular streets of the town, and enter at the evening hour of prayer the Church of St. Francis Xavier, we find indeed the same Indian forms, veiled in their blankets, blue and white, each sex apart, and distinguishable only to the stranger by the color, for the former hue adopted by the saintly virgin of the mission, the far-famed Catharine Tehgahkwita, is still the exclusive color worn by the female portion of the congregation. All this we find, but the well known voice of the pastor is silent; never again will the church echo to his words of Caughnawaga, which none, red man or white, e'er spoke as he did.

The Reverend Joseph Marcoux was born at Quebec on the 16th of March, 1791, of a family originally from the county of Tonnerre in Champagne, which was, however, one of the first to enter into the spirit of colonization, and at an early date settled at Beauport, near Quebec.

The young Joseph was educated in his native city; the English government had indeed suppressed the College of the Jesuits, and turned the venerable building into a barrack, but it could not extinguish the Catholic spirit of the Canadians, or the devotedness of their bishop and clergy to the Holy See. The priests of the foreign missions, who had from the time of the holy Laval directed the ecclesiastical seminary, now developed their preparatory school, to meet the wants of the time, and in the University, Laval, have at last established the noblest seat of learning in the land. In this institution, then known merely as the "Little Seminary," the youthful Marcoux received a solid education: his piety was remarkable; not volatile and fitful, but steady and constant, upheld by a strict watchfulness over his own heart and passions. He was clearly marked out for the priesthood, and none who had known and admired him, wondered at his entering the ecclesiastical seminary: least of all, did his school-mate and firm friend, Peter Flavian

Turgeon, who like him entered the army of Christ, and is now by his zeal, piety and devotedness, worthy of his exalted rank as Archbishop of Quebec.

There is not in Mr. Marcoux's life a more pleasing trait than the warm and unaffected friendship which subsisted to the end between him and the future prelate. For his part, his choice was early made: the life of a parish priest, one of comparative ease, he resolved to renounce, and while still in his theology began to study the Iroquois language in order to fit himself for the post of missionary at either of the three villages of that language near Montreal. To pursue this study was no easy task; for though this language, the Huron-Iroquois, had received greater attention than any other from the early missionaries, who drew up grammars, vocabularies and tables of radicals for several dialects, still the language had so changed, that their labors were now of comparatively little utility for the missionary. Cartier has left us a vocabulary of the Hochelaga dialect; Sagard, one of the Huron proper; Brebeuf, a grammatical outline of the same, with a translation of Ledesma's catechism; Chaumonot, a full and complete grammar, the guide of all subsequent missionaries for any dialect; Bruyas, a grammar, radical words and vocabulary of the Mohawk, de Carheil of the Cayuga, with catechisms in several dialects, all of which still remain precious monuments of zeal and mines for philological research, but perfectly obsolete and unavailable to teach the descendants of the Mohawks who adored Christ by the rapids of St. Louis, at St. Regis, or at the Lake of the Two Mountains.

Their example, however, inspired him; and gifted with rare talents for philological labors, patience, a nice discernment and great industry, he began those studies which gave him so high and deserved a rank. He did not, however, neglect his theological studies, but on the contrary, pursued them with such assiduity that he passed his final examination at an unusually early age, and presenting himself for ordination at the age of twenty-two years and two months, required a dispensation to enable him to receive Holy Orders. He was then invested with the priesthood at his native city, on the 12th of June, 1813, by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Octavius Plessis, eleventh Bishop of Quebec.*

The young priest was not long unemployed: the very year of his ordination he was despatched as missionary to St. Regis, an Indian town lying on the banks of the St. Lawrence, partly in Canada and partly in New York. To this spot he at once repaired: but soon found his position one of difficulty. St. Regis was founded about 1760, by a young New Englander, named Tarbell, taken prisoner by the Caughnawagas and adopted into the tribe by the Indian name of Karekowa. With his brother and their families, they set out guided by their pastor, the Jesuit Mark Anthony Gordon, and at Aquasasne began a new village and mission, to which the Father gave the name it still bears, St. Regis. Partly of American origin, the Indians of St. Regis evinced a partiality for the Americans, and in the war of 1812, some led by Gray and influenced by Eleazar Williams, a Caughnawaga, whom proselyting societies in New York and New England had transformed into a missionary, joined the American army. The town itself was surprised by the American troops, and the Rev. Mr. Roupe was taken prisoner. From this fatal period a division has always existed in the village, highly prejudicial to the temporal and spiritual interests of the people. It was Mr. Marcoux's lot to be thrown into the midst of the excitement, when the minds of both parties were embittered by the controversy, and by no means disposed to listen to words of peace. His zeal and abilities, however, soon triumphed in part, and having perfected himself in the language by nine months study under the Rev. Mr. Roup and subsequent practice, he labored for six years as a faithful missionary. Then, however, he was accused of being friendly to the Americans, and even received the name of Ratsihenstatsi Wastonronon, that is, Bostonian or American priest. The Colonial Government believed his accusers, and Sir John Johnson called upon the Bishop of Quebec to withdraw him. The charges against the missionary were groundless, but he yielded to the storm, and was immediately placed by the Bishop at Sault St. Louis, whose pastor was just dead. Here he was installed in March, 1819, to the joy of the Indians, who were delighted alike with his skill in their language and the zeal he showed for adorning the house of God. Many and frequent indeed were the charges brought against him by these fickle sons of the forest: atrocious at times their calumnies against him, but he was ever the same, kind, patient, never betraying the least resentment, or desire of triumphing over his ungrateful children.

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* I owe these details in part to a notice in the Journal de Quebec, August 2, 1855, but chiefly to a communication from my obliging friend, the Rev. J. B. Ferland, of Quebec, well known for his labors in the field of Canadian History.

The life of Mr. Marcoux was ever uniform, entirely devoted to the spiritual good of his flock, and neglecting nothing to ameliorate their condition. Many evils saddened him: intoxication and licentiousness ravaged the tribe, and his earliest efforts were directed to a reformation of morals. Having at last restored the ancient simplicity and purity, he firmly maintained the discipline introduced by the first missionaries, of which age and experience had proved the wisdom. In this he did not succeed without much opposition and frequent contradiction, but adapting himself perfectly to the Indian disposition, he gained an ascendency which made him irresistible.

Justly deeming their instruction the greatest means of preserving them in virtue, he devoted himself assiduously to the study of the language, and with such success that Chateaubriand in his travels devotes a most interesting chapter to his grammatical labors.

That the reader may form some idea of these, we shall give a few details on the Caughnawaga dialect of the Mohawk. It is a guttural language, destitute of labials, with every syllable aspirated, and uttered with no motion of the lips, and none scarcely perceptible in the muscles of the face, giving the speaker a most curious appearance to an observer. The sounds of the language are few, consisting in all of eleven. Its grammar is most simple and yet most complex: simple, for as in all the dialects of the Huron-Iroquois, every word is conjugated like the verb: complex, for the verb thus absorbing all, assumes an endless variety. Then too, there is nothing abstract, no infinitive mood, no abstract noun, no auxiliary, no participle, no passive verb; the words vary at the beginning to represent the subject, at the close to represent the object direct or indirect, and even remote relations. With three numbers, two genders, an absolute, reflective, reciprocal and relative forms, the verb assumes a fearful form to the student, and even Mr. Marcoux's methodical paradigm cannot overcome his fear.

A glance at a verb may elucidate this. Take *Iskwens,* I hate; in the reflective form it becomes *Katatswens,* I hate myself; in the reciprocal, *Tekatatswens,* I hate myself mutually with some one; in the relative form, *Konswens,* I hate thee. Each of these then, in turn, has its variations for each person, number and gender, in every mood and tense.* All verbs are divided into two paradigms, distinguished by characteristic letters, and each paradigm has five regular conjugations.

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* Chateaubriand—Voyage en Amerique. (Ed. Didot 1845) p. 403.

The tenses are formed as follows: *Kenonwes*, I love; *Kenonweske*, I was loving; *Enkenonwene*, I will love; *Akenonwena*, I may love; *Kanonwehon*, loved; *Wakenonwehon*, I have loved, &c.

A noun is conjugated like a verb, as may be seen by comparing them.

I love,	*kenonwes.*	my head,	*kenontsine.*
Thou lovest,	*senonwes.*	thy head,	*senontsine.*
He loves,	*ranonwes.*	his head,	*ranontsine.*
She loves,	*kanonwes.*	her head,	*kanontsine.*
They love, (indeterminate)	*ienonwes.*	their head,	*ienontsine.*[*]

How different this noble, full and ancient language from our English; its grammatical structure rich beyond expression, has a form for every relation, while our verb, capable of only five or six inflections, limps with its crutches of auxiliaries! The infidels of the last century represented these languages as jargons without order or system, but they are complete as a crystal. "Languages," says Cardinal Wiseman, in his noble and learned lectures on Science and Revealed Religion, "languages grow not up from a seed or a sprout; they are by some mysterious process of nature, cast in a living mould whence they come out in all their fair proportions;"[†] or rather may we not say, they are the work of the Creator, most beautiful, where man has made fewest attempts to improve them.

Such was the language to the study of which Mr. Marcoux devoted a lifetime, and well might it excite his enthusiastic admiration. The first fruit of his labors was a large folio vocabulary, still in manuscript: then a methodical grammar and dictionary, French Iroquois and Iroquois French, which, revised and improved, received their final form a few years back. In extent, arrangement and accuracy, they are unequalled by any work on an Indian language hitherto compiled. Anxious to instruct his people well, he soon composed a catechism, which after being examined by four competent missionaries, skilled in the tongue, was solemnly approved by Mgr. Ignatius Bourget, the holy Bishop of Montreal, on the 12th of September, 1843, not only for his own mission, but for all. "It is our will," says the approbation, "that this Catechism be the only one of which the use shall be permitted in the Missions of Sault St. Louis, the Lake of the Two Mountains, and of St. John Francis Regis."[‡]

With the return of sobriety and morality comparative prosperity dawned on Caughnawaga; for we do not delude any by leading them to suppose that the Indian ever acquires the scrupulous habits of neatness which are found among ourselves. At the best there is an air of unkindness which repels the visitor. They are not, however, less interesting to an American Catholic, we trust, on that account; nor can they ever fail to be an object of interest except to those who even now avow ignorance of their history. They are like the Acadian descendants of pilgrims for conscience sake; for the faith their fathers quitted kindred and home by the banks of the Mohawk, to seek on the banks of the St. Lawrence liberty to worship God, a liberty denied them by the profligate pagans of their tribe, and their white allies in the English colony. Among those who thus retired was Catharine Tehgahkwita, the "Genevieve of New France," still revered as "la bonne Catharine," whose wonderful life and extraordinary miracles long made her tomb a celebrated pilgrimage, where the governor, the prelate, the soldier and the peasant knelt to implore God's graces through her intercession. A century, and well nigh two centuries have not destroyed devotion to her: a cross has ever towered above her grave, now remote from the village. In 1843 Mr. Marcoux erected the present one with great pomp and solemnity, and a motely group of Indians, Canadians, Irish and English were drawn to the spot by devotion or curiosity.

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[*] Letter of Mr. Marcoux, March 6, 1853.

[†] Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Vol. I, page 73.

[‡] Ionteriwaienstakwa ne kariwiioston teioasontha kanawakeha. Montreal, *Perrault*, 1844, page 2.

Two years after, from his own economy, and what he had infused into his flock, aided by funds which his zealous prosecution of old claims had obtained from the State of New York and from the British government, he began at his mission the erection of the present substantial church to replace the old edifice which began to show signs of decay. It is a fine stone church, adorned with a superb painting of St. Louis, presented to the mission by Charles X, when king of France,* enriched with presents by Louis Philip, and only last year with a magnificent cope from Napoleon III, and a chalice from the Princess Eugenia.

The missionary's next labor was the composition of a book of prayers, hymns and devotions for the use of his flock, which was printed at Montreal in 1852, with the title "Kaiatonsera Ionterennaientakwa," &c., a book frequently seen at New York on a Sunday morning at St. Peter's Church, in the hands of the squaws who come to that city to sell their baskets, moccasins, and other work.

Mr. Marcoux was now sinking; his health had been shattered in his attention to the sick during the various epidemics which had ravaged the mission; he sought a successor whom he might prepare to fill his place by instructing him in the language and disposition of his flock. The Jesuits had founded Caughnawaga; they were again in Canada, and to them he applied. A father was soon stationed at the Sault, but circumstances arising from the want of fathers in the colleges, compelled the Superior of the Canada mission to recall him, and Mr. Marcoux was again left alone. The Oblates were next entreated to come to his aid, and the present incumbent, Father Antony, repaired to the Sault. The Almighty spared the venerable missionary some years longer to prepare his future successor, and not leave his works, his sermons and rituals unexplained.

During the month of May, 1855, the typhus again ravaged the mission; as before, the excellent and pious missionary hastened to the bed side of his children, but not unscathed; he was himself seized with the malady while administering the last sacraments to them, and it was soon evident that his days were numbered. He prepared for death with peace and joy, and fortified by all the consolations of religion, amid the Indians to whom he had devoted his life and over whom he had watched with so vigilant an eye, he expired on the 29th of May, at the age of sixty-four years.

In the language of one who knew him well, "He was the advocate, the notary, the physician of the Indians of Caughnawaga. He often settled their disputes, drew up all their writings, bought and prepared medicines for them."† For himself he reserved nothing; with difficulty could he be persuaded to lay out any thing for himself, even for his wardrobe: all was bestowed on his flock, who always in need, had recourse to him, sure of never being repulsed. Indeed, this charity was carried so far that there are some whom he supported for years. Nor was he less eminent for his piety and fidelity to his exercises of piety.

As a missionary and as a philologist he was known far and wide, but to such as had personal relations with him, it is well known that in courtesy, hospitality, frank and generous friendship, he yielded to none, and the writer pays in this notice his tribute to one who was ever disposed to aid his researches.

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* History of the Catholic Missions among the Indian Tribes of the United States, page 343.

† Father Anthony, O. M. J.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER VI.

Continuation of the Roman Insurrection—The Pope decides on flight—Escape—Reaches Gaeta—Anecdote of the Duke of Reggio—Proceedings in Rome after the Pope's departure—News of French intervention—Arrival of Garibaldi—Acts of outrage.

Rome, Aug. 2d, 1849.

In the last letter we saw how the insurrection of November 16th ended. But it was soon known that a still more alarming demonstration was to take place on the 27th. The Revolution was marching from excess to excess. The Holy Father was closely watched night and day in his own palace, and the faithful Swiss, that had defended him with so much devotion and courage, dismissed by the now all-powerful Sterbini, has been succeeded by the Civic Guards, whose bad dispositions were well known.

The representatives of the Great Powers implored the Pope to spare his infatuated subjects a great crime; all in the name of their respective governments, offered him an inviolable asylum. The Duke d' Harcourt, Ambassador of France, was especially urgent that the Holy Father should honor with his presence, a nation which had so often defended oppressed Roman Pontiffs. Already the steamboat, the *Tenare*, awaited him at Civita Vecchia, and the expeditionary brigade, collected at Marseilles under the command of General Malliere, was ready to enter the Roman States to march to the relief of Pius IX. Still he was hesitating, for he entertained some lingering hopes that his presence might yet give some direction to the revolutionary torrent, when one day he received from the Bishop of Valence a little silk bag containing the *pyx* in which Pius VI carried the holy eucharist on his breast during his exile in France. This gift appeared to the Holy Father as an admonition from heaven, and he at last decided on seeking safety in flight by accepting the propositions of the Duke d' Harcourt. But Cardinal Antonelli, in conjunction with Austria, which country could not endure without jealousy the idea of the Pope making his residence in France, soon succeeded in somewhat changing his intentions; and whilst the representatives of Europe were still disputing for the possession of the illustrious guest, the Count de Spour, the Bavarian Ambassador, whose secret was not penetrated by his colleagues, obtained from the Pope that he would not follow the too-frequented route to Civita Vecchia, but repair at first to Gaeta, whither the *Tenare* could be immediately sent.

But the first difficulty was to decide how Pius IX could leave the palace and the city without being recognised, for already the report that he intended to recover his liberty by flight had excited the multitude, and redoubled the vigilance of his goalers, the Civic Guards. On the evening of the 24th, the Duke d' Harcourt appears in great splendor at the gates of the Quirinal and asks to see the Pope. The Guards at first refuse to admit him, but he insists and at last succeeds in reaching his apartments. Without losing a moment, the Duke assists his Holiness in disguising himself with a great coat, a pair of spectacles and a large round hat. Pius IX kneels once more before the crucifix, and a few minutes afterwards, accompanied by M. Philipiani, and carrying a dark lantern in his hand, he leaves the room by a secret door leading into the gallery of the Conclave. Some moments more, and a modest carriage descended the Quirinal hill, crossed the Piazza Trajana, and at the baths of Titus joined that of the Count de Spaur. The two carriages passed the gate of St. John Lateran without obstacle, and proceeding at full speed, by night-fall reached the valley of Aricia near Albano, where Madame de Spaur impatiently and uneasily awaited the illustrious fugitive.

Just as the Countess perceived the Pope's carriage in the distance, some Carabineers passing by on patrol stopped and entered into conversation with her. The Pope soon arrives in the middle of the crowd.

"Heavens! Doctor!" cried the Countess with wonderful presence of mind, "you always keep people waiting, I have been here an hour."

Pius IX alighted from his own carriage and entered the berlin of Madame de Spaur without saying a word. Young Maximilian de Spaur and his Tutor sat in the front seat: the Carabineers themselves put up the steps, closed the door, and went away without the least suspicion. "Fear nothing," said the Holy Father to the Countess, who could hardly control her agitation; "God is with us."

The horses started at full gallop and soon arrived without accident at Fondi. There, one of the postillions, attentively regarding the Pope's countenance, came very near recognizing him, and said to his comrade,

"Dont you think that this priest wonderfully resembles the portrait of the Pope that we have at home?"

At last, after several hours of mental alarms, the travellers crossed the frontier of the Roman States.

"Let us return thanks to the Almighty," said the Holy Father with emotion.

He recited the *Te Deum*, and the berlin soon entered Gaeta, where Cardinal Antonelli had just arrived. It was immediately agreed that the Count de Spaur should proceed at once to Naples to inform the King of what had taken place, and the illustrious travellers sought the hospitality of the episcopal palace. But the Bishop of Gaeta was absent, and the steward obstinately refused to receive strangers, who not only presented themselves unannounced, but would not even give their names in confidence.

The Pope then went to lodge at a little inn called the Garden Tavern, where at first he kept himself strictly incognita. Twenty-four hours later, the *Tenare* landed the Ambassador of France at Gaeta, and almost at the same time, the King of Naples, full of eagerness and joy, arrived to welcome his illustrious guest. The Pope, whose presence none of the citizens as yet suspected, then repaired to the Governor's palace; the King, his Queen, and all his family, immediately threw themselves at his feet and besought his blessing. The Pontiff, much moved blessed them, and opening the window, he appeared on the balcony, and blessed the crowds that had soon assembled in the square. The King placed the palace at the disposal of his Holiness, and begged him to fix his residence there until recalled by his subjects, when, probably very soon, he could return to his own Capital. Very powerful motives inclined the Holy Father to accept this proposition; by remaining at Gaeta, he did not leave the Italian soil; and he was on the borders of his own States, prepared for any event. Cardinal Antonelli, then, who dreaded the instability of the French Government, and Count de Spaur, who knew that his Sovereign would not fail to regard the Pope's residence in France with uneasiness, uniting their earnest entreaties with those of the King of Naples, had not much difficulty in getting the better of the Duke d' Harcourt. But, if we French have been, by these political considerations, deprived of the honor of receiving the Holy Father, at least we have not been prevented from fighting and conquering for him; and while the Austrians stopped at the Appanines, and the Neapolitans appeared only for a moment at Albano, and the Spaniards occupied only the environs of Terracina, it was in the heart of the ecclesiastical States, it was in Rome herself, that France, victorious and triumphant, crushed the revolutionary hydra, and gloriously lifted the pontifical flag.

Rome, Aug. 3d.

I HEARD a fine sermon this morning at the *Gesu*, one of the most beautiful, and certainly the most frequented of the churches in Rome. It is attended by the Jesuit Fathers, whose partial return you have, no doubt, already seen generally announced. On leaving the church, I went to Condotti street to buy beads, which I intended to get blessed at Gaeta, and entered at hazard the first store I saw in this busy locality. The proprietor, a true artist, leaving his wife to attend the business, was himself engaged in cameo-cutting, which he executed with an admirable skill: he invited me to pass into his little work-shop where I could admire all those pretty master-pieces at my leisure. At the same moment two French officers entered the store to make purchases. While the mistress was displaying her stock of rosaries of all sizes and all prices, five or six soldiers arrived in their turn.

"Well, Madame the Saleswoman, we are come to buy some medals," exclaimed the first as they entered.

"We have them of all kinds: which do you prefer, Signor?"

"The finest you have got:" replied the orator of the party, "those with the Blessed Virgin on one side, and the Pope on the other."

"Do you want them silver or copper?" asked the woman.

The soldiers looked at each other.

"That depends on the price," was the general reply.

"I would like to get a nice one, for I intend it for my sister," said one, "but I have only six cents to spend."

"I have only four," said another.

"I have a new twenty cent piece," said a third, "but I will venture it all willingly: Mother must have something *extra* from Rome."

"My friends," said one of the officers whom the soldiers had not yet remarked, as he wore no uniform and had remained quietly in a retired corner of the shop, "will you let me settle the matter, and give me the pleasure of choosing your medals?"

The soldiers simultaneously gave the salute and remained silent with surprise.

"I will get them blessed by the Holy Father," continued the officer: "you can send them to your friends and drink my health with the money you intend for the purchase."

"That just suits us, *mon General*," gravely replied the orator.

"Then it is decided," said the Duke of Reggio, for the officer was no less than General Oudinot, the commander-in-chief.

The soldiers went away quite delighted, and no doubt, fully determined to keep their promise. The General bought the promised medals, made some other purchases and retired in his turn. Then at last I left the workshop, and I hope the little present I send you will justify my opinion of the artists skill.

After this adventure we shall resume where we left off yesterday.

It was a very unhappy time for the Romans, that immediately following the departure of Pius IX. Honest people, in the general consternation, lost all their energy. Some of the nobility, and many of the ecclesiastics, and personages of distinction generally, left the city: the Cardinals, making their escape with much difficulty, went to join the Pope at Gaeta: but the most part of the decent portion of the citizens, shutting themselves up in their dwellings, were content with groaning in secret, though trembling every moment for their fortunes and their lives.

In vain did Pius IX name at Gaeta a governmental commission, and send at the same time a protest against the intruding ministry: his paternal voice might perhaps confuse the guilty, but it could not repress them. Terror took possession of all minds: many Deputies were recalled by their province: the others, menaced every day in the execution of their functions, lost all independence. The Roman Municipality withdrew, the principal chiefs of the Civic Guards gave in their resignation, anarchy reigned supreme. "Rome," to use the expression of M. Balleydier, "at the departure of the Pope, was like an abandoned vessel, floundering about in the reefs, without sails or compass, and steered by a few blind slaves."

Robbery, pillage, forced contributions, murders, sacrilegious scenes, parodying the most august ceremonies of our holy religion, became the order of the day. Ciceroacchio, the devoted tool of Sterbini, the getter-up-in-chief of these disturbances, paraded through the streets at the head of his gang, carrying before them a crucifix veiled in black crape, and chanting the *Miserere* or the *De profundis*. He forced his way into the houses to make the regular domiciliary visits, uttering terrible threats against all those he suspected of being attached to the Holy See. One day, he presents himself with his assassins before the pastor of St. Mary Major's, who, in obedience to the command of his legitimate sovereign, had affixed to the gate the Pope's protest. After a shower of menaces and epithets directed against the good Father, a man in the crowd drew out his dagger as if to put an end to the dispute.

"Strike," said the priest without betraying the least emotion; "take my life, I do not fear death: but dread you the judgment of God." This passive courage disarmed the executioners, but they broke every thing that came under their hands. Thence they proceeded to the Church of St. Celsus, grossly insulted the pastor, and pillaged his house.

New modifications took place every day in the government, without however, bringing any alleviation of the public evils. The creation of a Supreme Junta was soon followed by the appointment of a Revolutionary Guard and a Commission of Public Safety.

On the 7th of February, the Constituent Assembly opened, declared the Papal government at an end, and decided itself to be the single, sovereign and supreme power at Rome. A Democratic Republic was established, to be directed by an executive committee, composed of three members, removable and responsible, who were Armenilli, Montecchi and Salicetti.

Next day they wanted to force the canons of the Vatican to sing the Te Deum at St. Peter's. But these noble men, far from raising a hymn of joy after such a deplorable event as the fall of the Pope, courageously resisted all threats of spoliation and death, and succeeded in making their escape from the sacristy by a private door. The Triumvirs who had come in great pomp, to be present at the ceremony, at first vented their rage and disappointment in imprecations, and then decided that whatever the difficulty, the Te Deum should be sung. By their orders, twelve officers of the Civic Guard arm themselves with tapers instead of swords; an almoner of the soldiers of Vicenza clad in the sacerdotal robes, mounts the altar, and the ceremony is accomplished amid the mumurs of the people. Within a short space of time the Chamber decreed, in succession, the confiscation of the goods of the clergy and of the hospitals, the levy of a forced and progressive tax of seventeen millions francs on the rich, the casting of all the bells into cannon, the emission of a million three hundred crowns in paper, with forced circulation, the coining of a piece of money of such alloy that only one piece of silver went to nine of copper, and the appropriation by the Republican Government of all the deposits of cash belonging to mortmain Institutions.

Not long after, the Genaese Mazzine, the chief of all the Secret Societies, arrived in Rome, like a vulture scenting his prey. He was received in triumph, and soon raised to the highest power. His name and that of Aurelio Saffi, succeeded those of the Triumvirs, Montecchi and Salicetti: but Armellini remained in authority. The government being thus constituted, the funds sunk more rapidly than ever, ready money almost completely disappeared, terror augmented, and the cancer, that gnawed at the vitals of the State, festered more and more every day. All the functionaries really worthy, were dismissed and replaced by others more suited to their masters; the persecution against things sacred became more violent, and, in spite of the law of nations, strangers themselves were not safe from the attack of these tyrants. The French nuns of the Good Shepherd were driven from their convent, the monasteries of St. Vincent de Paul, of St. Andrew-delle-Fratte, and several others, were turned into barracks; many churches were pillaged, and the Basilica of St. Peter's was profaned by the parody of the ceremonies of Holy Week, and the violation of the tombs.

It was in the midst of these excesses that the news of the French intervention burst like a clap of thunder in the palace de la Consulta, where the Triumvirs had established their seat of government. But almost at the same time, deceptive letters from the democrats of Paris arrived to restore the fallen courage of the chiefs of the Republican party, and the Assembly, reassured by the Triumvirs, pompously decreed that Rome should be saved, and that force would be opposed to force.

The means of defence were far from corresponding with these high-sounding declarations, for, whether from want of sympathy or want of courage, very few Romans seemed disposed to take part in the terrible struggle now so close at hand. But, opportunely for the cause of the new Republic, just at this moment, another Genoese, the famous General Garibaldi, distinguished for his military talents and his adventurous life, entered Rome at the head of his legion. This consisted of men, characterless indeed, but well trained to the hardships of war, and to these, I must acknowledge it with a blush, were soon joined a large number of Frenchmen, unworthy of the name, the vanquished of June, fugitives from justice, escaped convicts, and generally the dregs that the revolution had thrown up on its surface. All these *brigands* were received with enthusiasm by the Republicans of Rome: Garibaldi installed himself in the monastery of St. Sylvester, and took the command of the military forces. Immediately the rattle of the drum and the din of arms resounded on all sides, and the papal city assumed the unwonted aspect of a vast camp.

In the meantime, ridiculous proclamations, in which the French soldiers were treated as simpletons and robbers, coming to Rome to pillage the houses, destroy the monuments, and insult the women, were pasted every where on the walls. A company of Enthusiasts was established, wearing, by way of distinction, a tri-color scarf on the left arm, who were to rouse the people by their discourses, and like modern Tyrtoi, inflame them for the conflict.

From the 28th of April, every thing was ready for resistance; the ramparts bristled with cannon, the artillery was well provided with ammunition, the streets were barricaded, the soldiers under arms; and the decent portion of the population, intimidated by these redoubtable preparations, bent their heads under the yoke, satisfied with protesting by their sad and silent attitude, without daring to declare for their deliverers.

The affair of the 30th of April* exalted to the highest degree the hopes of the Republicans, and augmented the terror of the friends of order, whose position was now becoming more dangerous. Strangers who could purchase permission to leave the city, hastened to fly: the others sought protection under the French flag, which fear of reprisals still rendered a safeguard. It was thus M. Alaun, director of the Academy of France, gave hospitality to a great number of his countrymen, and all the nuns of the Sacred Heart, several foreign priests, and a certain number of artists found refuge in the convent of Trinita-die-Monti.

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* For a short account of this check to the French arms, see Metropolitan of February.

The spoliations, the violences, the cruelties of which Republican Rome every day presented a spectacle, only justified the fears of the inhabitants too well. Many of the French soldiers of the twentieth line that had been so treacherously captured on the 30th of April at the gate St. Pancras, were assassinated in cold blood.

One day, a band of these brigands, who, under the pretext of defence, pillaged and burned every thing in the neighborhood of Rome, appeared before a house situated near the gate St. John. The proprietor would resist, but he was soon shot dead, and three poor vine dressers, who attempted his defence, overwhelmed by numbers, were seized and carried into the city. Just as they came in sight of the gate of Fort St. Angelo, somebody shouted "they are Jesuits in disguise," when they were instantly assailed by the furious rabble, and literally torn to pieces.

Here an old man is assassinated in the open day by a wretch to whom he had lent money, and who finds it more convenient to discharge his debt with a dagger.

There, Garibaldi, without troubling himself by recourse to any form of justice, orders a priest to be shot who had happened to displease him. On the same 30th of April, at Monte Mario, the Dominican pastor of our Lady of the Rosary, and another ecclesiastic, watered with their blood the church which they had long zealously attended.

Another day, Ciceroacchio and his gang penetrated the church of Santa Maria del Papolo, pillaged the sacred vesssls, carried out the confessionals in triumph, amused themselves a long time parodying the sacrament of penance, and compelling the passers by to come and receive absolution from their sins; then making a bonfire, they danced like demons around the burning confessionals.

On the 22d of May, the parish priest of the Minerva was surprised by a visit from one of these troops of plunderers in the pay of the government. They order him to repair to the monastery of St. Callixtus. He obeys. A man is standing at the gate at whose sight the priest cannot help trembling, for he is Captain Zanibianchi, one of the most ferocious executioners of the savage orders of the Republic.

"You tremble," he remarked, with a sneer; "of what were you thinking then?"

"I am thinking of God," was the meek reply: "may He have mercy on my murderers."

"Enter," said the Captain, roughly.

Scarcely had the priest crossed the threshold when a dreadful scene was revealed to his eyes: fourteen ecclesiastics lay weltering in their blood here and there over the garden. The assassins were still at their post, and a moment after, the Pastor of the Minerva fell dead among his companions.

But enough of such terrors. These details, and many others that I will spare you, were given me by the Abbe Dotti, and confirmed by various other sources. Indeed they are only too well known to all that had the misfortune of being in Rome at this hideous period. The Republic, thirsting for gold and blood, robbed the citizens and reigned only through terror.

General Oudinot has just started for Gaeta to receive the benediction of the Pope, and to ask him in the name of France, to return and take possession of his capital. A deputation of the Roman municipality has proceeded there also with the same object in view. May their united prayers influence the Sovereign Pontiff, whose paternal heart must share the impatience that we all feel for his return. In the meantime, many of the clergy and some of the Roman nobles seem to think that his arrival is not quite so near as expected; they even assert that it would not be prudent on his part to return so soon to a city from which the French authorities have not yet succeeded in removing those that played even conspicuously odious parts during the times of the Republic. We shall see.

FRIBURG CATHEDRAL.

The following beautiful paragraph is taken from the writings of the late Horace B. Walace. It derives additional interest from the fact that it is from the pen of a Protestant:

> "If any one wishes to see, in an architectural form, an earthly image of Perfection—to behold a material structure that is radiant with the beauties of exhaustless grace, and yet pervaded by severeness of purity,—to study a model of scientific skill which, to the most learned, might teach some new resource of invention—let him give hours and days of delighted survey to the tower of the Cathedral of Friburg, in the Breisgau. . . . . At the very summit expands a cross-shaped flower, which crowns the fane like a star let down from heaven. . . . Lingering around this lovely pile, through the mild hours of the earlier autumn—climbing often among the pinnacles of its spire—to me, it ever appeared a mythic representation of the Catholic Faith. Its wide-walled, crowd-containing body seemed like that visible constitution of the Church, which, founded on the plain of Truth, reared by the spiritual energies of the past, and buttressed, without, by a thousand feelings, and interests, and thoughts, is a refuge from the storms of Nature, an altar for ever-burning worship.
>
> " . . . I tore myself away with the reluctance of a lover from this captivating form of beauty; and I shall always retain a conviction that there is one perfect thing in the world—the tower and spire of Friburg Cathedral."

THE IMMUTABILITY AND PERPETUAL VISIBILITY OF THE CHURCH.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."—*Matthew* xvi, 18.

WE know that hell is powerless to assail,
Since truth assures us it can ne'er prevail!
What various aids hath it not brought to bear
On GOD's most holy Church—her to ensnare
Within its toils!—yet still she testifies
His wondrous potency, and hell defies!
Immovable and steadfastly she stands,—
Not raised upon the ever-shifting sands
Of human error: her foundations rest
On Peter's saving rock, by GOD's all-wise behest.

Go! search the page of history! and see
This truth confirm'd of ancient prophecy;
The Church throughout all time immutable,
And aye beheld in union visible.

What mighty kingdoms have not been destroy'd!
What nations, tongues, and peoples, render'd void!
What chaos and confusion have ensued!
What awful conflicts, both by field and flood!
What heights hath not ambition leapt, to win
Riches and worldly honors!—and the din
Of battle hath not ceased for many an age,
Its thirst for blood and plunder to assuage!
Yet GOD's own Church, as in her earliest youth,
Existeth still—the pillar of the truth!

Though human states in ruin have been hurl'd,
And desolation hath despoil'd the world,
Yet hath the Church withstood each desperate shock,
Secure upon her everlasting rock;
And aye will stand, whatever ill betide,—
For Christ hath sent his spirit to abide
With her forever: proof that she can fall
Into no error, but shall be to all
A beacon visible, to light the way
Where lies the passage to eternal day.

This awful truth is made most manifest
By miracles, which even now attest
Her right divine; and every age can show
This power, which GOD hath ceas'd not to bestow,
As proofs of her supreme authority
To teach the Christian how to live and die!
Yet, spite of truth so clear, so palpable,
In reason's spite, men cease not to rebel;
And restless ever, in their fancied might
They hurl their weapons at the Infinite,—
Calling in question His august decrees,
And branding holy Church with gross impurities.

O foolish man, and vain! why thus reject
GOD's wise design,—thyself thy architect?
Why raise, upon the shoals of human wit,
A tenement so frail and feebly knit,
As needs must perish at the least commotion,
And whelm in the depths of hell's tempestuous ocean?

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

The Mission of the Disciples—The Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes—The Doctrine of the Eucharist—The Cure of the Phenician Woman.

Our Lord was now to begin his work of teaching, not in person, but by those whom he had trained in his school. His divine heart was moved by the numbers lying like sheep that have no shepherd; and he bade his disciples pray to the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into the field, for the harvest was great and the laborers but few.

OUR LORD SENDS HIS DISCIPLES TO PREACH.

He was near the city of Nazareth, the home of his childhood, a spot full of all those recollections that hover around the cradle of our youth. There had he grown up, there enjoyed in obscurity the ties of family and kindred: there toiled a poor mechanic. There too he had lately been rejected by those who, acknowledging no guide but the senses, would not see a God in him who had passed for the carpenter's son. "And is not his mother called Mary?"

He now showed that he not only possessed power, but could dispense it: he gave the twelve power over the unclean spirits, over all diseases, and over death itself. Sending them two by two to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, he said: "Going preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the leper, cast out devils, freely have you received, freely give." He warned them against avarice. "Do not possess gold nor silver nor money in your purses; nor scrip for your journey, nor two tunics, nor shoes, nor a staff." They were to enter the house of a worthy man and there abide, avoiding all levity in changing their abode, and were to take the food set before them. He announced to them the dangers of their ministry, but bade them take heart and "fear not."*

OUR LORD TEACHING THE MULTITUDES.

After their departure our Lord himself continued to preach in the towns and villages, until they returned. When they had exhorted all to penance, and anointed the sick with oil, and cast out devils, they again gathered around their master to relate what they had done. And he said to them: "Come apart into a desert place and rest a little," for there were many coming and going, and they had not so much as time to eat.† Accordingly they entered a bark and crossed over to a desert strand; but the crowd would not so easily be deprived of his divine presence: they followed the winding shore till they reached the spot, and Jesus anxious to feed their spiritual hunger taught them, nor had they tired, nor had he wearied, when the day drew to its close. His disciples therefore begged him to let them depart, so as to get food in the neighboring village: but he answered: "Give them you to eat." Scarce believing him in earnest, they said ironically: "Let us go and buy two hundred denarii worth of bread and we will feed them." "How many loaves have you?" he inquired:" "Five and two fishes," is the reply.

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* Matt. x. † Mark vi, 1-13. 30-31.

> "No fiery wing is seen to glide,
> No cates ambrosial are supplied,
> But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store
> Is all he asks (and more than needs,)
> Who men and angels daily feeds,*
> And stills the wailing sea-bird on the hungry shore."

For so did they conceive it; and in utter amazement they heard him bid them direct the people to sit down on the green grass in companies of fifty and a hundred. Every eye was fixed on Jesus as taking the five loaves and two fishes, he looked up to heaven and blessed the loaves, and broke them and gave them to his disciples.

MULTIPLICATION OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

The disciples beholding it multiplying in their hands, bore the pieces to the hungry multitude, who amounted to five thousand men, besides women and children. They all eat their fill and even then the miraculous food was not exhausted.

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* Keble.

By our Saviour's orders the disciples gathered up the fragments, with which they filled twelve baskets.* O consoling miracle! emblem of that heavenly banquet spread for millions.

"Whether one or thousands eat,
All receive the self same meat,
Nor the less for others leave."†

So unheard of a miracle filled the people with amazement; they resolved to make Jesus their king, but he compelled his apostles to embark for Bethsaida, and retired himself into a mountain to pray. The wind was adverse, and the apostles unable to make Bethsaida were turning towards Tiberias and Capharnaum, and towards day-break they found themselves twenty-five or thirty stadia from the shore. Then they beheld a man walking on the water and preparing to pass by them.

"He moves along the watery ways,
And walks upon the billow's head;
Now here, now there, the ocean sways,
And smooths a path where he may tread;
Nor does the liquid yield, tho' pressed
Beneath the Saviour's footstep blessed."‡

Believing it a spectre, the disciples cried aloud, but Jesus restored their courage. "Fear not: it is I." Peter on this exclaimed: "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee upon the waters," and he said "Come." Peter descended from the boat to the water, and walked for a time, but as the wind rose, he lost heart, and beginning to sink, exclaimed: "Lord save me." Jesus immediately took him by the hand, reproachfully saying: "O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt." As he entered the boat all adored him, saying: "Indeed thou art the Son of God." When they reached the shore, which they did instantly, by a new miracle, the people all crowded around him: men ran through the country to bring the sick, and laid them in the way, only to touch his garment; those on the other side of the lake finding that he had disappeared, crossed over in boats‖ to Capharnaum. Approaching Jesus in the synagogue, they asked: "Rabbi, when camest thou hither?" Our Lord knowing their hearts, answered: "Amen, amen, I say to you, you seek me not because you have seen miracles, but because you did eat of the loaves and were filled. Labor not for the food which perisheth, but for that which endureth to life everlasting, which the Son of Man will give you, for him hath God the Father sealed." They understood at once that he made the miracle a proof of his mission; but they asked a greater sign, one like the manna which descended from heaven at the prayer of Moses. Jesus replied: "Moses gave you not bread from heaven, but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven; for the bread of God is that which cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world." Charmed at these tidings, like the Samaritan woman, they exclaimed: "Lord, give us always this bread." And Jesus said: "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger: and he that believeth in me shall not thirst." They murmured, but he repeated: "I am the bread of life: your fathers did eat manna in the desert and are dead. I am the living bread which came down from heaven: this is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that if any man eat of it he shall not die, but shall live forever, and the bread that I will give is MY FLESH FOR THE LIFE OF THE WORLD." Again they murmured, saying: "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?" but he persisted: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day: for my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed. He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him. As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me, the same also shall live by me." Higher rose the murmurs: "This saying is hard, and who can bear it;" but Jesus continued, and asked them whether they were scandalized at this, and made it a miracle less than his ascension, adding emphatically: "The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life."

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* Luke ix, 12. John vi, 10. Mark vi, 35. † *Lauda Sion.* Hymn for Corpus Christi.
‡ Wallace. ‖ Matt. xiv, 24. § Mark vi, 47. John vi, 16–21.

Many of his disciples on this went back and followed him no more. Jesus saw them depart, and turning to Simon Peter, said: "Will you also go away?" "Lord," exclaimed Peter, "to whom shall we go, thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and have known that thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

CHRIST AND THE PHENECIAN WOMAN.

How full of instruction are all these scenes, which we have just related in the words of the Evangelist. How the mission of the apostles precedes the gathering of the people to the miraculous feast! how the trial of Peter's faith, how the ocular deception of the disciples in supposing his body unreal precede our Lord's first exposition of the Eucharistic mystery! How plain that exposition to a Catholic! how hard, how terrible, how unlike a God of mercy to one who like the disciples trust merely to the evidence of the senses![*]

This miracle took place just before the feast of the Passover, which the Eucharist was to supercede, and Jesus, according to his custom, repaired to Jerusalem in order to celebrate it: but he did not teach in public. On his return to Galilee he reproached the Pharisees with their hypocrisy and superstitious attachment to vain observances, while they neglected the weightier duties of the law.[†]

Jesus then departed into the territory of Tyre and Sidon. Even here his fame had penetrated; a Phenecian woman whose daughter was possessed by an evil spirit, came to implore his aid. "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David!" Jesus, as though countenancing the contempt of the Jews for the Gentiles, went on, but conscious of the love with which that heart was inflamed for all mankind, this woman still cried out: "Son of David, have mercy on me!" His disciples, annoyed by her clamor, begged him to send her away, but he answered: "I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel." She, meanwhile, had come up, and sinking before him, adored him, saying: "Lord! help me." "It is not right," said Jesus, "to take the bread of the children, and to cast it to the dogs." "Yea, Lord," continued this model of all humility, unmoved by reproachful words, "yea, Lord; for the whelps also eat of the crumbs that fall from the tables of their masters." Full of admiration, our Divine Lord exclaimed: "O woman, great is thy faith: be it done to thee as thou wilt: the devil hath gone out of thy daughter." And the happy mother returning home, found her daughter lying calmly on her bed. What thanksgiving moved her heart, and what thanks should we not pay for the favors granted to our long and earnest prayer![‡]

Having thus, as in the case of the Samaritan woman, foretokened the call of the Gentiles—our own happy call to the faith—he continued his way to Sidon, and turning thence towards the slopes of Lebanon, where Jordan rises, he passed beyond the sea of Tiberias into the territory of Decapolis.

◆

Every Moment Sunday.—By different nations every day in the week is set apart for public worship:—Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Grecians, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews. Add to this the fact of the diurnal revolution of the earth, giving every variation of longitude a different hour, and it becomes apparent that every moment is Sunday somewhere.

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[*] John vi, 22-71.

[†] Matt. xv, 10-20. Mark vii, 14-23

[‡] Matt. xv, 21-28. Mark vii, 24-30.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF FREDERICK WM. FABER.

Our English Catholic literature is singularly rich in polemic and higher dogmatic theology: indeed in these branches it is unsurpassed by any in Europe, but the exigences of the times that called forth the works which compose it, gave a close, philosophic turn to minds, and we accordingly find that same literature destitute in a measure of works in which the unction of devotion is blended with grace of style, in award of those works of ascetic theology which constitute the charm of the pious in Catholic countries. We have had where English was spoken, no St. Francis de Sales, no St. Theresa, no Louis de Granada, no Bellermine, no Rodriguez, no Segneri, no Roberti, to clothe devotional thoughts and teachings in the garb of beautiful language. English Catholicity has no great ascetic works of its own, no beautiful catechetical works to charm and interest while they instruct. This is indeed but natural: the Reformation was a revolt against external obedience, and Catholic writers and apostles actually carried to exageration the merit of mere formal obedience: St. Ignatius Loyola marks the epoch. Now, however, things have changed: Protestant sects having no real base, exact a more slavish obedience than Catholicity ever dreamed of: the danger now is past, and Catholics feel the want of something more genial. The heart now needs something on which to nourish itself and expand. Our literature cannot meet the want: but it will soon be supplied.

The school which has given us a Faber, a Newman, a Dalgairns, an Oakeley, seems destined to render this service. Trained in meditative halls, apart from the busy world, yet not banished from it, orthodoxy alone was needed to fit them for the task. They are now all ours, tried and proved by active duties. Among them Faber is the ascetic writer.

Frederick William Faber is eminently fitted for an ascetic writer: a poet of high order, one whose early fame rests entirely on exquisite productions, which will ever rank him among the finer as well as the nobler and purer of English bards, he awakens anew the lyre of the martyr Southwell, and the pious canon Crashaw. But, unlike them, happier times have enabled him to give us, not hurried addresses in a secret spot, as a persecuted missionary,—not even scarce digested sermons, as an overtasked parish priest, but conferences and discourses to the more pious who voluntarily followed the exercise of the oratory. He was thus brought into contact with souls aspiring to perfection, yet living amid the din and noise of the great Babylon of London: he was a poet, and has never merely trifled with the muse so that severer studies have quenched the fire divine. Poesy has infused itself into his being, and though his studies have been those of a closeted monk—the ponderous tomes of theologians who flourished in those happy days, we have not light to scrutinize, works of undying value which few in our days of manuals and short courses ever think of opening—yet not from these has he learned scholastic forms or a turn of disputation; he sees them as commentators of the early fathers, and like these speaks and writes.

His works are to the English language what Pugin's creations are to the land: they carry us back to Catholic times, away to Catholic lands, and let us revel in our faith in all its beauty. Close and accurate in doctrine, they are as massy as the porch of Amiens, while in sublimity they tower like the spire of Strasbourg, and in the beauty of detail rival St. Germain L'Auxervois.

Nor has he risen to his present acknowledged position with the noise and glare of the rocket, to sink as suddenly into obscurity. Among us he has been slow in gaining favor. No American edition has ever yet appeared of his Cherwell Water Lily, Rosary, Sir Launcelot, Styrian Lake, and his many other beautiful poems, nor of his Essay on Canonization, or on Home Missions, nor even of his most charming and pious lives of St. Wilfred, St. Willibald, and other Saxon saints, or of his Spirit and Genius of St. Philip Neri, although they have, unless we are greatly mistaken, appeared in French, while his hymns are to be found only in the Lyra Catholica. His "*All for Jesus*" first made him really known to American readers.

Passing then over his former works, to which we could not do any justice in the short space allotted to us, we will review briefly the "ALL FOR JESUS, OR EASY WAYS OF DIVINE LOVE," with the works which have followed it. A few words of his own inform us of their scope and object. "As a son of St. Philip, I have especially to do with the world, and with people living in the world, and trying to be good there and to sanctify themselves in ordinary vocations." There are such, even though the plain English of the lives of most Catholics be, as he well expresses it, "An endeavor to stand aloof from the cause of Jesus on earth, to keep up even a sort of armed neutrality with God, and yet at the same time desire as soon as ever they die, without so much as tasting the sharpness of Purgatory, to be locked in His closest embrace of unutterable love for evermore."

He lives in a Protestant land, amid Protestants, under the shadow of a State Church, established not by Christ but by law: yet he belongs to the Institute of St. Philip Neri, and like every Oratorian, copies his founder as a model. The studious genius of the Oratory never leaned to abstract dogma or polemics, in fact shuns them, it revels in the life of Christ and of his saints; it gives us models and allurements to virtue and perfection, not abstract arguments and reasoning, much less rules: it has no sympathy with the minute discipline of French regimental spirituality, good for one single nation, but so crushing and disheartening to the warm-hearted or clear cool-headed.

"All for Jesus" is a guide to perfection addressed to the Confraternity of the Most Precious Blood; it lays down as the means three things: eagerness for the glory of God, touchiness about the interests of Jesus, and anxiety for the salvation of souls. To attain these it gives no formal rules, hard, dry and repulsive, like Grou's frightful portraiture of True Devotion: Faber's plan is different. Addressing his hearers—for this work is eminently colloquial—he says: "I want to collect for you from the lives of the saints and the works of the spiritual writers, a number of easy and interesting practices, which will help you to form these three things in your souls, so as to be advancing the interests of our dear Lord every hour of your lives, and yet all the while, in the pleasantest manner possible, becoming something like saints yourselves."

Addressing people in the ordinary walks of life, he claims for them liberty of spirit, and would have them advance not as quasi seminarians and half nuns, but as what they really are. He would have them, in order to promote God's glory, the interest of Jesus and the saving of souls, cultivate a love and a familiar love for Jesus: sympathise in his sufferings, and especially in those caused by the sins we see daily committed; and to endeavor to repair the evil by prayer, intercessory prayer for men in sin, the lukewarm, the saints on earth, souls in tribulation, benefactors, those seeking perfection, the blessed, the great; offering for all the Sacred Humanity, the Passion of our Lord himself, and the Dolors of

His blessed Mother: offering too our ordinary actions, sanctified by God's grace, and like our prayers, all deriving a value from the Most Precious Blood: in the next place, by that much neglected act of thanksgiving, and its nobler attendants, praise and desire; and having offered all for those on earth, and those in heaven, to gather all and lay them down in behalf of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

Such are the easy ways of divine love, which he holds out to us to invite us to rise in spirituality.

"All for Jesus" is, as we have said, colloquial. It is written with great unction, persuasiveness, and above all, a perfect familiarity with the wants of our time, at least the wants of Catholics in Protestant countries like England and our own Republic. Faber indeed professes to write only for England, and acknowledges the vast difference between the American and the English mind, a difference as great as that of their political institutions and ideas of rank. To give an idea of his style we shall cite a passage, not selected for any particular beauty, but as a mere sample of his style.

"The contemplative life is one thing, and the active life another, and each has its own retinue and appurtenances; and consistency is the secret of success. Now, except a few, a very few singular vocations, devout people living in the world are called, as living in the world, to an active life. Yet here is a mistake into which they constantly fall. They make their spirituality to be all interior, while the whole of their active life is for the world, and essentially worldly, just like methodists, who keep Sunday for religion, and the week-days for the world. These good people have no Christian active life, and so the prayers and the church-goings will not keep the peace with the parks and the parties, and at last devotion gets the worst of it, and signs away its rights in a base concordat. In other words, dear reader! I suspect—I only say suspect, for I have no right to any thing beyond suspicion in spiritual science,—I repeat, I suspect that we can have no devout lives in the world without some active tending of the poor! Visiting the sick, looking after schools, attending hospitals, having to do with penitents and foundlings, emigrants and soup-kitchens, I suspect the secret of perfection in the world, and of perseverance and devotion in the world, lies in these things. To live interior contemplative lives in the world for three hours a day is a glorious thing. But you see, unluckily, it hardly ever lasts. What now, if it really be that I am right, and that the reason of the failure is, that to give all your interior life to God, and all your exterior life to the world, is an unlawful division; and that if the rich are to be holy, they must either strip themselves of their riches, and hide themselves behind a convent grille, or they must labor with their own hands for those below them, and make themselves companions of the poor?

"You see your Christian life is made up of mass, communion, meditation, examen, some little austerities, and the like. But all this is more or less contemplative, so long as it stands by itself. It is almost excellent. But you are called to something additional, to an active Christian life, to the apostolate of the rich, which consists in assiduous and affectionate works of mercy for the poor. Look abroad into Catholic countries, where the middle class of holy people so abounds, and is so fruitful of good works, and so graceful in its spiritual beauty. It looks as if the secret there was in this glorious activity for the poor. When you come from prayer, or from church, you cannot without singularity carry your outward recollection into company, and somehow, prayer is like a delicate bloom upon the soul; the hot air of the world's rooms dissipates it speedily. But if you come from the garret or the hospital, the workhouse or the cellar, you have a charmed atmosphere around you, which is a sort of panoply of paradise, from which the venomous arrows of the world glance off blunted and innocuous. It wears well. It cannot be smiled away, or talked of, or gossipped to pieces, like the exotic bloom of prayer. Everywhere, where the world is, there is danger to the soul; but the gayety, the pleasure, or the fashion can hardly be named, which active mercy to the poor cannot disarm of all its perils, and even sanctify. Depend upon it, with you who live in the world, mercy is but another word for perseverance, and the touch of the poor the Real Presence of your Lord."

"Growth in Holiness" is a work of far different stamp: it is not addressed to Christians generally, nor even to those who seek to practice the counsels as well as the precepts: it is addressed to those who have already entered on the spiritual life: it is a selection of things to be remembered by one who would make progress in the way begun of God's service; and an arrangement of things so selected best adapted to enable him to remember them. Like his former work, however, it is a departure from the modern spiritual school, a falling back to the ancient spirituality of the Church, which is now given us in an English shape, translated into native thought and feeling as well as language. In this treatise he discusses the true signs of progress in the spiritual life; the spirit in which we should serve God: the obstacles we meet: the office of a spiritual director, sorrow for sin, the true idea of devotion, fervor, and lukewarmness. As may be seen by a glance, it is a work for religious houses, where, if tolerated, it must become a favorite: if approved, be invaluable; and though, like Rodriguez, addressed mainly to the inmates of such happy abodes, is suited to all who in the world aspire to attain perfection.

His style is quite different from that of the former work: for example, let us take at random:

> "The second phase of the world is indifference. Men pass God over, and that too without being infidels. This is compatible, not only with an external profession of Christianity, but also with an intellectual belief in it. Spiritual men find something irritatingly odious in this state. Indifferent men arrogate to themselves all the candor and moderation in the world. They imagine themselves to be on a height, so that they look up at nothing, but down upon every thing. Inside the Church they care very little about doctrines, and wish to stand well with all parties. They have no keen sense of the Church, no susceptibility about the poor, no instinct about the heinousness of sin. They intend to hang on to God by just the necessary duties and no more. They theologize for themselves, and strike out a road to heaven without love, except that radical love which is in the soul, will, reason, brain, blood, bones, and marrow of organized man towards his Creator. All their views and all their interests, are steeped in materialism; and in religion they think themselves amazingly prudent in not aiming at too much, or committing themselves to God. They are always ready to damp every zealous work, and throw a dash of chill, which is their notion of moderation, into every thing. To hear them talk, you would suppose the world was on fire with a romantic love of God, and that our merciful Creator had deputed them to come and play upon the conflagration with cold water, which they do with all the calmness and dignity conceivable. It makes spiritual people sea-sick to watch these men, and yet they will watch them, they often cannot help watching them, with a kind of fascination.
>
> "The third state of the world is unconversion. Men simply do not think of God at all, or they push His grace from them as men repel a shock in the street, without knowing whether it is man or thing they are resisting. They do not wish to make up their minds to be either for or against God, not so much because they are indifferent about it, but because they are deterred by its difficulties. They live as if there were no spiritual world, and no invisible powers. They have all that unsuspiciousness of supernatural things, which is the effect of long self-indulgence, even independent of positive sin. Indeed, they are often outwardly moral; for the characters which shine most in domestic life often belong to this class. When religiousness is obtruded upon them, they rest in vague views of God, and profane generalities about His attribute of mercy, or they make the existence of religious differences an excuse for not fairly meeting the question. Good people themselves should remember that all reserves with God, no matter how much other excellence combined, are so many steps to unconversion."

As to these two works questions may arise, and as the pious author himself says, it is very easy to stray into the shadow of condemned propositions. They may or may not be finally approved by the holy and learned in God's Church; and doubtless many regard them as putting forward too many novelties in the spiritual life; many directors shake their heads at "easy ways," or rapid "growth in holiness." It is not for a layman, like the author of this, to enter upon, much less to decide on questions of theology, and he means no injustice to Father Faber in not attempting to pass upon what is not within his sphere:* still, as one who was disheartened and discouraged by the dull dry formalism of the French school, that synthetic system which would create an interior spirit by a habit of exterior acts and modes of the mind, he may hail the advent of books like Faber's, which, taking just the opposite course, begin within: leaving the exterior to depend on the interior growth, and above claim boldly, "Liberty of Spirit," a word that echoes through all his books. All cannot be led the same way, and many will, by Faber's help, advance in God's service and love, who had almost given up in despair.

"The Blessed Sacrament, or the Works and Ways of God," is a book of quite a different character from the others. They may or may not stand the close scrutiny of the severe theologian, to whom their literary beauties, their adaptation to the actual times and circumstances will be no recommendation, much as they charm us. The Blessed Sacrament is a book for all time: a proposition here or there may be subsequently changed, but the whole will remain a master-piece. "It is," to use the author's own words, "an attempt to popularize certain portions of the science of theology in the same way as hand-books and manuals have popularized astronomy, geology and other physical sciences." This may seem strange; the more so when we learn that the object is not controversy, but pious instruction in all the depths and mysteries of the adorable Sacrament. It is really theological, not devotional, except in so much as clear theological knowledge of a mystery or dogma must increase our devotion and piety. Beginning with a comparison of God's four great works, viz. Creation, Incarnation, Justification and Glorification, it sums them all up in Transubstantiation, and proceeds to unfold what theology teaches us of the Blessed Sacrament. How new, how wonderful is the scene it displays before us; like some magnificent country, which we gaze upon from a mountain top as the morning mist rolls up at the bidding of the morning sun! How wonderful are the twelve miracles which it contains, and of which, with all our faith, we scarcely dreamed! It is plain, simple doctrine, drawn from approved theologians, but "hard road" or "dry," though he call it, no one can deny its beauty and deep interest. Truly does he remark that, a "more intelligent apprehension of the Blessed Sacrament will lead to a more intense love of it."

"Yes; the very light in which we see the deep things of God by this mystery is changed, because of the very depth to which we have descended. As in the azure grotto of Capri, where the light changes its color and comes to us bluer than the clear sky above, or the beautiful waters below, so going down into the depths of this mystery, though the same lights of faith and reason illuminate us there, it is as though their nature were changed, and they formed a new kind of medium, through whose softness we could better see the glory of the divine operations." Describing with admirable beauty the various forms which the adoration of Jesus sacramented assumes in devout souls, he draws the analogy between the sacramental life and the sacred infancy, so intimately associated in Catholic thought and devotion. These he develops, dwelling on the mysteries of the Divine Babe and Youth, on Mary, on Joseph, pursuing in all the analogies to the Divine Sacrament or connection with it. Then he shows it the source of the virtues we need, and our instructor in them, in joy, adoration, gratitude, simplicity, and the hidden life—virtues which he terms " altar flowers."

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* We make the remark, inasmuch as the only severe handling we ever received arose from the fact, that a philosophic writer construed our passing no opinion on his philosophical works as a slight and an intended insult.

Christ in the Eucharist is a "hidden God;" Faber then makes the Blessed Sacrament for this reason a picture of God, and shows in a most interesting manner, how God is hid in the mystery of the Blessed Trinity; how our Divine Lord was ever hiding while on earth, as if to escape publicity; how God hides himself in the material world, in the events of man's history, and even in theology itself, appearing as it were only when man's necessities required it. Beautiful above all are the pages where he portrays God in the Church, the hidden mystery which provokes, galls and inflames the world. Having thus cast a rapid glance over the realms of matter, mind, morals, grace, theology, and the Church, seeing in all of them that the Most High vouchsafes to disclose himself in an uniform manner, and in a peculiarly unlikely hidden way, he, in his last book, takes up the Incarnation—a world of its own—and dwelling on the thirty-three years which closed in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, treats of that Divine gift as a gift for all men, as the magnet of souls, as the life of the Church.

Have we in this summary grouped together too many names? We fear it; but each is the matter of pages of burning eloquence and love, of deep erudition and profound theological science: there is not a page that is not replete with beauties.

In his " All for Jesus," there is a freshness, ease and flow which are natural in discourses; his " Growth in Holiness" is more tempered and sedate, but never dry or dull; but it is especially in his "Blessed Sacrament" that all the beauties of his admirable style are developed and appear. Happy will be the soul that familiarizes itself with it. We need intense devotion to the Divine Eucharist to make some reparation for the outrages offered to Jesus by those infuriated men whom God permits his enemy to guide at will; and who have so often profaned it or its shrines in our land.

Romance of Indian Life.—A private soldier, writing from Fort Laramie, March 12th, mentions the following incidents of the massacre of Lieutenant Grattan:

I will give you two facts connected with the massacre, which I have never seen in the newspapers. A musician, one of the party, had married a squaw, and on that unfortunate day, when she saw danger threatening the troops, she rallied her father and brother to preserve her husband. When he fell wounded, she rushed to him to protect him from the arrows or perish with him. Her father shot several arrows at the other Indians, and was wounded himself in the zealous defence of the soldiers. Then he sat down and wept, as he could do no more. The hostile Indians then rushed on the wounded soldier, tore him from the embrace of his faithful squaw, and scalped him before her eyes. After this she could not be prevailed upon to eat or drink, and starved to death, dying in nine days, and glad to go to regain the presence of the spirit of one she loved so dearly. The only soldier that reached here alive was found by an Indian, who, instead of scalping him, ministered to his wants, carried water to his hiding place, and endeavored to bring him into the fort during the night, but being unable or afraid to accomplish his purpose, he turned back to Mr. Bordeau's house, bearing the soldier, and four Indians overtook him and wished to kill the wounded man, or as they said, " that dog." The reply of the noble friendly savage was, " This white man must live or I must die," and he bore him off in safety. Such generous deeds should be remembered.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XIII.

Captain Petersham, booted and spurred, and accompanied by an officer in undress constabulatory uniform, entered the parlor the moment the servants rushed in with the lights, and there beheld to his utter amazement the insensible form of his venerable aunt in the brawny arms of a swarthy looking stranger. The groans of the unfortunate African on the floor, and the cries of Uncle Jerry mingling with the screams and confusion of the affrighted servants, left him no room to doubt the man in the short-skirted coat and stinted pantaloons was a burglar; and fired with indignation at the outrage thus offered his relative, he snatched a pistol from the mantle piece, and bounding over chairs, tables, broken glasses, and every thing else that lay in his way, presented the weapon at the head of the bewildered and astonished reviewer.

"Villain, desist," he cried, "or in half a second I'll blow your brains out."

"Hold on sir," ejaculated Horseman,—"remove your weapon."

"Lay down the lady on the sofa, sirrah—lay her down instantly!"

"Are you mad, sir,—I have no, no ——"

"Down with her, or by ——"

The Doctor feeling the cold muzzle of the pistol touch his forehead, dropped his burden as suddenly as if she had been a bar of hot iron, and then drawing himself up and pursing out his lips, demanded to know who he was that dared assault him thus.

"Silence, villain," again thundered the Captain, "silence."

"Sir, I'm no villain, and I demand ——"

"Another word," and the excited Captain again raised his weapon.

But the police officer fearing the Captain's fiery temper might drive him to extremities, arrested his arm, and begged him to see to the lady while he took charge of the prisoner.

"Hold him fast, then," he cried. "Let him escape at your peril. Ho! there," he continued, shouting to the servants—"ho! there, rascals, let two or three of you remove Mrs. Willoughby to her room, and the others start off and scour the country for the rest of the gang; five pounds for the first capture; come now, my lads, lose no time, tumble out and be active."

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

As the excited Captain rushed from the parlor after issuing his orders, he came full tilt against Uncle Jerry, and laid him sprawling on his back.

"Thank you," said the latter, "that's very nice, upon my word,—well, I vow and declare," he added, as he kicked up his little gaitered legs, and wriggled like a capsized crab, "I vow and declare there's not such another place as Castle Gregory in the whole world."

"Kate Petersham! Kate Petersham! Hilloa, Kate, where are you?" cried the Captain, leaving Mr. Guirkie to his own resources.

"Here," said a voice behind him.

The Captain turned, and to his surprise beheld Kate in an arm chair, her head thrown back, her hair all down over her shoulders, and her whole frame convulsed with laughter.

"What in the name of all the furies does this mean?" exclaimed the Captain, beginning to suspect some mistake.

But Kate, to save her life, could not articulate a syllable; all she could do was to point to Uncle Jerry, on the floor.

"Who is he?" said the Captain—and turning to the prostrate man, he seized him by his arm and raised him on his feet.

"Why, how now, is it possible—good heavens!—how came you here, Mr. Guirkie?"

"That's not the thing, Captain; the question is, how I'm to get away, for the devil's in the house."

"Where is Dr. Horseman?" enquired the priest, stopping a servant running across the hall.

"Who the deuce is Dr. Horseman? What—and Father John here too. Can you explain this uproar, Father John?" said the Captain.

"Lanty Hanlon's the cause of the whole of it—but I must leave you with Mr. Guirkie—he can enlighten you on the subject whilst I go in quest of the Doctor."

"Lanty Hanlon! he's the very devil, that fellow. Why, there's an officer of police in the house this moment, in search of him."

"For what?"

"For an aggravated assault on a foreigner of the name of Weeks."

"The Yankee?"

"Yes, the Crohan man."

"Well, upon my credit," said Uncle Jerry, "I'm quite sure he deserved all he got, for he's a very presumptuous fellow. What d'ye think, Captain? He had the impudence to tell me that a horn on a hair's ear for a June fly, was all a humbug. He, he—just imagine a stranger tell me that, after fishing over five years in these waters."

"Can no one tell me where is Dr. Horseman?" enquired the priest a second time, accosting Mr. Guirkie and the Captain.

"Dr. Horseman again. Who the mischief is Dr. Horseman?" demanded the Captain.

"A friend of mine I brought with me to see Castle Gregory."

"A very weighty man," muttered Uncle Jerry.

"Weighty man?"

"Yes, indeed—he's that both in mind and body. He wields theology like a sledge hammer."

"Hold," exclaimed the Captain, "I fear I've made a confounded blunder. Does this Doctor wear a short-tailed coat and ——?"

"He, he! rather stumpy," giggled Uncle Jerry—"something like a thrush that lost the tail feathers."

"Good heavens! what have I done! That must be the very man I left just now in the breakfast parlor, in custody of the officer."

"Ha! ha! he! he!" chuckled Uncle Jerry again, "that's glorious!"

"Why,.I took him for a robber in the act of carrying off my aunt"

"Excellent! he! he! excellent. Capital idea, such a man as Dr. Horseman carry away your aunt in his arms. Ha, ha!"

"Are you ready?" cried Kate, marching up to the Captain with a cutting whip in her hand, and the strap of her riding cap drawn under her chin.

"Don't provoke me, Kate."

"What, sir, turned coward? and your whole retinue in the field."

"Begone, I say."

"And your venerable relative wrested from the very arms of one of the gang. Oh, my valiant brother, how low hast thou fallen!"

The Captain retreated into the parlor, but Kate followed him.

"Shall I have the five pounds if I succeed?—five pounds you know, for the first capture."

"Begone this minute," ejaculated the mortified Captain, turning short and pursuing her; but the mirth-loving, mad-provoking girl, was too swift for him, and fled from the room laughing till the spacious hall rang again.

But to return to the prisoner in the breakfast parlor.

The wrath of the distinguished reviewer, on finding himself shut up in custody of a police officer, knew no bounds. "Open that door, sir," he exclaimed, violently, pointing at it with his finger—"open that door instantly, and give me free passage from this infernal house."

"Keep quiet, my good man," coolly replied the officer—"keep quiet."

"Stand from the door," vociferated Horseman, raising his ponderous arm, "or I shall fell you to the earth."

"If you don't keep your temper, I'll handcuff you again," replied the officer with as much coolness as before.

"Handcuff me! Sirrah," cried Horseman, running his thumbs into his waistcoat and swelling up till he looked like a Jupiter Tonans. "Handcuff me,—caitiff."

"I have shackled as strong men in my time."

"You presumptuous pigmy," growled the Doctor, and he shot at his keeper a look of withering scorn like Glenalvon when he said to the young Douglas:

'Knowest thou not, Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee'—

"Pray, fellow, what do you take me for?" at length he added, a little cooled down under the officer's imperturbability of look and tone.

"A robber—caught in the very act of abducting one of the ladies of the house."

"A robber!—look at me again, sir; am I like a robber?"

"Can't say as to that. I've seen robbers as good-looking in my time."

"You're an insolent scoundrel, sir; but go ahead, play out the play. This is my first Irish lesson, I presume."

"And you'll find it a sharp one, I suspect, before it's over."

"Humph! you're an Irishman, I take it."

"I am—what of that?"

"Why I guessed as much by your insufferable insolence."

"See here, my good man, that's a reflection on my country," said the officer, "and I don't like it. Say what you please of myself, as long as you're in my custody—but if you value your health let my country alone; for my knuckles itch when I hear it lightly spoken of, especially by a stranger."

At this moment a knock came to the door, and presently Captain Petersham entered.

"I hasten," said the portly Captain, with a smile on his honest, jolly face—"I hasten, Dr. Horseman, to offer you an apology for this ——"

"Sir, I shall accept no apology," growled the Doctor. "All I require is permission to quit this house—and that instantly."

"But, my dear sir, will you ——?"

"No, sir; you've offered me an unpardonable insult."

"Will you not listen to an explanation?"

"No, sir; no—I'll listen to no explanation."

"Psaugh, nonsense, my dear friend,—don't take it so ill. Why, I've been making and apologising for blunders all my life-time. Father John here will tell you the little boys on the streets call me nothing but blundering Tom Petersham."

"That's a positive fact, and good reason for it, too," muttered Uncle Jerry, ambling about the room, and bobbing his skirts up and down as usual.

"Come, come Doctor," persisted the Captain, again offering his hand, "let us forget this foolish mistake, and drink success to the stars and stripes over a good stout bottle of old Rhenish—supper awaits us in the next room."

"You must excuse me, sir; I can't partake of your hospitality," said the Doctor gruffly, turning away and moving to and fro like a caged lion.

"Don't you remember Eolus," said Uncle Jerry, whispering in the priest's ear, "*Vadit per claustrum magno cum murmine ranco.* He, he! he's the very man."

"Is there no way to conciliate him?" enquired the Captain, turning to the priest.

"None that I know of."

"And what the blaz—excuse me. What is he, an American, eh?"

"Yes, he is an American, but a bad sample of his countrymen. The American of the true stamp is a fine, generous, noble-hearted fellow; but I don't know how it happens, the Doctor, with all his great mental abilities, is yet so full of self-conceit, that the least contradiction puts him out of temper, and the least freedom offends his dignity."

"Let us start Kate at him," said the Captain; "if the man has a soft spot in his heart she'll find it."

And Kate did beg and intreat of him to stay for the night, and begged and begged again, but all to no purpose—the Doctor was inflexible. Nay, he went even so far at last as to rebuke her harshly for her familiarity! and Kate, the poor kind-hearted girl, unaccustomed to such language, blushed like a child under the reproof, and stole away mortified from the room.

"Now, then, in the name of all the gods in Olympus," exclaimed the Captain, who had been watching Kate, and witnessed her repulse, "that makes an end of it: an apology is as much as one gentleman can require of another, and I've already satisfied my conscience on that point. Ho, there, who waits—Thomas?"

"Here, sir."

"Let the coachman drive up instantly and take this gentleman home. Confound such stubborn—sulky—mawworms," he added, turning again to the priest.

"I'm sorry, sir, for this ridiculous blunder on your account, but hang me if I can play the supplicant any longer."

"You're right, Captain—perfectly right—his stubbornness is inexcusable. For myself, I exceedingly regret having brought him with me to Castle Gregory. But there was no help for it. The night was dark, and Mr. Guirkie absolutely refused to part with the negro till he had seen you, and placed him under your special protection. I'm sorry also—I must accompany the Doctor; for I had promised myself a long chat with Kate on a certain interesting subject which ——"

"Which is neither more nor less than the comparative merits of the Anglican and Catholic Churches. I suspected all along, my dear fellow, what you and Kate were about; but it's no concern of mine—let her please herself. If she wishes to adopt a new form of religion, I'm satisfied—only let it be a decent one; for by all the saints in the calendar, if she dared look even sideways at any of those tinkering religions they manufacture now-a-days, I'd hang her up for the crows to pick."

"Ha! ha! you don't like these new-fangled systems, I perceive?"

"Like them, why they're the most damnable nuisances in the country. One of those canting fellows who peddle them round here, called on me last week, and after disgusting me with his hypocritical twaddle, had the impudence to invite me to what he called a prayer-meeting. Ha! ha! By George, I had a good mind to fling the fellow, neck and heels, out of the window. No, sir; I was bred a Protestant myself, and intend to live and die one; but Kate is old enough to judge for herself, and she may, for aught it concerns me, turn Mahommedan or Catholic, if her taste lies that way—but let her keep clear of these pettifoggers; that's all the stipulation I make—let her keep clear of them."

"Well, but suppose," observed the priest smiling—"suppose her taste led her to adopt the Methodist ——?"

"Oh! blame the Methodist. I'd rather see her peddle eggs with a basket on her arm."

"You don't apprehend much danger of that, I suppose? Kate's not exactly of that turn of mind."

"No; but you can't tell, sir, what may happen. These Hardwrinkles are here night and day since she stopped going to church on Sundays."

"Humph, these visits are intended to counteract the influence of Mary Lee, I suspect."

"Poor Mary. Is she not a most fascinating creature?" said the Captain, earnestly. "I tell you what, sir, I believe in my soul I'm in love with that girl."

The priest looked at the burly Captain and smiled.

"Well hang me if I know what to make of it, but I feel sometimes as if I could propose for her myself. Ha, ha, what think you of that, sir, from a bachelor of forty-five?" and the Captain laughed till his fat sides shook again at the idea of such a match.

"You would have but little chance against Randall Barry, I fear," replied the priest.

"The young outlaw?"

"Yes, and the foolish boy is now somewhere in the neighborhood, I understand."

"Saw him myself," replied the Captain, "and a devilish fine looking fellow he is—saw him at the light house yesterday."

"Is it possible! and you did'nt arrest him, as in duty bound. You're a very pretty magistrate, indeed. Why, Captain, I must report you to the government as an abettor of treason."

"Nonsense—I'm not a policeman to carry hand-cuffs in my pocket."

"But you might have ordered his arrest."

"Humph! when I order the arrest of a fine young fellow like that," said the Captain, laying his hand on the priest's shoulder, "whose only crime is to love his country, I shall be no longer Tom Petersham. Still, if he happen to be brought before me, you know, as a justice of the peace, and fully identified, I must commit him."

"Of course you must. The boy is acting very rashly in coming here at all, after all the warnings he has had."

"He must be a bold fellow, knowing there's a reward of two hundred pounds offered for his capture."

"I wish to mercy he could be induced to quit the country for a time, for if he happen to be taken, Mary will break her heart."

"Well, he will be arrested, you may depend on it, sooner or later. Two hundred pounds these hard times, is a strong temptation. Why, this very officer in the house now, chased him two days ago from Bumcranna to Lambert's Point."

"Carriage at the door," cried a servant.

"And what of supper?"

"On the table, sir."

"Come then, my dear friend," said the Captain, taking the priest familiarly by the arm, "let us pick a bone together before you leave. Kate, go ask Dr. Horseman to join us. Where's Mr. Guirkie?—Mr. Guirkie come forth—come forth thou man of indescribable sensibilities."

But Mr. Guirkie had left the parlor a few minutes before, and was now making arrangements with the steward for the safe conveyance of the African to Greenmount next morning. He soon made his appearance, however, and joined the Captain and the priest in a glass of wine. It was all the refreshment they ventured to accept, as Horseman still doggedly rejected every attempt at conciliation.

"Well, good bye, Doctor," said the good natured Captain, accompanying the party to the steps of the hall door, "I'm sorry you leave us in anger—but I know you'll think better of it to-morrow. Good bye, sir."

The distinguished reviewer growled something in reply.

"Kate," said the priest, giving her his hand to kiss, and whispering the words in her ear, "don't neglect to cultivate the acquaintance of Mary Lee, nor forget to read that work I lent you on the beauties of the Catholic religion."

"Never fear," replied Kate, and then having promised Uncle Jerry to see particular care taken of his poor African, she waved her hand in adieu, and the carriage drove off at a gallop down the avenue.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SEVERE attack of fever, resulting from the hardships he endured in the life-boat, had now confined the little cabin-boy to his room at the light-house for several days, during which Mary Lee was his constant attendant, hardly ever leaving him day or night.

Doctor Camberwell had called to see the patient several times, and as often found Mary patiently watching by his bed side with the fidelity and affection of a sister. Strongly did he remonstrate with her (as did her Uncle also) on the imprudence of shutting herself up so constantly in the sick room, especially when Else Curley and Roger O'Shaughnessy were there to attend him. But all in vain. Nothing could prevail on her to quit her post. She only smiled and assured them she apprehended no danger whatever.

The room in which the boy lay was a small apartment on the north side of the lodge, directly over the Devil's Gulch, and looking out on the far-famed Swilly Rock, which lay in the very mouth of the lough about half a mile distant, showing its long black back now and then, as the swells of the sea broke over and seethed down its sides. Beyond it, in the distance, appeared the rugged outline of Malin Head, casting its deep shadow far out into the sea, and frowning a sulky defiance at each passing ship as she rounded the dangerous bluff. It was to avoid that headland the ill-fated "Saldana" ran for a harbor, and struck on Swilly Rock. On that rock she lost her helm and masts, and then broken up by the fury of the ocean, drifted in fragments to the shore.

Every soul on board perished that night, but one little infant, and that infant, now a lovely girl of eighteen, her eyes turned to the fatal spot, was praying for the little wrecked cabin-boy, lying beside her. She was kneeling before a crucifix, with a rosary in her hand, and old Drake, resting his nose on his shaggy paws, was peering up in her face.

Suddenly she turned, and looked towards the bed.

"Sambo—Sambo," muttered the boy—"where are you Sambo?"

Mary rose, and advancing to the bed-side, laid her hand gently on the forehead of the little sufferer—it was burning hot.

"Sambo, dear Sambo," he again repeated, "let us return home. Mother calls me."

"It's the crisis," murmured Mary, "six hours more will terminate the contest between life and death. Oh, Mother of God, Mother of our Redeemer," she added, "save this wandering boy." And slowly sinking on her knees again, she prayed and wept over him, till the tears rolled down her cheeks, and dropped unheeded on the bed.

"What's that you're doing, Sambo?" muttered the boy—"you scald me with drops of lead."

"Hush, hush," whispered Mary in his ear. "Keep quiet, I'm with you."

"Take me home, Sambo, take me home."

"Where?" said Mary.

"Where! to Old Virginny. There it is, right before you, don't you see the old Potomac? Massa shan't blame you a mite—it was all my fault, and I'll tell him so. Wont you take me back, Sambo?"

"Yes, to-morrow—to-morrow," said Mary, "but keep still now, or I must leave you."

The threat of desertion seemed to silence the little fellow completely. Mary then applied a napkin steeped in vinegar and water to his burning temples, and after smoothing his pillar was returning to her seat near the window, when all of a sudden she found herself clasped in the arms of Kate Petersham.

"Miss Petersham," she exclaimed—"is it possible?"

"No, no,—I'll not have it so, call me Kate—your own Kate—and I love you now a thousand times better than ever."

"You won't scold me then, will you?"

"Scold you? for what?"

"Not going to see you, according to promise."

"And abandon your little charge there. No, no Mary, I know your heart too well for that. But I must scold you for something else, Mary, I must scold you for staying here so constantly in the sick room."

"There's no danger in the world, Kate."

"Danger? Why, Dr. Camberwell says its typhus fever, and of the most malignant kind, too."

"Well, but dear Kate, you need not feel the least concern about that, for I'm not afraid of it at all, and you know where there's no fear there's no danger."

"I dont know any such thing," replied Kate. "On the contrary, I'm sure you're running a great risk."

"Not the slightest Kate. The Mother of God will protect me."

"Ah, you can't be certain of that."

"Quite certain. She never forsook me yet."

"But if you've acted imprudently and rashly, why should she protect you?"

"Listen to me Kate, and I'll tell you how it all happened. It was just eighteen years to the hour, since the wreck of the Saldana, the night this poor boy was cast ashore on Ballyhernan Strand. The circumstance struck me as something strange when I heard it mentioned by the Warren-keeper in the cabin, and pondering over it as I wet the lips of the little mariner with a spoonful of wine and water, the idea occurred to me that the Blessed Virgin had committed him to my special care. You may smile, Kate, but the providence of God has its own ways and means of accomplishing its ends. How very like my own fate is this little wanderer's, said I, perhaps he too has neither father nor mother left to watch over him. Just as I thought this he raised his eyes to mine, and seemed to make such an appeal to my heart that I could'nt for the life of me say a word in reply. So I only nodded a promise. He understood it though perfectly, for he smiled his thanks as I gave it."

"And you feel bound by that promise," said Kate, "though not a word was exchanged between you?"

"Oh, indeed, as for that, Kate, I believe I had made the promise to the Blessed Virgin before he looked at me at all. For, why should he have been cast ashore that night, of all the nights in the year, and consigned to my care too by the Doctor, if there had'nt been something mysterious in it?"

"And now, you're prepared to risk your life to save his?"

"No, no," replied Mary, throwing her arm round her companion's neck, and leaning her head gently on her bosom. "No, no, dear Kate, there's no risk for me, since the Queen of Virgins has promised to save me."

"But may not this be superstition?"

"Superstition! Oh Kate, if you only felt for one short hour the blessed hopes which the Mother of God inspires in the hearts of her suffering children, you would speak less coldly of our beautiful religion. Indeed, Kate, only for the consolations I have drawn for the last six years from that pure fountain of mercy and love, I should long since have sunk under the weight of my sorrows."

"Ah," responded Kate, compassionately, "you've had sorrows enough, poor thing."

"And yet, strange as it may seem, it's the cheerfulness with which he bears his misfortunes that wounds me the most."

"His misfortunes! Whom do you mean?"

"My Uncle."

"Oh, I thought you were speaking of your own griefs."

"No, I never had any thing to grieve for but him—he is all the world though to me; for, indeed, I think, Kate, he loves me more than his life."

"Don't wonder much at that, Mary."

"To see him falling, step by step, from the proud position he once occupied among the best and noblest of the land; to see his friends—alas! they were sorry friends—deserting him day after day; to see his creditors who were wont to come to him bowing in lowly reverence, now insolently rebuking him for his reckless extravagance, to see his stables empty, his hounds all dead and gone, his servants forsaking him one by one, and to see himself smiling and happy-looking as a bridegroom in the midst of all that desolation. Oh, Kate, it was that which almost broke my heart."

"Indeed, on the contrary, Mary, I think it should have consoled you to see him bear his misfortunes so bravely."

"Ah yes, Kate, but it's all deception—an outward show. He only affects to be happy on my account."

"You may be mistaken, Mary, it's his natural disposition, perhaps."

"Oh no," replied Mary, "I can tell his very thoughts, though he fancies them hidden from all the world. Often have I watched his countenance as he read over the insulting letters of his creditors, and seen how he struggled to hide his indignation under a smile. And now, Kate, they have found us out at last."

"What—discovered your retreat?"

"Yes, and threaten Mr. Lee with arrest, if their demands are not immediately satisfied. One man has bought up several of his bonds, and demands payment before the first of next month."

"And what's to be done? Can my brother do any thing. to avert the blow? Shall I speak to him on the subject?"

"Not for the world, Kate."

"And why so? you know he loves your Uncle."

"Yes, but for that very reason he would be the last man he should ask a favor of."

"To whom then will you apply for help?"

"I have applied already, Kate, to a dear friend."

"You have?"

"Yes, to one who never refused me in my need—to the Blessed Virgin."

Ah, indeed! so you expect succor from her. But why not apply to the Redeemer himself—the fountain of all goodness?"

"Because, dear Kate, I fear I'm not worthy to approach him; and I know, besides, he will hear the prayer of the Mother who bore him sooner than mine."

"Ah! then you apply to her merely as an intercessor? Why I always thought you expected aid directly from herself."

"Kate, Kate, how often have I told you the contrary!"

"Yes, but I have heard it preached about so often in our pulpits."

"Hush! some one knocks—come in."

The door opened, and Else Curley, wrapped in her old grey cloak, entered the room.

Without uttering a word of recognition or apology, she advanced to the bed and laid her withered hand on the temples of the patient. Then having satisfied herself as to the progress of the disease, she turned slowly round, and throwing back her hood, addressed Miss Petersham in hoarse, hollow tones—

"Young woman, why are you here?" she demanded.

"That's my own affair," replied Kate. "By what right do you ask?"

"The right which the age and experience of eighty years give me. I seen many a faver, girl, in my time, but niver yet so dangerous a faver as this. Away then from the room—it's no place for idle visitors."

"And pray, old woman," said Kate, "what reason have you to feel so much concern for my safety?"

"The raison's too auld," replied Else, "to spake iv now. Yer grand-father, if he lived, cud hardly remimber it. But here," she continued, drawing a piece of folded paper from her bosom, "read this and judge for yourself; if it's at Araheera Head ye ought to be."

Kate took the paper from her hand, and accompanied Mary to the parlor.

"Humph!" muttered Else, now that she found herself alone with the sick boy, "if he has'nt lost his senses, I'll try what can be done to clear up this mystery. If the nigger started back frightened that way, as Lanty says, when he first seen Weeks at Mr. Guirkie's, he must know something about him, and accordin to all accounts, the nigger and the boy here come from the same plantation. Ay, ay, there's a hole in that wall somewhere worth the ferretin. Humph! look up," she continued, touching the lad on the arm with her fore-finger—"look up an spake to me."

"Who's that?" murmured the boy, turning on his side and gazing at the old woman, "are you Sambo?"

"Ay, I'm Sambo,—what d'ye want?" said Else, seeing in a moment the state of his mind.

"You're not Sambo—nigger Sambo."

"Don't you know me?"

"Yes, but sure you're Sambo—very sure you're Sambo Nelson?"

"Quite sure—and what's *your* name?"

"My name—my name's Natty."

"Natty, what?"

"Natty Nelson."

"And where's your father?"

"My father—my father—well let me see, my father—where's my father."

"Where does he live?"

"Who?"

"Your father. Sambo, Sambo, whisper; don't be afraid, he shant flog you."

"Who shant flog me? Father—old Danger you know. So take me back to old Virginny—take me back, mother calls me. Listen, ai'nt that the wash of old Potomac against the ship's side?"

"Hush! don't speak so much, Natty—tell me, Natty."

"Ay, ay sir, by the mark—seven—send all hands aloft, take in sail."

Else finding it now impossible to draw any further information from the boy, took a small vial from her pocket, and pouring a few drops of the contents into a spoon, gave it to her patient.

"There," she muttered, "that'll make you sleep for the nixt hour, and when ye waken, if yer senses hav'nt come back, I'll try some other manes to rache the sacret." Then drawing out her stocking, she sat down on a low stool by the bedside and commenced her knitting.

"This is a very pretty piece of paper indeed," said Kate, looking at the address as she entered the parlor.

"To her ladyship, Miss Petersham."

"Good, so far; now for the inside. Eh! what in the name of all the fairies is this. 'Lanty Hanlon is my name, and Ireland is my nashin, Donegal is my dwillin plas, an heven is my xpectashin.' His expectation, the villain," exclaimed Kate, "ha, ha! if heaven were full of angels like Lanty Hanlon, I'd rather be excused from joining the company. It must be the fly leaf of the fellow's prayer book—but hold, here's something on the other side."

"This is to let you no, that"—here Kate dropped her voice and read over the remainder in silence, "Randal Barry lies woondid and a prisner in Taurny Barrics, i'll meet your ladyship this evenin at the castil about dusk, behint the ould boat-house, no more at presint

but remanes your abaident to command

Lanty Hanlon."

"Any thing amiss?" enquired Mary, as Kate finished the reading of the precious document—"you look alarmed."

"Alarmed! do I? Oh no, it's nothing particular."

"Lanty's full of mischief," said Mary, "been playing you some trick, perhaps."

"Lanty! no, no—it's a mere trifle," replied Kate; "I must get home however as soon as possible. Please ring for Rodger—I want him to call the coxwain."

As Mary turned to ring the bell, Rodger made his appearance at the door, carrying the old silver salver, and awaiting the command of his young mistress to enter.

"Come in Rodger; what have you got there?" enquired Kate.

"A little refreshment, please madam. Mr. Lee sends his compliments to Miss Petersham."

"Is he at home?"

"No, madam; he went out in the direction of Araheera a few minits ago, and gave orders to have cake and wine sent in afore he left."

"What kind of wine is it, Rodger?" enquired Kate, smiling over at Mary as she put the question.

"Ahem! what kind, madam; why, it's a—it's—a very delaceous currant wine—very pure and delikit it," replied Rodger.

"Indeed!"

"And just twenty-five years old next Christmas. No, I make a mistake there—he—twenty-four years next Christmas—ahem! just twenty-four years exactly."

"Oh, it don't matter," said Kate, "a year you know is nothing."

"It's the wine Lady Templeton ust to like so much when she visited the Castle, if you remember," added Rodger, looking at his mistress. Mary smiled at her companion, but made no reply.

"Currant wine's but a sorry beverage at best, Rodger," said Kate, mischievously.

"Well, perhaps, ladies, you would prefer champagne or sherry?"

"Oh, no; no, Rodger, don't trouble yourself."

"No trouble in life, mam, only just say so, and I'll be happy to serve them. But if you try this here, you'll find it delaceous, I assure you."

"Very well, we must taste it on your recommendation: and now, Rodger, send my men aboard, we must leave instantly."

When the old servant left the room, Mary laid her hand on Kate's shoulder, and looking at her affectionately, again expressed her fears that something was wrong at Castle Gregory.

"Nothing, Mary—nothing, whatever," replied Kate.

"And yet you look deeply concerned. Has Captain Petersham or Mr. Willoughby been sick?"

"No, no, dear child, they're both quite well. It's something I must attend to before to-morrow, having no immediate relation to any of the family."

As Mary stood there, leaning her arm on her companion's shoulder, and looking wistfully in her face, she exhibited a form and features of exquisite beauty. The rays of the declining sun had just then entered the window, and for a second or two bathed her whole person in golden light, illumining her countenance with that celestial glow, which holy men say overspreads the features of the seraphim. Never breathed a fairer form than hers—never shone a fairer face, and yet the beauty of her soul transcended far the loveliness of her person. Oh, when loveliness of body and soul unite in woman, how truly does she then reflect the image of her Creator—the great source of purity, beauty and love.

"Kate, dear Kate," murmured Mary, "when shall we both kneel together before the same altar. When shall we become sisters in faith, as we are now in affection."

"Sooner, perhaps, than you anticipate," replied Kate, kissing the forehead of the lovely girl.

"You've read the little books I gave you?"

"Yes, and liked them too; but I've been reading another book which speaks more eloquently of your faith, and draws me nearer to the threshold of your Church, than all the controversial works ever written."

"Oh, I'm so delighted! dear Kate. What is it?" enquired Mary, innocently.

"I can't tell you that."

"Why so, Kate?"

"You would blush all over, and run away if I did."

"Did I ever read it?"

"Never, I believe, though it belongs to you, and to you alone; for there's not another like it in the whole world."

"Belongs to me?"

"Yes, to your very self, and yet you're quite unconscious of its possession; but come with me to the steps—I must not delay another minute."

The two young friends now walked hand in hand across the green lawn, and stood at the head of the long flight of steps, looking down at the boatmen preparing to leave.

"Randall's coming here to-night," said Mary, "if he has not escaped to Arrannore."

"Poor fellow," observed Kate, "I wish he were safe off to the South; for, indeed, he must soon be caught if he stay here much longer. Do you remember him in your prayers, Mary?"

"Sometimes," murmured the blushing girl, looking down on the grass at her feet.

"Then pray for him earnestly *to-night*," whispered Kate, and tenderly embracing her dear young friend, she ran down the steps before Mary had time to ask a single word of explanation.

"Now, my lads," she cried, jumping into the stern sheets and taking the tiller in her own hands, "now for it—out with every oar in the boat and stretch to them with a will; we must make Castle Gregory in an hour and twenty minutes, if it can be done with oar and sail."

"Can't, Miss Kate, impossible," said the coxwain, taughtening the foresheet, "the ebb tide will meet us at Dunree."

"Not if this breeze freshens a little," responded Kate, looking over her shoulder, "and it will—for there it comes dancing in to us from the mouth of the lough." As she spoke, the little boat, impelled by four stout oarsmen, shot out from under the shadow of the rocks, and began to cleave her way through the waters. Mary stood for a moment looking down at the receding form of her reckless light-hearted companion, as she sat in the stern with her hand on the rudder; and then waiving a last adieu, returned to resume her charge of the cabin boy.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Sacred Heart of Mary. Translated from the Italian of Father Lanzi, with an Introduction by Rev. *C. P. Meehan.* Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

It is not certainly necessary to say a word in favor of this devotional work, whose very title will commend it to the devout Catholic. The devotion itself, apart from the distinguished author's name, is too widely spread among Catholics for them to need any spur to the employment of means to increase it in their own hearts; yet F. Lanzi is so favorably known to the literary world, that any work bearing his name must command almost unqualified approbation. The Rev. Mr. Meehan has therefore done much to merit the thanks of all lovers of Jesus and Mary, by giving it an English dress. We have looked through it diligently, and must say that we have met with very few translations, that so faithfully give the meaning of the author, while the difference of idioms of the two languages are carefully observed—so much, indeed, that were the title page away, one would scarcely say it was a translation. The introduction is well thought and expressed, and calculated to leave a favorable impression of the writer's powers on the mind of the reader. It gives us much pleasure to welcome again to the rank of Catholic Publishers the new firm of Messrs. Lucas Brothers, who, we were almost afraid, had resolved tò retire. Commencing again under such auspices, there cannot be a doubt of their success.

2. The Annals of San Francisco: containing a summary of the history of the first discovery, settlement, progress, and present condition of California, and a complete history of all the important events connected with its great City; to which are added biographical memoirs of some prominent citizens: By *Frank Soulé*, *John H. Gihon*, M. D., and *James Nisbet.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: J. Murphy & Co.

We give the whole title page of this interesting thick octavo, as it gives a complete idea of the work and of the labor the writers must have undergone in order to complete it. To say that it is interesting, is hardly strong enough to characterize the hold it takes upon the reader. It is another proof that truth is stranger than fiction. No novel that we know is half so interesting. It must, we are sure, meet with a ready sale, as there is scarcely a family in our Atlantic borders, that cannot find its representative in the land of gold. The authors belong to the progressive democracy, and go in for the annexation of "all the world and the rest of mankind," and cannot, in the exultation of their hearts for the grand triumphs and labors of American enterprize, help looking down with a sovereign contempt on all other progressists, who have not reached or cannot reach the height, which they and those they represent have attained. A little self-glorification is indeed excusable at the contemplation of such mighty results as grace the shores of the Pacific. But true to the spirit which animated those from whom they have taken the epigraph of their work: "go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name:" they dare in their love of progress to express their contempt for Christianity and all the blessings which God, in his new dispensation, deigns to bestow upon the earth. We do not say this to deprecate their abuse of the indefatigable and holy men, who endeavored to raise the poor Indian from his mental degradation. These can afford to be abused by men, whose minds are unable to soar above the enjoyments of earth and the happiness that is evoked by that talisman of earthly progress—gold; for the things of heaven, and the future enjoyments of life eternal are incomprehensible secrets to the worldly-minded votaries of mammon. "Engaged in riveting the chains of Christianity," is a hard expression to fall from a Christian's lips, and Christian charity would not, we think, allow a writer to say that "the sooner the aboriginees of California are altogether quietly weeded away, the better for humanity"—p. 71; or that "humanity and California owe the missionaries nothing"—p. 58. Yet these men are so tender-hearted over the subjection and filial dependence of the poor Indians! Who is more worthy of being styled the lover of his fellow-man and a laborer for true progress, the missioner who devotes his life to rationalize these *bestias*, or those who esteem the Indian no better than a weed, and would have *their progress* marked by the withering heaps of these noxious vegetables they have scattered along their path. "Such hopes of the intelligent being are infinitely more agreeable and ennobling than those of the untutored savage!" Why surely the tutored progressists prove themselves brutal as the savage, over whose fate they pretend to shed their crocodile tears. And these men who can be so hard upon the "old mists of ignorance and stupidity," raised by "ignorant and unlettered men, knowing little more than the mechanical rites of their church, and what else their manuals of devotion and the treasuries of the Lives of the Saints taught them," can find an apology for courtezans and debauchees, gamblers and murderers, and give utterance to such a maxim of morality, as would fit the utterer for the presidency of the Salt Lake republic. "Many things that are considered morally and socially wrong by others at a distance, are not so viewed by San Franciscans, when done among themselves. It is the hurt done to a man's own conscience, that often constitutes the chief harm of an improper action: and if San Franciscans conscientiously think that after all, their wild and pleasant life is not so very, very wrong; neither is it so really and truly wrong as the puritanic and affectedly virtuous people of Maine-liquor-prohibition and of foreign lands would fain believe"—p. 503. It is no wonder that men of such principles should find fault with the "impolitic restrictions" placed by the fathers upon the intermarriage or intercourse of the aboriginees with the soldiers of the presidios, who "are represented to have been commonly the refuse of the Mexican army, and were generally either deserters, mutineers, or men guilty of military offences, or the convicted felons of Mexico, forming a considerable portion of the white population of California"—p. 72. How prejudice will blind even those, who pretend to be above all prejudice! These are serious faults, which we are sorry to be obliged to notice in a work otherwise as interesting as a fairy tale.

3. SALLUST'S JUGURTHA AND CATALINE: with notes and a vocabulary, by *Noble Butler* and *Minard Sturgus*. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A very fine edition, in beautiful type, such as we desire to see in all works prepared for our young countrymen, who are desirous of receiving a classical education. The printers of our school-books are, we fear, too much accountable for the number of the weak-sighted, that crowd the educated portion of the community. Their type is usually too small and crowded, and generates the bad habit of reading with the book close to the eyes—a habit, which goes far to dull the sensibility of that organ, as any one who has been a long time reading will be compelled to acknowledge. The text is very good and free from faults; but though the vocabulary is an excellent one, we do not approve of it—first, because it savors too much of the labor-saving spirit of the age, encourages laziness, and cannot be used for any other work, except in a limited degree; and secondly, because increasing the size of the work, it necessarily increases its price, and this is a serious consideration to those who intend to go through a thorough classical course. A good Dictionary, and there are many now published, would supercede the necessity of compiling these vocabularies, and would have this great advantage, that it could be used for any or all of the works usually read in schools. The notes are excellent too in their kind, but we know from the experience of our school-days, that they contribute very little to the advancement of the scholar. How often did we pore over those "reading made-easies," and imagine, when we had finished, that we were competent to answer every interrogatory of the Professor in the class-room! But very little examination was enough to undeceive us. We studied Anthon or Staughton, but we had not studied Sallust or Virgil, and we could give the sense, or an approximation to it, but the understanding was quite a different thing. Many a time we might have quoted Byron, "then farewell Horace, whom I hated so, not for thy faults, but mine," but our classical experience would have doubled the cause of our hatred, for we neither *understood* nor *felt* the flow of our author. We opine that boys are boys still, and must experience now what we ourselves felt:

Unus et alter
Forsitan hæc spernunt juvenes, quibus arte benigna
Et meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan:

but the majority will own it, if they take the time and trouble to reflect a moment.

4. POLYGLOT READER AND GUIDE FOR TRANSLATION: consisting of a series of English extracts, with their translation into French, German, Spanish and Italian; designed to serve as mutual keys, by *J. Roemer*, A.M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This series of readers, if carried out in the same style for Spanish and Italian, as we have them here for German and French, will do much to facilitate the knowledge of those languages. The selections for translations are such as will always interest the young student and remove much of the dryness, that always attends the first approaches to a foreign language, although we cannot see that much taste has been exercised in making them. The introduction on the study of languages is somewhat pompous in style, but replete with many judicious reflections and will repay perusal. It is founded on the modern view of acquiring knowledge without much labor, but is not so necessarily connected with it as to discard the methods, which time has rendered sacred, and to which, notwithstanding all the modern improvements, we find the most learned always more and more inclining. The fate of so many, who have preceded him in the chase of this Jack-o-lantern, should warn Mr. Roemer not to be too sanguine of success in his undertaking.

5. GUY RIVERS: a Tale of Georgia, by *W. Gilmore Simms*, Esq. Redfield: New York. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Mr. Simms has not deemed himself authorized, in presenting this new edition of his first novel to his countrymen, to make any substantial alterations, and he does well. For although it is not free from many of those faults, which are almost always the pets of youthful writers, yet the freshness of a young spirit is about it, which to the mind of the reader is worth more than all the staid perfection of his maturer works. Like the most of novel-writers, however, he seems to have misnamed his work, for Guy Rivers is not the hero, but rather the shade, which throws into bolder relief the true Southern character of young Colleton. The interest of the story is well maintained throughout, and were the sermonizing omitted, would entitle the tale to a good position as a prose epic.

6. HABITS AND MEN, with Remnants of Record touching the makers of both: by *Dr. Doran*. Redfield: New York. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The spirit of quiet humor, which runs through this book, will be a strong recommendation in its favor. We are not acquainted with the good doctor, but were we to judge of his medical abilities from the manner in which this prescription is put up, we would most willingly give him our certificate for practice within our jurisdiction; and what is more, well or ill, we would with many thanks swallow down his medicine, and be glad when he would repeat the dose. Our usual idea of a doctor will not be surely realized in him; for we are sure he must be like the good S. Nicholas, whose round little belly, the poet tells us, "shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly." The doctor must be a fat man, with a face continually beaming with smiles, and eyes always sparkling with some capital joke, and lips like the good girl spoken of in fairy tale, dropping the pearls and precious stones of kindly feeling on all he meets in his way. None but a fat man could write with such a laughing pen. We hope he will never put on a worse habit, than the one he has here adopted, and if it be our lot again to meet him in the walks of literature, as we must, for there are a great many things to laugh at, besides habits and men, we shall greet him as a hale fellow well met, for the treat he will give us will most assuredly be of the right sort, dressed to suit the most squeamish.

7. The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington: by *R. R. Madden*, in two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There are very few of the literary characters, which have graced our times, whose biography will be so eagerly sought for as this of Lady Blessington. The fame she has acquired by the annuals and books of beauty she has edited, as well as by the more elaborate composition, which have emanated either from her own pen or from the pens of those whom she has patronized, is perhaps greater than that of any other modern writer, and among a certain class of readers is certainly first. That branch of literature, to which she particularly dovoted her attention, is just the kind that seems to suit our age, and cultivating it, as she did, she could not help being very widely known and admired. Perhaps, too, the eclat which her high position in society threw around her, may have contributed not a little to this. Gore place and Seamore were to many an aspirant for literary honors, as the palaces of Augustus and Louis XIV. From all these circumstances, it may be easily gathered that Mr. Madden could not have selected a more popular theme, to win favor with the great body of readers. Whether he has succeeded or not will be a question very difficult to decide. In our humble opinion he might have done much better. The very theme itself was enough to have guarded him against the errors he has committed. His style is none of the best, being in places so confused as to require a second reading to come at his meaning, and sometimes disgraced by vulgarisms, which we hardly expected to find in one, who had frequented such good company. Apart from this blemish the volumes are not without a certain merit, which will commend them to the public. The notices of contemporary writers and the notes and billets, which they wrote to the subject of his biography, although only mere trifles, are enough to make us forget all the unsightlinesses, that shock our notions of propriety, and make us wish he had studied Blair with more diligence and attention. These trifles are indeed as precious as the golden grains that point out where the metal is to be found. From them we may more easily discover the character of the writer, than from all the philosophical disquisitions in which the professed biographer allows himself to indulge. For nature in them having no part to play, speaks without a mask and in her own character.

8. Elements of Physical and Political Geography. By *Cornelius S. Cartèe*, A.M. Boston: Hickling, Swan & Brown: Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is an excellent compendium of geographical science, from which the general reader may gather much useful information, and as a school book it may be used with advantage. It is, however, unaccompanied by maps, and this, we believe, will retard its more general use as a text-book. It is well arranged, but the illustrations designed to show the figure of the earth, the relative heights of mountains, &c., might be improved. But the feature in the work that pleases us most, is the candor and impartiality with which it is written; that freedom from every thing that could give offence to the most sensitive reader. We are particular to mention this, as it is a quality so rarely met with in books of this kind. We regret, however, to find that the author has made a single exception to this rule in speaking of Belgium. Having made a circuit of the entire globe, and having passed through empires, kingdoms and republics, and visited the most distant isles of the ocean, in Catholic Belgium alone he discovered that the clergy were "numerous and influential; the people *ignorant* and *superstitious.*" We hope that Mr. Cartèe, in the next edition of the work, will omit this sentence, and thus free his book, which possesses much merit, from every objection to the Catholic reader, who will naturally regard the sentence alluded to as an imputation upon his religion.

9. Rev. Dr. Cahill's Works. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This volume contains a collection of the Letters, Discourses, and Controversial Sermons of one of Ireland's most eloquent and distinguished sons. Comment is unnecessary upon any thing emanating from the pen of this eminent divine. The name of Dr. Cahill is familiar to every ear; his fame as a scholar, patriot and orator has reached every land. A collection, therefore, of his writings in book form must prove acceptable to every reader. So varied, so eloquent, so instructive is every page of this work, that we cannot make an extract from one portion of it without disparagement to another. To be appreciated fully it must be read. We cheerfully commend it. The Letters to the Earl of Derby are alone worth double the price of the volume.

10. The Devout Child of Mary, the Immaculate Mother of Jesus: a Collection of Novenas, preparatory to the Festivals of the Blessed Virgin, meditations, hymns and method of hearing Mass in her honor, with the seven days' prayers previous to the Feast of her pure spouse St. Joseph; to which is added, an explanation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The title of this excellent little manual of devotions, as we give it above, is all that need be said in its favor. Those who purchase it, will not regret their expenditure, if prayers full of unction and sweet hymns can repay them. We cordially recommend it.

11. All for Jesus, or the Easy Ways of Divine Love: by Frederick W. Faber, priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Fifth American edition, published with the Sanction and Corrections of the Author. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the edition promised some time ago by Messrs. Murphy & Co. to match the other works of the same author lately published by them. It would be worse than superfluous to write any thing more than we have at various times written in commendation of works, so well known to the Catholic public as these works of Father Faber. That the author himself should be so satisfied with the manner in which they have been put forth, as to request the publishers to let all know that this edition is alone sanctioned and authorized by him, is enough to give it whatever merit or praise might yet be wanting. We have seen and heard nothing to make us change the favorable opinion we expressed in former numbers of the Magazine regarding it. An additional merit, and one for which the publishers are entitled to great credit, is the neat style in which it is got up, and the low price at which it is offered to the public.

12. History of the Council of Trent: from the French of L. F. Bungener, edited from the second London edition, with a summary of the acts of the Council: by *John McClintock*, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

If the success or ruin of the Holy Catholic Church depended upon human efforts, M. Bungener and his learned translator would have been spared the work of supererogation, to which they have devoted their labors in the above history. But "there is one above who sways the harmonious mystery of the world" and the world's Redeemer, or rather the channel through which the world's redemption is effected, is never allowed to be stopped in its onward way by the mud and filth, which bad men may think proper to cast into it. M. Bungener has only served the public with a rehash of Fra Paolo's calumnies, long ago rejected by sound criticism. "Casus multis hic cognitus ac jam tritus et e medio Fortunæ ductus acervo;" the old Satirist would say, an expression which may be vulgarly translated "Cheshire cheese," to which our would-be doctors always have recourse, when they are unable to set any original dish before their customers. But it pays, and perhaps this is all they care for. "The colossus with feet of clay," somehow or other, stands in spite of all the little stones that are thrown against it, and does not seem to show any "fragility" in respect of those on whom it treads. They would like very much, if they could, to contribute to its downfall. "It will fall—but when?" Ah! that *when!* "Twenty years ago the ruin of Roman Catholicism was spoken of as quite a simple thing, inevitable, close at hand: people would readily have fixed the very year. No doubt it will fall!" And so every score of years a new prophet arises "to devise vain things," and "is turned backward and blushes for shame;" for "God is not as a man that He should lie, nor as the Son of man that He should be changed."—Numbers xxiii, 19.

13. Purgatory Opened to the Piety of the Faithful; or the Month of November Consecrated to the Relief of the Souls in Purgatory. New York: E. Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a very opportune work for the month we are just entering upon, and one, we think, every Catholic, who owes a debt of gratitude to parent or friend deceased, would avail himself of, in order to help those, whom "the hand of the Lord has touched," in that region of justice. It is an excellent translation, and if we be not mistaken, from the Italian of the sainted companion of Father Paul Segneri, Father Pinamonte, who by his little works on this and kindred charities, contributed very much to the success of that holy missionary's labors. In this we may be mistaken, as we have not the works of Father Pignatelli by us to verify our suspicion. It matters not much, however, as whoever be the author, the work is full of that charity, "which never falleth away," and which is only found in the Catholic Church, "the pillar and ground of truth."

14. A School History of the United States: by *John G. Shea*. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We owe an apology to the publishers for our delay in noticing this work. We were anxious, however, to give it a careful examination before expressing an opinion on its merits. Mr. Shea deserves well of the Catholic community for having produced a work which will supply a want much felt in our institutions. The Catholic tone and tendency of his history, his faithful delineation of the labors, trials and privations of the early missionaries among the rude children of the forest, will render it acceptable to the members of our own communion, and be productive of much good among those who are strangers to our faith. As a history it is generally accurate, except where the author indulges too freely in his own comments. Its arrangement as a school book might be much improved. Its style is abrupt, partaking more of the broken periods of the essayist than the smooth flow of the historian.

Though a work of no ordinary merit, yet, with all our esteem for the author, and respect for his varied talents, it contains passages against which we feel bound to record our disapprobation. In speaking of the establishment of the Church of England, or the Protestant Episcopal, the author calls it the "Somerset Church," and the "Somerset religion," from Somerset, a prominent actor during the reign of Edward VI of England. This is wrong, and doubly so, as no such church or religion ever existed: and secondly, it is teaching Catholic children, for whom the book was intended, to call the religion of their neighbors in terms of insult and rsproach. Against the terms "Romish" and "Popish," as applied to their religion, Catholics have ever protested, and the books that contain them have been thrown from their schools; and while we ourselves are so sensitive on this point, we are certainly most inconsistent if we use any offensive term, in speaking of the religion of our dissenting fellow-citizens.

How or why the author could have imbibed so strong an antipathy to one of the purest of our patriots and the most illustrious of our statesmen, we are really at a loss to conceive. Scarcely is the name Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration of Independence, mentioned, without being coupled with some expression tending to depreciate the character of that great man. The credit of sincerity is denied him, while motives unworthy of a great and noble mind, are attributed to almost every act. The author, after stating that Congress assumed the State debts, adds: "Much opposition was made to this, and all who had opposed the Constitution, now rallied in opposition to the administration, led by Jefferson, who, though a member of Washington's cabinet, was so influenced by *jealousy* of Hamilton, that his conduct often tended to embarrass the administration. Two parties at once arose; the federalist, supporting the Constitution, and the anti-federalist, or republican party, which *pretended* to fear the establishment of a monarchy."—Page 185. Again, speaking of the strenuous opposition made by the anti-federalists, of whom Jefferson was the leader, to the charter of the National Bank, he says: "Although these dissensions seemed to shake the new government to its very foundation, the opponents were actuated rather by *ambition* and *hostility* to Hamilton, than by any serious fears of the abuse of power."—Page 186. After speaking of the treaty by which Louisiana was purchased from France, the author adds:

> "This act of Jefferson's administration being somewhat unprovided for by the Constitution, convinced him of the necessity of a liberal construction of that instrument, and like most opposition leaders raised to power, he soon found that he must use as precedents what he had furiously denounced."—Page 203.

Again we are told that Mr. Pinckney had nearly negotiated a treaty at London, highly advantageous to the United States, "as matters then stood. But, Jefferson at once, however, declared his intention to reject it, and the treaty was almost without examination rejected in 1806. Four years of vexatious and commercial embarrassment and nearly three years of useless and ruinous war, were the results of *this undemocratic step of Jefferson.*"—Page 206.

Is this really history? or is it but the dream of the historian? Four years of commercial embarrassment and nearly three years of ruinous war, happening six or eight years after this "undemocratic step," and long after Mr. Jefferson had retired from office! Fortunately for the sage of *Monticello*, that he died in 1826, otherwise the disasters of the Mexican war might have been laid to his charge.

"About the same time Illinois territory was organized, comprising what is now Illinois and Wisconsin; and Jefferson closing his career by a *violent seizure* of some property of Livingston's at New Orleans, retired from the Presidency."—Page 208.

This is an uncalled for censure. To relate an action in the life of an individual, which is unlawful in the abstract, and at the same time to conceal the motives that prompt it, is little less than libel. To say that a man killed his neighbor, implies the atrocious crime of murder; but when we add that he did it in defence of his own life, the idea of guilt is withdrawn, and the act may be justifiable. The language in the above quotation leads to the positive conclusion, that the seizure of Livingston's property was the individual act of Jefferson, and was done in violation of right, justice, and law, which we cannot believe the author intended. But if the following picture be correct, then we confess that we have been sadly mistaken in our estimation of this great man. "He (Jefferson) was a man of philanthropical ideas, more of a speculator than a man of action, yet *arbitrary and often tyrannical in his proceedings*. He long continued to be the head of the republican party, and is still revered as its chief."—Page 208. We repeat, if this be a correctly drawn portrait, we have not until this moment understood the true character of the man. In childhood we were taught to lisp with reverence the name of Jefferson, and to associate it with that of the illustrious Father of his country, but now, when the meridian of life is passed, we are told that our teaching on that subject was all a delusion: nay, more, that we are to reverse the old order of ideas, and teach our children, that the man whom we revered as the purest of patriots, and the first of statesmen, who penned the immortal protest against tyranny, was himself a tyrant and the embodiment of arbitrary power. Simply a man of "philanthropical ideas," a mere "speculator." We confess that it is hard to bring our mind to this. Nevertheless we must do it. Mr. Shea, "who has devoted some years to the study of our national history," tells us it is so. And strange with all, that the great conservative party, the party which for nearly half a century has ruled the country, which is now nobly battling for the rights of the stranger, and for the inestimable boon of religious liberty, should glory in the name of this "arbitrary" and "tyrannical" man, and "still revere him as its chief!"

But while we were wholly unprepared for the unmerited severity of the author towards Jefferson, we were not a little surprised to find him as the apologist of the "Alien and Sedition Acts," seeking to discover a cause for their passage in "the violence of the republican papers," and finally informing us that "both had numerous precedents." They may have had precedents among the veriest despots of Europe, but never on the shores of America. If they had precedents, they were bad precedents, and should not have been followed. To place in the hands of any single individual the power of sending out of the country, without proof or trial, any foreign born citizen *on the mere suspicion of conspiring against the peace of the State*, and to make words, speeches or printed matter tending to depreciate the government, treasonable offences, were acts dangerous to the best interests and dearest rights of the governed, and no words can palliate them. No wonder that Jefferson, the stern supporter of the republican institutions which he had labored so zealously to establish, was opposed to the administration that gave birth to these acts.

The foregoing remarks have been made not in the spirit of cavil, but with the kindest feelings towards the author, and with the view of enabling him to correct in future editions of the work, what we believe to be defects.

School books, especially of a historical nature, should be, of all others, most carefully prepared; they should be not only accurate even to the smallest particular, but they should also be free from the bias of the compiler. Children will naturally imbibe the feelings of the author. His love, his hated, his admiration, praise, censure and displeasure, are all imparted by the lines which record them If the compilers of history, who too often overload the text with useless comments, substitute their own notions for historical truths, and influenced by prejudice or other unworthy motives, draw erroneous conclusions from facts stated, how pernicious will be the effects upon the minds of the young. The first lessons which children learn are always the most lasting. They cling to the memory when the scenes of yesterday have faded from the recollection. Time has scarcely effaced the horror that seized upon our youthful mind on reading for the first time in the pages of "Peter Parley," the author's pitiable story of the "fires of Smithfield," or the atrocious deeds of the "Inquisition," even after better information corrected the erroneous impressions. The labor then of compiling a school history is of no ordinary character. It is a task involving weighty responsibilities, and few are found adequate to discharge it as it should be discharged.

Editors' Table.

AUTUMN.

This season brings with it many wholesome and salutary reflections. The change which we behold in nature, reminds us of the change which we ourselves must shortly undergo. The verdure of the fields gradually disappears; the foliage of the trees fade, wither, and fall to the earth; the song of the feathered tribe is no longer heard in the grove. So with man. Soon shall the freshness of youth fade from his cheek and the wrinkle of age settle upon his brow. A moment more, and his voice is hushed, and he sinks forgotten to the silent tomb.

It is, too, the season of song—the season which inspires the poet with holier lays, and bids him strike his harp to loftier strains. In this connection our readers will pursue with pleasure the following appropriate and beautiful lines from an esteemed friend, who is favorably known to literary fame. This is his first offering to our pages, and while we gratefully acknowledge it, we hope that it may not be the last:

THE FALLING LEAF.

The golden Summer is dethroned and gone,
And Autumn with his frowns comes hurrying on:
I do not like November's gloomy reign,
To me it never speaks of aught but pain.

The hollow winds—the bitter air—and all
In which we hear the dreary name of Fall,
Remind my soul too sadly of that fate
Which threatens all, and levels small and great.

Yon lonely leaf I see now whirled away
With all its beauty blackened by decay,
Informs me plainly I myself must fall
To be, like it, forgotten soon by all!

That leaf, meanwhile, was happier far than I—
What matters it that it is doomed to die?
It had high rapture, doubtless, while it bloomed,
The breeze refreshed it, and the sun illumed.

But say—what joy is—was—or can be mine?
For me, I feel, no summer sun shall shine,
No summer sun has *ever* shone for *me*,
And now—'tis gloomy as the night may be.

I hear, methinks, some gentle spirit say—
"Mourn not, my son! there comes a halcyon day,
A day whose sun will never set, like this,
A sunny day, and bright with every bliss."

I answer, "Yes"—but is it *vain* that here
In this green world, my spirit looks for cheer,—
Must I regard this lovely world *a wild*,
Where I must wander—sorrow's cheerless child?

He, too, says "Yes!"—then, Father! be it so—
From this, meanwhile, one truth at least we know;—
However brightly, beautifully drest,
No *earthly* thing can ever make us blest.

O sullen Autumn! blow and bluster now,
Soon as you will, come waft me from my bough;
The world is bright and beautiful, but vain,—
Why should I think of loving it again?

M. A. W.

THE CHURCH REVIEW.—*New Haven, Conn.*

The Church Review of October takes exceptions to our remarks in the July number, and condemns us severely for having ventured to assert what all history attests, that religious liberty was first proclaimed and practiced in this country by Lord Baltimore and the Pilgrims of Maryland. And after denouncing these "extravagant and false pretensions," the editor commends his remarks to our perusal.

We respectfully decline entering into any controversy with our cotemporary, or any other periodical, whose editors can so far forget the most familiar rules of decorum in speaking of Catholics or Catholicity, as to indulge in the use of the epithets, "ROMISH," "POPISH," "ROMANISTS," and similar expressions. These are well known terms of insult and reproach, and have long since been discarded by all, who retain any recollection of principles which govern genteel society. The Protestant gentleman does not use them in conversation with Catholics, when they meet in the counting-room, the forum, or around the domestic fire-side; and why they should disgrace the columns of public journals, especially those of a religious character, we cannot understand.

For ourselves, we have always and on all occasions, when speaking of our dissenting fellow-citizens, or their religion, made use of the most respectful language. God forbid that we should do otherwise. A man's religion is sacred, and we are inclined to believe that there is but little Christianity among those, who indulge in the practice of nicknaming men on account of their religious profession. Such a course is beneath the conduct of gentlemen in every walk of life, and shall ever merit our disapprobation, whether indulged in by Catholics, or by those who differ from us in faith.

In turn, *we* commend to the editor of the Church Review, not our remarks, but the very *history of Maryland* with which he professes to be so familiar. Let him go in spirit back to the days of Lord Baltimore, and standing on the banks of the St. Mary's, contemplate the beautiful picture there presented, ere the demon of religious discord was transplanted to the shores of the Chesapeake. Let him contemplate the Catholic and the Protestant dwelling together like the children of a common family, and each beneath the approving smile of Calvert, worshipping God agreeably to his own conscience. Let him turn to the statute-book of that period, and find that even religious strife was banished from the colony by a fine of ten shillings imposed upon every man who should call his neighbor by way of reproach, *a heretic, a Brownist, an idolator, Papist, Romanist,* or such like epithets.

FESTIVAL OF ALL SAINTS.—*November the first.*

The Church on this great festival honors all the saints reigning together in heaven. Every day is dedicated to some particular servant of God, but so vast, so countless has become the number, that the days of the year can only embrace but a small proportion of those holy souls, hence the object of a single day on which the whole order of these sainted spirits may be duly honored. On this, as on the festivals of particular saints, God is the only object of our supreme worship, and the inferior honor which we pay the saints, is directed through them to God, to whose bounty they owe all they were on earth, and all the happiness they now enjoy in his celestial kingdom.

On this festival we are invited by the Church, first: To return thanks to God for all the graces and favors which he has bestowed upon his elect. Secondly: to implore the divine mercy through this multitude of powerful intercessors. Thirdly: to repair any failure or remissness in not having duly honored God in his saints, on their particular festivals, and to glorify Him in the saints who are unknown to us, or for whom no particular festivals have been appointed. And, lastly: to excite in ourselves a fervent imitation of their virtues by contemplating the example of so many faithful servants of God of all ages, sexes, and condition in life, and by raising the eye of faith to that inexpressible bliss which they now enjoy, and to which we are invited.

The origin of this festival may be traced to a remote period in the history of the Church. The dedication of a famous Church in Rome, gave occasion to its institution. The Pantheon, or Rotunda, was a temple built by Marcus Agrippa, and dedicated to Jupiter the Revenger, in compliment to Augustus, upon his victory at Actium over Antony and Cleopatra. It was called the Pantheon, either because it contained the statue of Mars and several other gods, or because its figure represented the heavens, called by the Pagans, the residence of all the gods. This master-piece of architecture is constructed in the form of half a globe; its diameter being 158 feet, and its height almost equal to its breadth. It has neither pillar nor window, being lighted by a large round aperture in the top. In the year 607, Pope Boniface IV cleansed and purified the pantheon, converting it into a Christian temple, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin, and all the Martyrs. The feast of this dedication was kept on the 13th of May. This festival, although it embraced a large number of the saints, was still limited to the Holy Virgin and the Martyrs; it no doubt gave occasion to the institution of one more general, comprehending not only the Martyrs, but all the saints. Hence, we find that Pope Gregory III, about the year 731, dedicated a chapel in St. Peter's, to all the saints, and from that period the feast of All Saints has been celebrated in Rome and Italy, and soon spread to other countries. The Greeks keep a festival of All Saints on the Sunday after Whitsunday.

THE COMMEMORATION OF ALL SOULS.—*November the second.*

The Church, like a tender mother, daily offers up her supplications to the throne of Mercy in behalf of her suffering children in Purgatory. In her offices, and especially in the holy sacrifice of the altar, she makes a commemoration of them, that soon they may be released from the prison into which they have been cast, until they pay the last farthing. But yesterday, she contemplated with a heart glowing with delight, that portion of her household, which now dwells in the mansions of eternal bliss; to-day, she turns with maternal solicitude to the suffering in Purgatory. To-day, she invites the faithful to gather round her altar, and unite their voices in favor of her afflicted children, reminding them that it is *a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead.* Yes, holy and pious, and most acceptable to God, to whom no sacrifices are more pleasing than those of charity and mercy. Those souls, though detained in a place of purgation, are nevertheless most pleasing to God. His love and mercy would freely admit them into his holy presence, but his justice demands their detention until the last stain is blotted out. By our prayers in their behalf, we satisfy that justice. If so, how pleasing to God must be the offering! If a compassionate charity towards all in distress, even towards the wicked, and those laboring under temporal afflictions, be an essential part of a Christian spirit, and that in which the very soul of religion and piety towards God consists; if the least alms, even a cup of water given in charity, be an act on which heaven smiles, will not the God of Mercy recompense our charity to his friends and most beloved children in their extreme necessity?

The Commemoration of All Souls was somewhat later in its origin than the festival of All Saints. In 998, St. Odilo directed this commemoration to be observed in all the monastaries of his congregation, and then it was kept on the first of November; it was soon adopted by the whole Western Church. In 1222, the Council of Oxford declared it a holyday of the second class, on which only certain and important kinds of work were allowed. In some places it was kept as a holyday of precept till noon; in others, the whole day; but generally, as a day of devotion only.

CURIOUS FACT IN SCIENCE.

It is a curious fact in science, that glass resists the action of all acids except the fluoric; it loses nothing in weight by use or age; it is more capable than all other substances of receiving the highest degree of polish; if melted several times over and properly cooled in the furnace, receiving a polish almost rivalling the diamond in brilliancy. It is capable of receiving the richest colors produced from gold or other metallic coloring, and will retain its original brilliancy of hue for ages. Medals, too, embedded in glass, can be made to retain for ever their original purity and appearance.

HUNTER WOODIS, LATE MAYOR OF NORFOLK.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of the lamented deceased, was paid by the Rev. Mr. Hitzelberger, of Petersburg, in a sermon lately preached in that city. After alluding to the early demise of Mr. Woodis' sister and brother, the Rev. gentleman said:

"One link remained of the broken chain. I knew him well; and in the intimate communion not only of pastor, but of father, guide and friend, never have I known a nobler heart, a more gallant spirit, a brighter intellect. Entering the arena of life, with the purposes of a lofty ambition, he exhibited the enthusiasm which wins success, and the uprightness of soul, the generosity of character, the benignity of disposition, the frank courtesy of manners, which conciliate affection and command esteem. His recompense was rapid and signal. One of the youngest members of the bar, he prospered in his profession and was twice exalted as chief magistrate over an admiring community. With none but political adversaries to encounter; who honored his motives and acts, and did justice to his virtues; with no enemies to punish but the foes of society, whom in an impartial administration, he scourged with inflexible honesty; with very many warm, personal friends, who never betrayed or abandoned him; young, vigorous, sanguine, eloquent and brave, this child of good fortune and qualities, was called to evince the heroism of his soul, in the hours of peril and unpreparedness, of darkness and dismay, when a malign distemper invaded the thoroughfare of his native city, and death desolated its homes with untold horrors. He thought of others, not of himself. Like the soldier of the forlorn hope, who marched to the mined breach, he rushed to the van of havoc, to fight for the common good; and like him, he offered up his life, with all the honors and endearments of that life, a sublime sacrifice, in the cause of humility and official duty. Smitten by the hand of the destroyer, in the exercise of the noblest charities of your nature, in the very act of ministering to the dying and the dead, the chivalrous Woodis, unappalled by danger and unwearied beneficence, was ravished away, in the flower of his age, and the vigor of his usefulness; honored, loved, bewailed in the purity of that affection which virtue inspires, with the intensity of a grief, which only true hearts can feel."

WASHINGTON'S ANSWER TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Gentlemen:—While I now receive with much satisfaction your congratulations on my being called, by an unanimous vote, to the first station in my country, I cannot but duly notice your politeness in offering an apology for the unavoidable delay. As that delay has given you an opportunity of realizing, instead of anticipating, the benefits of the general government, you will do me the justice to believe that your testimony of the increase of public prosperity, enhances the pleasure which I should otherwise have experienced from your affectionate *Address*. I feel that my conduct in war and in peace, has met with more general approbation than could reasonably be expected; and I find myself disposed to consider that fortunate circumstance in a great degree resulting from the able support and extraordinary candor of my fellow-citizens of all denominations. While my life and health shall continue, in whatever situation I may be, it shall be my constant endeavor to justify the favorable sentiments which you are pleased to express of my conduct. So, gentlemen, I thank you. G. WASHINGTON.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, &C.

The following recipe from experience we know to be a good one, and being nearly colorless, it possesses advantages which liquid glue and other cements do not. Dissolve half an ounce of gum acacia in a wineglass of boiling water; add plaster of Paris sufficient to form a thick paste, and apply it with a brush to the parts required to be cemented together. Several articles upon our toilet-table have been repaired most effectually by this recipe.

SIC VITA—SUCH IS LIFE.

At the East end of this aisle—Church of St. Mary Overy, London—stands a monument, a portion of whose inscription consists of the first verse of the following beautiful poem, which is thought, and with some probability, to be the production of Quarles.

Like to the damask rose you see,
Or like the blossom on the tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the gourd which Jonas had;
Even so is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out and cut, and so is done!
The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The ground consumes, the man he dies.
Like to the grass that's nearly sprung,
Or like the tale that's just begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the pearled dew of May,
Or like an hour or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan,
E'en such is man, who lives by breath;
Is here, is there; in life, in death!
The grass decays, the tale doth end,
The bird is flown, the dews ascend,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan's near death! man's life is done!
Like to a bubble on a brook,
Or—in a mirror—like a look,
Or like a shuttle in the hand,
Or like a writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream;
E'en such is man, whose life is breath,
Is here, is there; in life, in death!
The bubble's burst; the look's forgot,
The shuttle's flung; the writing's blot:
The thought is pass'd; the dream is gone;
The water glides—man's life is done!

THE MOON NOT INHABITED.

Dr. Scoresby, in an account that he has given of some recent observations made with the Earl of Rosse's telescope, says:—"With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of 100 feet was now distinctly to be seen, and he had no doubt, that, under very favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects 60 feet in height. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by these instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours—no vestiges of architecture remain to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance which could lead to the supposition that it contained any thing like green fields and lovely verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea or a river, or even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory—all seemed desolate."

Record of Events.

From September 20, to October 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—The Italian States seem to be threatened with an insurrection. The partisans of Mazzini are actively engaged in attempts to re-enact the scenes of -49. In some places inflammatory publications have been circulated. At Rome, however, order and quiet still prevail. Recent accounts from the Eternal City state, that His Holiness contemplates the creation of a new religious military order, to be called "The Order of the Immaculate Conception." The veneration in which Pope Pius is held, and the influence he exercises over all who come within his reach, may be gathered from the following interesting incident mentioned by a correspondent of an English paper:

"I met the Pope and his retinue of noble guards, Cardinals and monsignores, the night before last, on the Civita Vecchia road, about half a league distant from St. Peter's. He had left his carriage, and, attended by a few of his personal friends, was on foot, enjoying the freshness of a beautiful evening, and admiring the last rays of the setting sun. Just as he had reached the hill on which the glory of the 'god of day' still lingered, a convoy of five carriages coming from the coast appeared; and one of the persons in the leading carriage exclaiming in Italian and French, "On foot, ladies and gentlemen!" the whole of the passengers, at least forty in number, some French, some English, some American, some Spanish and the rest Italian, jumped out, and fell on their knees just as the Supreme Pontiff joined them. The Pope was dressed in a flowing white robe, with a wide crimson hat, and in the midst of the Cardinals, with their gorgeous costume, presented a most striking object. The people kissed his feet and hands, each receiving a word of devout consolation; and, when that ceremony with all was accomplished, Pio Nono, raising his hands to heaven, said with his fine melodious voice, "*Siamo contentissimi a dare a voi, appena arrivati sotto l'ombra della cupola di St. Pietro, la benedizione in nome dell' omnipotente Iddio de Fedeli.*' The Holy Father then passed on, the group remaining on their knees until he was out of sight, and then arose, the ladies weeping, and the men imploring blessings on his sainted head."

The cholera which prevailed for some months to an alarming extent in some parts of Italy has disappeared. During its prevalence at Florence, the Brothers of the Misericordia by their heroic conduct, elicited the admiration even of Protestants. A correspondent of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, thus speaks of their noble deeds:

"There is assuredly a living embodiment of heavenly charity here, which is never invoked in vain, and whose blessings are always proportioned to the need. At any hour in the day, and often during the night, in sunshine and in storm, companies of the Brothers of the Misericordia, thoroughly disguised in dominos, may be seen hurrying through the streets, bearing on their shoulders some victim of misfortune to an hospital or a home. A sound from certain bells at any hour in the twenty-four, is sure to bring a deputation of six or eight, habited in the long black loose gown and hood, and torch in hand, if it be in the night, to any scene of accident or suffering. No American volunteer fire company was ever prompter at a call. This venerable fraternity is among the few remaining good fruits of the Republic, having been founded during one of the wasting plagues of the fourteenth century; and it has numbered among its associates the noblest men of Florence, from that day to this, many historic names, whose shields would be adorned by the insertion of this title of honor.

"It embraces a certain number of members from each portion and profession of society, seventy-two being enrolled at a time for four months' duty as 'Chiefs of the guard,' and twelve of the number, as 'Captains and counsellors,' are always in attendance at the grand Hall of the Association. In seasons of prevailing calamities like the present, the number on service is increased. Any sufferer in an emergence, rich or poor, resident or stranger, within the walls of the city, may call for its aid. All ranks harmonize in beautiful equality on its truly republican platform. The Grand Duke himself is believed to be a member; but as to that, and all other things touching themselves or their doings, the associates are wisely know-nothings; and so have been, without a single breach of faith, for more than four centuries. Though many a poor family from which they have borne away a member, to an hospital or grave, has found reason to surmise the quality of the incognitos after their departure, on the table or side-board. It is scarcely necessary to add, that at the appearance of one of these dismal looking trains in the street, all heads that represent hearts are instantly uncovered."

France.—The utmost enthusiasm has prevailed throughout the Empire since the fall of Sebastopol. Rejoicings, illuminations, demonstrations of every kind have taken place in honor of that important event. But the national thanksgiving that took place at Notre Dame, was grand and imposing beyond description. The Emperor went to the cathedral in grand procession, escorted by strong detachments. He was in a carriage drawn by eight horses led by lackeys in splendid liveries, and was accompanied by Prince Jerome. He wore the uniform of a general. The National Guards and troops of the line were drawn up on both sides of the streets leading from the Tuileries to Notre Dame. A vast crowd of spectators lined the streets along which the cortege passed, and the windows of the houses were filled with people. His majesty both going and returning was greeted with hearty acclamations of "Vive l'Empereur!" All the houses on the line of procession were profusely decorated with English and French flags. The old cathedral of Notre Dame was decorated internally and externally with English, French, Turkish and Sardinian flags. On the column also were large escutcheons bearing the English and French arms. The sight of the standard of Protestant England in the venerable Catholic cathedral of Paris, was one of the most curious things that has occurred in the course of the alliance. Among the distinguished personages present, none excited more interest than Abd-el-Kader, the Arabian prince, and none we are told knelt more fervently to receive the benediction on the occasion by the Archbishop of Paris. The vestments worn by the Archbishop and the clergy on the occasion, were those that were given to the Cathedral by Napoleon I, at the baptism of the King of Rome. General Canrobert was offered the dignity of Marshal of France, but declined to accept it, that he might not detract from the lustre of the achievements of General Pelissier.—A deficiency in the grain crop seemed to give some uneasiness; the government, however, promptly determined to make provisions for the poor, and all apprehension ceased.—Mgr. the Bishop of Puy had a public audience of the Emperor on the 6th inst. His object was to request his Imperial Majesty to sanction a national subscription for the erection of a grand colossal statute of Our Lady of Puy Sur Corneille, to be cast from the cannon taken from the Russians, and he himself to head the subscription lists. The Emperor granted the request of the venerable prelate, expressing a lively interest in the undertaking, and promising to promote it by every means in his power, signing, at the same time, for 10,000 francs, and subscribing in the name of the Empress for 2,000 francs. Up to that time 140,000 francs had been subscribed by the people, and the three hundred thousand children of the Christian schools had furnished 15,000 francs for the pedestal. The inhabitants of the mountainous region where it is to be erected, have requested that it may be high enough to be seen from all confines of the department.

England.—The country has scarcely recovered from the intense excitement into which it was thrown by the news of the fall of Sebastopol. Every where, the announcement was received with the greatest demonstrations of joy. The bands at the various theatres immediately played the national anthems of England and France. The bells on every church tower and steeple rang in peals of triumph. The French embassy was brilliantly illuminated, as well as other places of note.—The Queen and her court returned from Scotland about the middle of last month.—Late advices state that Prince

Frederick William, of Prussia, son of the Prince Royal of Prussia, is on a visit to the Queen at Balmoral. It is said, the Prince, who is in direct succession to the crown of Prussia, is to be the future consort of the Princess Royal of England.—The Emperor of Austria congratulated the Queen and the Emperor of the French, on the triumph of the allied arms.—The King of Naples has sent an apology to England and France for the recent insults.—The harvest is progressing favorably throughout the country, and the crops will not be below the average.—The baby-show fever has broken out in the country. At Manchester, a baby exhibition was held and nearly three hundred youthful competitors were entered. Over 5,000 persons attended, paying an entrance fee of one shilling and two shillings each. Children were brought from all parts of the kingdom; eight prizes were awarded.—A marriage in high life has lately taken place, which is interesting to the Catholic world. Miss Peel, daughter of the late Sir Robert Peel, was married to the Hon. Francis Stonor, the second son of Lord Camoys, a Catholic peer of long and high standing in the country. The marriage was first celebrated at the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy, Warwick street, the ceremony being performed after the rites of the Catholic Church, by the Rev. E. Howard. The bride, who is said to be young and handsome, was given away by her brother, the present Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M. P. The marriage ceremony was again performed at the Protestant Church of St. Margaret's, Westminster.—We see it stated, though we think it wants confirmation, that Cardinal Wiseman has been appointed Librarian to the Vatican.—A new church of the Marist Fathers, St. Ann's, Spitalfield, was dedicated on the 30th ultimo. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop officiated at the solemn benediction of the church, and preached a most eloquent sermon. The Lord Bishop of Aimens, France, was the celebrant of High Mass, having visited England for that purpose. The ceremonial was in the highest degree interesting, and was numerously attended.

We regret to learn that Father Faber, of the Brompton Oratory, is ill, and has been compelled to retire to the seaside to recruit his strength.

Ireland.—The seventeenth anniversary of the foundation of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, was celebrated on the 21st ult. with unusual solemnity at the Metropolitian Church, Dublin. The Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin presided, and the Bishop of Bombay celebrated Mass, and the Rev. Dr. Fennally, Vicar-General of the Madrass Mission, preached on the occasion.—The "Missions," which have been holding in different parts of Ireland, and been attended with so much good, still continue. Lately the one held in Claremorris by Fathers Rinolfi and Vilas was brought to a close. At the conclusion, the Archbishop conferred the sacrament of confirmation on upwards of 1,100 persons, and, from the immense masses of the people assembled, the ceremonies had to be carried on in a large field adjoining the chapel. It is estimated that the number present could not have been less than 20,000. A splendid sermon was preached by Father Rinolfi with his usual eloquence, and the vast congregation was addressed subsequently in Irish by the Prelate. During the mission, thousands almost every day received the holy communion. The proceedings closed by the interesting and soul-stirring ceremony of the renewal of the baptismal vows.—The election to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Haley, in the See of Braganra, has fallen on the Very Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Carlow College.—The Most Rev. Archbishop of Dublin, on the 24th ult. laid the foundation of a new Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy in Dublin. It is to be provided with 500 beds for the sick and poor, of "all denominations," and to be supported by voluntary contributions.

Prussia.—The treatment of Catholics in this country is such as to merit the disapprobation of every just and honorable man. Recently the government suppressed the *Volkshalle* of Cologne, the only Catholic journal in the Kingdom, now it even prevents subscriptions to be sent to the Catholic paper at Frankford. "Having an eye," as the *Dublin Telegraph* observes, "to the coming elections, the Prussian authorities have adopted those vexatious measures to set aside Catholic candidates by stifling the voices of journals which would enlighten public opinion, and defeat their machinations. The Catholic deputies last session, by their union, talents, and courage, rendered great services, and above all prevented much evil. At any price then, and by many of the usual manœuvres adopted in "Constitutional states," their number must be reduced, and six millions of Catholics—that is, half the population of the kingdom—are to be deprived of representatives possessing their confidence. The Catholics, it appears, have come into the possession of authentic documents which prove the appropriation of funds, legally and justly the property of the Catholic Church, to the advantage of Protestant communities. Those documents, it is apprehended, would be rendered available in the coming session. The Pietists and their accomplices are somewhat afraid of this scandal. They know the more numerous the Catholics will be in the Chamber the more difficult will it be to avoid exposure, and prevent the Chamber under the conviction of truth and justice, acting upon the remonstrances of its Catholic members. Hence the extreme care with which they provide for the elections. They neglect no means—suppression of the Prussian Catholic press, obstacles to the circulation of other Catholic journals, even those not printed in the German language, dismissal of functionaries known for their devotion to the Catholic cause—in fact, intrigues of every kind. Very recently, too, the Government has declared its intention to continue this year the prohibition which it published last year against holding the general assembly of German Catholics at Cologne. Moreover, this same Catholic city of Cologne, which had so lately celebrated, with such brilliant manifestations, the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, has been forbidden to erect a statue of the Madonna in one of the public places. Yet Cologne contains 93,000 Catholics to 7,000 Protestants and some hundred Jews."

Holland.—The following interesting statistics relative to the population of this country, taken from the *Univers*, will be read with interest:

"The kingdom of the Netherlands contained in December, 1854, a population of 3,238,753 souls. Of these 1,195,515 are Catholics; 1,763,487 are Calvinists; 8,174 are Walloons; 496 are Anglican Presbyterians; 533 are Episcopal Anglicans; 55,980 are Lutherans who believe in the existence of the devil; 10,011 are Lutherans who deny the existence of the devil; 40,548 are Mennonites; 5,197 are Remonstrants; 292 are Keruhutters; 50,602 are Orthodox Dissenters; 6,376 are Jansenists; 26 are Greeks; 52,238 are German Jews; 3,372 are Portuguese Jews; 1,453 belong to no denomination.

"It must be observed that this list is given as official, but in reality the number of Catholics in Holland is greater than here stated, and that of Calvinists is considerably exaggerated. Nor are Jansenists quite so numerous as they are said to be. The Calvinists and the Dissenters are both divided into several sects. At Amsterdam there are eight or nine of these sects, each having its respective tabernacle or preaching house.

"While on the subject of statistics we may notice a fact in this line which supplies a new specimen of that distributive justice and toleration characteristic of Protestantism. Aruhem, the capital of Gueldres, has a population of 10,470 Protestants, and 3,441 Catholics. Now, of 180 government officials, including the bourgmestre, the council, police, &c., &c., 168 are Protestants, nine are Catholics, and three are Jews."

Spain.—The venerable Archbishop of Saragossa, now in his 84th year, a man distinguished for his piety and learning, has addressed a firm remonstrance to the Minister of Justice in favor of the oppressed communities. To this appeal of the Archbishop is added the earnest supplication of the religious confraternities and the remonstrances of the municipal bodies. What the result will be the future must reveal.

The Crimea.—Sebastopol has at length fallen. On the 8th ultimo the allied forces stormed the Russian defences, and after a most sanguinary struggle succeeded in carrying the southern portion of the city. During the night the Russians, in utter and hopeless despair sunk their ships, blew up their magazines, set fire to the place and retired to the north side of the city. The portion evacuated was immediately taken possession of by the allies. The loss on both sides was severe. Four thousand cannon, fifty thousand balls, and immense stores of powder fell into the hands of the allies. Since the fall of the city, little has been done on either side. It is thought, however, that the Russians will shortly be compelled to abandon the Crimea. It is stated that the Emperor Alexander is still determined on a vigorous prosecution of the war, and that he has signified his intention of proceeding to the Crimea.

Mexico —This unsettled country has undergone several revolutions lately. Santa Anna finding himself unable to suppress the insurrection, which had broken out against the government, abdicated and escaped from the country. A provisional government was organized, Carrera being appointed President *pro tem.* In the meantime, one delegate from each of the States assembled and elected Don Juan Alvarez, President of the Republic. Great excitement prevailed at latest accounts in the city of Mexico, from a report being circulated that the revolutionary Generals intended to accept a Protectorate of the United States.

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

Our beloved Most Rev. Archbishop, during the last few weeks, visited several places in the western part of his diocese, and administered the holy Sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of five hundred children. This speaks well of the zeal of the pastors and the piety of the faithful, and gives evidence of the increase of Catholicity in that section of the State. At Frostburg and Mount Savage alone, 228 persons were confirmed.

Ordinations.—William Wayrich, Joseph Wirth, John Cornell, Michael Rosenbauer, Eugene Grimm, Joachim Heymann, William Meredith, Anthony Kesseler, Michael Dausch, Bernard Klaphake, William Luhrmann, Nicholas Joeckel, Adam Kreis, Joseph Wust, Peter Zimmer, Joseph Fuchshuber, and James Harvey, members of the Order of the Most Holy Redeemer, received Tonsure and Minor orders, on Saturday, 6th October, in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, of the Redemptorist Fathers, Cumberland.

Young Catholics' Friend Society.—At the semi-annual meeting of this excellent and truly benevolent association, the following gentlemen were elected officers, to serve for the ensuing term:

Ambrose A. White, *President;* Bolivar D. Danels, *Vice President;* John R. Gloninger, *Corresponding Secretary;* John F. McMullen, *Recording Secretary;* Matthew J. Foley, *Book Keeper;* Alexius O. Baugher, *Treasurer;* Wm. H. Keenan, M. A. Daiger, Jonathan Mullan, H. G. Ducatel and Christopher Wynn, *Trustees;* Dennis Blundell, *Steward.*

2. *Archdiocese of Cincinnati.*

The illustrious Archbishop of Cincinnati was wantonly assailed in the columns of the daily papers of that city, and charged with interfering in politics, and taking part in favor of one of the political parties, by a certain Major Johnson. The charges were so absurd that no reasonable man could for a moment attach to them the slightest credit, nevertheless, the learned prelate deemed it right and proper to give them a public denial, and published a card to that effect in the columns of the *Daily Gazette*, accompanied with his affidavit. It is painful to witness the efforts which have been made by designing men, to bring our beloved bishops and clergy into disrepute with their fellow-citizens. Alas! how vain their efforts! Those whom God protect, who shall oppose?

Ordination.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell conferred subdeaconship on James J. O'Donohue, on the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, and on the feast of St. Matthew the same gentleman was raised to the order of deaconship, and on the last Ember day raised to the priesthood.

3. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

On the 21st ultimo the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor visited Ebensburg, and administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about forty children. On the following day the same prelate confirmed over two hundred at Carrolltown. This congregation is composed chiefly of Germans, and the church is under the charge of a branch of the Benedictine Order, at Youngstown. At Loretto about eighty children were confirmed.

Religious Profession.—On the 22d ultimo the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Pittsburg admitted the following gentlemen, at the Monastery Chapel at Loretto, to their solemn profession:—Brother Ignatius (Mr. James Trainor), Brother Austin (Mr. John Kelly), Bro. Felix (Mr. Ignatius Lynn). Immediately afterwards, the Bishop admitted to the Habit, Brother Thomas (Mr. Peter Smith), Brother Lewis (Mr. John Sullivan), Bro. Fedelet (Mr. John Costilea, Mexican), Brother Benedict (Mr. Thomas Matthews). The Rt. Rev. Bishop was assisted by the Rev. Mr. M'Cullah, Ecclesiastical Superior of the Monastery, and Rev. Mr. Riordan.

4. *Diocese of Philadelphia.*

In almost every direction we hear the pleasing intelligence of the erection and dedication of new churches. On Sunday, the 16th ultimo, a new church was dedicated to the service of God, at Parksburg, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Prendergast and the Rev. Dr. Moriarty, who preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

5. *Diocese of Hartford.*

On Sunday, the 30th ultimo, in the Convent Chapel of our Lady of Mercy, Providence, Rhode Island, Sister Mary Gabriel (Miss Isabella Collins), was admitted to the Holy Profession; and on the same day, Miss Catharine Sullivan (Sister Mary Jerom), received the Habit and White Veil. The Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Rielly, Bishop of Hartford, presided, and preached in his usual happy and impressive manner.

6 *Diocese of Richmond.*

The Right Rev. Bishop of Richmond, like the Archbishop of Cincinnati, has been assailed by some of the Know-Nothing journals of the South, and charged not directly with interfering in politics, but with desecrating "thanksgiving day," by delivering a "political harangue." This drew forth from the learned Prelate, an able and eloquent letter in which, having refuted the slanderous imputations, he treats of Know-Nothingism in a moral point of view, and shows the enormities to which it leads. "I did not," he says, "in my discourse, and I do not here, speak of Know-Nothingism as a *political theory*, or of the legitimate objects which those who belong to this party may seek to secure by legitimate means; but I spoke of it as an organized and *secret* conspiracy against what I believe the true religion of Christ, and the true Church of God, and hence immoral and sinful. Immoral, because I hold it to be immoral to take an oath before a man knows to what his oath will bind him, and whether the thing be lawful or not; and *sinful*, because opposition to the Church of God is opposition to God."

Ordination.—On the 8th ultimo, the same Right Rev. Bishop, in the Cathedral of St. Peter, Richmond, conferred the Minor Orders on Mr. James McGovern, who had been pursuing his theological studies at Mount St. Mary's College. On Sunday, following, he gave the order of Subdeaconship, and on Monday, the 10th, the order of Deaconship to the same gentleman; and on Tuesday, the 11th, he conferred upon him the holy order of the Priesthood. We understand that Rev. Mr. McGovern will remain in Richmond, and assist in serving the Cathedral congregation.

7. *Diocese of Buffalo.*

Annual Retreat and Diocesan Synod.—We abridge the following interesting account from the *Buffalo Sentinel:*—

On Monday evening, 24th ultimo, sixty-five Priests of this Diocese and ten from the Diocese of Erie, assembled at the College of St. Joseph, with whom the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Buffalo and Erie assisted at the holy exercise of the Retreat, which was conducted by Fathers Driscoll and Weninger, the former devoting his time and talents to the Clergy using English, the latter to the German.

It was indeed a most edifying spectacle to behold so many Priests of God, those whose whole life is in a certain sense taken up in the administration of God's mysteries, those who are placed by Him to be "a light to the world," the model of their flocks, withdrawing into a deeper retirement than usual, retreating from even holy duties, (but which regard the souls of others), to examine in silence the state of their souls, to pass days and nights in closer union with the Divine High Priest, who deigned to lead them into the wilderness, to speak to their hearts.

On Sunday at 10 A. M. the Clergy moved in procession from the Episcopal residence to the front door of the Cathedral, repeating the sacred Psalms as they passed with religious pomps through the streets. Most pleasing to the Christian must have been the solemn march of so numerous a Clergy moving down the aisle of that noble Cathedral, or diffusing additional splendor over the vast sanctuary whilst ministering in ceremonies so grand.

While the Bishop was vesting, the Clergy sang *Tierce;* and well did the solemn Gregorian Chant peal in unison through "the long drawn aisle and fretted vault," from lips well skilled in sacred song. The venerable ceremonies of the Pontifical High Mass were then carefully executed; the clergy receiving communion at the hands of the Bishop; and a powerful sermon on the Perpetuity of the Church was preached by Rev. Mr. Creeden. After Mass another most imposing ceremony began. The Diocesan Synod was solemnly opened with all these ancient mysterious rites, by which the Church marks her deep conviction of a Divine Adorable Presence in the official reunion of the consecrated ministers of "the Body of Christ;" they being the organs by which he acts "in His body the Church" for the salvation of souls.

V. Rev. L. Caveng, S. J., was appointed Promoter of the Synod. V. Rev. P. Bede, Procurator of the Clergy. Rev. T. O'Flaherty, Notary of the Synod. Rev. M. Kavanaugh, Secretary. Revs. D. Weninger, S. J. Driscoll, S. J., Fritsch, S. J., Nagle, C. S. S. R., Chevalier, O. M. J., Trudeau, O. M. J., Panfilo de Magliano, O. S. F., *Confessores cum plenis facultatibus.* Rev. F. Gerry was Master of Ceremonies.

The solemn Chant of the Litanies, invoking all the saints of God to pray for the assembled pastors and their flocks, invoking the Son of God to be merciful to his people and hear the prayers of the Church, and the sacred hymn to the Holy Ghost to beg his help, his holy inspirations, deeply affected both the clergy and the people. Nor least impressive was the solemn Profession of Faith made by the young Priests and by those who had not yet made it in any Synod.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop sang Pontifical Vespers. At five o'clock a private session of the Synod was held, and at half-past seven the Rev. T. O'Flaherty preached a strong and eloquent sermon on the Infallibility of the Church, after which the Bishop gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On Monday morning a private session of the Synod was held; at eight o'clock Father Weninger celebrated High Mass for the dead and preached a most eloquent and impressive sermon in German to a large congregation. The Bishop sang the service for the departed Priests that had hitherto exercised ministerial functions in this diocese, and made a short exhortation to the Clergy. The solemn session of the Synod then commenced; the service of the third solemn session was condensed with this second one, according to the form appointed in the Pontifical, and a solemn Blessing with Indulgences closed the blessed and memorable services.

8. *Archdiocese of St. Louis.*

The First Provincial Council of St. Louis was opened on the 7th inst. in the Cathedral of that city, amidst the most imposing ceremonial. The occasion was one that may well inspire the hearts of Catholics, especially of the far West, with feelings of honest pride, mingled with gratitude and humble thanksgiving to the Father of mercies, who has vouchsafed to extend and prosper His Church, despite of all the wiles and machinations of the spirit of darkness. But a few years ago, and what was the extensive region, now composing the province of St. Louis? A vast and trackless waste, unknown to the white man, where the savage held undisputed sway. But we have no room at present for comment. The following distinguished prelates were present and participated in the Council: Most Rev. Peter Richard Kenrick, D. D., Archbishop of St. Louis; Rt. Rev. Mathias Loras, D. D., Bishop of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. Richard Pius Miles, D. D., Bishop of Nashville; Rt. Rev. John M. Henni, D.D., Bishop of Milwaukie; Rt. Rev. Joseph Cretin, D. D., Bishop of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. John Lamy, D. D., Bishop of Sante Fe; Rt. Rev. Anthony O'Regan, D. D., Bishop of Messenia, *in partibus*, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Indian Territory east of the Rocky Mountains. The officers of the Council were as follows:—Promoter: Very Rev. James Duggan, V. G. Secretary: Rev. Mr. Bannon. Master of Ceremonies: Rev. P. J. Ryan. Chanters: Rev. J. Rolando, C. M., and Rev. F. Lasco, C. M. And besides the theologians the following Superiors of Religious Orders were present: Very Rev. Wm. Murphy, Vice-Provincial of the Jesuits; Very Rev. T. J. Jarboe, Superior of the Dominicans; Very Rev. Father Clement (Smith), Prior of the Trappist Monastery of New Melleray, Iowa; Very Rev. J. Masnou, Superior of the Lazarists; Rev. S. A. Paris, Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

The Most Rev. Archbishop celebrated pontifical mass at the opening of the Council, and the Very Rev. Father Murphy, Vice-Provincial of the Society of Jesus, preached on the occasion. The solemn closing took place on the Sunday following, with the usual imposing ceremonies. "The Archbishop and the prelates," says the *Leader*, "gave each other the kiss of Peace; each Bishop, in the order of seniority, advancing to the Archbishop and embracing him, and then his brethren. Considering the age of some of the Bishops and the uncertainty in life in all, this part of the ceremonies was very touching. How improbable that all those successors of the Apostles would again meet in solemn synod on this side the grave."

It is stated that the Council propose the erection of the following new sees: *Prairie du Chien*, Wisconsin; *Alton*, Illinois; *Leavenworth City*, Kansas; and an *Apostolic Vicariate* for Nebraska and Western Minnesota. A Coadjutor for the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, and also one for the Bishop of Dubuque, are among the recommendations of the Council. The learned and distinguished prelates before separating, addressed a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of their respective dioceses. This important document is replete with lessons of wisdom and salutary counsels to Catholics touching the duties they owe themselves, their children, their *country* and their *God*. It will be read at the present time with interest and profit. We will recur to it more at length in the next number.

9. *Archdiocese of New York.*

During the middle of last month the illustrious Archbishop of New York visited Newfoundland, to participate in the consecration of the great Cathedral at St. John's. The learned Prelate preached on the occasion. During his stay a splendid banquet was given in honor of the assembled prelates, at which the President of the United States was toasted. To this the Archbishop replied in a happy manner, expressing his high estimation of the Chief Magistrate, and vindicating the American people as a nation, and that they are not to be judged by the conduct of a certain class. Returning, he addressed a Circular to the clergy and laity of his diocese, in behalf of the Diocesan Seminary, and again departed on a visit to Canada.

10. *Diocese of Albany.*

On Sunday, the 7th instant, a Diocesan Synod was opened at the Cathedral, Albany; a retreat of the clergy was also made. The Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of the diocese, celebrated mass at the opening of the Synod.

Conversions.—During the last month several conversions of distinguished men have taken place. The one, however, that has caused surprise, is that of George Hobart Doane, son of the Protestant Bishop of New Jersey. Mr. Doane was, at the time of his conversion, an Episcopal minister, having been ordained a short time ago by his father, who on learning the determination of his son, issued the following deposition, which we insert for future reference:

Diocese of New Jersey. Sentence of Deposition from the Ministry, in the case of Rev. George Hobart Doane, M. D., Deacon.

To all, everywhere, who are in communion with the one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church:

Be it known, that George Hobart Doane, M. D., Deacon, of this Diocese, having declared to me in writing, his renunciation of the ministry which he received at my hands from the Lord Jesus Christ, and his design not to officiate in the future in any of the offices thereof, intending to submit himself to the schismatical Roman intrusion, is deposed from the ministry: and I hereby pronounce and declare him deposed, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Given at Riverside, this fifteenth of September, in the year of our Lord 1855, and in the 23d year of my consecration. G. W. Doane, D. D., LL. D.
In presence of *Bishop of New Jersey.*
Milo Mahan, D. D., Presbyter.
Marcus F. Hyde, M. A., Presbyter.

This sentence was not executed until the provision of the canon "where the party has acted unadvisedly and hastily," which is pre-eminently the present case, had been offered, urged and refused. It only remains for me humbly to ask the prayers of the faithful in Christ Jesus, that my erring child may be brought back to the way of truth and peace; and, for myself that I may have grace to bear and do the holy will of God.
G. W. Doane.

11. *Obituary.*—Death of the Rev. Mr. Devlin.—It is with feelings of deep regret that we record the death of this inestimable clergyman. From the moment that the yellow fever appeared at Portsmouth, he was indefatigable in his exertions, not only to carry spiritual aid to the victims, but also to relieve their corporal necessities. Night and day he was found at the bedside of the fevered and dying, fulfilling the duty of nurse while discharging the office of the minister of religion. At length he was stricken down by the raging epidemic, and partially recovered. As soon as strength would permit, he was again at the bedside of the dying. Again he was attacked by the raging pestilence, and yielded his heroic soul to the hands of his Creator on the field of his duty. The last sad act he performed was to assist in burying the remains of a poor man, who had none to care for him. The good, the faithful, the zealous pastor has fallen. But we trust ere this he has heard the consoling words of his divine Master, saying: Come thou faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord!

Death has also fallen among those angels of mercy, the Sisters of Charity, whose noble and heroic conduct during the prevalence of the fever in Norfolk and Portsmouth, was the theme of admiration on every tongue. Sister Christine died of the fever after a few hours illness.

Death has also thinned the ranks of our clergy elsewhere. The Rev. Timothy O'Brien, of Lowell, Mass., died on the 11th instant. This lamented gentleman was well known to many of our citizens, having been pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in this city, during the temporary absence of the late Rev. Mr. Kerney. Mr. O'Brien was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and came to this country in 1816. He was in the 63d year of his age.

We have also to regret the death of the Rev. J. Adams, S. J., of New Orleans, who died at Baton Rouge, on the 20th ult., of the yellow fever. Died also, at the Sacred Heart Convent, parish of St. James, Charleston, S. C., on the 19th ult., of the prevailing epidemic, Madam Anna Praz, for many years superior of that institution. *May they rest in peace.*

Death of the Wife and Daughter of the Hon. Judge Taney.—It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we record this double bereavement. Mrs. Taney being in feeble health, was passing some time at Old Point, when she succumbed to the hand of death; and in a few hours after the death of the mother her oldest daughter fell a victim to the yellow fever. Both mother and daughter were borne together to the silent tomb. Mrs. Taney was the sister of the late Francis S. Key, the author of "the Star-Spangled Banner." The learned and venerable Judge has our sincere condolence in this sad bereavement.

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

THE YELLOW FEVER in Norfolk and Portsmouth has happily subsided. Business is again being resumed. The citizens, who withdrew before the ravages of the scourge, have returned. But alas! how many familiar faces are sought for in vain. How many noble forms, that only a few weeks ago moved through the thoroughfares of those ill-fated cities, in all the vigor of youth and the pride of manhood, now slumber in the tomb and commingle with the clods of the valley. But thanks be to God, the sword of the destroying Angel is sheathed, and while we bow in humble gratitude to heaven, let us whisper a fervent prayer, that our country may long be spared the renewal of the scenes of Norfolk and Portsmouth.

Return of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition.—Dr. Kane, who had been sent to the arctic regions some two years ago in search of Sir John Franklin, returned to New York after many perilous adventures. He gained no tidings of the object of his search. His accounts of the voyage are thrilling and interesting.

I. Greenland has been followed and chartered by Dr. Kane toward the Atlantic, with a coast line pointing due north, until a stupendous glacier absolutely checked their progress. This mass of ice rose in a lofty precipice five hundred feet high, abutting into the sea. It undoubtedly is the only barrier between Greenland and the Atlantic. It is an effectual barrier to all future exploration.

This glacier, in spite of the difficulty of falling bergs, was followed out to sea by means of sledges; the party rafting themselves across open water spaces on masses of ice. In this way they succeeded in travelling eighty miles along its base, and traced it into a new northern land. This glacier is, we believe, the largest ever discovered by any navigator.

II. This new land thus cemented to Greenland by protruding ice was named Washington. The large bay which intervenes between it and Greenland bears the name of Mr. Peabody, of Baltimore, one of the projectors of the expedition. This icy connection of the old and new world seems to us a feature of romantic interest.

III. The range of the sledge journeys may be understood from the fact that the entire circuit of Smith's Sound has been effected and its shores completely charted. But the real discovery of the expedition is the open Polar Sea. The channel leading to these waters was entirely free from ice, and this mysterious feature was rendered the more remarkable by the existence of a belt of solid ice extending one hundred and twenty-five miles to the southward. This sea verifies the views of Dr. Kane as expressed to the Geographical Society before his departure. The lashings of the surf against the frozen beach of ice was impressive beyond description. Several gentlemen with whom we have conversed, speak of the matter as one of peculiar interest. An area of three thousand square miles has been seen entirely free from ice. This channel has been named after the Hon. J. P. Kennedy, late Secretary of the United States Navy, under whose auspices the expedition was undertaken.

IV.—LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE DAY-STAR OF AMERICAN FREEDOM.—We learn with pleasure that this important and highly interesting work from the pen of our own townsman, Geo. L. L. Davis, Esq. will be issued at an early day by Mr. Scribner, of N. York. The work is designed to give an account of the early growth of toleration in the Province of Maryland, the state of society at that period, and a sketch of the men who figured conspicuously in our colonial history. From a glance at the prospectus, we also learn that the work will be replete with a large number of documents taken from the archives at Annapolis and at London, and that a new interpretation to the provincial charter is to be given. The name and the religion of every man who sat in the Assembly that passed the celebrated Toleration Act, are to be given, so that the claim of the Catholic colonists to the honor of founding the first principles of religious liberty in America, may be fairly presented. From this outline it is easy to perceive the interest that the work will awaken, especially at the present time. We are glad to see that Mr. Davis has undertaken so important a labor; his talents and known liberality eminently qualify him for the task. Hence we await the appearance of the work with no small degree of interest.

A TOUR THROUGH FRANCE, ITALY AND IRELAND. By Rev. Geo. F. Haskins. Published for the benefit of the House of the Angel Guardian, over which the Rev. Author is the Rector. This highly interesting work is announced by Mr. Donahoe, the enterprising publisher of the Boston Pilot, to be ready by the first of December. From our knowledge of the Rev. Author, and the charitable object to which the proceeds are to be devoted, we feel that we can promise the public an interesting work, and the author an extensive sale.

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OUR CONVENTS.—II.

THE SISTERS OF THE VISITATION OF OUR LADY.

One of the oldest orders in this country is that which honors as its founders the holy Bishop of Geneva, Saint Francis of Sales, and the pious widow St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Its origin in America is remarkable as showing the means our divine Lord employed to raise up in this Republic cloisters of that rule, which, being the first chosen to extend the worship of His Sacred Heart, has ever since made it a duty of love to infuse it into all entrusted to their care. No house of the order sent a colony to America; but God finding in Ireland a pious virgin who sought to devote herself to his service, led her reluctant to the western world, and disclosing to her his wishes in her regard, made her the foundress and mother of the monasteries of the Visitation which now exist in the United States.

St. Jane Frances Fremiot, daughter of Benignus Fremiot, President of the parliament of Dijon, and Margaret Barbesy, his wife, was born on the 23d of January, 1572. Although she lost her pious mother before she concluded her second year, she was brought up with great care by her excellent father, and was distinguished less for beauty than for eminent virtue. Refusing the hand of a Huguenot gentleman, she became the wife of Christopher de Rabutin, Baron de Chantal. He was worthy of so pious a lady, and their union was most happy; but God, who would reign alone in the heart of our saint, prepared it for himself by the most sensible sacrifice. In 1601 the Baron de Chantal was brought back from the chase mortally wounded by the hand of a friend. He survived the accident nine days, and expired in sentiments of great piety.*

Bowing humbly to the will of God, she made a vow of chastity, and prepared to live only for eternity; her duty to her children prevented her leaving the world, but she edified it by her charity, patience, zeal and devotion. Above all, however, she sighed for a director to whom she might entirely confide the affairs of her soul. God was not insensible to the wants of his servant; he permitted her to see in a vision him whom he destined to be her guide in the ways of salvation.† This was no other than St. Francis de Sales, to whom in turn God revealed his wish that he should found a new order of nuns to edify the Church by their virtues, and to perpetuate in his posterity his spirit, his sentiments and his maxims, and showed him also her who was to co-operate in the great work. These two holy souls met at last at Dijon, and immediately recognized each other: St. Jane Frances immediately put herself under his direction, informing him of her wish to enter the religious state; and St. Francis after long deliberation, having drawn up the plan of the order, informed her of it. She immediately tore herself from the embraces of her family, and repairing to Annecy with four companions, founded on Trinity Sunday, June 6th, 1610, the first house of the Visitation of Our Lady. The rule of their holy founder adapted especially for weak and infirm persons, was not severe; it enjoined especially an interior life weaned from all earthly things; their dress was to be the plain black dress worn by persons of their rank in society; their object besides their own sanctification being to visit the poor and sick, they were not cloistered, and were bound only by simple vows.*

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* Butler's Lives of the Saints. Aug. 21.

† Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantel, by Mother de Chaugy—I, 35.

The order was no sooner founded than it spread rapidly: the first filiation was that of Lyons, begun by St. Jane Frances, in February, 1615. The Cardinal de Marquemont, Archbishop of Lyons, took a lively interest in the new order, but counselled St. Francis to make it a religious order. Yielding to the reasons which his wisdom and piety suggested, the holy Bishop of Geneva took steps to effect this, and after many difficulties, from which projects for the service of God are never exempt, Pope Paul V erected the Congregation into an order under the rule of St. Augustine, with all the prerogatives and privileges which other religious orders enjoy. St. Francis then drew up the constitutions, which Pope Urban VIII approved in 1626, and which still are the rule of the order.

By this instrument they are made subject to the bishop of the diocese; are bound to recite merely the little office of the Blessed Virgin, to cultivate holy poverty with great strictness, and give much time to meditation, devout reading and recollection. "St. Francis of Sales," says the devout Faber, "founded his order of nuns to perform exterior works of spiritual and corporal mercy, and because they were to be uncloistered, and to seek their work, he named them 'Daughters of the Visitation.' It pleased Providence that the saint's will should not altogether be accomplished. They became cloistered and contemplative. Yet there was no need to change their name. There was more than enough of mystical sweetness and significance in that mystery to represent the fresh life of interior religion which they were now to lead."†

As their cloistered state prevented their external works of charity, they received children, infirm persons and penitents, into their houses or adjacent buildings, and devoted themselves to their good: other convents had regular boarding schools connected with them, while others were purely contemplative. In spite of this variety, however, the greatest order has always existed among the various monasteries.

St. Jane Frances had established the order so well, that when she died on the 13th of September, 1641, there were no less than eighty-seven monasteries of the Visitation. St. Francis had long preceded her to the grave,‡ and her subsequent confessor, St. Vincent de Paul, saw them both in glory.‖

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* Helyot, Histoire des Ordres Religieux—IV, 925.

† Blessed Sacrament, p. 120.

‡ St. Francis de Sales died on the 28th of December, 1622, in the 56th year of his age; he was beatified by Pope Alexander VII, in 1661, and canonized in 1665. St Jane Frances de Chantal was not beatified till 1751: her canonization was performed by Clement XIV, in 1769.

‖ Helyot, Histoire des Ordres Religieux—III, 934.

As the order extended through France subsequent to this, the monastery of Paray-le-Monial received the blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, to whom our divine Lord displayed his Sacred Heart, inflamed with love, but wounded by neglect, and whom he commissioned to establish a devotion to it in His Church. Aided by the holy Jesuit Father de la Colombière, confessor to the Dutchess of York, whose name is preserved in one of the counties of a State where the Sisters of the Visitation have just founded a monastery,* she at last was enabled to fulfil the command, and the devotion, in spite of the opposition of Jansenism, has spread over the world.† But in our devotion to the Sacred Heart, we must not forget that a monastery of the Visitation was its cradle, and that such had even been the promise of their holy founder. "The nuns of the Visitation who shall be so happy as to observe their rules faithfully, may truly bear the name of children of the Gospel, established in this latter age to be the imitators of the Sacred Heart of the Incarnate Word in sweetness and humility, which are, as it were, the foundation and basis of their order, and give them the privilege and incomparable favor of being the daughters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus."‡

Such was the order which the Almighty sent to supply the spiritual wants of the United States.

The Revolution had given independence to America, and with the English power fell the State Church, which it had upheld. Catholicity was thus enabled to advance in the land. The illustrious patriot, John Carroll, was chosen by the Sovereign Pontiff to be the first Bishop of Baltimore. One of the most zealous of his clergy was his future coadjutor and successor, his old fellow religious in the extinguished Society of Jesus, Leonard Neale. This holy father had long desired to establish in this country a religious community of women devoted to the education of youth, but no opportunity was afforded him till in 1797 he met in Philadelphia, where he was then stationed, Miss Alice Lalor, destined in the designs of Providence to be the foundress of the Visitation Order in the United States.

"Alice Lalor was born of pious and respectable parents, in Queen's county, Ireland, about the year 1766, but was brought up in Kilkenny, whither her parents removed when she was quite young. Among a large family of brothers and sisters, she signalized herself by her piety. She had the happiness to be directed in spiritual matters by Father Carroll, the zealous pastor of Kilkenny, who was well acquainted with the fervor of his young penitent, and entertained a high estimation of her virtues. When Alice had attained her sixteenth year, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lanigan visited Kilkenny to administer confirmation. During this visit he had many occasions of witnessing the devotion of Alice, which, together with her modest manners, attracted his attention. A confraternity of the Adorable Sacrament having been established in Kilkenny, she became the first member of it, delighted to have it in her power to honor her Saviour thus concealed under these simple veils through love for her. Piety like a flame increases in proportion to the nourishment it receives. Cherishing every thing that could unite her more closely to her God, she felt within herself an ardent desire to be his exclusively, and to devote her whole life to his service. Being strongly inspired to make a vow of perpetual chastity, this caused her no little uneasiness, as she imagined that such a vow was only made by those who led a cloistered life, and though she most earnestly desired to embrace that state, she knew she had many difficulties to encounter, and which the enemy made appear insurmountable. In this anxiety of mind she had recourse to prayer, and notwithstanding her repugnance to disclose this desire to any one, she overcame herself so far as to mention it to the bishop. She resolved to follow his advice, being assured she would thus fulfil the divine will. After proving her sincerity and being convinced that such was the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, the bishop permitted her to make this vow. A remarkable trait in her character, and which made her piety doubly pleasing to those by whom she was surrounded, was her cheerfulness of disposition, together with an equality of temper always to be observed in her. Never did she find the duties of religion burthensome, and never did she discharge them with any other disposition than that of one impressed with the greatness of Him for whom she performed them. It was the ardent wish of the zealous bishop to establish in Kilkenny a religious community, and knowing the holy desire of Alice, he wished her to be one of its first members. Her pious desires could not be satiated in the world, and gladly would she have seconded the wishes of the holy prelate, had not her parents interfered to prevent her. They had formed the design of emigrating to America, and their pious daughter shared too largely in their affections to permit them to separate from her. She accompanied her parents to America, having previously promised the bishop that she would return at the end of two years to accomplish his project. In 1797 she arrived in America, and with her parents settled in Philadelphia, anticipating the lapse of the two years, when she might return to her country and consummate her sacrifice. But such were not the designs of God. In Philadelphia, as we have said, she became acquainted with the Rev. Leonard Neale; his piety endeared him to her, and in choosing him for her confessor, she gave him all her confidence. She told him of her intention to devote herself to God, and her promise to return to her country, to put her desire into execution. Although Mr. Neale had long wished to establish a religious community in Philadelphia, he had not decided of what order it should be. Could he be happy enough to effect this, he knew no one more worthy of seconding his undertaking than Alice. As her confessor and invested with power, he released her from her promise of returning to Ireland. Guided by obedience, and only desirous of promoting the glory of God, she yielded to the will of her confessor, and hesitated not to follow his advice. Among Mr. Neale's penitents were two young ladies who also desired to consecrate themselves to God. To them he communicated his pious design, and intimated that he wished them, in company with Alice, to begin this new establishment. Mr. Neale intended that they should open a school for the education of young ladies. Alice tore herself from the bosom of her family, but scarcely had this new establishment commenced, when an epidemic broke out in Philadelphia, which made thousands its prey; many fled from the city, and amongst them Alice's parents, who tried in vain to persuade her to accompany them. Her two companions soon fell victims to the epidemic, and she remained entirely alone for some time, but still undaunted in her first resolution. In 1798 the Rev. Mr. Neale was nominated President of Georgetown College, and in the spring of the following year he left Philadelphia to fill that important office. He well knew the merits of his spiritual daughter, and could not see her again exposed to that world from which she had so generously withdrawn. In Georgetown were settled a small number of religious of the order of Poor Clares; they occupied a small building, and although contrary to their rules, they were obliged to teach for their maintenance. Mr. Neale proposed to his pious penitent to remain with these religious for a time, that she might know more clearly the order to which God called her. On leaving Philadelphia she was accompanied by a lady who also lived with the Poor Clares, and in whose school she was very useful as a teacher. After remaining here a short time, the Rev. Mr. Neale thought it advisable that they should leave the religious and commence a school by themselves. They did so, and were soon joined by a third lady from Philadelphia, who brought with her a small fortune, which was very acceptable, as they were extremely poor. In the course of a year they were able to purchase a small frame building occupying the ground now belonging to their present enclosure. In 1800 the piety of Mr. Neale raised him to the dignity of Coadjutor to Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, but he still remained at the college, where he kept a watchful eye over his spiritual daughters, and extended to them every assistance in his power. It was now his most ardent desire that this new establishment should at a future day form a branch of the order of the Visitation. Guided entirely by the holy bishop, these good ladies went on courageously, and can we but remark the similarity that exists between this infant establishment and that of the first of the order at Annecy. These pious ladies, St. Jane Frances de Chantal and two others, undertook this important work under the direction of St. Francis de Sales; a kind Providence was their only support, to which alone they looked for aid. Such also was the resource and such the hope of the foundress of this new institution. Bishop Neale felt not a little encouraged to form his new institute, as it had long been the wish of the Catholics of the District to have a school wherein their children could be educated, and where piety would be blended with the instructions they received. Gradually the number of this little community increased, and it became necessary for their pious guardian to draw up for them a form of rules which might serve as bonds to unite them to their God, for as yet he did not think proper to permit them to make even simple vows. . . . . . They were known in the neighborhood by the name of the 'Pious Ladies,' and observed enclosure as much as possible. The bishop had asked the religious of the Visitation in Europe to send some of their members to assist in this new foundation, but they declined, as their expenses could not be paid by the rising community: by this time all except Bishop Neale thought that it would be well to send his spiritual children to join the Carmelites then at Port Tobacco; a rich lady, on the other hand, offered to go herself for religious to Ireland, if the bishop would only change from the Visitation to the Ursuline order, but this was refused, as the good bishop thought the spirit of the former most suited to a Protestant country. Miss Lalor and her companions having found a copy of the constitution and rules of the Visitation among the books of the Poor Clares, lived up to it as far as they were able. After remaining six years in their first residence, they proceeded to that of the Poor Clares, who having lost their superior, had returned to Europe. In 1813 their number had increased to thirteen, and Bishop Neale at last permitted them to make simple vows to be renewed annually. It is almost useless to say that she who began this important work was appointed to superintend it, now that it showed the happy results of her perseverance. On Bishop Neale's accession to the See of Baltimore, in 1815, his first care was to apply to the Holy See for power to erect the community into a religious house of the order of the Visitation, with all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other monasteries of the rule. In consequence of this they pronounced their solemn vows of religion, and soon after the venerable founder, Archbishop Neale, expired on the 18th of June, 1817, at the age of sixty.* He was interred in the chapel of the Visitation Convent, which he had founded, and ' thus in death was he placed where his affections were strongest in life, and thus in the last honors to his mortal remains was preserved a parallel to the last sad tribute to St. Francis de Sales. The body of Archbishop Neale sleeps under the convent founded by him in America, that of St. Francis under the church of the convent which he founded in Europe. Annecy has her Saint, so may we hope that Georgetown has hers.' †

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* Dutchess county, New York.

† See Delgairn, Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Languet, Life of the V. Margaret Mary Alacoque.

‡ Abbé Boulangé, Introduction to Mother de Chaugy's Life of St. Frances de Chantal.

"Such was the origin of the Visitation Nuns in the United States, nor is it without striking points of resemblance to its foundation in Europe. The energy and perseverance of Bishop Neale recall the pious efforts of St. Francis de Sales for the same holy enterprise. In both cases a bishop gave the first impulse: in both hemispheres an isolated lady lays the first foundation undeterred by any obstacle, and if in Europe the Visitation soon opened its convents in twenty different spots in France, so in America the mother house at Georgetown soon had branches on every side." ‡

Nor were these the only points of resemblance: the early mothers of the Visitation in Europe were often in the greatest want relieved by miraculous aid, and Mother Teresa, as Alice Lalor was now called, more than once beheld her spiritual daughters in such distress that human prudence commanded them to disperse. ‖ Their confidence in their Divine Spouse was unshaken, and they continued to receive postulants, relying on providence to maintain their institute. Among those who entered in these dark hours we cannot omit Mrs. Barber, the wife of a Protestant clergyman, who having with her husband embraced the faith, resolved, like him, to devote herself to the service of God. She was received as a postulant in 1817, and on the 2d of February, 1820, made her profession, under the name of Sister Mary Austin, her husband at the same time and altar pronouncing his vows as a member of the Society of Jesus. §

The Rev. Joseph Pierre Picot de Limoelan de Cloriviere, who from a Chouan leader became a devoted missionary, was the one sent to aid the rising community. He was for many years its director, and having at last been able to sell his property in Brittany, built at his own expense their academy and the elegant chapel dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and contributed largely to their other expenses.[*]

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* The foregoing account is taken almost literally from a most interesting memoir communicated by Rev. Mother Mary Augustine Cleary to Henry de Courcy, Esq., and to both the writer is grateful for assistance in preparing this sketch.

† Notice on the Most Rev. Leonard Neale, by M. C. Jenkins. U. S. Catholic Magazine for 1844, p. 512.

‡ Catholic Church in the United States, by Henry de Courcy.

‖ For the early trials of the Visitation Mothers, see "Les premières Mères de la Visitation," in Leon Aubineau's "Serviteurs de Dieu," a little work most outrageously pillaged in the recent English works, "The Pictures of Christian Heroism," and "Christian Heroines," without a single word to show that they are indebted to the French work. The Georgetown Monastery was saved at one time by a generous act of the late Mr. Lasala.

§ All their children followed their holy example. Virgil, their son, is now a Father in the Society of Jesus, Catharine is an Ursuline in Texas, Susan died an Ursuline at Three Rivers, Josephine is a Visitation nun at St. Louis.—*Letter of Mother Cleary.* The conversion of the Barbers has been ascribed to the prayers of a daughter of the revolutionary General, Ethan Allen, who after being baptized by Mr. Barber, while he was a Protestant glergyman, became a nun in the Hotel Dieu, at Montreal. See Faillon, Vie de Mlle. Mance—II, 294.

The next director, the Rev. Mr. Wheeler, of Baltimore, in consequence of their wish to have European nuns in order to form them perfectly to the rules and traditions of the order, made a voyage to Europe. Mr. Wheeler succeeded in his mission, and in August, 1829, brought over, to the great joy of the sisters, Sister Mary Agatha Langlois, of Mans, Sister Magdalen D'aréges, of Fribourg, and Sister Mary Regis Mordant, of Valence. These three nuns remained three years at Georgetown, and then returned to France, seeing by the religious spirit reigning in the community, and by the exact observance of the rules, that their presence was no longer necessary. Some few modifications made in the rule to suit the country, were approved by Pope Pius VIII, and the society began to prosper, although a nefarious attempt was made by two lawyers, one a member of the New York legislature, to deprive them of some property in that city.

The solid and excellent education given at Georgetown, made their institute esteemed, many of their pupils joined them, and it was in this order that Miss Virginia Scott, the daughter of the celebrated General, entered. The number of professed religious enabled them to found new houses. As early as 1834 the monastery of Georgetown had filiations at Mobile and Kaskaskia;[†] another house was founded in Baltimore in November, 1838,[‡] and another at Frederick in 1846. Philadelphia also welcomed the daughters of St. Francis de Sales, but difficulties arose and the house finally closed; but Wheeling, since 1849, and Washington, since 1850, have enjoyed the happiness denied to Philadelphia. The house in Baltimore did not answer all the wants of that vicinity, and a new house was opened in 1853, at Catonsville. The last foundation from the mother house at Georgetown is the monastery of the Visitation at Brooklyn, founded by Mother Mary Juliana Matthews, September 24th, 1855, with six choir religious and two out-sisters.[‖]

We have, however, anticipated the course of events. Soon after establishing the house at Frederick, Mother Teresa received the reward of her labors. She had reached the advanced age of eighty, and had seen not only her first convent permanently established, but four others which had sprung from it. She had lived only for God's glory, and calmly awaited the close of her long career. In 1846 she was prostrated by illness, and the attendant physician announced that recovery was hopeless. With a heavenly expression the aged foundress of the Visitation exclaimed: "Glory be to God." She had no wish but to see God's will accomplished, and concluding that the information implied the divine will, she rejoiced at the tidings. Her spiritual children gathered around her bed with peculiar veneration, and in the exercise of all christian virtues she piously expired on the 9th of September, 1846.[§]

Strange as it may appear, the death of one who had contributed so materially to the cause of religion was almost unnoticed: a brief obituary alone appeared; it being God's will that the hidden life of his servant should be carried beyond the grave.

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[*] Catholic Church, by H. de Courcy.

[†] Catholic Almanac, 1835; in 1844 the Kaskaskia Monastery removed to St. Louis.

[‡] Catholic Almanac, 1839, p. 85.

[‖] For this and much other information I am indebted to the Rev. Mother Mary Juliana Matthews.

[§] Letter of Mother Cleary.

Such is in brief the history of the Order of the Visitation in the United States. The nuns in the various houses, not including Keokuk, founded by another house in 1853, number about 300 religious, divided into choir nuns, associates, lays and out-sisters. The choir sisters alone are obliged to chant the office, the others merely reciting a certain number of Paters and Aves. The offices of the house are filled by choir sisters or associates; and properly no convent should have more than thirty-three members. Their habit is very simple—black, with long wide sleeves; their veil is plain and also black; they wear a black band over the forehead, and a *guimpe* of white linen descending nearly to the waist, without any fold. All wear a silver cross on the breast and a black rosary in the girdle. The out-sisters wear a simple black dress with cape and cap.

The arms of the order are a heart bearing the name of Mary in cypher, surmounted by a cross, and the whole surrounded by a crown of thorns.

THE RESOURCES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THE WORK OF CATHOLIC INSTRUCTION, AND HOW TO PUT THEM IN ACTION.

Being on the point of posting my last letter in continuation of the above subject, the August number of the Metropolitan reached me, and the few prefatory remarks which have been made in the way of introduction seem to me so satisfactory an evidence that the practical and rising genius of America is to such an extent a more genial soil, in which to expect to see an enterprize for the faith take root and prosper, that I cannot but ask your permission to interrupt the course of my general remarks in order to lay before your readers a plan, which having been for some time in my mind, appeared to me one both so well suited to promote the progress of the work and so advantageous to the interests of the community for whose use and benefit the whole thing is intended, that I cannot but think it will anticipate the concurrence as well as merit the notice of all who may feel an interest in the work being regularly carried into effect.

The difference between works for the faith, based upon commercial operations, (and these are becoming every day more and more a necessity of our times), and other works for secular purposes, of which commerce is equally the basis, seems to consist in *this,* that though the work that is for the faith has the advantage over the secular work, in being far more permanent, in its use and application, and much less liable to change and fluctuation as regards taste and whim, and in all essential features, as fresh and novel after a hundred years use as on its first production, still in another and most vital point, viz. that which regards production, and which is one of literal life and death, it stands at a disadvantage so great, that it can bear no comparison to the enterprise that has a secular object in view. Now this is a very necessary point to attend to, as I shall proceed to show.

For a commercial or mercantile enterprise there are always numbers of persons alive to their advantages, and people who have any capital are generally ready, on a first invitation, to associate their resources for schemes of this kind. Nor is there any thing unreasonable or strange in this. God has given the earth to man to subdue, and enterprises of this kind naturally come first, inasmuch as they are part of the order of nature, which is common to all mankind. To subdue the earth is the very instinct of human nature, which all, even the wilder savages possess in their degree, and it is but the natural fruit of civilization, that it should invent instruments and create combinations for the carrying out its purposes superior to what the savage possesses. And if in this respect civilization is found to display almost the very perfection of natural human wisdom, both as regards extensive scale of operations, wise and punctual mode of conducting business, and sagacity and discernment in striking out plans, still this after all is only what it is quite natural to expect.

On the other hand, the grace of divine faith being a gift of God, which, from having to be accepted by man's own consent, may be both refused, or afterwards either forfeited, or at least obscured by neglect, is only so far called upon to subdue the earth to its purposes, as things of the earth can be made useful to the sanctification of the souls of men. The bringing all men into subjection to the doctrines of the cross, and not the subduing of the earth, is the proper work of the Church, and when the work of the Church is mainly a work of prayer, as in the deserts of Egypt and in the monasteries that grew up in the ages when the wild German tribes overthrew the civilization of the Roman empire, this work took place mainly between God himself and his servants, and the things of the world remained comparatively untouched. Later, it is true, the earth itself came under the influence of grace, and the great ecclesiastical buildings of the middle ages arose. Here faith began to work upon the material things of the earth, and the house of God every where towered high above any other building for a human purpose. The prayers of the saints having prevailed to the binding of Satan, the very world itself began to be taken in hand and to be subdued to the service of God. Still in this respect I am not aware that Faith has done any thing more than tread in the footsteps, already marked out by ordinary human enterprise. It is quite possible, as—without intending to decide a question that may perhaps admit of controversy—I myself most sincerely believe, that the principles of designs in the middle age structures are of heavenly inspiration as regards the design. Still be this as it may, no one maintains that the masons and stone-cutters worked or were paid by inspiration. I am then but urging that though it is quite the work of the Church to subdue things of the earth to her own purposes, still that when she finds it to be to the furthering her designs to do this, she has then literally only to follow in the footsteps of secular business.

To man in a state of mere nature, however civilized, that which may be called subduing the earth, is the very absolute end of his being. Withdraw heaven, and earth is then all that remains. Now every one will both do and understand a thing far better, who gives his whole mind to it, as being that which he feels to be the end of his existence, than if he only felt it to be an object of collateral importance. The Church therefore is naturally behind the world, where she has to transact the world's business, because this is to her only a thing of collateral and subsidiary importance, in which she never professes to take the lead, but only then to step in and to turn it to her own account, when she sees the proper occasion to be at hand.

It is true that one after another, whatever the restless energy of men who regard the earth as the end of their being, invents and perfects, in due time falls under the maternal hand of the Church, and comes to be applied to a holy purpose; still, generally speaking, this is not before it has served profane purposes first. Painting, sculpture, and probably music, have in this way fallen into the service of the Church, not precisely as altogether her own creations, but rather as arts already understood subsequently, and transplanted and adopted into her service. In short, as in the benediction of the Patriarch Jacob it was said: "Let thy mother's children bow down before thee," so all the inventions of man are the inheritance of the Church, and by virtue of the divine benediction, they come in the end to find in the service of the Church their best and noblest employment.

From the preceding remarks then we may infer, that though the world can be no sort of guide or pattern to the Church as regards the particular way in which she applies and makes use of inventions for her own purposes, and though also as regards the aim or end in view, no two persons can possibly be more diametrically opposed to each other than the Church is to the world, still as regards the business department, of gaining possession of what is required, the world is able not only to be a very safe guide for the Church to follow, but except the Church sees the necessity of moving in the footsteps of the world's practised wisdom in the business department of her undertakings, nothing can be more probable than a most speedy failure. The work of production, it is to be borne in mind, is of the earth; it is the end, aim and application that is of heaven; the producing process is always strictly one of worldly business. The masons who built the great cathedrals of the middle ages, came for their weekly pay just as the mechanic of the present day, and the future application to a heavenly purpose never at any time exempted those who were the responsible persons, from the weekly or quarterly payments due for labor and materials. The Church at all times when she has set herself to subdue the things of earth to the service of heaven, has had to pay for them like other people, just as Christ and his apostles often had to buy and pay for the bread which they eat on their different journeys up and down Judea. The heavenly end does not discharge the debts of earth, and before we have any right to think of the hallelujahs that the structure is designed to be filled with, it is necessary to know whence and how bills are to be paid, and the liabilities met, which are to be incurred for raising it.

As regards, therefore, the particular project which has been the theme of my preceding letters, viz. the application of "Pictorial Printing" to the service of Religion, no sooner has sufficient been said to awaken attention to its inherent powers and capacities, of rendering service to the instruction of the young in the knowledge of their faith, and to give rise to a real desire to turn it to actual account, than practical people enquire, "How is all this to be done? This may be all perfectly true and very good, but it will require money. Where is the money to come from?" This is most undeniably true. The designers and wood engravers must be paid as their work is done. They are a class of persons that cannot afford to work on speculation, and their work is of a nature that cannot be hurried, and therefore will require to be put in hand a considerable time before it is wanted. There ought to be time after each design is made to let it lie by and wait the completion of those of the same period, in order to compare the designs of each complete period one with another, so as to be certain that they are all to a proper extent uniform, and to introduce into them the final corrections that they may require. If it is worth while seriously to consider how to subdue the art of Pictorial Printing to the service of Divine Truth, it is obvious that no vigilance can be too great, and that no study ought to be spared. But all this study is a pure dream, and a sheer impossibility without a capital in hand. As the master builder of York Minster, or of Winchester Cathedral could never have set his men to work without knowing that he had a source of income to depend upon, so neither can the master builder of a series of designs intended for pictorial printing, enter upon his task without a sufficient capital in hand to enable him to employ the proper persons and to take the full time in advance that the work requires.

From the moment then that the work itself assumes that degree of importance that awakens interest and commands attention, the first practical question is *the question of finance and how and whence is the money to be obtained.* It has taken me, it is true, some time to arrive at this point, but since it is all important that it should be clearly understood, it cannot be too strongly insisted upon. It is precisely in this point that the Church is comparatively weak, and it is good for us to comprehend our weakness, and to be prepared to learn a lesson from those who are able to teach it. In all matters of enterprise nothing can surpass the wisdom, boldness and sagacity of the world. Seeing that in this respect the children of the world are wiser in their generation than the children of light, and seeing that the management of business is a matter of this world, and that the heavenly part of the undertaking is to come afterwards in the application, if we are disposed to act a wise part in getting our business done, we cannot possibly do better than follow the pattern of the world as manifested in its many prosperous undertakings. That is to say, the principle of these undertakings is, to combine resources in separate shares, and entrust the aggregate sum to the management of a board of directors, acting under a chairman, with certain powers, properly defined: on this simple basis, the great works of our age are all performed, and the principle is adequate to the performance of works of any magnitude.

The same principle is equally open to the Church, and in the case of a work which has to commence operations in the way of literal worldly business in order to bring the particular invention which is a child of the world's wisdom and skill, to bow down to serve the purposes of the heavenly instruction of the Church, not to have recourse to it would seem almost equivalent to a rejection at least of the natural means of carrying the work forward.

My proposition then, founded on the above view of the case, may be respectfully laid before you in outline, as follows:

Outline of a Plan for Combining Resources for the Production of a Series of Wood-Cut Illustrations of the Entire History of Religion, for the Benefit of the Catholic Schools of the United States.

I. The formation of associations in the several dioceses, composed of clergymen and laymen, who would take upon themselves the duty of promoting the object in view in behalf of the Catholics of the United States.

II. The associations thus formed, having obtained the approbation of the bishops of the respective dioceses, should proceed to collect, in addition to their own contributions, such sums of money as might, from time to time, be found necessary to put in motion the great object contemplated by the organization, which need not be great at the outset.

III. These diocesan associations should be assisted by an executive committee, composed of a few individuals, representing the whole, and invested with full power to carry the work into operation. There should also be a general treasurer appointed by the executive committee, in whose hands the funds of the various associations could be concentrated.

IV. That the committee should be empowered to communicate with myself and to treat for the purchase from the establishment in Birmingham, of carefully executed electrotype casts of the whole series of designs, as they could be completed, and also if they should think fit, for the purchase of duplicates of the stereotype pages of the texts of the work.

V. That an arrangement might be made with some responsible publisher for a supply of a cheap edition to be printed in America from the plates and casts, if these are found desirable, thus purchased, the price and whole details of which would be matter of arrangement between the said committee and the publisher.

VI. That the committee should have power to make payments in advance at its discretion, for the series of designs, and thus materially aid in their production.

The principle being recognized that a capital in hand is the absolute condition both of producing any satisfactory work, and more especially of making any thing like regular progress. If the work is worth doing well, and it is in the natural line and genius of American citizens to be enterprising—just as the very reverse seems to be unhappily true of the old families of England who have preserved the faith,—I cannot but have the best hope that the suggestion which is here respectfully thrown out, will be one destined to bear fruit.

Indeed, humanly speaking, some measure of this kind seems to me almost necessary to prevent the undertaking coming to a stand. For if the plan of proceeding supposes that the concurrence of the rising Catholicity of the United States is given only in the form of the sale of the sheets of the work, this must necessitate, as has been already done in the part now finished, the printing for the issue of each separate succeeding part, of a much larger edition than will be required for immediate demand, and this in order to be prepared for the demand as it may arise. On this plan of proceeding it is impossible, with the limited capital that I have been able to raise, to conduct the business with any thing like regularity or certainty—and a necessary evil arising out of the being irregular in the time of issuing each part, which it would nevertheless be out of my power to avoid, would be to give rise to suspicions that there had been fickleness of purpose, and that the work was going to be given up, reports which interested persons might possibly be industrious in propagating. Consequently if associations were formed and a committee appointed in America, to whom it would be agreeable to act with me, and if this committee agreed to purchase the electrotype casts as they could be completed, and if necessary, also to aid me by the advance of a little of their capital, then with the addition of what I hope to be able to raise from my own countrymen, there appears on investigating the matter every reason to think that it can be carried on with both regularity and a good result, that I know literally no other means of ensuring.

By dint of a variety of exertions, I have succeeded in obtaining a capital of £800, all of which is now laid out, and £500 are turned over and gone out again, and £500 still remain locked up in saleable stock, on the speedy return of which into cash a great deal depends. In future transactions on the plan of co-operating by a committee in America, this necessity for speculating in printed sheets would be avoided, and the whole available capital would be employed upon the artists and engravers, instead of lying locked up in a warehouse, waiting its liberation. I have not, it is quite true, half the opinion of the enterprise of my own Catholic fellow countrymen, that I naturally form of that of American citizens, still the undertaking as soon as it can liberate its existing capital is so near being sufficient for carrying on the work, that on the supposition that it can in part reimburse its outlay by an immediate sale of the electro casts, I should not fear being able to obtain the small additional amount of capital that might then be found necessary, and there would then be no other delay to be apprehended beyond that of the time required for the careful execution of the designs and the engravings, which no one really interested could possibly begrudge.

In order to facilitate the formation of some such organization as above suggested, and to lay the basis on which those who are actuated by zeal in America will be able to take cognizance of the undertaking, and to form their own judgment of the manner of its execution, I am about to send to Messrs. Murphy & Co., a number of sheets of specimen engravings to form a prospectus for distribution, which will be supplied on application, to such as may feel an interest in this undertaking; with these and the part already produced, the nature of the design and the general manner of its execution will be sufficiently submitted to inspection.

I will venture then to hope that this practical digression from the line of more general observations to a direct business proposition will be favorably received and patiently considered.

Almighty God never seems to have intended that his servants should be remarkable for worldly wisdom, lest perhaps their worldly wisdom, did they possess it, should be a snare in the way of tempting them to think that they could do every thing for themselves. Consequently in a matter where worldly wisdom is really required, it is well to know the necessity of setting about it with proper humility, and not to be above taking a lesson from worldly wise modes of proceeding where these are free from objection. Now all worldly wise modes of proceeding in the present generation unite in teaching this truth, *that combination of resources* is the principle of great works being easily and without effort accomplished.

If then *Pictorial Printing* is one of those children of civilized life which is to be brought to bow down before the altar, and to take the Church's sweet and pleasant yoke upon itself in obedience to the divine benediction, "all thy mother's children shall bow down before thee," combination of resources on the legitimate pattern of the world's wisdom is the natural way to effect this happy result.

Henry Formby.

TO THE REFUGE OF SINNERS.

Mary, Mother, when to thee
The suppliant gives his thoughts of care,
Sorrow flies, and e'en the plea
Of guilt's forgotten at thy prayer.

Star of Mercy! Queen of Heaven!
None who ever sought thine aid,
Left thy presence unforgiven,
Weeping that in vain he prayed.

Mother, lowly, sad, and mild,
Behold me prostrate at thy feet;
Never hast thou sent a child
In sorrow from that safe retreat;

And never will. Without a fear,
On thee my hopes of heaven I rest,
Secure thy gracious Son will hear
The prayer his Mother's lips have blest.

THE LAST GRAND MASTER OF MALTA.

"*Ma foi tant pire pour vous.*" The beaten fare badly, is my motto.

"But what will all Europe say when it reads an absolute renunciation of all claims on Malta, Gozo, and Comino, made by our Order, almost without resistance?"

"And what, pray, has your order done for France, that I should seek to guard its honor and its interests? You are the secret allies of England and the open friends of Russia, and you have denied water to our fleet, when we had no other port at hand that could relieve our wants."

"But, General"— the rest of the reply was cut short by a deep sigh.

"Come, come, my good friend," said the General, "Malta is now in the hands of the French Republic, and nobody can wrest it from them. You, at all events, have no reason to consider yourself ill-treated. Look at article 2d. 'A pension of three hundred thousand francs a year, not to cease unless it be replaced by a dutchy in Germany.'"

The speaker at these words placed the point of his fore-finger on a parchment that lay open before him, and raised his eyes to those of his interlocutor.

This conversation was carried on in the Parisio palace at Valetta, the capital of the Island of Malta, on the 16th of June, 1798. The speakers, two military personages of high rank, were seated at a table covered with papers and documents, among which the parchments under discussion. One was dressed in the uniform of a General of the Republic of France, his cocked hat mounted with the tri-colored cockade, was on the floor near his chair. His hair was black, and combed straight down to his forehead, his eyes dark and piercing, his lips firmly compressed, his form short and muscular, his movements quick and determined, almost angry in their imperiousness. The other was a tall German Knight, with blue eyes, fair skin, and rosy cheeks, an anxious, unsettled and timid gaze. He wore the robe of St. John, and his breast was adorned with the Grand Cross of the Order.

Their colloquy was now ended by the signing of two copies of a written agreement to which they affixed their names as follows: signed: "Br. Ferdinand de Honpesch, G. M. of the Order of St. John." Signed "Bonaparte." The Grand Master now rose, and was courteously escorted by the General to the door, where he took his leave.

The Grand Master wended his way slowly along the strada reale, and having reached the esplanade in front of the great church of St. John, he dismissed his attendants, who retired to the Hostelry or Palace of the Grand Master, while Honpesch ascended the steps leading to the church. Twilight was now spreading its grey wings over the city, his troubled soul needed the quietness and solitude of the hour. Leaning against a pilaster of the facade, he cast his eyes upon the city. On his right hand lay the Grand Porto, bristling with towers and fortifications, which had withstood all the power of the East for well nigh three centuries. The broad bastions of la Cottonera and Vittoriosa seemed to protect the bay against any incursion from the land, while the battlemented rocks and promontories of Corradino, Senglea and Bighi, guarded the land against any approach from the bay. On the left hand side stretched the great harbor of Marsamuscetto, the quarantine and lazaretto grounds of the island. Here also every point of ground was manned with a strong tower, and every indentation ended against a broad bastion. Between these two bays runs out to sea the tongue of land upon which stands Valetta. The extreme point is guarded by an impregnable fort, on whose summit blazes a light-house for miles out to sea. The extreme points of the shore facing the lantern on the right and left, are crowned in like manner by giant forts. On the side of the Grand Porto stands Fort Ricasoli, on the side of the Porto di Quarantena or Marsamuscetto, stands fort Tinnier. Nearer at hand, scattered here and there among the houses of the natives of the island, were the splendid hostelries of Castile, France, Aragon, Auvergne, Provence, Italy, England and Germany, the abodes of the Knights of the different tongues or countries.

This fair and famous city, this whole island with the neighboring islands of Gozo and Comino, all these haughty knights of every nation, all these fortifications down to curtain and fosse, scarp and ravelin, had been subject to his command up to the present day. To-morrow's sun would behold him without power, and all this subject to another master. "Still all is not lost; three hundred thousand francs a year or a dukedom in Germany is something to be considered:" quoth the Grand Master. "But will not all Europe spurn me as a traitor or at best a coward?"

The Grand Master could find no satisfactory answer to this serious question. The blood mounted to his cheeks and mantled his throbbing temples. He shut his eyes convulsively to banish the hateful thought, and buried his face in his hands. How long his sad and painful reverie lasted the Knight was unable to explain, nor could he account for his manner of entering the church. He found himself, however, kneeling not far from the door of the subterranean chapel which contains the tombs of the Grand Masters of the Order. As he gazed down the gloomy stairway leading from the church to the vault, he perceived a dim spark of light, which gradually quickened into life, and grew larger and brighter, shedding around a blue and ill-omened gleam. By this light he saw a confused sparkling of helmets and shields, swords and spurs, and then a group of Knights of St. John, who moved up one after the other from the vault and marched towards the wicket of the railing before the grand altar. He observed that every Knight wore the insignia of a Grand Master, and as they passed into the sanctuary he recognized distinctly the features of Nicholas Cottoner, Manoel de Vilhena, Lisle Adam, Pinto, Zondadari, and the great Lavallette, whose appearance was identical with the statues or painted portraits on the monuments in the aisles of the church.

Suddenly a report of all the cannon in the hundred and one forts of the island burst upon his ear with a deafening crash. The church was lit up with a blaze of light from a thousand torches, showing distinctly the smallest emblems and gilded lines along its richly painted sides and ceiling, and the tinted panes of its storied windows, and even the inscriptions on the tombs of marble and bronze. The whole nave of the church is paved with the tomb-stones of Knights of the Order. Each slab now trembled, flashed and blew open, and from each started up a warrior. The whole space was filled with the sparkling armor, and the nodding plumes of the dead came to life again. A Knight in the armor of Auvergne marched up the middle aisle and unfolded the grand gonfalor of the Order in front of the altar, and at his side stood pages bearing the well-known "sword of Religion," that which Phillip II had bestowed upon the great Lavallette. A peal of martial music welcomed the standard of St. John, victorious in many a hard fought battle, and clouds of incense curled around it and rose towards the ceiling, filling the church with a grateful odor.

At the foot of the altar stood a bishop, arrayed in full pontificals, supported by deacons, sub-deacons, and the ranks of the minor clergy. Every one knelt as the venerable prelate made the sign of the cross, and began to recite the "introit," all joining in the responses, while the "kyrie eleison" was intoned from the gallery at the end of the church, and the full harmonious peal of the organ accompanied its majestic notes. The "Gloria in excelsis" and "Credo in unum Deum," were intoned at the altar and sung in turn by the choir. High mass went on with all the majestic rites and ceremonies of the Roman Pontifical. The deacon at its end, turned to the people and chanted "Ite missa est," and the bishop having bowed and kissed the altar, assumed the mitre, and turning, crozier in hand, to the warlike congregation, he gave them his benediction in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. The last gospel was read, and as the bishop pronounced the words "*verbum cara factum est*," every knee was bent to the ground, and high mass was over.

The bishop was now conducted to his throne, and disrobed of the brilliant vestments he had worn while officiating at mass. He laid aside his mitre, sparkling with gold and precious stones, and put on a plain white one without ornaments, such as is used in seasons of penance, or in masses of requiem for the dead. He was clad with a copse of dark purple, and sat without speaking on the faldistorium or episcopal chair.

The deacon who was a priest of the order of St. John, now stood before the bishop and said: "Most Illustrious and Reverend Lord, the Knights of the Order of St. John here present ask you, whether it is pleasing to you that the chair of honor of this chapter be filled?"

The Bishop answered—"Placet." The master of ceremonies and two puissants in complete armor, approached the terrified Honpesch in the corner where he knelt, and led him into the midst of the ghostly assembly. As it is usual on entering the choir, he bowed to the bishop and to the assembled knights, turning first to the left and then to the right. His greeting was not noticed, and every eye was bent to the ground. He was conducted to the stall of the Grand Master, which no one had occupied during mass, and thus filled the most conspicuous seat in that august assembly, next to the episcopal chair. The well-known form of the Grand Master Pinto, the immediate predecessor in office of Honpesch, now glided to the middle of the choir. While he spoke a dead silence reigned throughout the assembly, and the lights seemed to burn blue. "I hereby do solemnly impeach Ferdinand de Honpesch as a false traitor, of the honor of God, and the weal of the Order of Knights Hospitallars, which he solemnly swore to uphold, and I ask that the sentence he deserves be passed upon him in this noble assembly of his brethren and predecessors in office."

The unhappy knight trembled from head to foot, and when solemnly interrogated by the bishop, what he had to say in his defence, his tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, he could not utter a word. The bishop now arose: "In accordance with the canons of the Church, and the constitution of the Order of St. John, it is decreed, if it please the chapter, that Ferdinand Honpesch, as a recreant knight and a false traitor, be degraded from Knighthood." All answered, "Fiat! fiat! fiat!"

Though no confusion ensued, some questions were now asked, and were briefly answered by the bishop, but the luckless knight was unable to discern by which of the ghostly Hospitallers those questions were put.

What he was able to hear of these questions and answers ran thus:

"What shall become of the filthy lucre for which he sold our island to the stranger?"

"He shall never touch it."

"What of the German Principality, the further and fouler bribe?"

"He shall never possess it."

"What of the right of ownership transferred by him to the French Commander?"

"It shall pass from the French soldier to a British sailor."

"What price shall England pay for the island which she thus wrests from the Commander of the French?"

"*She shall give him another island in return for this.*"

Three of the spectre knights now went up to the trembling Honpesch, one of them was Lavallette. Seizing him by both arms, they led him outside of the sanctuary rail. Here one of them tore from his neck the grand cross of St. John, the second unbuckled his sword and took it from his waist, while Lavallette unsheathing his own historic blade, struck off from his heels the spurs of knighthood.

Overwhelmed with a sense of utter shame and hopeless misery, the degraded Grand Master covered his face with his hands. When he dared to breathe and look up again, he found himself leaning against a pilaster in front of the Church of St. John, which was dark and silent as the tomb, amid the deepening shades of night.

Two days after, Ferdinand Honpesch was put on board a vessel bound for Trieste, and left Malta never more to return. He was forced to sign a resignation of his title of Grand Master of the Order of Knights Hospitallers, which was assumed by the schismatic Paul I, Emperor of Russia.

He made many useless efforts to obtain the money promised him in the name of the French Republic, and finally died poor and despised in Montpelier.

Shortly after his departure a British fleet, commanded by Lord Admiral Nelson, entered the port of Valetta. The tri-colored flag of the Jacobins was struck, and the Union Jack has floated ever since over the castles and palaces of Malta, Gozo, and Comino.

The Sword of Religion was hung up as a curiosity, in one of the museums of Paris, and he who hung it there perished on a rocky island of the Indian Ocean, prepared for his reception by the hospitality of the Parliament of Great Britain.

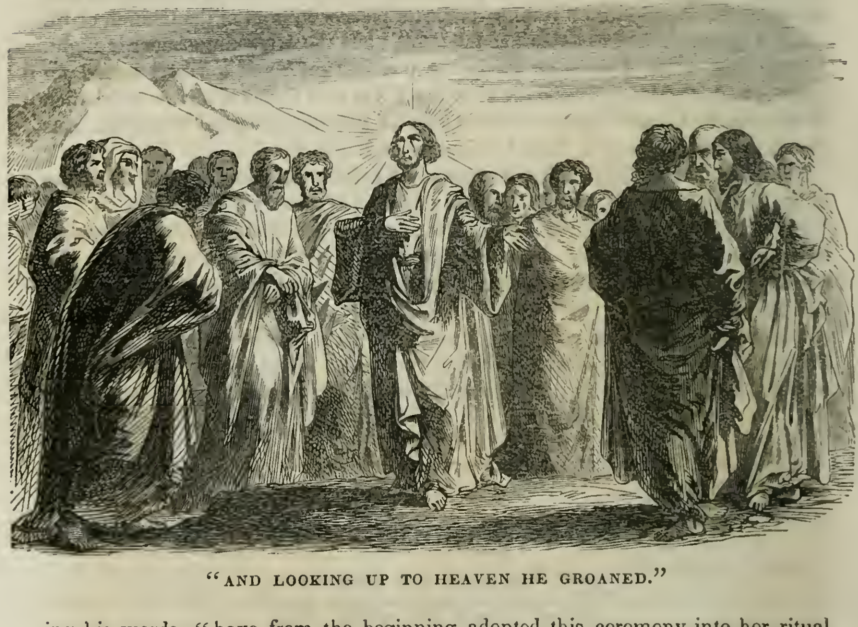
OUR PRESIDENTS.

Great Washington was number one;
Then senior Adams next came on.
Jefferson he made the number three;
Then Madison the fourth was he,
Monroe the fifth just here came in;
Then sixth, an Adams came again.
The seventh, an Andrew Jackson came,
And eight we count Van Buren's name.
When Harrison made the number nine;
And tenth, John Tyler filled the line.
Polk was the eleventh as we know;
The twelfth was Taylor in the row.
Fillmore, the thirteenth, took his place;
Pierce is the fourteenth in the race.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

Our Divine Lord continued his way towards Tyre, that queen of ancient commerce, now, as he foretold, an unsightly mass of ruins. The country of the ten cities, or Decapolis, lay before him, and through its fertile plains he bent his way to the sources of Jordan, the fair lake of Pheala. Here they brought him a man that was deaf and dumb, whom they besought him to cure. Taking him apart from the multitude he put his fingers into his ears and spitting, touched his tongue, and looking up to heaven he groaned and said to him, Ephpheta, be thou opened. And he whose ears had never been greeted with the charms of the human voice, or the melody of birds, or the soft rustling of the evening breeze, heard, and gifted miraculously with voice and a knowledge of words, he spoke himself, praising God. Thus did our Lord foreshow, as in the cure of demoniacs, the power of baptism, the expelling of the evil one, the restoring of the senses paralyzed or perverted by sin. The Church, his Divine Spouse, faithful to his lessons, treasuring his words, "have from the beginning adopted this ceremony into her ritual for baptism, where the priest, touching the ears of the catechumen, pronounces the same words, touching similarly with spittle, as in imitation of the divine action, the nostrils," that they may inhale henceforward the sweet odor of Christ.



"AND LOOKING UP TO HEAVEN HE GROANED."

"He looked to heaven, and sadly sighed—
What saw my gracious Saviour there,
With fear and anguish to divide
The joy of heaven—accepted prayer.
The deaf may hear the Saviour's voice,
The fettered tongue its chain may break;

But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
The laggard soul that will not wake,
The guilt that scorns to be forgiven;
In thoughts of these his brow benign
Not even in healing cloudless shine.

Proceeding further, our Lord ascended a mountain and there abode three days, teaching the multitudes that flocked to him, and curing the dumb, the blind, the maimed and many others. So great was the concourse that in that distant spot four thousand, besides women and children, listened to his words, many of them having hung on his divine lips for three days. No food was there but seven loaves, as if again typical of the Sacraments of his Church, and with these he renewed his great miracle, feeding all, and collecting up seven baskets of the fragments "The repetition of a miracle of such magnitude seems intended, as it is calculated, to fix our thoughts upon it." Like Moses he led the children of Israel into the wilderness to feed them with unfailing, miraculous food: compassion was his motive for this miraculous figure of the sacrament of love, in which its miracles are all enacted.

"When thousands sat and ate their fill
  Upon the dreary desert ground,
Seven baskets full were counted still
  Of what in fragments, lay around;
Some fishes and seven loaves of bread
Were all meantime on which they fed.
O thou, our bread! our real meat!
  The Spirit's inexhausted store!
Whoever of thy board shall eat,
  Shall ne'er complain of hunger more;
Nor frame alone dost thou renew,
Thou fillest the soul with plenty too."

BUT OUR LORD REPROVED THEM.

After this miracle Jesus again embarked and proceeded to Magedan, in the canton of Delmanutha, a beautiful spot near lake Pheala, that round and mysterious source of Jordan, where men of distant climes assembled at an annual fair held there not for its beauty merely, but for its commercial convenience. Here the Sadducees and Pharisees met him, asking a sign from heaven. But our Lord reproving those who would not believe the report of others, in the same spirit that he said: "Blessed are they that have not seen and have believed," said that their wicked generation should not be gratified. "You know how to discern the face of the sky, and can you not know the signs of the times? No sign shall be given you but the sign of Jonas the prophet." And Jesus left them. Alas, how often do men call on the Spouse of Christ for some sign from heaven when it is their duty to examine and see. And Jesus leaves them and goes his way.

Jesus next sailed over to Cesarea Philippi, the ancient Paneas, lying at the foot of the snow clad Hermon. So abruptly did he leave the land of the incredulous that his disciples forgot to take bread, a circumstance which led to an exposure of even their gross ideas when he warned them of the leaven of the Pharisees and Sadducees. Having reached Bethsaida on his way, a blind man was brought to Jesus, who took him by the hand and led him out of the town. Again resorting to ceremonies, as if foreseeing and anticipating the days when those of his Church would be ridiculed, Jesus spit upon the blind man's eyes, laid his hands on them and asked him whether he saw anything. Looking up the poor man said: "I see men as trees, walking." Again the Saviour's hands were laid upon his eyes and his sight was completely restored and he saw all clearly. Jesus sent him away saying: "Go into thy house and if thou enter into the town tell nobody."* The Church again in its ritual for baptism adopts this miracle, and the priest twice in the administration of that sacrament places his hand upon the child with a prayer for the removal of blindness at the first, and for the granting of light at the second time.

JESUS RESTORES SIGHT TO THE BLIND MAN.

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* Mark ix, 22.

Proceeding onward Jesus entered Cesarea Philippi, where a stately temple of white marble had just risen in honor of Augustus, and where, more pleasing in the eyes of heaven, stood the statue of our Lord raised by that woman who had been cured by touching in her deep faith the hem of his robe. Here he asked his disciples: "Whom do men say that I am?" They replied: "John the Baptist, or Elias, or one of the prophets," for a belief in metempsychosis was common. And Jesus continued: "Who do you say that I am?" Peter, ever foremost to avow his faith, answered: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." Then Jesus replied: "Blessed art thou, Simon, son of John, because flesh and blood have not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee that thou art Peter, a rock; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven."

I WILL GIVE THEE THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

"Peter, whatever thou dost bind on earth,
The same is bound above the starry sky;
What here thy delegated power doth loose,
Is loos'd in Heaven's great citadel on high;
To judgment shalt thou come when the world's end is nigh."

Our divine Lord now for the first time announced to his apostles the close of his ministry, the persecution which was to rise up against him, the malevolence of the Scribes and Pharisees, and even of the priests, including the High Priest himself, and finally his passion, death and resurrection. At the account of what he was to suffer the ardent Peter took fire. "Lord, this shall not befall thee:" but our Lord rebuked him and said to them all: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me; for he that shall save his life shall lose it, and he that shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what exchange shall a man give for his soul? For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then will he render to every man according to his works. Amen I say to you, there are some of them that stand here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom."

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.—AFTER RAPHAEL.

Having thus announced the ignominy which awaited him, our divine Lord resolved to console his faithful apostles by a glimpse of his glory. Some days after he took Peter and James and John apart into a high mountain, commonly supposed to be Tabor, with its level summit and wooded sides. "Here he was transfigured before them, and his face shone as the sun: and his garments became white as snow; and Moses and Elias appeared conversing with him." Ravished with delight, Peter exclaimed: "Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." As he spoke a bright cloud overshadowed them, and a voice issued from the cloud, saying: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him." Filled with fear they fell upon their faces and lay swooning with affright till Jesus touched them, saying: "Arise and fear not." Then they arose, but Jesus was alone, and without further explanation he began to descend from the mountain, charging them to tell no man, till he had risen from the dead.

"All ye who seek in hope and love,
For your dear Lord, look up above,
Where traced upon the azure sky,
Faith may a glorious form descry.
Lo, on the trembling verge of light,
A something all divinely bright,
Immortal, infinite, sublime,
Older than chaos, space or time."

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

The following anthem from the pen of an esteemed contributor, is not without merit. All the most striking circumstances connected with the great event to which it relates, the solemn stillness of the hour, the out-burst of joy that fell from the angelic host, their song of welcome and of praise, are happily conceived and well expressed. And while we admire the lines, and rejoice with the angelic choirs on the happy morn of Christmas, let us also imitate the example of the pious shepherds and go over to Bethlehem to adore the new-born King:

All nature was hushed in the calmest repose,
Not a sound from the depths of her bosom arose,
Save the voice of the shepherds, who faithful remain,
To keep watch o'er their flocks on the moon-lighted plain.

When, hark! a sound is heard on high:
Celestial music rend the sky:
Angelic hosts adore and sing
An anthem to their new-born King.

Hail happy day! auspicious morn!
A Saviour to mankind is born;
Joy and peace to earth we bring,
Whilst glory unto God we sing.

Arise, let us haste to the manger and bear
The offering of love and the incense of prayer,
At the feet of the Infant ourselves let us cast,
And weep o'er the sins of a life that is past.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by ***PAUL PEPPERGRASS****, Esquire.*

CHAPTER XV.

"Come in," said Weeks, glancing over his shoulder at the tall, dark form of his cousin, Robert Hardwrinkle, standing in the door way. "Come in; I'm not engaged."

"Thank you," said Hardwrinkle, creeping softly in, and closing the door noiselessly behind him. "I thank you; I merely called, at my good mother's request, to enquire for your health. She always fears, poor creature, you're not well when you don't come to join us in family prayer."

"Well, can't say I'm sick, exactly," responded Weeks, throwing up his feet on the back of a chair, and offering his companion a cigar, which the latter modestly declined. "Can't say I'm sick, though I hai'nt got quite clear of that wedding scrape yet. But the fact is, my dear fellow, I dread these almighty long prayers of yours—I do really."

"Is it possible?"

"Well, yes; I feel a sorter out of place like, sitting down there in the family circle—kinder green, you know. Why, it's just like this—I ai'nt accustomed to it exactly; business men in the States hai'nt got time to pray as you do here in the country."

"Ah! but my dear Ephraim, you should make time, for prayer is indispensable for salvation. You cannot please God without it."

"Oh, prayer is a very good thing, I allow," said Weeks, slowly puffing his cigar, and beating off the smoke with his hand. "It's an excellent thing for those who can attend to it, but it don't suit men in trade to spend whole hours at it, and neglect their business."

"Ah, but you can attend to both, if you only try," observed Hardwrinkle.

"Why, we do try, we read the bible occasionally, and go to meeting three times on the Sabbath; that's about as much, I reckon, as could reasonably be expected of us."

"Perhaps so. But how comes it that the people of New England have acquired so great a reputation for sanctity? They're reputed to be a very religious people."

"Certain, and deserve it too, take the hull of them on an average. There's the women, for instance, and the farmers and the country folks all round—they're

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[*] Copy right secured according to Law.

all church going people, and do most of the praying, while the merchants and traders are busy in their own department. Well, it's just like this: one class of our people does the praying and the other does the trading—kind of makes it easy you know, on both; so that take them on the hull they're a very religious people."

"Ah, but my dear Ephraim, that thing of halving the worship of God is not conformable to the rules of the holy gospel. Every creature is bound to worship God, and to pray to him always—in season and out of season."

"What! and have their notes protested at the bank, or lose country customers who can't wait their convenience? My dear fellow, business is a sacred thing, and must be attended to."

"Ah! but you forget, my good cousin, that the great, and, indeed, the only business of life is salvation."

"Well, supposing it is (and in fact I always thought myself that salvation was a pretty good kinder doctrine in a general way, and I rather guess too the world should hardly get along so well without it), still you know it won't cancel a note, or be taken in trade, cousin Robert."

"Ephraim! Ephraim!" said Hardwrinkle, his cold, stern, sallow countenance exhibiting an expression of saintly sorrow, as he spoke; "Ephraim, where did you learn to speak of religion with such contemptuous indifference? Have you so soon forgotten the lessons of your pious mother? She, indeed, was a devoted servant of the Lord. Oh! she was a holy soul—praying in season and out of——"

"Precisely," interrupted Weeks, taking the cigar from his mouth, and knocking the ashes off with his finger; "precisely, that's just it. She was forever running off to contribution parties and prayer meetings, and neglecting her business at home. By gracious, when father died he war'nt worth a five dollar bill in the world, and I had to slink off to the South to earn my bread, 'mong niggers and cotton bales. It's all very well to pray, and I don't object to it nohow—but I don't see either the darned use in praying all day and neglecting the main point."

"The main point! and what's that, cousin?"

"What's that! why, it's money, ai'nt it?"

"Money!—you call money the main point?"

"Yes, *sir*," responded Weeks, emphatically, "I call it nothing else. Should admire to know what you call it."

"You shock me, Ephraim. Really you shock me."

"You don't say!"

"Why, you must be a downright infidel, to speak in that irreverent manner."

"Don't know about that. But I've got my own notions about religion, and ai'nt a goin to change them for any man's way of thinking. Guess I'm old enough now to judge for myself. And as for nine-tenths of the religions going, I believe them to be danged humbugs."

"Which of the different Christian denominations do you belong to, may I ask?" enquired Hardwrinkle.

"Well, can't say I belong to any in particular. I rather think though I like the Unitarians better than most of them. Their ministers are pretty smart men as a general thing, and preach first rate sermons once in a while. No, I never seemed to have any choice in that way. The fact is, I always calculated to do about right with every man, and I kinder thought that was religion enough for me."

"Cousin," said Hardwrinkle, after a little reflection, "will you permit me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow, why not? ask as many as you please."

"I hope you will not be offended, or think me impertinent, Ephraim. You're my mother's sister's child, you know, and it's but natural I should feel a lively interest in your welfare, spiritual and temporal."

"Of course."

"Well, it's merely this. Do you really believe in the existence of God? Now answer me candidly. It's rather a strange question, but no matter. Do you believe that dogma?"

"Yes, *sir*," replied Weeks, thursting his hands into his pockets, and shaking up the silver. "Yes, *sir*, I believe that—no mistake about it."

"The Lord be praised," exclaimed Hardwrinkle, turning up his eyes. "I'm thankful you have not fallen yet into the lowest depth of the abyss. I really feared, from your manner of speaking, you were an atheist."

"No, *sir;* I believe in two things firmly, and no living man can make me change that belief. I believe in the existence of a first cause, and the perfectibility of man."

"And is that all?"

"That's all, sir,—that's the length and breadth of my creed."

"And how, think you, is man to be perfected?"

"Why, by reason, science, and experience. That's about all he needs, ai'nt it?"

"And what of religion--shall it take no part in his perfection?"

"Well—yes, guess it might help some, that is if he'd only keep clear of these darned isms, and adopt some sensible kind of religion for himself. The worst thing in the world, cousin, for a business man, is to have any thing to do with the details of religion. They sorter cramp him, you know. Let him lay down a broad platform like mine, and stand upon it flatfooted—that's the way to get along."

"And you're quite serious, Ephraim, in avowing these shocking sentiments. Is it really so?"

"Shocking or not, they're mine, that's a fact. Why, look here, my good friend, I have seen too much of your hair splitting religions in New England, not to know what they are by this time. Those deacons and class leaders, and old maids, and methodistical looking crowds we see going to church every Sabbath with their bibles under their arms, are, in my humble opinion, a darn'd set of dupes and impostors, the whole concern of them. There's neither honor nor honesty amongst them. By crackie, they'd cut your throat with one hand and carry the bible in the other. No, sir, a first cause and the perfectibility of man, or in other words, the irresistibility of human progress, is about as much as any business man can profess to believe with safety to himself or the interests of trade."

"But will that belief be sufficient to save your soul?"

"Save my soul? Oh that's quite another affair. If there be such things as souls (which is now rather a disputed point), why, the Creator who made them knows best how to take care of them, I presume."

Hardwrinkle had never heard such language before on the subject of religion. Bred in the country, and little acquainted with the world, he supposed that however abandoned men might be, or whatever infidel sentiments they might really entertain, the respect in which religion was held by the great majority of mankind, would naturally repress their inclination to avow them. Brought up as he was, a strict Presbyterian, and accustomed from his childhood to hear religion spoken of with the utmost reverence, he was now both astonished and hurt to hear his cousin talk of it with such cold, reckless contempt. For himself, he was the very impersonation of a hypocrite. Mean, sordid, and cunning as a Jew, he had the bland smile and the saintly look forever at his command, and could play the Christian or the demon, as it suited his purpose, with equal adroitness. All his religion was external. It consisted of long prayers, demure looks, pious conversation, black garments, and an ascetic aspect. At church he was never missed on the sabbath ; hail, rain or snow, he was there, sitting upright in his pew, motionless and impassible as a statue. And there too sat his seven black sisters beside him, tall, thin and lank, like himself; not a white spot was to be seen about them but their pocket handkerchiefs; even their very fans were as black as ebony. In the whole world round never was seen so solemn, staid and church-loving a family, from Robert, the heir and master, down to Deborah—or as she was commonly called by her elder sisters, Baby Deb—though now a young lady of seven and twenty. It happened, however, that religion, by some misfortune or other, instead of softening and expanding their hearts by its divine influence, had withered them up. Its gladdening and exhilarating touch seemed only to have chilled them like an icicle. The bright look and the pleasant smile which denote the presence of religion in the soul, were never once seen to light up their features. Like melancholy spectres dark and stern, they passed through the busy streets; and stole silently away in the shadows of the houses, no one caring to look after them, or bid God bless them for their charity. Oh thou cold, stern monk of Geneva, thou whose heart never thrilled with a generous emotion, whose pulse never throbbed with sympathy for thy kind, this death-like picture of religion is thy handiwork. Thou subtle betrayer of the human conscience, thou dark plotter of treason against the sovereignty of the human soul, how could you look up at the bright heavens above, and see the blessed sun gladdening the earth with his beams, or behold the stars dancing in their orbits to the music of the spheres, and yet be demon enough to curse humanity with such a lifeless religion as this.

But of all the members of the Hardwrinkle family, Robert was the most heartless, or if indeed he had a heart at all, it was as callous as a stone. When the stranger beggar came to his door (for those of the parish knew him too well to enter his gates), he neither ordered him from his presence nor hunted his dogs on him. No, he kindly admonished the sufferer to guard against the many dangers and temptations that beset him in his mode of life, counselled him gently to beware of evil company, and then gave the shivering supplicant a religious tract to teach him resignation to the will of heaven, or a dispensary ticket to procure ointment for his sores. Money was his god, and he adored it. To part with a shilling, save in usury, was like rending his heart strings. He loved it not for the use he could make of it, in giving employment to others, or in serving the interests of the parish, without loss to himself, but for the mere pleasure of seeing and feeling it with his hands. In this respect his cousin Ephraim was an entirely different man. He, like a true Yankee, was fond of money too, nay, was ready to go through fire and water to obtain it, but yet he was just as ready on the other hand to spend it, or lend it to a neighbor in a pinch, and thought it no great obligation either. He valued money only as a circulating medium, as an agent to carry on trade, or acquire a position for himself in society. He was forever talking, to be sure, of dollars and cents, but still it was evident to those who happened to be at all acquainted with his disposition and habits of life, that he was by no means a mercenary man. Nor was he, like most lovers of money, envious of his neighbor's prosperity—not he; on the contrary he was pleased to see every one thrive and do well, and ready to bid them God speed into the bargain. There was one peculiarity in him however, which at first sight looked rather damaging to the character of an honorable man. He never scrupled taking advantage of his neighbor in his speculations. Because every man, he contended, should have his "eye peeled," and deserved to suffer if he had'nt. It was by sharp bargains men were made smart, and by smart men trade was made to flourish, and if it happened now and then that a few fell short of their expectations, why, the country at large eventually became the gainer. On the other hand, if his neighbor happened to come the Yankee over *him*, to use a favorite expression, why, it was all fair in war, he neither grudged nor grumbled, but "peeled his eye" a little closer, and went off to speculate on something else. Such were the two cousins. Both were fond of money—the one to gloat over and adore it, the other to use it as an agent to attain the objects of his pride or his ambition. And now to proceed with our story.

"Merciful heavens," exclaimed Hardwrinkle, after a long pause, during which he seemed to have lost either his breath or his speech, for he uttered not a syllable, but kept looking intently at his cousin; "merciful heavens! such an expression from the mouth of a Christian man, '*if there be such things as souls.*' Oh Ephraim! Ephraim! I fear you're irretrievably lost. Oh, let me entreat you to pray for light and grace to dispel this darkness of unbelief. Oh, if you only read the word of God, join the family in prayer every night and morning, and come with me thrice on the Sabbath to hear the outpourings of that faithful servant of the Lord, our dear and reverend brother Mr. Rattletext, be assured your eyes would be opened to the light of glory shining through at a distance ——"

"Say," interrupted Weeks.

"The light of glory shining out to ——"

"Say, hold on; I've heard all that before—could repeat it myself as slick as a deacon. There's no use in thinking to come it over me with that kinder talk. What I believe, I believe, and I ai'nt a goin to believe nothing else, nohow you can fix it. A first cause, and the perfectibility of man, is my platform."

"Ah! too broad, my dear friend—'narrow is the way,' you know."

"Broad—that's just precisely what we want. We want a platform broad enough to cover the whole ground. We are a young nation, sir, strong, active and ambitious, and must have room to stretch our arms east, west, north and south. Our resources are immense, inexhaustible, and we want a wide field to develop them—and that field, I take it, sir, is the liberty of conscience."

"You mean liberty to cheat and take advantage of your neighbor if you happen to be clever enough to accomplish it with impunity?"

"Why not? that's the life of trade, my dear fellow—that's what makes smart men. And hence it is the Yankees are the smartest business men in all creation. Your evangelical rules would ruin us in twelve months."

"The laws of God ruin you? do you really mean what you say?"

"Well, look here, I speak only of our merchant and trading classes; with respect to farmers, laborers, mechanics, women, and all that kinder folks, they can adopt as many rules and regulations as they please, in the religious line. It don't make any material difference I presume one way or other, since they hai'nt got no business to transact; but you might as well think of corking up the Atlantic in a champagne bottle, as expect the commerce of the States to thrive under the old stiff evangelical rules of our grand-fathers."

"Ah, Ephraim, Ephraim, speak with respect of those holy men," said Hardwrinkle. "Oh, I hope and pray," he continued, raising up his hands and eyes in pious supplication, "I hope and pray we may stand as well before the judgment seat as they did."

"Cousin Robert," said Weeks, looking sideways for a moment at the upturned face of his companion, and twirling his watch key as he spoke; "Cousin Robert, you're a very godly, pious man, I reckon, and an honest man too, no mistake about that. But pious people, let me tell you, *ai'nt always* to be trusted; hold on now for a minute, hold on, I'll just give you an instance in point. I knew a man once in our section of the country, name of Pratt—Zeb Pratt, they called him. Zeb was deacon of the Methodist church in Ducksville, for nearly ten years in my own time, and a real out and out Christian of the first brand. Well, the fact is, he was cracked up so for his sanctity, that he went by the name of Pious Zeb, of Scrabble Hollow—that was the name of his farm. Now Zeb never was known to be absent from meetin, morning, noon, or night,—he was punctual as the town clock. Every sabbath morning as the bell rung, there was Zeb crossing the commons, with his old faded crape on his hat, and his bible under his arm. He was president of all the charitable societies in the district, attended all the prayer meetings, carried his contributions of eggs and chickens every year to the minister, distributed religious tracts to the poor ——"

"Oh, what a treasure!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle, unconsciously interrupting the panegyric. "What a treasure!"

"Treasure! Zeb Pratt! By gracious he was the darndest old villian in all creation—he a treasure—the old cheat, he'd swindle you out of your eye teeth. Why, the old hypocrite cleared out one morning with all the funds of the Christian Benevolent ——"

"Letters for Mr. Weeks," said a servant, knocking on the door.

"Hand them here," cried the latter promptly, throwing the stump of his cigar into the grate, and snatching his feet off the back of the chair. "Ha, just what I've been expecting this whole week past—they're from that lawyer of yours, Robert."

"Of mine?"

"Why, yes, of your choosing. Rather slow though for my taste."

"And, please sir, Miss Rebecca wishes to know," continued the servant, "what tracts you wish her to distribute this morning, sir?"

"Oh, well, tell her it don't matter a great deal which, but she might as well perhaps try that last package from the Home Missionary Society."

"Yes, sir."

"And William."

"Yes, sir."

"She had better take Rachael and Abigail with her, and leave Judith, Miriam and Deborah to meet Mr. Sweetsoul, the colporteur, and make arrangements with him about that Sabbath school at Ballymagahey."

"Yes, sir, and please your honor, sir, that woman is here with the three orphans from Ballymartocker."

"What woman?"

"McGluichy's wife, sir. Her husband died, if you remember, sir, last winter, of the black fever."

"And what does she want with me?"

"Why, sir, she can't pay the rent, she says, till the new crop comes, and she wants your honor to grant her spareance. The bailiff give her notice to quit, yisterday."

"Well, you must tell her, William, I pity her very much. But I have always made it a rule never to interfere with the law; it must take its course."

"Yes, sir, very well sir,"—and the servant bowed and quitted the room.

"So you've heard from your lawyer at last, Ephraim," said Hardwrinkle, turning to his cousin, who had just finished reading his letter.

"Y-e-e-s," replied Weeks, "after waiting a whole week for it. These Irish lawyers of yours are rather slow coaches, I expect."

"Fast enough, Ephraim, fast enough for the poor man, when he has their claims to satisfy—ay, ay, heaven look to the poor when they happen to fall into their hands."

"Shall I read his letter?" said Weeks, and Hardwrinkle having bowed assent, he proceeded as follows:

"Dear Sir.—Agreeably to your instructions of June ——, I wrote yesterday to Mr. Edward Lee, notifying him of the purchase of his liabilities to the amount of five hundred pounds, by Ephraim C. B. Weeks, Ducksville, Connecticut, United States, now staying at Crohan house, county Donegal, and of his (Mr. Weeks') anxiety to have the debt concelled by the first of next month, or secured by responsible endorsers, as it is his (Mr. Weeks') intention to return home as soon as possible. I herewith enclose a receipt for £200 sterling, the amount paid by you for said notes to the late holder of same. Shall be happy to receive further commands, and have the honor to be

Your very obedient servant,

"Dublin, 26 Great James st., June ——. JEREMIAH DIDDLEWELL."

"Humph!" said Hardwrinkle, after Weeks had read the letter over, "so you've made a beginning."

"Certainly. I've got to, the girl won't look at me otherwise. I have now called on her a dozen times, and wrote her as many letters, and yet she treats me as coldly as if I'd been an absolute stranger. We'll see now what the screws can do."

"You say he never gave you any encouragement himself."

"Why no, he only kinder laughs when I allude to it. By gosh I do'nt know what to make of the man. His conduct's most unaccountable. Why he must either take me for a fool or thinks I'm joking all the time."

"You are mistaken, Ephraim, he neither takes you for a fool or a joker. He merely laughs at your presumption in aspiring to the hand of such a high-blooded girl as Mary Lee."

"High-blooded girl," repeated Weeks—"hang your high bloods!"

"Don't feel offended, my dear Ephraim—I had no intention ——"

"No, but that darned old witch, Else Curley, keeps talking to me so about her humbug aristocracy, that I'm sometimes almost tempted to cowhide her for her impudence. When I enquire of her how she gets along in bringing things around, why, the only answer I can get from the old rascal is, 'wait awhile, wait awhile, till her pride comes down another peg or two.' Yes, by crackie," he continued, rising and pacing the room, with his hands stuck down in his pockets jingling the silver; "yes, wait awhile, till her pride comes down, just as if the grandson of an old revolutionist of seventy-six war'nt good enough for the best blood in the land."

"My dear Ephraim, you don't understand the Irish people, or you would'nt talk so. They're an old people, you must remember, and like all old people, proud of their ancestors. You, on the other hand, being a new people, measure the respectability of men and families by the amount of money or property they're possessed of, simply because you have no ancestors yourselves."

"Well, look here, cousin, be that as it may, I'm not agoin to stay here much longer, any how. This affair must soon be fixed one way or other. When you wrote me, to say this girl was likely to turn out to be the daughter and heir of old Talbot, I gave up my business and came over here, without waiting even to bid my friends good bye. Well, after three weeks search and inquiry in Cork and all around, after the old woman said to have nursed her, and as long spent in Dublin hunting up the certificate of the mother's marriage, I came down fully confident, from your assurances of success, that the girl and her uncle were so almighty poor, they'd jump at my proposal right straight off. Now then, here I am all of nine weeks, sneaking up and down to that confounded light-house, through thunder and lightning half the time, and groping my way through rain and darkness the other half, and by crackie I ai'nt one mile nearer my object now than when I first came."

"I'm sorry, Ephraim, very sorry indeed," replied Hardwrinkle, looking down on the floor, and sighing regretfully, "sorry you're so much disappointed, but indeed, indeed it's not my fault, for surely I've done all that could reasonably be expected, to expedite the affair. As for the two thousand pounds you kindly promised in acknowledgment of the little assistance I might be in the matter, you know I should have just as cheerfully done as much, my dear Ephraim, if you never had promised a farthing. No, no, money has never influenced me, thank heaven. No, Ephraim, I hope I have a conscience to direct me, and a heart too, to love my relatives well enough to do them a kindness without expecting a recompense."

"I know it cousin. I know it. You have been exceedingly kind, and I ai'nt agoin to forget your kindness either, but just look how the case stands. Here I've spent already two thousand dollars for these notes, that ai'nt worth a red cent. Of course when you recommended me to buy them you thought otherwise, and so I took your advice—well there's four hundred dollars and over to Else Curley, and how can I tell but the scheming old witch is 'doing' me all the while—that and my travelling expenses and loss of time besides, will amount to a pretty considerable sum, let me tell you."

"It is a pretty round sum, I admit," muttered Hardwrinkle.

"Well, it's just such a sum," said Weeks, "that I've made up my mind that I ai'nt agoin to lose it for nothing. I'm determined to have the girl—that's pos —. And if she ai'nt willing to marry me one way she will another."

"Ah, indeed; what mean you by that, cousin?"

"Well, I've got my own notions about it, that's all. By jolly, I ai'nt a goin home to Ducksville again empty handed—that's settled."

"You would'nt carry her off by force—would you—eh?" said Hardwrinkle, dropping his voice to a whisper, and looking round the room to see if the doors were closed.

"The thing has been done," replied Weeks, "and pretty often too in this country of yours, if I ai'nt greatly mistaken."

"Yes, I admit it has occasionally been done. But in this case I can hardly see how it could be accomplished without ——"

"Why, there's such a thing as a *boat* to be had, I guess, and the distance to carry her to it ai'nt so very far that you can't find half a dozen stout fellows to do it. I should'nt like much though to go to these extremes if there was any possibility of obtaining her consent by other means. But have her I shall—no mistake about that ——"

"Hush, hush," ejaculated Hardwrinkle, "there's some one at the door—come in."

The door opened, and an active, muscular looking man of middle age, entered and advanced to the table at which Hardwrinkle was sitting. He was the officer of constabulary whom the reader had seen a few nights before at Castle Gregory, in company with Captain Petersham.

"Ah, it's you, is it," exclaimed Hardwrinkle, rising suddenly from his chair. "Well, any news of Barry?"

"He's arrested, sir, and now a prisoner in Taurny Barracks."

"What, arrested! that's capital news. Please step to the next room—excuse me Mr. Weeks, I'll return presently."

"Go ahead—don't mind me," replied Weeks, drawing a cigar from his case and preparing to light it.

"Now," said Hardwrinkle, carefully closing the door of the room into which he led the officer, "now for the details. Mr. Weeks' notions of these young revolutionists don't exactly harmonise with ours, you know, so it's just as well he don't hear our conversation on the subject. And now for your story."

"Well, sir, we crossed the Ferry, as you suggested, proceeded on to Doe Castle, and thence to Rann Point. There we met the man who gave you the information first about Barry's intention to escape—I forget his name—he's one of your tenants."

"Carson, you mean."

"No, sir, the man you sent down to spy about the light-house, you remember; the one who listened at Else Curley's door and overheard the conversation between her and Barry, about his going to America."

"Oh, yes, yes; Barker, the bible reader."

"Barker—precisely—that's the man; a pious soul he is, too."

"Very—very, indeed. He's a most excellent man, is Barker."

"Well, sir, we met him coming up from the shore, where he had been distributing tracts among the fishermen, by way of an excuse. He told us he had just seen Barry jump from a boat in company of three or four stout fellows, and enter one of the huts. They were all strangers to him, he said, except Barry himself and another young fellow who seemed to be the most active of the party, and whom he had seen before, he thought, but could'nt remember where."

"Stop a moment, sir; did he describe his dress or person?"

"I rather think he did, but I paid little attention to it, not thinking it a matter of much consequence. It appears to me, though, he said something about his wearing a green jacket or a fur cap, or something to that effect."

"The very man, sir; that's Lanty Hanlon, as sure as he's alive, and quite as dangerous a man too as Barry."

"Lanty Hanlon—impossible, sir. You mean the fellow against whom you issued the warrant for the assault on Mr. Weeks?"

"The identical person."

"Pardon me—that cannot be, Mr. Hardwrinkle—Hanlon was seen at a cock-fight in Kindrum, not six hours ago."

"Ha! ha! I have no doubt of that, sir," replied Hardwrinkle, laughing as much as his nature would allow him. "But, my dear sir, you little know what that villian is capable of doing. Why sir, it was once sworn on oath before me, that this very Lanty Hanlon was seen at a wake in Crantin Glen, at a wedding in Ballymagahey, and at a christening in Callen, the self-same night, and yet these places are seven miles apart and nearly equidistant from each other."

"He must be an extraordinary man," said the officer, smiling incredulously.

"He's a most dangerous man, sir, to be permitted to go free in any community. What do you think, sir; that fellow met one of Mr. Johnston's game keepers on Benraven mountain, some six weeks ago, when he happened to be coursing for hares. Well, sir, he took the gun from the keeper, and then left him gagged and tied to a tree with his hands behind his back, for the whole night, and next morning when the unfortunate man was accidently discovered by one of the herdsmen, he was more dead than alive from cold and hunger."

"Was he punished for the outrage?"

"No, sir; he managed to escape that very cleverly. The moment he secured the keeper, he jumped on the first horse he found on the mountain, galloped for life and death till he reached Sandy Mount, then secreting the horse among the trees, walked into Mr. Johnston's parlor, and having apologized to that gentleman for having contrary to law shot some grouse on his preserves and obtained his pardon, again mounted, rode back and left the horse where he found him. Next morning when the game keeper returned and made his complaint against Hanlon, Mr. Johnston ordered him instantly from his presence, called him a drunkard and a liar, and protested he had never heard of such an attempt at imposition—Hanlon having been that very night and at the very time the outrage was alleged to have been perpetrated, standing before him in his own room. But now, with respect to Barry, how did you succeed in arresting him?"

"Simply enough, sir. We hired a boat, got our men in, and lay at anchor some five or six fathoms from the beach, knowing well Barry and his party would endeavor to escape next morning at day-break, by rowing along the shore as far as Horn-head, and there set sail for Aranmore. It turned out just as we expected. At the first peep of day, the party got into the boat and shoved off. They were ahead of us when they started, and we let them keep ahead for two miles or more, till we had gone clear out of sight of the fishermen's huts. Then stretching on our oars we soon came along side and grappled them with irons we had taken with us for the purpose."

"Hah," ejaculated Hardwrinkle, "and so you secured him at last?"

"Yes, sir, we secured him, but not without considerable difficulty."

"What, did he resist?"

"Resist! yes, as man never resisted before. It appears the crew that conveyed him to Rann Point, left him there and returned home, confident he was out of all danger, and the two fresh hands appointed to convey him to Aranmore were old men hardly able to paddle an oar or handle a sheet. He was therefore left to depend almost entirely upon his own resources. The instant we laid hold of the gunnale of his boat he sprang up in the stern sheets, and demanded what we meant by stopping him. 'I'm a Queen's officer,' said I, 'and hold a warrant for your arrest.'"

"'Ah! a Queen's officer,' he repeated, glancing at my civilian dress, 'indeed! Well, sir, take me if you can,' and coolly drawing a pistol from his belt, he said to his men, 'comrades, you'll find another pair in my overcoat, use them if necessary.' Then stepping across the thwarts, and before I could rise from my seat, he snatched the anchor from the bows of his boat, and with one hand swung it as he would a walking stick into the bottom of ours. The effect was instantaneous;

the sharp iron cut right through the thin sheathing of the little gig, and in two minutes she filled to her water line."

"'Now my lads,' he cried, 'loose the grapples, and away with them.'"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle, "his object was to sink you."

"Of course it was—and a bold attempt he made to accomplish it too. When I saw how desperate the case was likely to prove, I ordered my men to jump aboard and secure him at all hazards, leaving our own boat to her fate, and setting them the example myself, I sprang into the stern, presented a pistol to his head and commanded him to surrender, or I should instantly fire. I had hardly uttered the words, however, when the board on which I stood was struck from under me, and in another second I found myself in the water, plunging and grasping for something to lay hold of. By this time my men had succeeded in scrambling over his boat's side; so they immediately took me in, and then unhooked the grapple to relieve us of the sinking gig. But now, that we did succeed in boarding him, we found ourselves in a greater difficulty than ever. Our fire-arms were entirely useless, and there stood the young outlaw pointing a brace of pistols at our heads. 'Surrender,' said I; 'I command you in the name of the Queen to surrender instantly.'"

"'Ha! ha!' he laughed—'surrender to hounds like you! Oh for the firm earth to stand on, and a good thong to kennel such cowardly dogs. A pistol bullet is too honorable a death for drivelling slaves like ye.'"

"This taunt stung me to the quick, and calling on my men to rush on him in a body, I sprang forward myself to seize him, but, alas, I was again unfortunate, and fell flat on my face on the bottom of the boat. In another instant his heel was on my neck."

"'Lie there, dog!' he cried, crushing me till my eyes seemed to start from their sockets, 'lie there, and die the only death you deserve.' But the braggart in his turn had little time to enjoy his advantage, for my men seeing the danger I was in, and maddened by the fellow's scornful language, closed in upon him. As they rushed forward he fired both pistols in their faces, and two of them fell wounded beside me."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Hardwrinkle—"but—go on—well?"

"'Now,' cried I, rising from my prostrate and disgraceful position, 'now my men, hold him, handcuff him, kill him if he attempt to escape.' But my orders were of no avail, for he had sprung into the sea and was making for the shore."

"'He's gone, sir,' cried one of the men."

"Gone!"

"'Yes, there he is with his coat off, swimming away from us like a water dog.'"

"'What's to be done—what's to be done,' I cried, in an agony of disappointment, 'has no one presence of mind to think of some means to capture him. He's within half a gun-shot of the beach, and will reach it before we can get our oars into the rollocks.'"

"Just then the thought of the fire-arms in his overcoat occurred to me, and snatching up the garment, drew a holster pistol from its pocket, and aiming as deliberately as I could in such a moment of excitement, fired. The ball, as good fortune would have it, struck him on the right arm, and disabled him. 'Now,' cried I, as I saw him sputter in the water like a wounded bird, 'now, my lads, to your oars, and pull for your lives, pull—pull, with all your might, or he sinks before we can reach him.'"

"In another minute we had taken him aboard, exhausted and bleeding, and there he lay in the boat's bows, without word or motion of any kind, till we reached the quay under Taurny Barracks."

"Well, thank heaven," said Hardwrinkle, "he's safe for the present at least, and to-morrow I sign his committal to Lefford jail. As for you, Mr. C——, you have done your duty as a faithful servant of the crown, and shall not go unrewarded. So now let us return, and carry the good news to Mr. Weeks."

"My dear cousin," continued Hardwrinkle, entering Weeks' room, followed by the officer of constabulary, "I have good tidings for you."

"You have—eh?"

"Yes—tidings of great import."

"Indeed—let's hear what they're like."

"Why, Randall Barry (your rival)," he said, whispering the word in his ear, "is a prisoner in Taurny Barracks."

"Psaugh—you don't say so? Is it possible?"

"A fact, sir."

"On what charge, pray?" enquired Weeks.

"Treason—treason against the State, of course. You've heard all about him, have you not?"

"Why, yes, I've heard something about his being connected with some young revolutionists—that's all."

"Humph, you speak lightly of the matter, my good cousin."

"And I think lightly of it too," replied Weeks, promptly, "so far as it may be regarded as a crime. Were I in his place, I should do precisely what he has done."

"What, revolutionize the country?"

"Yes, by crackie. It's full time, I should think, the people got rid of these old fogy monarchies. These darned old tyrannical governments of yours ought to have been sent to kingdom come long ago. As for his being a rival of mine, why, I don't think the less of him for that, and if you have busied yourself about his arrest on that account, I tell you what Robert, you make an almighty mistake if you think I'm under any obligation to you for the job."

"Why, cousin, you surprise me."

"Well, them's my sentiments, notwithstanding. He's a fine, spirited, gallant looking young fellow," continued Weeks, "and if he hate and despise your slow going, drivelling old kings and queens, by thunder I like him the better for telling them so to their teeth; and if he loves Mary Lee, why should'nt he try to catch her the best way he can. Let every man have a fair chance."

"If these be your sentiments, my dear cousin," said Hardwrinkle, "they are very different, I must confess, from what I had expected of you."

"Well, sir, they are my sentiments precisely—real true blue Yankee sentiments, and no mistake."

"Well, well, I must acknowledge I was deceived in you, cousin, and I'm sorry for it. But we must postpone further discussion on the subject for the present. I see Rebecca and her sisters out there on their way to Ballymagahey. I must speak to them a word or two of caution before they leave. So pray excuse me, Ephraim."

"Go ahead, go ahead," replied Weeks, preparing to light another cigar—"go ahead, and don't mind me," and the speaker was left alone at last, to enjoy the comfort of a quiet Havana.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER VII.

The Palaces Rospigliasi and Torlonia.—French Quarters.—The Pope's return deferred.—His life at Gaëta.—The Cardinals not well disposed towards France.—St. Peter's.—Its History.—The Obelisk.—The Interior.—The Dome.

Rome, Aug. 4th, 1849.

And now, my dear friend, to withdraw your thoughts from such sad scenes, follow me if you please to the Palace Rospigliasi, on the Piazza Monte-Cavallo, with which you are already acquainted.

This old and immense palace formerly belonged to the Borghese family, but was sold to the Rospigliasi's when a member of the latter house occupied the pontifical throne. Here we admired, like all connoisseurs, the famous Aurora of Guido decorating the ceiling of the great hall of the pavilion in the garden: nothing can be more graceful than the faces and attitudes of the hours as they follow the chariot of the morning. Here we also contemplated with much pleasure a picture by Dominichino, representing Adam and Eve in Paradise; the Triumph of David, by the same painter; Samson pulling down the temple of the Philistines, by Luigi Caracci; the Apostles, by Rubens; and the Picture of Human Life, by the celebrated Poussin.

General Oudinot and his aids-de-camp occupy a part of this palace, which was readily placed at his disposal by the Prince Rospigliasi, whose eldest son has married a French lady. Ever since, nothing can be more animated, and more picturesque at the same time, than the vast court-yard covered all over with the white tents of the soldiers, animated by crowds of spectators of every rank and of every clime, and every day resounding with the swelling strains of martial music.

Indeed, nearly all the chiefs of the French army are just as magnificently lodged in the most splendid edifices of the city. General Rastolan occupies the beautiful palace Torlonia, built by Fontana for the Bolognetti family. Prince Alexander Torlonia, the Rothschild of Rome, having purchased it, has restored it and furnished it with a magnificence altogether unknown in our country. The stair-cases, the anti-chambers, the walls of the apartments, all are covered over with the finest marbles, and ornamented with mirrors, gildings, statues, pictures of the great masters, old arms, lustres, girandoles. The doors, shutters, windows, and ceilings are decorated with the most charming pictures on gold and on azure grounds. In fact, it looks like one of those palaces conceived in the imagination of the author of the Arabian Nights.

The brave General Rastolan, so simple in all his tastes, appears only slightly affected with all this magnificence: indeed, in spite of the excessive heat of the summer, he sometimes finds himself a little too cool in the midst of such sumptuous apartments. For my part, I was almost blinded at the sight of all these fine things. Not that the Torlonia palace is one of the largest or most beautiful in Rome: on the contrary, it is inferior to many others in size and architecture, and many judges pretend that all these riches are not in the best taste, and reveal the wealth rather than the refinement of the proprietor. Still the *tout-ensemble* pleases the eye; for here every thing is new; marbles, glasses, pictures, statues, furniture, all are fresh and clean and glistening; whereas in other palaces you can see the tapestry faded, the marbles dented, the statues covered with dust, every thing, in short, too plainly revealing the straitened circumstances of their owners. The most precious piece of sculpture in the Torlonia palace is the colossal group of Canova, representing Hercules in his frenzy hurling Lycas into the sea: it is placed within a charming alcove constructed to receive it at the end of a magnificent gallery.

General Gueswiller and the chief officers of his division, occupy the Borghese palace, built in the seventeenth century by Cardinal Dezza. You enter it through a noble court-yard surrounded by porticoes supported by one hundred pillars of granite. This palace, magnificently furnished, contains a picture-gallery consisting of twelve vast halls decorated with exquisite taste. Numbers of little fountains, bright and sparkling, shed a delicious coolness around which considerably enhances the pleasure of going through the seventeen thousand pictures of this invaluable collection.

But I would never have done if I were to tell you of all the great palaces I have seen,—of the Colonna with its splendid gardens and its vast picture-gallery, the finest in Rome—of the Farnèse, built by Michael Angelo—of the Corsini, where Queen Christiana of Sweden died in 1689—of the Spada, so often visited by travellers curious to see the statue of Pompey, "at whose base great Cæsar fell." There are at least sixty palaces in Rome worthy of being visited. But though they are at present partly occupied by the French officers, do not suppose, my dear friend, that our countrymen have much reason to congratulate themselves on such a state of things. If they never before inhabited such magnificent mansions, their former dwellings were not at least entirely destitute of all comfort. In general, they have received from the Romans, not the habitual apartments, but the show-halls which are displayed to strangers, never occupied, and serving only to gratify the vanity of the owners, or their love for the fine arts. In the vast museums, in these immense courts, a miserable bed is made up, a few chairs and tables are placed near it, and thus with few exceptions a general officer is installed. You must often even traverse endless galleries to get to these chambers, decorated indeed with rich pictures and magnificent frescoes, but open to every wind of heaven.

As to the soldiers, the greatest number sleep on the ground wrapped up in their blankets, or at best on a poor straw mattress stretched on the floor, which is not a bit softer or warmer for being perhaps antique marble. The Roman Municipality is rather slow in providing the necessary accommodations, and the French, generously, are patient. But they will have to wait a long time for any improvement, if they think they shall obtain it without demanding it imperatively. With the Romans there is no truth in the proverb: "Honey catches more flies than vinegar." Most of them take mildness for weakness, and the more patient they find you the more arrogant they become.

I have just heard that General Oudinot has started for Gaëta, to receive the benediction of the Pope, and to ask him in the name of France to return and resume the possession of his capital. A deputation from the Roman Municipality has set out with the same object in view. We are all desirous to have the Sovereign Pontiff here again, and certainly his own paternal heart must partake of the general impatience. Still many members of the clergy and several Roman nobles do not appear to believe in the approaching arrival of the Holy Father; they say that it would not be prudent on his part to return so soon to a city from which the French authorities have not yet succeeded in expelling all those that played an odious part during the Republic.

* * *

Rome, Aug. 8th.

Alas, my dear friend, those who were of opinion that the Holy Father would not return so soon to his capital were right. At least, so I fear from what I have been told by a good French lady Mlle. de M——, who has just arrived from Gaëta, where she had the honor of a private audience with the Pope, and of a long conversation with some of the most influential personages of the papal court.

Gaëta is a small, ill-constructed town, having but one passable street leading from the land-gate to the harbor-gate, the only entrances to this fortress. On one side of this street rises the rampart against which lean the barracks, the guard-house and the magazine. On the opposite side are several dwellings, among others the royal palace which the king of Naples has placed at the disposal of his Holiness. This palace (if a house of such paltry appearance deserves the name) has a front of five windows, and is to be distinguished from the old and dirty tenements surrounding it, only by its green shutters and a more cleanly aspect. It consists only of a basement, an *entresol* and the second story. The captain appointed by the king of Naples to protect his Holiness, lives in the *entresol:* it is he who grants the licenses of residence and the pass-ports.

The Pope occupies the second story. His apartments are a little anti-chamber, preceded by a waiting chamber, a parlor still smaller, a bed chamber and a kind of cabinet transformed for the time into a chapel; all very modestly furnished. Another apartment, also opening into the waiting room, serves at once as bed-chamber and cabinet to Cardinal Antonelli, and as council and conference hall to the ambassadors of the Catholic powers.

The king of Naples himself lodges in the military cassino, a kind of a smoking room hastily fixed up, where the queen lives with him, notwithstanding the delicate state of her health. From this you can judge of the quarters of the other grand personages that followed the Holy Father to his exile in Gaëta. Cardinals, ambassadors, princes, dwell without complaining, in regular hovels situated in lanes five or six feet wide. Nearly all could return to their own sumptuous palaces, but they are retained on the rock of Gaëta by their love and veneration for the Holy Father. Mlle. de M——, from whom I have these details, thought herself very happy to obtain, though at an exorbitant rent, a chamber where you would not lodge the lowest of your servants: she demurred at first at establishing herself in such a den, but she was soon informed that a Cardinal occupied a worse one in the third story.

On the morning after her arrival she was admitted to the presence of the Holy Father, whom she had known the preceding year in Rome. Pius IX received her with paternal affability and kindness. He questioned her with much interest on the present state of France, and spoke with gratitude of our brave army. The conversation lasted two hours, which far exceeds the usual duration of a papal audience. The Holy Father moreover permitted her to come and hear his mass next morning.

At nine o'clock precisely she was introduced into the chapel of the Holy Father, about the size of a little dressing room: she was the only one present besides the officiating clergyman. The Pope celebrated mass and gave her communion with his own hands. The holy sacrifice over, Pius IX knelt down and heard the mass of Cardinal Antonelli with the most profound recollection. Then he left the chapel, and passing close by Mademoiselle de M——, he gave her his benediction once more. Do you not wish, my dear friend, to have been in the place of this good lady? For my part, I must confess I envy her, especially as such a favor is never granted in Rome, where the Sovereign Pontiff is subjected to a severe etiquette which never allows a woman to appear in his palace and even prevents him from inviting any one to his table; he dines then always alone and is never permitted to use more than three dishes, of which the expense must not exceed two crowns each day.

But if all the acts of Pius IX had filled the heart of our countrywoman with a holy joy, it was far from being so at her interview with different cardinals and other great personages; they nearly all showed themselves unjust and suspicious towards France, refusing to believe in her good intentions. They find difficulty in admitting that a government of republican form, and consequently of doubtful stability, can offer a solid and durable support to the temporal authority of the Pope, lately so violently shaken. The aid of Austria, whose tendencies appear more to their taste, would have seemed to them far preferable; almost regretting to be so much in our debt, they do all in their power to delay the return of the Holy Father. Mlle. de M—— made some efforts to combat their prejudices, but she saw that, however right and pure their intentions may be, they listen too favorably to the suggestions of powers that are jealous of the successes of France, whose influence in Italy they dread to see augmented.

As for the rest, Pius IX has appointed a government commission, consisting of the Cardinals Altieri, Vannicelli and Della Genga. The seat of this commission is the Quirinal, whither the chief officers of the French army with General Rostolan at their head, went to present their respects. Between you and me, my dear friend, some of them have returned very little satisfied with their reception. Perhaps it is because their eminences not being in the habit of speaking our language, have found it difficult to express the sentiments which it pleases me to suppose they entertain for the French army. Perhaps too these princes of the Church, accustomed to the respectful, I would almost say obsequious, manners of the Italians admitted into their presence, have been surprised at the rather cavalier deportment of our officers. The latter, in fact, would not kiss their hand, whether through ignorance of the custom or through a pride, which I consider very much mistaken; for this homage paid to the cardinals—kissing the cross engraved on their pastoral ring—is not to be referred to the rich and powerful man, but to God himself as represented in the person of his most exalted ministers, and to the apostles, of whom they are the successors.

I hope this government commission will do good; but to tell the truth, the expectation so generally entertained of the early return of the Pontiff, causes it to be regarded with a rather distrustful eye. May it, by acts at once clement and energetic, console us a little for our miscalculation.

Review of Current Literature.

1. Letters to a Prebendary, being an answer to "Reflections on Popery." By the Right Rev. *J. Milner*, D. D.

2. Memorial of a Christian Life: by the Rev. *F. Lewis de Granada*, revised by the Rev. *F. J. L'Estrange*, O. C. D.

3. The Commandments and Sacraments explained in fifty-two Discourses: by the Right Rev. *Dr. Hornihold*. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

These are all standard works, too well known to the Catholic public to need more than an announcement of the new edition. They are, like all that comes from the press of Lucas Brothers, handsomely got up and even apart from their intrinsic merit, will be an ornament to the library.

4. The Bible Weighed in the Balance and Found Wanting. By *James Blake*, M. D. Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Whatever may have been Dr. Blake's intentions in giving this little work to the public, we cannot commend his judgment in sending it forth under such a name. It is, to say the least, a great impropriety, and although the Doctor is very far from being an atheist or a cynic, very few would read the title without numbering him among those who scoff at revelation. We are the more sorry for this as the arguments are convincing and many illustrations new and striking, such as we think would have a great effect upon an unprejudiced reader. Humor is very good in its own place, and our religion endeavours to instill into the minds of her children, that cheerfulness is a mark of true piety, for she would have them "take comfort and forget . . . . and leave remorse unto the guilty." But holy things are to be treated holily and never to be made the vehicle of ridicule, even when heretical inconsistencies are to be shown up to the scorn of the public. The very name of the Doctor's work must have given his adversary an *ad captandum* argument, which would go very far to neutralise, if not altogether destroy, the good he might have accomplished with the same amount of learning served up under another title. It is not good *always* to answer a fool according to his folly.

5. The End of the World, or the Second Coming of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By the Very Rev. *John B. Pagani.* London: Charles Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a salutary book offered to the consideration of Christians at a time when every thing should fill the mind of the faithful with a holy apprehension. It is not however a new work, as indeed on such a subject what new light could be thrown, after all that has been said or written upon it for many years? It is however such a book as a devout and learned Catholic, whose faith rests upon the teachings of "the pillar and ground of truth," might be supposed capable of writing; far removed from the delirious dreams of fanatics and deceivers, and set forth in the plain, earnest manner of a man filled with a sense of the part he will himself be called upon to play in the grand tragedy of human existence. To all who would be governed by that fear, which is the beginning of wisdom, we would recommend its attentive perusal.

6. The Science of the Saints in Practice; by the Very Rev. Father *J. B. Pagani.* Vol. III. July, August, September. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have noticed the volumes of this interesting spiritual book regularly as they appeared and given it, as it deserves, our mite of praise. The idea that reigns throughout, that of appropriating a virtue to each month, and from the examples and writings of the Saints teaching the method of practising it, is one of great advantage to us poor Christians, who find it rather hard to continue all our life in the pursuit of one. In the practice of virtue, as well as in other affairs of life, variety is a spice somewhat needed to keep our spiritual appetite always sharp. Father Pagani, aware of this inclination of poor human nature and knowing too that "all the glory of the King's daughter is within in golden borders, clothed round about with varieties," has placed in the hands of his Christian brothers an excellent manual for the direction of their thoughts and aspirations. The chapters are just long enough to satisfy without palling the appetite of the soul for its proper nourishment, and the most busy with the concerns of this world will not find them too long, nor consider as lost the time devoted to their lecture.

7. America—A Sketch of the Political, Social and Religious Character of the United States of North America. By Dr. *Philip Schaff.* New York: C. Scribner.

This is a well-written translation of two lectures, delivered by the author before the Berlin Evangelical Society in the preceding year. The spirit which animates them is that of the Mercersburg school, and its predictions and aspirations cannot, of course, be supposed to be according to our sympathies. However, we are so grateful to the learned author for his mildness and courtesy to us Roman Catholics, who are belabored on all sides, as to make us almost consider him of our party. We will not then quarrel with him on his opinions, as indeed it is not our province to act the critic and write an elaborate review. We leave this to our quarterly, which will no doubt in good time take the Doctor to task for his *absolute* and *Evangelical* tendencies, and will satisfy ourselves by merely expressing our dissent and disapproval of the religious, but our cordial thanks for and approval of the social part of his volume. The political we leave to politicians, who know more than we do of their tendency.

8. Little Nell; from the Old Curiosity Shop of Charles Dickens. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Our friends, the little folk of our country, are very happy in having so many to cater for their reading tastes. There is scarce a publisher in the country, who has not his library of amusing literature for the young, and would to heaven their publications were all as innocent and as healthful in their influence as this of Charles Dickens. It goes straight to the heart, because it is natural and therefore true. The language is simple, and just such as our little friends can understand without much labor. But it is a superfluous task for us to write of what every body knows and admires. If Mr. Redfield continues all his selections with as much taste, we shall be most glad to see him publish a new volume every week, and wish him no greater evil than that he may never be able to keep on his shelves those which he published the week before.

9. The Official Documents connected with the Definition of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary—in Latin and English. With a complete list of the Cardinals and Prelates present in the Basilica of St. Peter, the 8th of December, 1854. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. London: C. Dolman.

Just one year has elapsed, since the Holy Father deemed proper in his wisdom, to assure the Christian World of the traditions of the Church on this point of doctrine, and the controversy that was immediately awakened by those, who thought such conduct an infringement on the divine rights of the Saviour, has been already hushed, and the devout adorer of the Son triumphs in the glory of the Mother. From time to time during the excitement, we have given due notice of the filial affection so often manifested by the clients of Mary in the various works, either composed in defence of this privilege of hers against the impotent ravings of heretics, or offered as tributes of the heart for the instruction and edification of the less learned among her children. Still we longed to see collected together these documents, in one of which at least we acknowledge the teaching of that Holy Spirit, that is to remain forever with the Church, teaching her all truth and guarding her against the powers of darkness and the gates of hell. In this month, consecrated to that particular mystery, it is a fitting offering to be presented to the Catholic public, and the dress in which it is brought forward is, we had almost said, worthy of that Catholic Spirit, with which every work relating to our dogma should be exhibited. A more suitable gift-book for the holidays, or ornament to the centre table of a Christian family, could scarcely be devised. The type are almost made to profess their faith in this glorious privilege of the Virgin Mother of God: may they "scatter seeds of life where'er they fall."

"O joyful Virgin, henceforth blessed ever
Among all nations! cause for joy thou hast.
Not vain, henceforth, shall prove man's great endeavor:
Henceforth no more his future
Shall be but as the past.
Henceforward, wise, good men
Shall toil no more in vain
The seeds of Hope and Love and Peace to sow
Among their kind below.

* * * * * * * *

Peace, peace! misdoubting Earth, be dumb!
Her Christ His power shall take! His Kingdom it shall come!"

10. Willy Reilly and his dear Coleen Bawn; a tale founded upon fact. By *Wm. Carleton.* Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Praise and blame have both been lavished on Carleton for this new fiction, and indeed he deserves both, if we were only to read isolated parts of the novel, without considering the connection which they bear to one another and the whole plot. It would be idle to deny the verisimilitude, if not the truth, of those parts which are really censurable. The sanctity of the priesthood does not destroy human nature nor give a man who has been elevated to it, a pledge of impeccability. But it may certainly be questioned, if there be any advantage in presenting to the Catholic reader such pictures of degraded morality. We are rather inclined to the loving reverence of Constantine the Great, who would imitate the elder sons of Noah, and cover with the mantle of charity the unhappy condition of the Lord's anointed. It is natural to a Catholic to feel such charity, and therefore we think that if Carleton is a Catholic, as we have been told, and ever examines a second time the productions of his pen, he will find some things that should be erased, for they add neither to the interest of the tale nor to its merits. We did not ourselves feel sufficient enticement to read it from cover to cover, though what we read at first led us to praise it, until a friend showed us some blemishes of so glaring a character as to change our ideas entirely. We cannot therefore altogether commend it.

11. Bertha; or the Pope and the Emperor. An Historical Tale. By *William Bernard McCabe.* Boston: P. Donahoe. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the second offering of Mr. McCabe to the Christian school of historical fiction and is fully equal in merit to his first. It is intended as a defence of the character of a much calumniated Pontiff, by depicting according to the records of true history the monster, against whose tyrannical impositions on Church and State, St. Gregory VII. opposed the unshakable firmness, that has embittered Protestantism against him. Were we allowed to carp at the motes in the sunbeam, we would find fault with the abruptness of the termination. The reader's interest is dashed too suddenly by the last scene, and we could only excuse the author, by inventing the idea that perhaps he intends at some future time to give us the sequel of Henry's history and show the manners and customs of mediæval Italy with the same skill with which he has brought before us mediæval Germany. The publishers have also a claim upon our gratitude for the fine large print in which they have presented it. Old eyes, we guess, will not suffer by the reading, and young ones will be scarcely less grateful for the pleasure they will enjoy.

12. The Land of Gold; Reality versus Fiction. By *Hinton R. Helper.* Baltimore: Henry Taylor.

This book is from the pen of one of the many who in those latter years have been seized with the "gold fever," and in a moment of delirium quit the enchantment of home and the endearment of friends, and with visions of wealth flitting through their imaginations, started for the shores of the Pacific. The author, however, soon discovers that "all that glitters is not gold," and having spent "a dreary and rather unprofitable sojourn of three years" in this land of adventure, returns and with commendable charity, pours out upon the community the light of his experience. If all be true which Mr. Helper tells us came "under his own immediate observation" in this modern El Dorado, California must be the most depraved, degraded, and the vilest of the vile places in this wicked planet which we inhabit. Truly it is the very dregs of creation; the gateway which leads to the domain of his satanic majesty: the spot on earth from which virtue is banished, nay, even, to use his own words, "where vice only is esteemed and lauded; virtue is treated as an idle dream."

The picture he draws of the morals of the inhabitants of that portion of our republic, will no doubt shock the credulity of some of his readers, but as he tells them that he relates nothing but what came under his own immediate view, why should they doubt? "The absence," he says "of all social feeling, of refinement, of the little elegancies of life, is painfully manifest. It would, of course, be absurd to expect in a new country all the luxuries of an old civilization, but their absence constitutes no excuse for the total want of even the decencies of life. Law is a nullity, or at best a mere nominal thing: order does not exist except where the dread of the bowie-knife or revolver enforces it. Men of notoriously bad character are entrusted with the management of affairs, and are easily accessible to bribery. Justice is proverbially venal, legislation is utterly corrupt. . . . . Murder, robbery and swindling are the methods by which they (the inhabitants) aim to increase their income, the law being powerless to check them."—Page 299. If the above picture be true of the condition of society in the Golden State, it would be hard to find a parallel for California short of Malacca itself.

As a natural consequence of this state of things we are told, and that too on the authority of the State's Attorney, that: "*Twelve hundred murders have been committed in the city of San Francisco within the space of four years, and only one conviction!*"—Page 298.

And while such is the deplorable state of morals, the fate of the poor gold seekers presents little that one might envy: "Thousands of men who have been in this country three or four years, are working for nothing but their board. More than a dozen stout, sober, able-bodied men, who asked nothing in compensation for their services but food, have applied to me for employment in a single day. I have elsewhere remarked that many of the most menial and humiliating situations about hotels, stores and private residences, are filled by these ill-fated men, who, if they had the means, would be glad to shake off the dust of California from their feet, and return to the homes of their youth, where peace, plenty and happiness are attainable by all. Misery and despair go to bed with them at night, rise with them in the morning, and accompany them throughout the day. Strangers among strangers, they have no friends to soothe or assist them in the hour of misfortune; if they hunger, they must fast; if sickness overtake them, death is their remedy. Depressed in spirits and driven to desperation by bitter and repeated calamities, they betake themselves to the bottle for solace; they become insane from extreme anxiety, or over-activity of the mind, or else, with bullet, knife, or poison, put a summary end to their wretched lives. Such is the history of a man who perishes in that land of gold."—Page 100.

The author next introduces us into a gambling house, and after exhibiting to our view several grades of tables, thus continues: "A Jew and a Jewess have command of a fourth table; the fifth is under the direction of a French *gentleman* and *lady;* a young American girl has charge of the sixth; while seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth and so on, are presided over by sundry sorts of wicked spirits unworthy of being named. Octogenarians, youthful and middle aged men, married and unmarried women, boys and girls, white and black, brown and copper-colored, the quarrelsome and the peaceable, all associate together, and at all times, as might be expected, fight, maim, and kill each other with the same indifference with which people generally pursue their daily occupations."

But if the present generation of California is bad, the rising generation will be worse, reasoning from the language of the author: "No attention is paid to the moral, mental, or physical discipline of the youth of this country. They are left to their own will and inclination to grow up, like the plants and weeds in a neglected garden, without culture or training. Surrounded as they are by so many examples of depravity, what sort of men and women are they likely to make? It is probable that the world has never reared a horde of accomplished scamps and vagabonds, male-and female, as will soon emerge from the adolescent population of the Eureka State. A man might as well think of raising a healthy and stalwart family in the midst of a malarious swamp, as to think of rearing decent sons and daughters in California." Page 175.

But we have extracted enough to give our readers an idea of Mr. Helper's views of California, enough too, to cause them to shudder at the very thought of migrating to the golden State. It must be remembered, however, that the work is the offering of one who has been disappointed in his golden dreams; and notwithstanding he tells that he relates only what "came under his own observation," he evidently drew deeply from his imagination. The outline may be correct, but the picture is too highly colored.

13. CHILDREN TRIALS; OR THE LITTLE ROPE DANCERS. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is a very interesting little volume, comprising several excellent and instructive tales, with a variety of beautiful illustrations. It is well adapted to the nature and capacity of the young, for whom it was written, and it admirably fulfills the end for which it was intended. It will be found both pleasing and entertaining.

14. POPULAR TALES. By Madame *Guizot:* Translated from the French, by Mrs. *L. Burke.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another volume of Tales from the same publishers, with which we are well pleased, and cheerfully commend. The tales which are comprised in it, will not only entertain but interest the youthful reader. There are but few books written for children with which we are acquainted, apart from those which are religious, that we can more freely recommend.

15. THE DAY-STAR OF AMERICAN FREEDOM; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland. By *George L.L. Davis*, Esq., of the Baltimore Bar. New York: Charles Scribner. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This work has been received, but too late for a notice such as its importance deserves. From a cursory glance at its pages we have been favorably impressed with the book, and shall return to it again in our next number, when we shall enter more at large on its merits. In the meantime we earnestly commend it to all who would seek to gather reliable information touching the establishment of religious freedom on the banks of the St. Mary's, by the Pilgrims of Maryland.

Editors' Table.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—*December 25th.*

The Feast of the Nativity of our Divine Saviour is pre-eminently one of joy and gladness. Its advent is hailed with innate feelings of delight by the youthful and the aged, and by all conditions of life. On this great festival, the mind reverts to the sacred scenes of other days. We stand in spirit on the plains of Judea, and hear the joyous anthem of the angelic hosts, rending the midnight air, proclaiming the glory of the Great Jehovah, and announcing peace to fallen man. We are invited on this solemnity by the Church, as the shepherds were invited by the angelic choirs, to approach the manger, and contemplate the humility and the poverty of the Divine Infant.

"No gold nor purple swaddling bands,
  Nor royal shining things—
A manger for his cradle stands,
  And holds the King of kings."

We are invited to draw nearer, and with his virginal mother and Saint Joseph, to mingle our adorations of the infant Son of God.

Apart, however, from the religious reminiscences connected with this sacred festival, its return brings with it many pleasing associations. It is the season devoted in a special manner by our Catholic ancestors to hilarity and innocent amusement; a season during which sorrow and care were banished from the social board, and joy beamed in every countenance. When

"Christmas came, the time of gladness,
  Which our fathers gave to mirth,
Then no room had they for sadness—
  Joyous at the Saviour's birth!
Then each homestead, deck'd with holly,
  Bay and ivy leaves, was seen;
Winter's brow of melancholy
  Cheering with a chaplet green.
Then kind looks with pleasure beaming,
  Blazing hearth, and festive fare;
Hearts with social feeling teeming,
  Welcome joy and banish care.
While with early salutations
  Loud the parish bells were rung,
And in tones of gratulations
  Many a village carol sung."

The reminiscence of this holy season, which the poet has so graphically pictured, is nearly all that has descended to the present time. This once happy, religious and truly joyous festival, has long since ceased from what it was in days of yore. The cold materialism of our age, which has frozen the very soul of modern society, has divested it of its religious spirit and vitality, and has left us little else than the "shreds and patches" of its former sociality. If then we present to our readers a picture of what "Old Father Christmas," with his venerable, smiling, frosty brow, was in olden times, we shall lay before them much that is interesting and worthy of their imitation; much that will amuse and instruct the young and edify the old.

First, however, we will glance hastily at the history and antiquity of the festival.

From the time of Noah to the nativity of our divine Lord, amid all the corruptions of mankind, there were preserved several leading truths, such as the fall of man, the promise of a redemption, the future state, and the like. Among the oriental nations, a knowledge of these truths was especially prevalent, and no doubt handed down by the priests of those nations, but concealed from the people. These nations had numerous festivals, and among those most universally celebrated, was that of the return of the Sun, which generally took place after the winter solstice. The Romans celebrated this festival on the 25th of December. The Greeks, Persians, and other nations, had similar festivals at this season of the year. The nativity of our divine Lord thus took place at a period of the year already marked by its festal rejoicings, and become the festival of festivals; the rising of the Christian Sun, whose effulgence should absorb the lesser rays of the glimmering stars of prophecy, tradition and customs, which pointed the lost children of Adam to the time when the heavens should open and "bud forth a Saviour."

The Antiquity of Christmas.

The celebration of this great festival may be traced to the days of the Apostles. St. Clement, the third from St. Peter in the See of Rome, in an epistle addressed to one of the churches about the year seventy, directs that the commemoration of the nativity of our Lord be observed on the 25th of December; and indeed, nearly all the early Fathers of the Church agree as to the day of the month on which it was kept. In the fourth century we learn that feasting at this festival was carried to excess, and that St. Gregory Nazianzen preached and wrote against these excesses. About the same time we find it recorded, that the Christians had assembled in the church at Nicomedi, in Bithynia, to celebrate the feast of the nativity, and the tyrant Dioclesian, the Roman emperor, ordered it to be closed and set on fire, and about 20,000 persons perished in the flames. Previous to the fourth century, a slight difference existed between the eastern and western churches as to the day on which the feast should be kept; the eastern church keeping it on the 6th of Jaauary, and the western on the 25th of December. The question was referred to the Apostolic See, and was there decided that it should be universally kept on the 25th of December.

Christmas Customs and Amusements.

In former times, and even in Catholic countries at present, the Christmas festival proper, extended from the 24th of December, to the 6th of January, or Twelfth-Day, and even as far as the feast of Purification of our Blessed Lady. This period with our ancestors became a season of relaxation and merriment. The nature of man may be said to be three-fold; he is a physical, mental and moral being; and every thing which tends to the healthful development of these powers must be legitimate and good. It does not alter the truth of this position, that these recreations have been misapplied, this would be to admit that our faculties themselves are evil because they are frequently abused. For ourselves, we admire the philosophy of our forefathers, who originated these festivities far more than the grasping and avaricious spirit of the present day, which practically evinces that wealth and sensuality are the chief pursuits of the great mass of mankind. It is well known that exercise, laughter and judicious merriment, are conducive and even essential to health. The anticipated meeting of long-separated friends, usual at this festival, the receiving and returning visits; the reception of the *Christmas gift*, some token of affection and esteem, the fond meeting of parents with the absent child, the charities peculiar to this love-inspiring season—each and all form so many aids to the developing of man's physical nature. Man's mental powers are benefitted by the return of the festivities of Christmas. By excessive application to business, the mind loses much of its social qualities, even those which constitute the very soul of domestic life. In our eager pursuit after the good things of this world, we are apt to forget the claim of the great brotherhood of man, and to ignore the labor and toil endured for our benefit by those who have gone before us. The annual recurrence of this festival is to man, what spring is to the other seasons of the year; it expands and transplants his thoughts to a wider sphere; he is induced to look back to the past and to value more the giant labors of the men of other days; the hospitality of the time tends to develop those high social feelings, which should always be found among families and nations. What season or festival is better calculated to awaken the moral feelings and affections of the Christian heart? From the contemplation of the lowly manger of Bethlehem, the rich may learn a thousand salutary lessons; and those in humble life who may be inclined to murmur at their hard lot, are consoled and encouraged in the poverty around them, by the remembrance of Him "who being rich, yet for their sake became poor." The renewal of family friendship, the interchange of kindly affection, are also well calculated to produce happy and moral results; and indeed we scarcely know a single virtue or grace, which the proper celebration of this beautiful festival does not call into exercise.

Many of the customs practiced in olden times during this holy season, were not only interesting, but exceedingly instructive. They are striking evidences of the lively faith and the fervent piety of our Catholic forefathers with whom they originated. The custom of decorating the houses, and more particularly the churches and chapels with evergreen, was prevalent—a custom that prevails to a certain extent to the present time. The plants used for these decorations are various, but there are a few which seem more especially appropriate to this joyous season, such as the laurel, holly, ivy, mistletoe, bay, fir, box, cypress, and rosemary, and these, from remote antiquity, have had symbolical meaning. The laurel speaks of victory; the holly of vigor, and its glowing red berries, of affection and good works; the ivy, which clings with such tenacity to whatever affords it support, suggests a close adherence to our Christian duties; the mistletoe, having medicinal qualities, reminds us of the birth of Him, who was to heal the wounds of our souls, and its white berries, emblems of purity, remind us that our thoughts and affections should not be of earth.

Among other things, the ceremony of lighting candles and the Christmas or *yule log*, on the eve of this sacred festival, was exceedingly interesting. This custom was doubtless designed to commemorate the light which shone on the plains of Bethlehem, an apt emblem of Him, who came as a "light to enlighten the Gentiles." The *yule* log was to be lighted with a brand saved from the previous year, symbolical of perpetuity, and was introduced with music and ceremonies; the following words were sung during the ceremony:—

"Come, bring with a noise,
  My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing:
  While my good dame, she
  Bids you all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

The truth of Christianity was symboled by its light also, and the spirit of charity is truly emblemed by its heat and warmth.

The Midnight Mass, which still prevails, is peculiar to this august festival. This mass is usually followed by two others, every priest being compelled by the rubrics to say three masses in commemoration of the three births of our Divine Saviour. First, his birth from all eternity; second, his natural birth in the stable of Bethlehem; and thirdly, his spiritual birth in the hearts of the faithful.

A set of characters, called the Children of Christmas, and sometimes the Twelfth-Night characters, formed a kind of mask under the command of the *Lord of Misrule*, *Christmas Prince*, or the *Abbot of Unreason*, were introduced as allegorical representations of the principal characteristics of the season. The Lord of Misrule, during his brief reign, which commenced at Christmas Eve and continued to Twelfth-day, and often to Candlemas-day, bore all the insignia of a veritable monarch. He was attended by his lord keeper, lord treasurer, captain of his guard, and of his band of pensioners, and with his chaplains. He had also his almoner, and his master of request, to whom he handed all the petitions presented to him; and like other kings, he had his favorite, whom he knighted on the Twelfth-day. During the period of his authority, there were numerous plays and amusing games, and the season was a continued round of enjoyment. In the "Records of Norwich" we find the following account of an ancient Christmas pageant: "A certain John Hickman, a worthy citizen, made disport with his neighbors and friends, and was crowned king of Christmas. He rode in state through the city, dressed forth in silks and tinsel, and preceded by twelve persons, habited as the twelve months of the year, their costumes varying to represent the different seasons of the year. After king Christmas followed Lent, clothed in white garments trimmed with herring-skins, on horseback, the horse being decorated with trappings of oyster shells, being indicative that sadness and a holy time should follow Christmas revelling. In this way they rode through the city, accompanied by numbers in various grotesque dresses, making disport and merriment—some clothed in armour, carrying staves, and occasionally engaged in martial combat; others, dressed as devils, chased the people; others wearing skin dresses, and counterfeiting bears, wolves, lions, and other animals, and endeavoring to imitate the animals they represented in roaring and raving."

Among the pastimes peculiar to this season, was the play of St. George. This was a special favorite among the juvenile portion of the community, and is well calculated to impart much innocent amusement. It is very probable that this representation took its rise from the Crusades. It is known that dramatic representation, generally founded on some portion of sacred or scriptural history, was one of the modes of instruction adopted by the clergy at a time, when from the scarcity of books, learning was limited among the mass of the people. The old drama, to which we allude, is thus rendered in a number of the "Domestic Series," published by C. Dolman, London, and from which we have been chiefly aided in our remarks on this subject:

Enter, the Turkish Knight.

Open your doors, and let me in,
I hope your favors I shall win;
Whether I rise or whether I fall,
I'll do my best to please you all.
St. George is here, and swears he will come in,
And if he does, I know he'll pierce my skin;
If you will not believe what I do say,
Let Father Christmas come in.—Clear the way. [*Retires.*

Enter, Father Christmas.

Here come I Old Father Christmas,
Welcome or welcome not,
I hope Old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.
I am not come here to laugh and jeer,
But for a pocket-full of money, and a skin-full of beer;
If you will not believe what I do say,
Come in the King of Egypt.—Clear the way.

Enter, the King of Egypt.

Now I, the King of Egypt, boldly do appear,
St. George! St. George! walk in, my only son and heir;
Walk in, my son St. George, and boldly act thy part,
That all the people here may see thy wondrous art.

Enter, St. George.

Here come I, St. George, from Britain did I spring,
I'll fight the dragon bold, my wonders to begin;
I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly;
I'll cut him down or else I'll die.

Enter, the Dragon.

Who is he that seeks the Dragon's blood,
And calls so angry and so loud?

That English dog, will he before me stand?
I'll cut him down with my courageous hand.
With my long teeth and scurvy jaw,
Of such I'd break up half a score,
And stay my stomach till I'd more.
(St. George and the Dragon fight—the latter is killed.)

Enter, Christmas.
Is there a doctor to be found,
All ready, near at hand,
To cure a deep and deadly wound,
And make the champion stand?

Enter, Doctor.
Oh yes, there's a doctor to be found,
All ready, near at hand,
To cure a deep and deadly wound,
And make the champion stand.

Father Christmas.
What can you cure?

Doctor.
All sorts of disease,
Whatever you please,
The phthisic, the palsy and gout;
If the devil's in, I'll blow him out.

Father Christmas.
What is your fee?

Doctor.
Fifteen pounds is my fee,
The money to lay down,
But as 'tis such a rogue as thee,
I cure for ten pound.
I carry a little bottle of alicumpane,
Here, Jack, take a little of my flip-flop,
Pour it down thy tip-top,
Rise up, and fight again.
(The Doctor performs his cure, the fight is renewed, and the Dragon again killed.)

St. George.
Here am I, St. George,
That worthy champion bold:
And with my sword and spear
I won three crowns of gold!
I fought the fiery dragon,
And brought him to the slaughter;
By that I won fair Sabro,
The King of Egypt's daughter.
Where is the man that next me will defy,
I'll cut his giblets full of holes, and make his buttons fly.

The Turkish Knight advances.
Here am I, the Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight;
I'll fight St. George, who is my foe,
I'll make him yield before I go;
He brags to such a high degree,
He thinks there's none can do the like of he.

St. George.

Where is the Turk that will before me stand?
I'll cut him down with my courageous hand.

(They fight; the Knight is overcome, and falls on one knee.)

Turkish Knight.

Oh! pardon me, St. George; pardon of thee I crave,
Oh! pardon me this night, and I will be thy slave.

St. George.

No pardon shalt thou have, while I have feet to stand,
So rise thee up again, and fight out sword in hand.

(They fight again, and the Knight is killed; Father Christmas calls for the Doctor, with whom the same dialogue ensues as before, and the cure is performed.)

Enter, the Giant Turpin.

Here come I, the Giant, bold Turpin is my name,
And all the nations round do tremble at my fame;
Where'er I go, they tremble at my sight,
No lord or champion long with me would fight.

St. George.

Here's one that dares to look thee in the face,
And soon will send thee to another place.

(They fight, and the Giant is killed; medical aid is called in, as before, and the cure performed by the Doctor, who then, according to the stage direction, is given a basin of girdy-gront, with a kick, and driven out.)

Father Christmas.

Now ladies and gentlemen, your sport is almost ended,
So prepare for the last, which is highly commended;
The hat it would speak, if it had but a tongue,
Come, throw in your money, and think it no wrong.

We are sorry to see that most of the interesting customs of former times have fallen into disuse. During the reign of Elizabeth of England, a check was given to these innocent and joyous pastimes by the violence of the reformation, and during the reigns of James the First, and the unfortunate Charles, the Puritans waged a furious and successful war against all kinds of diversions.

Carols.—Carols are of very early date; indeed the first Christmas carol may be said to have been sung by the angels to the shepherds on the night of the nativity, when they chanted in seraphic strains the well known "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus.*" We have many very early Christmas carols founded on the appearance of the angels to the shepherds; and this subject was also, during the early and middle ages, the subject of public representations.

During the last days of Advent in Catholic countries, more especially in Rome, it is the custom for minstrels to visit every shrine of Our Lady to chant the carol and play before her their wild traditionary music, and, out of respect to St. Joseph, they also play before each carpenter's shop.

The deep religious feeling and sentiment that pervaded the ancient Christmas carols, form their chief subject of admiration. The wild and touching beauty of the following verses cannot fail to be appreciated.

"As Joseph was walking,
He heard an angel sing,—
This night shall be born
Our heavenly king.

"He neither shall be born
In housen nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall."

Carol singing prevailed somewhat in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it is worthy of remark that the religious spirit breathed forth in the ancient carols is lost sight of for that of a gross and sensual character. Take the following example from Horne:

"So now is come our joyful feast,
  Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest
  And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
  And let us all be merry.

"Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking,
  Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,
English Ale, that drives out thinking,
  Prince of liquors, old or new.
Every neighbor shares the bowl,
  Drinks of the spicy liquor deep;
Drinks his fill without control,
  Till he drowns his care in sleep."

But among the many peculiar modes of rejoicing which distinguished the celebration of this sacred festival in olden times, there was one that deserves not only to be remembered, but also to be practised—namely, the boundless hospitality with which the rich at this season were accustomed to supply the wants of their poorer brethren. In former times whole districts met together to celebrate Christmas; the old baronial halls, and the mansions of the wealthy were thrown open to friends, tenants, and retainers, and the opulent proprietors delighted to stand and distribute their bounty to the humbler members of their immediate neighborhood. This festival was a feast of joy to all, and care and sorrow, as far as possible, were banished from the land. Even the servants partook of the general festivity, for such was the influence of this festival, that for twelve days during this season the master and the servant met almost on terms of equality. Such indeed was the hospitality of the wealthy in Catholic times, while celebrating the nativity of the Infant of Bethlehem, that they seemed not to enjoy the viands that loaded their own tables, unless the poor were made partakers of their abundance. Beautiful and Christian-like charity! Let us imitate it. Let the poor be remembered on this sacred day; let their hearts be rejoiced by the free offering of a tithe of our abundance. But above all let not the friendless orphan be forgotten. Kind reader, touch not the Christmas feast until the nearest abode of the fatherless be honored by an offering from your table; until the Christmas dinner be blessed by the orphan's prayer.

The morning anthems have died away and the evening of the joyous festival approaches, bringing with it a host of pleasing associations. The candle seems to burn more brilliantly than usual; the cheerful fire blazes on the hearth; the parents, children, relatives and friends, meet around the social board; the wine sparkles from the cup, and the repast becomes more grateful from the friendly looks and feelings by which it is accompanied. The jocose word flows from lip to lip, the goodness of the heart is manifest on the countenance, and the soul of each seems attuned to the angelic song that broke the silence of the morn, and the prevailing feeling of all is "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to man."

THE PASTORAL LETTER OF THE FIRST PROVINCIAL COUNCIL OF ST. LOUIS.

This important document, though addressed to the Catholics of the Province of St. Louis, is replete with lessons of wisdom and salutary instruction applicable to Catholics in every section of the country. To the Catholic it comes as the voice of a parent, breathing words of consolation and encouragement amidst the manifold trials to which he is exposed, while the mildness and charity by which it is distinguished, and its calm appeal to reason, will cause it to sink deep into the bosoms of many who are strangers to our holy faith.

The learned prelates allude with feelings of deep regret to the unhallowed spirit of hostility to our holy religion, which of late years has developed itself in the land; and while they deplore the degeneracy of the times and the departure of many from the noble feature of religious freedom and toleration, once the boast and pride of our institutions, they forcibly vindicate Catholics from the charge of disloyalty. They treat as absurd in the highest degree the silly and long since exploded calumny, that Catholics hold civil allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff, and equally with the distinguished prelates of the Provincial Councils of New York, Baltimore, and Cincinnati, they proclaim in the most explicit terms, that Catholics, in temporal matters, neither owe nor acknowledge any allegiance to the successor of St. Peter, nor recognize in things temporal, any law higher than the constitution and the laws of the country where these are not incompatible with the dictates of conscience.

On this point the language of the Pastoral is so clear and so full of instruction, that we beg leave to transcribe it for the benefit of our readers:

"Unwillingly do we allude to the frivolous and unworthy pretexts which are alleged by the enemies of the Church, in justification of their hostility. You are held up to the suspicion and hatred of your fellow-citizens, as persons holding doctrines and recognizing principles incompatible with your obligations as citizens of this Republic. We need not tell you, brethren, that the Church imposes on you no obligation incompatible with your allegiance to the Government under which you live; or that your religious principles are the best guarantee your country can have, that, hereafter, as ever heretofore, you will be found faithful to your duties as citizens, while you are jealous of your obligations as Christians. You know that all power is from God; that society is constituted on a Divine basis; that every offence against the laws of your country is an offence against God; and that, consequently, you are to obey, not only for the purpose of avoiding the punishment which the magistrate inflicts on the transgressor, but from the higher motive of conscience. Nor is this obligation weakened or frustrated of its effect, by the paramount obligation of observing the Divine Law. You know that while rendering to Cæsar what is Cæsar's, you must give to God what He necessarily demands. All who profess the Christian religion acknowledge this principle. But while others are left to the suggestions of their own individual conscience, or to the direction of some purely human tribunal, to ascertain what conscience requires, in the event of a real or apparent collision between their duties as citizens and as Christians, you have an authority to guide you, which the Promises of Christ shew to be a certain means of avoiding mistake, and which, even to those who do not recognize its Divine character, must, if calmly viewed, be regarded as safer than the dictates of the individual reason, and more worthy of confidence than any other tribunal on earth. Human legislators may err; they may forbid what the law of God commands; they may command what the law of God forbids. Whenever such a departure from truth and justice presents itself in the form of law, the Christian must remember the principle, and imitate the example of the apostles, and must obey God rather than man. The authority of the Church in regard to such matters is nothing more than the application of a principle which is admitted, as well by those who reject her authority as by her most faithful children.

"It is only by an entire misrepresentation of these principles, and by confounding things essentially different, that the enemies of the Church can represent her as hostile to the well being of society, or her children as unworthy of the blessing of civil liberty. The exploded calumny of a divided allegiance, which alone, it is said, Catholics can, consistently with their principles, give the government of their country, is now seriously renewed, as if it had not already been refuted by every kind of argument, as well as by the testimony of history and experience. We are mortified to be obliged to refute a charge which argues extreme ignorance or extreme malice in those who prefer it. We owe no temporal allegiance to the Bishop of Rome. We recognize in the Government under which we live the power established by God for the regulation of society, supreme in all that concerns the civil order, and always to be obeyed, whenever its requirements are not obviously opposed to the law of God."

From this subject the learned prelates turn to another, which not only concerns the Catholics of the far west, but equally addresses itself to Catholics everywhere—namely, *the religious education of their children*—a subject, which we ourselves, in the October number, endeavored to impress upon the minds of parents. Earnestly do they recommend it in the following brief extract. Let parents read it, and treasure up in their memories the lessons which it inculcates:

"We feel it one of our most sacred duties to address the clergy and laity of our respective dioceses on the necessity of renewed and persevering efforts to provide for the religious education of youth. It cannot be necessary to insist on the importance of education, or to shew that education, to be productive of beneficial results, must be religious, —that is, grounded on religious principles, and accompanied by the practice of religious duties. Whatever sacrifices the discharge of this duty may impose on pastors and people, should be willingly made, in view of the important end to be attained,—the training of youth in the way in which they should walk, in order to be useful members of society, and to be worthy of being associated, after death, with the society of the saints in heaven. We desire to see, attached to every church, schools where, under the direction of the pastor, the youthful heart may be formed to virtue, at the same time that the elements of science are acquired, and where every influence that can affect the child, may be exercised for the promotion of his sincerely religious character. We are aware how great is the burden which the discharge of this duty, in our peculiar circumstances, imposes both on pastors and people, but we must remind both of the paramount character of the obligation to which we refer. Parents should remember that the education of the offspring is a duty which they do not fulfil when they procure for them merely scientific instruction; and pastors should never forget, that these little ones of Christ are the objects of his tenderest love, and should, therefore, be endeared to the heart of His faithful ministers."

NATURALIZATION IN CANADA.

It is a fact worthy of being remembered, that at the very time that our own country, with a view to prevent emigration, is endeavoring to extend the term of naturalization from five to twenty-one years, Canada, under the rule of her Britanic Majesty, is encouraging emigration, and a few months ago reduced the term of naturalization from seven to *three years*.

THE ROTHSCHILDS, according to their own estimate, possess $700,000,000 in personal property, exclusive of real estate, seignories, mines, &c., which amount to at least half as much more, making the enormous sum of over one thousand million dollars, or an amount much larger than the entire valuation of New York City.

LIVES of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sand of time;
Footprints that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Record of Events.

From October 20, to November 20, 1855.

I.—FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

ROME.—*The Concordat between the Holy See and Austria.*—For some time it was known that important negotiations were being carried on between the Courts of Rome and Vienna. At length a *Concordat* was concluded, securing important privileges to the Holy See, and destined at the same time to confer immense benefits on the Austrian Empire. The *Dublin Tablet* of the 27th ult., gives the following brief synopsis of this important document:

1. The Roman Catholic religion is to be maintained and protected, with all the rights and privileges secured to it by the Sacred Canons, in all those provinces in which it predominates.

2. The *Placetum Regium* is abolished.

3. The right of the Bishops to communicate with the Papal Chair in spiritual matters, as also with the Clergy and people, and to issue instructions and ordinances in spiritual matters is recognised.

4. The Bishops alone have a right to appoint their Vicars and counsellors, to ordain, or to refuse to ordain those Priests whom they may consider unworthy, to found or to divide livings or rectories, to order public prayers, to convoke synods, to publish pastoral letters and spiritual rescripts, and to prohibit dangerous books.

5. The Bishops are to watch over the religious instruction given to the youth of the country in all public and private schools. All Roman Catholic elementary schools are to be under the direction of a Clerical inspector.

6. The Bishops are to appoint the catechists, and no one will be allowed to teach theology or canonical law without their permission.

7. Agreeably to the canons or conditions of the Council of Trent (it sat from 1545 to 1563) Clerical matters will be settled by Clerical judges, and temporal judges will only meddle in matrimonial matters when they relate to the spiritual (should probably be "temporal") consequences of that Sacrament (marriage.)

8. The Bishops have the full right to punish the Clergy who may offend against the discipline of the Church, and to condemn to punishment those who may offend against the canons of the Church. The civil courts will only have to take cognisance of civil matters and of crimes committed by the Clergy, but even then the Bishop must previously receive notice of what is about to be done.

9. In the prisons the Clergy are to be separated from the laymen. The immunities of the churches shall be maintained as long as they do not interfere with the public security.

10. Disputes with laymen in respect to the right of patronage, to be decided by temporal courts.

11. Oral and written defamation of the Catholic religion, of the holy Liturgy, of of Bishops, and of Pelates will not be tolerated. (This translation is from the German, but in the *Gazetto di Venezia* the sentence begins, "the Emperor is bound not to tolerate oral or written defamation, &c.)

12. The opinions of the Bishops of the province will be taken at the presentation of new Bishops to the Papal Chair.

13. The Bishops alone have rights over the seminaries (theological,) and it is for them to appoint the Rectors, professors, and teachers.

14. The Rectors are to be chosen by concurrence (*konkurs.*) The principal dignitaries of the Chapter are to be nominated by the Papal Chair, when there is no right of

patronage. The others are to be appointed by the Emperor, excepting when there is a right of patronage, or the Bishops receive permission to fill up the vacant places.

15. To the Emperor is given the privilege of appointing to all deaneries and rectories, when there is a right of patronage belonging to religious and school property, on condition that his choice shall fall on one of three persons who shall be proposed by the Bishops after a previous regular concurrence (*konkurs.*)

16. The Papal Chair, with the consent of the Emperor, has full power to establish new sees, and to make new divisions of those already existing.

17. His Majesty undertakes to give a sufficient *kongrua* (if the root of the word is *congruere* it must here mean imperial confirmations) to those rectories which are at present without them.

18. The property of the Church will be managed according to the directions of the canonical institutions, and in regard to its possession, those regulations will be followed which are prescribed by the canons.

19. The Clergy belonging to the monasteries have a right to free communication with their Superiors residing at Rome, and the latter have the full right to visit the convents in the empire, and to issue circulars respecting discipline, &c.

20. The Monastic Orders have the right to establish novitiates (institutions for the instruction of persons intending to retire from the world,) and the Bishops, after having come to an understanding with the government, to establish new monasteries and cloisters.

21. The property of the Church is declared sacred and inviolable. The Church has also the full right to acquire new property.

22. No suppression of the property of the Church, and no sale of the same can take place without the intervention of the Papal Chair. The rights of the Bishops are never to be infringed on.

23. The property of the Church is to be managed according to the canonical ordinances. A mixed commission will be appointed for the administration of the vacant benefices.

24. The right to levy tithes to be maintained wherever it exists, and his Majesty pledges himself to give to the Church a good title to claim them wherever it may be wanting.

25. All other matters which are not mentioned in this Concordat will be arranged according to the doctrines of the Church, and the existing arrangements which may be approved by the Papal Chair.

26. The Concordat is declared to be a state law for ever, and all the laws and agreements which have hitherto been valid in Ecclesiastical matters are abolished throughout the empire.

On the 13th ultimo funeral service was celebrated for the soldiers and officers of the French army who had fallen in the taking of Sebastopol, and who had formerly belonged to the army of occupation at Rome.—It is stated that before the Austrian Concordat can be definitely consummated, it will be necessary for the Holy Father to notify the Sacred College in full consistory, which cannot be done until December. The ordinary notifications were exchanged on the 27th of September and the ratification in consistory will be a mere matter of form. The reply to the Spanish memorandum will, it is said, be prepared by his Eminence, Cardinal Brunelli, assisted by Mgr. Franchi, ex-charge d'affaires at Madrid. As the object of the document, which will be very extensive, is to prove that the acts of the present Spanish government have been in violation of the existing concordat, no one could be better qualified for the task than the able divine who conducted that convention on the part of the Holy See. This reply is looked forward to with a great deal of interest, and copies will be forwarded to all the governments having relations with the Holy See.—The Holy Father, on the 11th ult. visited Osti to examine the excavation being made there at present.—The Marquis de San Giuliano Gegliali, Secretary of the Neapolitan Legation, and temporary Charge d'Affaires of that power, lately died at Rome. He was a man highly esteemed, and his death was deeply regretted.—The cholera had disappeared, but its ravages were visible in the immense number of orphans which it occasioned. These destitute children have been received into the various charitable institutions with which the Eternal City is adorned, and the Holy Father who watches over these establishments with especial care, took immediate steps for their relief. The sum of 10,000 crowns has been generously subscribed by the citizens and clergy for the period of ten years, to defray the additional expenses to which they will be subjected on account of the increase of the objects of their charity.

Spain.—The condition of this country is still unsettled. The Borges faction continue to give trouble, though lately defeated with a severe loss. At Madrid twenty-five insurgents of the band of Tofal, in Catatonia, have been executed. This cruel proceeding occasioned great sensation, it being considered an unnecessary act of severity. The Government has conferred the Grand Cross of the Military Order of San Fernando on Marshal Pelissier and General Simpson.—On the 12th ult. a deputation of the Constituent Cortes presented an address to the Queen, to which her Majesty thus replied:

"My heart appreciates the loyal affection which which the Cortes congratulate me through your organ on the anniversary of my birth. Their sentiments endear to me still more the noble and generous people whom you represent. Identified with the institutions, for the defence of which I heard the cannon roar when an infant in my cradle, and deeming it an infallible truth that there is no happiness for kings without the peace and welfare of their people, I most fervently wish to see you consolidate the liberties of that heroic nation, so that my reign may leave to it a recollection the more flattering as the sum of happiness it will have secured to it may be greater. I have placed my fullest confidence in the Constituent Cortes, and the affection of which they have given me so many loyal proofs is to me a sure guarantee that they will found liberty and order on imperishable bases. May Heaven grant the realization of that prosperity, the constant object of my prayers, and may I hear you repeat, for many years, this manifestation of attachment, the value which is enhanced by the persons chosen to offer it to me."

France.—No event of importance has taken place in the country during the last month. It was rumored that a matrimonial alliance between Prince Napoleon and a Princess of the royal family of England, is one of the grand events that may take place at a future day.—The Emperor has signed the decree for the suppression of the Centes Guards.—The religious sentiment that pervades the French army of the East, from the highest officers to the humblest in the ranks, has elicted the admiration even of those who differ from them in faith. Marshal Pelissier writing to a Nun of the Hospital of Pay, who had given him a medal of the Immaculate Conception, says:

"I begin by telling you that I enter most willingly into the spirit of the prayers you have offered up for me, and which, as you must have remarked, have been heard. It was on the day following the feast of the Assumption that I beat the Russians at Traktir, and it was on that of the Nativity of our Lady that the Malakoff was taken. Thus is it that we are indebted, more than the vulgar may suppose, to the fervent prayers addressed to the Virgin, and to our confidence in her, for such powerful aid in those two glorious days."

The German correspondent of the *Guardian*, a Protestant journal, thus bears honorable testimony to the piety of the soldiers, and to the heroic conduct of the French chaplains:

"Most happy am I to observe the religious element extending itself in the French army. Fifty years ago I doubt much if in that army there was any profession of Christianity, or even any recognition of God Almighty. The most gratifying change has now taken place. The French may be said not merely to have sent religious instructors to the soldiers in the Crimea, but to have transplanted hither part of their church. Here one cannot fail to see the most essential symbols of Roman Catholic worship—churches, altars, crosses, &c., all of a rude form, no doubt, but certainly calculated to produce in the minds of the soldiers the same devotional feelings as have been inspired by the magnificent and hallowed temples and sacred objects of their native country. The performance of the rites of their religion by their priests is not confined, as it is with us, to the ordinary places of worship, and to times when the army is not employed on duty or engaged in battle, but is especially attended to amid scenes of hardest conflict, where men can lend no assistance in fighting the enemy, or in attending to the bodily sufferings of the wounded. This may be considered by many as out of place. Wherever the army goes to attack the enemy a certain number of priests accompany them. They take up their position at the field hospitals nearest the scenes of conflict. There they stand in the open air from the commencement to the close of the battle, ready to hear confession and to administer the Last Sacrament to all the dying who are brought in. On the day of the capture of Sebastopol two of the priests of the French army, in their ecclesiastical robes stationed themselves at the nearest field hospital in the ravine leading to the Malakoff. Their position was anything but a very safe one. I passed and repassed several times, and never did so without seeing a roundshot, or some destructive missile, falling in the neighborhood. The spectacle of these men fulfilling their office, under such circumstances, could not fail to produce a reverence for religion in the minds of others besides those that receive from them its consolations."

England.—Late advices from England announce the startling intelligence of a disagreement between England and the United States. The English journals teemed with the cry of war, and much unnecessary and, we apprehend, useless excitement prevails on the subject. As to the cause, all that we can learn we gather from the Hants Telegraph, which says :

"It is rumored that this movement is in consequence of the American Government having replied to some communication made to them by the British Government on the subject of Cuba in a tone insulting to this country in the highest possible degree. The American Government bids the English Government to beware what they are about ; tells them that England has her hands full already: and that, in defiance of England's interference with them, they will do what they place as to Cuba. The Neptune and the St. George, three-deckers, now that the Neapolitan business is settled, are also expected to go to the North American station, so that a force will be assembled that will be more than sufficient to defend the honor of England and the interests of her colonies."

The same journal adds : "The Powerful, 84, Captain Massey, is ordered to Jamaica; and the Cornwallis, 60, Captain Wellesley; Pembroke, 60, Captain Seymour, (screws); and Rosamond, 6, paddle, Commander Crofton, to go to Bermuda."

A great "Bread Demonstration" had taken place in Hyde Park, which passed off, however, without much excitement. The "Food Question" is nevertheless attracting much attention in the country.—Parliament had been prorogued until the 27th of December.—His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman raised two Clergymen of the Church of England to the priesthood of the Catholic Church. One of these was the Rev. Wm. J. Roberts, M. A., of Merton College, Oxford, and the other the Rev. John H. Dale, A. M., of Christ's Church, Oxford, and lately missionary of the Estalished Church in the diocese of New England.—It is gratifying to learn that the fund being raised for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the suit brought against the illustrious Cardinal by Boyle, has nearly reached $7,000, and within $3,000 of the sum incurred by His Eminence in his defence.—Recently a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in all the Catholic churches and chapels in the diocese of Westminster by the order of the Cardinal Archbishop for the fall of Sebastopol, and the prayers of the faithful were asked for the souls of those who had fallen, and for the success and preservation of those who were still left to battle against the foe.—The following interesting statistics of church building in a portion of England, we take from an *Exchange :*

"From 1801 to 1851 the number of Catholic chapels and churches built in Yorkshire was 37, in Lancashire 73, in Middlesex 19, in Surrey 11, in Staffordshire 23. In *five* counties only there is thus a total of 163 churches *added* to those already in existence—others are in the course of erection, and it is needless to add that the congregations have enormously increased, no small proportion having been won back from the new to the old faith."

Ireland.—The Tenant Right agitation seems to be on the increase. Pursuant to a notice, a great meeting of the Tenant League was held at Dublin on the 16th ultimo, at which several members of Parliament, clergymen, and other patriotic gentlemen attended. An address to the Irish people was adopted, a number of speeches were delivered on the occasion, and the meeting separated with a determination of getting up a series of "public demonstrations," and reviving the old course of "agitation." The Address terminates with these words:

" At this instant the people of Ireland are the arbiters of their own fate. They can make or mar their own political and social fortunes in this struggle. England could not now follow out a course of unconstitutional coercion towards Ireland. There has been but one other period in Irish history at which the same observation could be made, and the result eighteen years of Irish glory and of national independence. It is for you to carve out a career of success in the undertaking in which we have embarked. We can only adjure you to seize the opportunity, and advise you how to use it, of securing those benefits and blessings for which you have struggled so long, and which, when gained, will constitute one of the most valuable inheritances that can descend to your children."

We learn from the Irish journals that there has been a great decrease of late in the number of emigrants to the United States, while many are returning to their native soil. This is a natural consequence arising from the hostile agitation against foreigners, at present so rampant in this country, once the boasted home and asylum of the exile. The harvest has been closed in many places; the crops have been generally good, especially the potatoe, which has been better than any turned out since the first appearance of the disease. The fall fairs have been plentifully supplied and well attended.

Death of Mr. Lucas.—The *Dublin Tablet* of the 27th ultimo, comes to us in mourning for the death of its distinguished Editor, *Frederick Lucas*, Esq. The particulars attending this sad event, we have not been able to learn. It was known that for some months past his health was precarious, but few anticipated the fatal result at so early a day. In the absence of a more lengthened notice, we avail ourselves of the following interesting sketch of the distinguished dead, from the pen of the London correspondent of the *Boston Pilot:*

"Mr. Frederick Lucas, M.P. for Meath, Editor of the *Tablet* from its commencement, the staunch supporter of the Irish Tenant League and the Irish cause in Parliament and out of it, is no more. He died on Tuesday last, October 23d, at the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ashby of Staines, near Windsor, after a severe and somewhat protracted illness. Mr. Lucas was a convert to our holy faith. His father, Mr. S. Lucas, was and is a member of the Society of Friends, and he brought up his son in that persuasion. In the year 1838, Mr. F. Lucas was called at the bar of the Middle Temple, London, during the Easter Term, but did not practice much. In the following year he renounced his father's religion and embraced the Catholic faith, and shortly afterwards published a pamphlet, written with considerable force and ability, bearing the title of "Reasons for becoming a Roman Catholic." This little work was specially addressed to the Society of Friends. As a Roman Catholic barrister he took great interest as well as an active part in the proceedings of the Catholic Institute, and became a frequent contributor to the *Dublin Review*. In 1840 he started in London the *Tablet*, the first Catholic paper of any pretensions published in the metropolis. It required no little perseverance, in addition to great ability, to carry on this journal against not only Protestant opposition, but the lukewarm favor and the apathy of those whose duty it was strenuously to support it. In 1849, or the commencement of 1850, he removed the *Tablet* to Dublin, and in July, 1852, was elected member of Parliament for Meath, in the place of Henry Grattan, who had represented it from 1832. Mr. Lucas was one of the Secretaries of the Irish Tenant League until it closed its existence, was constantly engaged in the advocacy of Irish interests until the last fatal illness which has removed him from among us. It has been uncharitably asserted that the immediate cause of his death may be traced to the following circumstances. Strenuously advocating the right of the Irish priesthood to interfere in politics, and having been opposed in the assertion of this principle by some of the Irish Catholic bishops as well as the Metropolitan, he not only thought it right to appeal to Rome, but to support that appeal in person. His journey will be recollected, as well as that it oozed out, the appeal had been decided against him. It is averred that the result occasioned an entire prostration of his physical system, ending in his death. This is not the absolute truth; for that appeal has not been decided, and many of the Irish bishops were of his opinion. He has unhappily been visited by a complication of disorders, while the immense wear and tear of mind and body, occasioned by his parliamentary and editorial duties, prevented his frame having a chance to struggle successfully with the desperate assaults of a complication of disorders. He died at the premature age of 43, lamented by his immediate circle of relatives and personal acquaintances, and by that wider circle of friends and admirers, who, if they could not all quite agree with the line of policy he adopted for the regeneration of Ireland, never for a moment doubted the sincerity or the purity of his motives. Mass was offered at all the Metropolitan Catholic chapels on Wednesday morning, for the repose of his soul.—R.I.P. In private life his character was worthy and estimable. He has left a widow and one child, a son, to lament his loss, which cannot fail to be severely felt."

RUSSIA AND THE WAR.—From the Foreign papers we learn that Russia still keeps up the appearance of great military display, and that active war preparations are still going on. It is said that peace negotiations are again talked of, but nothing definite on the subject has taken place. The rapid progress of the allies seems to have caused great consternation throughout the empire. Kinburn and other important places have been taken by the allies. In the Crimea nothing of any moment had taken place. It was thought, however, that the Russians could not long hold the part of the city which they occupy, and indeed it is thought impossible for Prince Gortschakoff to escape from the peninsula. The forces of the allies in the Crimea are estimated as follows, viz: The English about 50,000 men, the French are put down at 80,000, the Turks at 35,000, the Sardinians at 15,000, besides the Turkish Contugent at Kertch of 20,000 men.

It is said that Marshal Pelissier has, with great difficulty, brought up 120 cannon to the heights of Tchouliou, and has thus gained a pivot for his operations in the valley, which it will be impossible to wrest from him.

General Korff has been deprived of his command, for his neglect in allowing himself to be surprized by General d'Allonville's cavalry. He is succeeded by Prince Radziwitch. These changes have been notified by a Russian order of the day, dated the 4th of October. The *Cologne Gazette* says General Korff is to be tried by court-martial.

It is stated that Gen. Simpson, the commander-in-chief of the British forces, is to be recalled.

JERUSALEM.—The triumph of the allied armies in the Crimea produced an immense impression thoughout the Holy Land. At the first news of this event, even before it was officially announced, the mountains of Judea echoed the booming of the cannon from the tower of David, announcing that the allies had planted their triumphant flags on the smoking ruins of proud Sebastopol. The Mussulmans and Latins indulged in a joy which was easily understood ; but the Greeks affect to disbelieve the report, and ill concealed the chagrin and apprehension which it occasioned. To cause a diversion, they circulated the most absurd rumors, which were arrested by the full confirmation of the intelligence, which was conveyed to Kiamil Pacha, governor of Palestine, who was occupied in the district of Hebron, which he had pacified by his energy and wisdom, and who, hastening the regulation of the affairs in which he was engaged, returned to Jerusalem on the 29th of Sept. On the day following the hoisting of the French flag on the Consulate, which was formally done by permission of the Pacha, was saluted by 21 guns from the tower of David. Afterwards his Excellency, accompanied by his entire staff, proceeded to the Consulate, in full uniform, to pay an official visit to M. de Barrere. This fully repaired the insult offered, at the instance of Russia, to the French flag in 1843 and the entire proceedings have inspired the Catholics of the East with fresh hopes, and proportionately depressed their enemies. On the same day, the Latin Clergy chanted in the midst of a large and grateful congregation, a *Te Deum*, in thanksgiving for this victory, in the chancel of St. Sepulchre, before the tomb of our Saviour. The French Council with all the *personnel* of the Consulate, his excellency Kiamil Pacha and the Colonel of the garrison of Jerusalem, assisted in uniform at this religious ceremony. The governor of Palestine requested the Greeks and Armenians, as subjects of the Sultan, to follow the example of the Latins, and offer up prayers and thanksgiving for the same intention. This they did after the conclusion of the Latin service, in the church of St. Sepulchre, Kiamil Pacha occupying a place in one of the galleries. Travelers enjoy the utmost security at present in passing through Palestine.

Australia.—It is a source of much consolation to the Catholic to learn the expansion of his holy faith in this far-distant region. Australia, a name almost unknown to the great mass of our population, has her Archbishop, her bishops, a numerous and zealous clergy and flourishing Catholic population. The following instance will give an idea of the zeal of pastors, the piety of the faithful, and the increase of Catholicity in this remote country.—At the church in the single town of Tasmania, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Goold a short time ago administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about *two hundred children.* Religious institutions have also taken root in the land. The Sisters of Mercy are there to be found like angelic spirits hovering around the couch of sorrow and affliction, and administering to the wants of the destitute orphan. The Sisters of St. Joseph, lately introduced there from France by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Serra, have several schools under their charge. Recent advices from the country give the most cheering accounts of the magnificent *fetes* attending the announcement of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

II.—Domestic Intelligence.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

The Most Rev. Archbishop visited St. Charles' Church, Pikeville, on Sunday, 4th inst., and administered Confirmation to 21 persons. The venerable prelate preached on the occasion. The zealous pastor, the Rev. Dr. White, celebrated High Mass, assisted by the Rev. Patrick Guilfoyle, of Covington, Ky., and Mr. Kelly, of Loyola College, as deacon and sub-deacon.

A New Church.—The corner-stone of a new church was laid at Clarkesville, on the 18th instant. The Very Rev. H. B. Coskery officiated, and preached on the occasion. The Rev. Mr. Verot, the worthy pastor of the congregation, also made some remarks, chiefly explanatory of the ceremonies that had taken place.

St. John's Church.—While we rejoice to record the evidences of the spread of Catholicity in the foundation of new churches in our midst, it also affords us much gratification to behold those already founded drawing to a rapid completion. But a few months ago we witnessed the laying of the corner-stone of the new church of St. John in our city. Weeks passed away, and still nothing but the foundation wall was presented to the eye. A few days ago we visited the site, when to our astonishment, a beautiful and stately temple, almost ready for divine service, presented itself to our view. It has grown up as it were by magic, and almost before a tithe of the Catholics of our city were aware of its foundation. To the zeal, the energy and persevering efforts of their excellent and beloved pastor, the Rev. Father McManus, the Catholics of St. John's parish are indebted, under God, for the erection of the noble edifice, which is destined to impart blessings upon themselves and their children. The congregation, though poor, has generously responded to the calls that have been made upon it. A unity of purpose, a determination to aid in the noble enterprize, seemed to animate all as if the work was their own. Heaven has blesed the labor. A magnificent church, one of the largest and handsomest in our city when fully completed, now stands to attest the zeal of the pastor and the piety and charity of the flock. A *Fair*, in aid of the church, is, we understand, about to be held during the Christmas holidays. To the Catholics of our city we say in all the earnestness of our hearts, go and pratonize it. Make an offering worthy of the object, and worthy of the holy season during which it is holden. God will reward your charity even a hundred fold.

2. *Diocese of Philadelphia.*

Of the numerous benevolent and truly charitable institutions which abound in this diocese, that of Saint Joseph's Hospital ranks among the first. On account of the numerous claims on the charity of this institution, debts were incurred, which for a time impeded its prosperity. To relieve its wants, an appeal was made to the Catholic public, and was generously responded to. It was proposed that one hundred men would bind themselves each to pay to the Hospital the sum of thirty dollars, for the space of five years. As the form of the obligation may be found useful for similar purposes, we transcribe it for the benefit of our readers :

"We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do hereby bind and oblige ourselves severally to pay to the Saint Joseph's Hospital annually, for the next ensuing five years, commencing on the first day of May, Anno Domini, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, the sum of thirty dollars. This obligation to be binding on the subscribers only in case the required number of one hundred can be obtained.

"In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seal."

This is followed by the signatures of the zealous Bishop of Philadelphia, and nearly one hundred others, including a large number of the Rev. clergy.

3. *Diocese of Newark.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark, dedicated a new church on the 21st ultimo, in the northern limits of Jersey city, under the patronage of the Mother of God. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Mr. Moran, of Newark, and the Rev. Dr. Heyden, V. G., of Pennsylvania, preached on the occasion. The same Rt. Rev. Prelate on the same day administered the Sacrament of Confirmation at St. Peter's Church.

4. *Diocese of Richmond.*

A case possessed of much interest recently occurred at Richmond, Va., in which an effort was made to produce as evidence in court of justice the confession of a person made to a priest in the Sacrament of Penance. A man had killed his wife, believing that he had found her unfaithful to her marriage vows. The counsel for the defence called as a witness to prove the guilt of the woman, the Very Rev. John Teeling, V. G., who was said to have heard her confession. The Hon. Judge ruled that the evidence in this case could not be admitted, as it had not previously been proved that the woman had made any declaration under the belief that she was in *articulo mortis*, but a discussion had occurred between the counsel on either side, based on the energetic protest of the Very Rev. Mr. Teeling that, while rendering every respect to the Court, and every obedience due to the laws, he could not, and would not, whatever the penalty, utter a word that had ever been said to him under the seal of confession, whether in proof or in disproof of the guilt of a penitent.

Judge Meredith, who presided at the trial, as this point had thus been brought forward, said that it was proper for him to give his opinion on the subject.

"He referred to two cases tried in England, in which declarations made by Catholics to Protestant ministers were held to be inadmissible, though the clergymen, not regarding the confession as sacramental, were willing to disclose all that was communicated to them. The confessions were regarded as much in a penitential spirit, in the hope of forgiveness for the sins disclosed, and hence sacred, though in the estimation of the clergymen, by no means sacramental. He said he regarded any infringement upon the tenets of any religious denomination as a violation of the fundamental law, which guarantees perfect freedom to all classes in the exercise of their religious duties. To encroach upon the confessional, which was well understood to be regarded as a fundamental tenet in the Catholic Church, would be to ignore the Bill of Rights, so far as it is applicable to that church. In view of these circumstances, as well as a series of other considerations connected with this subject, he felt no hesitation in ruling that a Priest enjoys a privilege of exemption from revealing what is communicated to him in the confessional."

This decision of the Judge does honor to his justice and to his learning. It is undoubted that, on common law principles, without any special statute, a priest is protected in reference to what he hears in the confessional. It was decided in New York as long ago as 1813, in the celebrated case of Father Kohlman, before any statute had been passed by our legislature on the subject.

In connection with the foregoing, we here insert the opinion of a Judge in Connecticut directly the reverse of that of the learned Judge of Richmond. An action was brought against a Catholic clergyman for attending at the death-bed and administering the rites of our holy religion to one, who had requested his services, against the wishes of the plantiff, who was a Protestant, and who obtained a judgment of $150 for damages against the priest. The particulars of the case are thus stated in the *New Haven Journal :*

" In the course of the case, the priest being on the witness stand, was inquired of as to the confession of the dying woman. The question was objected to on the ground that it had no revelancy to the case, and on the further ground that it was a privileged communication and could not be disclosed. Judge Waldo, after argument, in which a recent Virginia case was cited to sustain the objection to the question, took the case into consideration, and decided that confessions to a priest were not by the law of Connecticut privileged, and that the priest might be compelled to disclose them on the witness' stand. He also decided that the confession sought for in this particular case had no revelancy, and was therefore unimportant ; but, he said, if he conceived it would have the least bearing on the case, he should compel the priest to disclose it."

5. *Diocese of Portland.*

It is with pain that we are compelled to record another evidence of the anti-Catholic spirit, which of late years has shown itself so rampant in the country. Maine has shown herself conspicuous among her sister States for her violence towards our clergy, and her open hostility to the Church. A few weeks ago the Catholics had prepared to lay the corner-stone of a church in Bath, but they were prevented by a lawless mob. The particulars are thus stated by the *Bath Tribune*:

" On Sunday, as the Catholics attempted to hold religious services appropriate to laying the corner-stone of a new church, a large concourse assembled to witness the exercises, which were prevented by rowdyism of the lowest sort, and violence.

During the forenoon a wooden cross which had been erected was forcibly pulled down.

Early in the afternoon an American flag was raised amid the cheering of a considerable number of persons, who showed themselves hostile to the exercises and the occasion.

Mr. Russell, acting Mayor, pulled the flag down amid shouts of "hustle him out!" and hisses. But on his leaving it was again put up.

A rush was made for the corner-stone, which had been previously laid, and several attempts made to remove it from its setting, which was prevented, as we learn, by the exertions of Marshal Walker and Mr. Constable Leach, who kept the crowd at bay.

There was much bad talk, shouting, fighting, &c.

The Catholics, finding they would be opposed in their exercises, quietly withdrew and left the lawless mob in possession of the field.

No attempt that we hear of was made to arrest any of the disturbers of the peace up to 4 o'clock.

At about 5 o'clock the crowd, having accomplished their objects, and prevented the religious exercises, gradually dispersed.

Seeing the temper of the people, the bishop sent word to his parish that the exercises would not be held.

Some injury was done to private property, and nuisances committed of which it is not decent to speak.

We blush to think that in this city of churches and law and order, the Sabbath should be broken by such scenes of lawlessness and violence."

6. *Diocese of Louisville.*

The Right Rev. Dr. Spalding, Bishop of Louisville, lately visited a portion of his vast diocese, during which he administered confirmation at various places. At St. Teresa's Church, Flint Island, he confirmed 44 persons; and at the Church of the Holy Angel's Guardian, near Mount Mexico, 7; at St. Martin's Church, Mead county, 50. On the 6th instant the Bishop visited Bethlehem Academy, where six persons were confirmed; on the 9th he confirmed 29 at the chapel of the Trappists, at Gethsemani, and on the evening of the same day the Right Rev. Prelate visited the flourishing Seminary of St. Thomas, at present containing fifty-one youthful candidates for the holy ministry. On the Sunday following 110 persons were confirmed at St. Rose's Church, and 38 at the Academy of St. Catharine. The learned prelate returned after travelling about five hundred miles, having administered the holy sacrament of confirmation in eighteen places to 515 persons.

7. *Diocese of Detroit.*

Ordination.—Ordination was given at the Cathedral in the city of Detroit on Sunday, the 28th ultimo, by the Right Rev. Bishop Lefevre. The sacred edifice was thronged to the utmost capacity to witness the solemn and interesting ceremony of the ordination of the Rev. Maria Paul Werhle, M.D., who had received on the previous Wednesday the order of sub-deacon, on Saturday, deaconship, and on Sunday was elevated to the dignity of the priesthood.

The Rev. P. Hannaert preached on the solemn occasion, and delivered a most beautiful and impressive dissertation on the obligations, the responsibilities, and the duty and the dignity of the priesthood.

8. *Archdiocese of San Francisco.*

It is gratifying to witness the rapid increase of Catholicity in this distant section of our Union. San Francisco, though a city of yesterday, is already adorned with a cathedral and several handsome churches. Another has been lately added to the number. The Church of St. Ignatius, on Stockton street, was solemnly opened for divine service on the 15th of July. The Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany officiated, and delivered an impressive discourse, during which he took occasion to speak in the highest eulogistic terms of the zeal and unceasing energy of the Jesuit Fathers in propagating the truths of Catholicity throughout the world, but more especially in California.

9. *Obituary.*

It is with feelings of deep regret that we are called on to record the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Van de Velde, Bishop of Natchez, who died on the 13th inst., of the yellow fever. The lamented prelate was a member of the Society of Jesus, and had formerly been Vice Provincial of the order. In 1839 he was consecrated for the see of Chicago, and in 1853 transferred at his own request to Natchez. Here he labored zealously until he fell a victim to the prevailing epidemic of the South. May the prayers of the faithful be offered for the repose of his soul.

The diocese of Louisville has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the Rev. Charles J. Boeswald, pastor of the German Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception in that city. He died on the 2d instant, after several weeks of severe illness, of typhoid fever. *May he rest in peace.*

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

Elections.—State elections have taken place in several parts of the country during the last few weeks. In New York, five or six parties contended for the prize, and in the contest that followed the American party seems to have had the advantage. In Massachusetts the same party had an easy victory. In New Jersey the Democrats were successful. In Maryland the Know Nothings elected four out of the six members of Congress, and the State ticket generally, and in Louisiana, Wisconsin and Texas they were defeated.

Railroad Accident.—The vicinity of St. Louis lately became the scene of another dreadful casuality. An excursion train of eleven cars, which left the city to celebrate the opening of the Pacific Railroad at Jefferson city, met with a terrible calamity. Whilst crossing the Gasconade River, about 100 miles from St. Louis, the bridge gave way, precipitating ten cars a distance of nearly thirty feet into the river. There were upwards of 600 persons on the train. About twenty are reported killed, and from twenty to fifty badly wounded. Thomas S. O. Sullivan, the chief engineer of the road, is among the killed.

The fearful scene is thus described in the *St. Louis Intelligencer* of the 3d inst., by one who was on the train at the time of the accident:

"At half-past eight the train started, freighted with six hundred happy hearts, and followed by the good wishes of all whose hearts beat responsively to those of the parting ones. All was bright and pleasant, and although the twelve cars constituting the train were crowded to such an excess that many had to stand in the aisle between the seats, and others on the platform outside, yet there was a universal good feeling, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." The people at the stations and villages along the road cheered us onward, and shouted, and waved hats and handkerchiefs in response to the merry music our brass band entertained them with. As we came into Hermann, a cannon pealed forth the glad greetings of the hearty citizens.

"But how soon was the scene destined to be changed! How soon were so many of those bounding hearts to be pulseless! No one dreamed that death was so near, and yet it lurked for us only a few miles further on. At one o'clock we left Hermann, preceded by a locomotive and tender, which had been sent forward, to see that the way was clear, and no danger impending. Soon we came in sight of the bridge across the Gasconade river, about nine miles from Hermann, and about thirty-five miles from Jefferson City. The bridge is approached by an embankment thirty feet high, which terminates in a massive stone abutment. Forty yards from the abutment, and just at the edge of river, stands another staunch stone pillar, three more of which reach to the other side of the stream, and support the bridge. The river is about two hundred and fifty yards wide, and the bridge thirty feet high, at least. The Pioneer locomotive had crossed the structure safely, and was waiting on the other side to see the result of our attempt. There was no fear of danger, and no apprehension of peril. We slowly moved along the embankment, and came on to the bridge. The locomotive had passed the first span, and had its forewheels above the first pillar—beyond the abutment—there being then, resting on the first span, the locomotive, baggage car, and two heavily loaded passenger cars. The weight was too much for the long, slender timbers which supported the rails and the enormous load above. Suddenly we heard a horrid crash—it rings in our ears now—and saw a movement among those in the cars in which we were seated; then there came crash—crash—crash—as each car came to the abutment, and took the fatal plunge. The affair was but the work of an instant. We were running slowly at the time, and the successive crashes came on at intervals of nearly a second. We ourself were seated in the seventh car—there being three behind us—and when we heard the horrid sound that came up, as each car slowly and deliberately took the leap, we hoped that our car might stop before it reached the precipice. But no, it seemed that the spirit of ruin was beneath, determinedly dragging each car to the spot, wrenching it from its fastenings, and hurling it to atoms beneath. Six cars fell in a mass, each on the other, and were shivered into fragments. The seventh fell with its forward end to the ground; but the other end rested on the top of the abutment. Those in it were only bruised. The eighth and ninth cars tumbled down the embankment before they reached the abutment.

"Such a wreck we never saw, and hope never again to see. It was one undistinguishable mass of wooden beams, seats, iron wheels, and rods, from beneath which came up groans of agony. Those who could, crawled out of the ruins immediately, and either sought to relieve their own wounds, or the wounds of their friends. Some wept tears of joy to find their friends alive; and others shuddered to find their friends dead."

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THE DUTIES OF THE RICH TOWARDS THE POOR.

It cannot be supposed that at this period of Christian history any thing new can be advanced upon a subject so trite, and apparently so threadbare, but which in point of fact can never be exhausted so long as human society remains unchanged in the relative conditions of its constituents. "The poor ye have always with ye," says our common Redeemer; God has so ordered it, society has its classes, and to the greater part of mankind, poverty is a legacy from generation to generation, from which individuals may escape, but which is bound to predominate for ever among the masses. The rich and the poor have figured in history from its earliest annals, and he must indeed be a deluded enthusiast who thinks the future will be essentially different from the past. Modifications, ameliorations, partial changes there may be, yet the same general laws will prevail, as intrinsic to humanity, until time shall be no more. The duties, then, of the rich towards the poor, are like the missions of the Church militant, perpetual; they cease only with the consummation of ages. When then we bring the subject before our readers, it is not to amuse them with "something new," but to refresh them with what is better, the reflections and precepts of a Christian philosopher and priest, eminent alike for wisdom and piety. The article which we translate and subjoin will speak for itself:

THE DUTIES OF THE RICH TOWARDS THE POOR.—BY J. BALMES.

In the social as in the physical world, every thing is admirably arranged by the hand of Providence; with this difference however, that the physical world, composed of materials deprived of reason, and consequently without liberty, is obedient to invariable laws, is entirely subject to inflexible necessity; while in the social world, where man is endowed with free will, nothing is opposed to this faculty, which may choose between good and evil, life and death. The universe not being given up to chance, but controlled by this omnipotent hand, "which reaches without effort from one extreme to the other, and which disposes of all with power and ease," it is evident that society must be subject to certain laws established by the Creator, independent of the reason and the will of man. These laws may be violated beyond doubt, since in imposing them upon us God has not wished to deprive us of our liberty, and has left us the choice of our way; but he has reserved to himself the right of restoring the equilibrium destroyed by any infraction of the laws, which he does by punishing the infraction, whether the guilty be an individual, a class, or society at large.

Just as an individual begins already in this life to experience the fatal consequences of misconduct, by loss of health, honor or fortune, or yet more by the moral torture which inwardly corrodes him; just so society, in departing from the way traced for it by the infinite wisdom and inexhaustible bounty of the Creator, never fails to feel the chastisement of its crime; at first it experiences a vague sense of inquietude, then disorders, more or less fatal, more or less prolonged; if it persists in its deviations, or hastens not to return to the appointed way, the anger of heaven bursts over it, the wrath of divine justice is poured out upon the guilty generations like a torrent of boiling lava.

Among the laws imposed by the Creator upon society, there is one which can neither be misunderstood, overlooked, nor contested, that is, that which imposes upon the higher classes the necessity of aiding and assisting the humbler classes by all means in their power. This law is engraven upon nature, dictated by reason, formally taught by Christianity, purified, sanctioned, made divine, by this sublime religion, which teaches that *the law and the prophets* means, *to love God above all things, and our neighbor as ourselves.* A law expressed by a sublime word, that the world in its blindness and pride disdains to employ, the profound sense of which it in vain attempts to convey by the words humanity and philanthropy; for this mysterious word embraces things of heaven and earth, cannot be limited to the present life, extending as it does into the regions of eternity; a sweet and gentle sound when whispered near the cradle, full of consolation and hope when uttered by the dying bed, a word which traverses like a ray of light even beyond the dark shadows of the tomb, which unites the living and the dead, the terrestrial Jerusalem with the city of the living God, actual generations with the past and future, a divine word which tends to give to the whole human race one heart and one soul, in plunging it into an ocean of light and love in the bosom of the Eternal Father; *this word is Charity.*

Look over the pages of history, sum up the lesson of experience, you will ever find that the classes which have acquired riches, comforts, honors, influence and prerogative in society, have acquired all these advantages as a recompense for services rendered; you will see equally at the same time, that so soon as they have forgotten the cause and the end of their elevation, they have commenced to decline, and have ended in complete decay.

Here, as in many other conditions of the civilized world, the power and the ascendant of the popular element, when no longer restrained by benefits or by examples of superior virtue, have erected themselves against all social elevations, and have sometimes brought all down to the same level. Thus it happens that among certain nations we find but rare vestiges of their ancient aristocracy, something like the scattered pieces of an old suit of armor, objects of interest to the collector of curiosities, but useless enough to the modern soldier. Yet still there does exist a real aristocracy, which dates not, it is true, from any remote period, but which claims its superiority upon titles very different from those of the ancient aristocracies. It will be readily understood that we speak of that spring of commerce and industry, that is to say, of the aristocracy of gold. Its blazon indicates the greater or less amount of capital; its titles of nobility are bank notes; it points out to you not an antique hall, covered with arms and standards which are suspended there as testimonials of the valor and prowess of ancestors long departed, but an iron chest, laden with specie, as an unequivocal title of nobility and distinction.

But it results from the very nature of things and the actual organization of society, that the existence of this moneyed aristocracy has become, as it were, a public necessity; it is a fact which the upheavings of no class whatever can overthrow, much less the declamations of journalists and demagogues. Apply the most unjust principles, proceed in the name of the most absurd theories, try the most insane systems, and bring, consequently, the fortunes of all citizens to the same level, let them all have an equal share in the wealth previously accumulated in the hands of the rich, let the most absolute equality prevail; when, by the impossible, this criminal dream should be realised so as to give it a momentary existence, the very next day, or rather the next moment, this equality will have completely disappeared. Prodigality on the one hand, avarice on the other, ignorance and sagacity, negligence and industry, disorder and prudence, gaming and the basest passions, will soon have reëstablished the reign of distinctions and of inequality. All measures adopted to prevent this disorder, not being able to reach the human heart, whence it springs, would be perfectly futile—riches would immediately change hands, many of the former rich would sink beyond doubt in extreme poverty, others would rise to their former condition and perhaps surpass it, but in all cases, notwithstanding individual exceptions, things would come back to the starting point, and we would still have forever the rich and the poor.

All of this proves one thing, that we are not to seek a remedy for the evils of society in certain doctrines, which shake its very foundations, and which propose, by way of cure, nothing less than total destruction. By whatever theories different schools explain the right of property, whatever modifications laws and customs have introduced in the exercise of this right, there is one thing certain, that it exists, that it is immovable and sacred, that it has been recognised in all times and in all countries, that it is founded upon natural and sanctioned by divine law, invariably inscribed upon all positive legislation, and imperiously demanded by the dearest interests of the individual and of society. Thus when there is any question of changes, of reforms, or of any innovations whatever, it is necessary that we always keep in view this fundamental law, to defend it from the least injury; for when once this inviolable limit has been crossed which stands between it and all injustice, we find ourselves gliding down a precipice, and none can say where the fall will be arrested.

But the very importance of the right of property, the grandeur of the throne where sits the highest impersonation of justice, makes us comprehend and more readily perceive, how necessary it is that by the side of this severe divinity, there should be seated one more gentle, more amiable, more beneficent, that is Charity. God has not given existence to the human race, has not covered the earth we inhabit with so many treasures indispensable to life, or simply useful and agreeable, that a small number of his children should profit exclusively by these advantages, without being willing to share with those to whom Providence has been less bountiful. Those in possession have without doubt a right to preserve their property; but they have also a duty to fulfil, quite as rigorous, which is that of aiding their fellow-men.

Christianity had preceded philosophy by centuries in all that affects love towards our brethren, and in the proclamation of universal fraternity. She declares now, always has, and always will declare against any attempt made upon the sacred right of justice; but at the same time she inculcates upon the rich, in the most earnest manner, the obligation that rests upon them of sharing their abundance with the poor in the spirit of charity, she says to those who are afflicted with misfortune and want: Suffer without murmuring; to those who live in the midst of riches: Give in proportion to your means. If the man of wealth obeys not this command, religion will not embitter the poor man against him, nor encourage usurpation and vengeance; she turns again to him without compassion, recalls to him that a judge sits over him, an avenging God, whose ear is attentive to the wants of the poor, that the cry of the unfortunate, of the indigent, of the sick, deprived of all consolation and of all aid, rises even to the throne of the Most High, and that an omnipotent God receives with love, mixed with indignation, the groans of the afflicted, and that he reserves a punishment in the world to come for him who knows no pity, if indeed he does not send him even in this life some fearful retribution.

The struggle between the classes rich and poor, is not an affair confined to our age; it is of all times and of all countries; it only breaks out more conspicuously at the present day, because every one is at liberty to cry aloud against oppression and injustice, and to complain openly of his real or imaginary wrongs. It is also more conspicuous from the fact that in these times there is abroad a general sense of equality, so that there is a great aversion to any thing which appears to recall former social distinctions. Thence it is that the poor are not content to see among the rich, inherited titles, prerogatives from position, acquired privileges, nor any particular customs, which may prevent the amalgamation of nobles and plebians. The poor man can see between himself and his rich neighbor no other difference than that of wealth; he cannot perceive that the gradation of rank can have any other foundation than that of fortune; he lives in the persuasion that if on the morrow fate should endow him with riches, he would pass at once without other condition of any kind, from the most humble to the most elevated class. Such an opinion perpetually peeps up in the minds of the necessitous classes, an excessive desire for wealth, with something of envy towards him who has it; and as sentiments of respect and submission have been removed from the hearts of the people, they readily pass from envy to contempt, bitterness and hatred.

When the upper classes find themselves sustained in their position by the spirit of the age, by social organization, by the form of government, they may for a considerable time perhaps neglect their obligations towards the humbler classes, without being therefore menaced with immediate ruin. The numerous points of support they have may supply for a time the want of the intrinsic force which they have lost by culpable negligence; but when all these points fail, and the classes find themselves face to face, without any intermediate power to restrain them, without any barrier of separation, without any other possible bond than that of their respective interests, then they have to close upon these interests, to make mutual alliances, and to restore the spirit of fraternity by virtue of reciprocal benefits.

It is evident that the impulse should come especially from the wealthy classes, since it is in their power to make it practicable; while the poor, deprived of resources, and fully occupied in procuring their daily food, have but little time for projecting ameliorations, much less for carrying them into effect. It is eminently desirable that in the great cities among intelligent and honorable men, who may always be found in sufficient numbers, there should be some who would examine with care the true state of things, to see if there may not be found just and proper means of relieving public miseries, and of preventing thereby uprisings as fatal to the poor as to the rich.

It belongs especially to the powers of government (whether of states or communities) to watch over the public happiness, or at least over the tranquillity of her people. A wise government not only provides for the wants of those who need assistance by founding establishments for the public good; but it also encourages and protects private bounty and the works of beneficence which result from it. Force of arms is not what is wanted; the minds of men must be ruled by happier influences, by enlightening their understandings, by winning their hearts by kindness, by imposing upon them gratitude and love rather than fear and respect.

But if it is honorable in governments to give the greatest attention to an object so important, to provide by all means possible for great necessities, it is not less so for the higher classes, so profoundly interested in the results, to enter with equal ardor and generosity the way which would be opened before them, or rather to undertake of their own accord the work of the common safety. If the impetus comes only from the government, it is to be feared that it would suffer from the inconveniences attending that which is done by order and without liberty, and moreover, that a design most salutary in itself would be carried out in an incomplete and uncertain manner, and consequently transient and sterile. In Spain the absence of power and authority is so much the rule and so well understood by the people, that no sooner is a law, a decree, or an order published, than the means is found to elude or evade it. The words *reform*, *ameliorations*, and others of the same significance, have come to be considered but well worn formulas, forced protocols, which have to adorn official style, and are only used in public documents by way of decorum and propriety. We all know now so well what course affairs take which promise relief and amelioration, that no one can be dazzled or seduced any longer by the fairest promises, or the most pompous phrases. The decree of amelioration being promulgated, we know in advance, without having read it, that one of its articles informs us of the nomination of a commission invariably composed of *enlightened, judicious, practical men, entirely devoted to the public good;* while in another article it is urged upon these same men to devote themselves *with zeal* to the object of their commission; we also know that this body will assemble, will commence to collect information, and all sorts of papers more or less necessary to enlighten the object of their investigations, that this body will sometimes go on to memorialize the government, to give information in regard to its proceedings; but we know with equal certainty that some difficulty great or small will soon arise, sufficient to render illusory the best projects, to overturn the best concerted plans, to paralyze the most perfect intentions, to render useless, in fine, all previous labors, and all investigations made, although sometimes conscientiously and diligently.

It would be then most desirable that the rich among us, should accustom themselves to trust to their own resources, without looking elsewhere for assistance, to adopt and put in execution the measures that prudence and humanity make a duty, and that their situation urges upon them. It is a truth we have elsewhere expressed and which we now recall: the duty and the interests of the rich in regard to the poor, consists in making them better by promoting their welfare. You render them better by propagating among them principles of morality, but of a real, practical, permanent morality, such as belongs to religious conviction alone. You promote their welfare and happiness in exhibiting towards them a spirit of disinterestedness and kindness, in imposing sacrifices upon yourself in their favor such as charity requires, and your condition permits, in obeying as far as possible the warm and generous impulses which spring up in the heart at the sight of misfortune. Act so that the poor man in thinking of you may recall at the same time the kind offices you have rendered him during sickness, the efforts you have made to secure the education and the future prosperity of his children; manifest your interest in the sick laborer, in the friendless orphan, in the tottering old man no longer competent to earn his own subsistence, and be assured that your course will not fail to bring its reward. It is true there are people in the world who are ever ungrateful, but ingratitude is not a law of humanity.

THE FRENCH IN ROME.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Rome, August 12th.

I heard early mass this morning at St. Peter's, and passed several hours there praying, examining and admiring. It was my seventh visit and still my enthusiasm is on the increase. The first time I entered this holy place my imagination was so filled with the wonders that had been described to me that I own I experienced a feeling of disappointment. This, however, was of very short duration. All parts of this marvellous edifice are so well proportioned that the eye can not at once take in its vast extent. You must walk through it to be struck with its gigantic proportions; you must examine it in detail to discover all its beauties.

Take your map of Rome, dear friend, and follow me in spirit to the Vatican hill, designated infamous by Tacitus because it was there that the criminals were executed. But an innocent blood soon purified the unclean hill, and the tyrants that succeeded each other on the throne of the Cæsars made it a sublime altar, which became as it were a stepping stone to heaven for the innumerable victims of their cruel persecutions.

On the Vatican hill Caligula built a circus, afterwards called Nero's circus, because the latter emperor had it decorated magnificently. It was here that an infinite number of Christians of all ages and sexes, in the midst of torments, confessed the faith of Jesus Christ, whilst many of them covered with pitch and rosin, became the living torches that illuminated the sports, during five successive nights, for the barbarous spectators.

The mutilated remains of the martyrs, carefully collected by their Christian brethren, were buried in the grottoes that had been dug from early times in sides of the mountain to obtain clay proper for the manufacture of porcelain vases. Soon the body of the Prince of the Apostles came to repose in the midst of those whom he had converted and baptised, and who had gone before him to heaven. Saint Anacletus, one of the first successors of St. Peter, erected a modest chapel over these relics, and the faithful hastened from all parts of the world to kneel at the martyrs' tomb, and to obtain by their intercession the courage to die as they had, confessing the faith of their Divine Master.

When the conversion of Constantine had given peace to the Church, that great emperor resolved to replace the oratory of Saint Anacletus by a more sumptuous edifice. He came himself to the Vatican, and laying aside his diadem, in presence of Pope Saint Sylvester, of a great number of bishops and priests, and of an immense crowd of the faithful, he took a spade, dug the earth, carried on his shoulders twelve baskets of clay in honor of the twelve apostles, and marked out the ground which the Basilica was to occupy. This was precisely at the entrance to the sepulchral grotto of Saint Peter; and to build the Christian Church they employed the materials of Nero's circus, where so many confessors of the new faith had won the crown of martyrdom.

The basilica of Constantine, consecrated by St. Sylvester in 324, continued to be the object of the veneration of the faithful until the eleventh century, when Pope Nicholas V, seeing it almost gone to ruin, resolved to rebuild it anew and entire. Great labors were at once commenced under the direction of Bernard Rosselini and Leon-Battista Alberti, Florentine architects; fifty years later, Bramante persuaded Julius II to adopt the sublime idea of lifting the Pantheon into the clouds. After the death of Bramante, Julian de Santo Gallo, the dominican Fra Giacondo of Verona and the celebrated Rafaël, at once painter and architect, were summoned by Pope Leo X to direct the works. Michael-Angelo came then, and yielding to the instances of Paul III, he took on himself the charge of the colossal work, on no other condition than to labor gratuitously for the sake of God, the Blessed Virgin and the Prince of the Apostles. He remodeled the design, or rather drew a new one which was religiously followed after his death, and this master-piece of modern architecture was completed by Giacomo della Porta and the Chevalier Demenico Fontana, in the pontificate of Sixtus V, who himself laid the last consecrated stone of the great vault on the 14th of March, 1590.

Paul V executed the grand façade. Under Alexander VII, Bernini constructed the magnificent colonade surrounding the piazza. Finally, in the reign of Pius VI, Charles Marchioni was entrusted with the erection of the sacristies. It was thus after so many centuries of toil that this basilica was at last finished, to which every pontiff from Nicholas V, might be said to have contributed a monumental stone.

And now, my dear friend, open your album at the plate representing the piazza of St. Peter's,* constructed in an oval form, like an immense and magnificent ampitheatre, and surrounded with 284 Doric columns of travertine which form three galleries surrounded by 176 colossal statues representing the saints and the popes: of the two beautiful fountains, symbols of the grace which purifies the soul, you can see only one, but cast your eyes a moment on the transparent waters rising in the air to a prodigious height and falling in cristalline showers into immense granite basins: all the colors of the rainbow are reflected from the sparkling cascades; even Versailles has nothing so fine to present during the short moments when the efforts of art set its noble fountains in play.

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* See page 106 of present volume of *Metropolitan.*

Now salute that obelisk of red granite rising to a height of 140 feet in the middle of the piazza, for it is surmounted by a cross containing a bit of the sacred wood on which the salvation of the world was effected. This obelisk, hewn in Egypt by the orders of Caligula, was brought to Italy in the reign of the emperor Claudius: it first decorated Nero's circus, and was still standing, though half buried in ruins, when Sixtus V ordered Chevalier Fontana to transport it to the piazza of the Vatican Basilica. It was a difficult enterprise, and interested all the population.

On the 10th of September, the day fixed for the erection, the workmen repaired at an early hour to St. Peter's, having Fontana at their head. Before commencing their work they fell on their knees to implore the divine assistance.

The pope had caused the place to be surrounded with barriers guarded by files of soldiers, to keep the spectators off from the workmen, who required immense room to work the powerful engines.

All the inhabitants of Rome had assembled at the Vatican. The anxiety of the spectators was indescribable, and the universal silence which had been most strictly enjoined, was broken only by the creaking of the capstans and levers, by the tramping of the horses, and by the signals given from time to time by the director of the operations. Only once a cry escaped from among the crowd and all again was dead silence. It was a peasant, who seeing the cordage in one place too stiff to work, unable to restrain himself, shouted out, "water the ropes!" But when they saw the obelisk, at first suspended in the sky, lower gently towards its pedestal, sixty feet high, and at last rest there motionless, a cheer of delight and wonder burst forth loud enough to make the welkin ring, and the happy Fontana, hoisted on the shoulders of the spectators, was carried around in triumph amid the acclamations of the entire city.

On the base of this ancient obelisk, sanctified by religion, Sixtus V had the following words engraved:—

ECCE CRUX.
FUGITE,
PARTES ADVERSÆ,
VICIT LEO
DE TRIBU
JUDA.*

Now cast a rapid glance at the façade which is considered to correspond only imperfectly with the general grandeur of the edifice, and we arrive under the superb portico whence we can perceive on one side an equestrian statue of Constantine, and on the other one of Charlemagne. An elegy on the death of Pope Adrian, the composition of the latter emperor, is seen engraved on a marble still preserved under the peristyle: here is the translation:—

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* "Behold the cross. Fly, you who are its enemies. The lion of the tribe of Judah has conquered."

"I have written these verses, I Charles, as I wept over my father: yes, father, my fondest love, it is over thee I am now weeping.

"Do thou always remember me: my thoughts attend thee incessantly: reign with Christ in the kingdom of heaven.

"The clergy and the people loved thee with a great affection: good shepherd: thou wert for us all an only love.

"Illustrious friend, I join together our names and our titles; Adrian and Charles: I king, thou father."

Five gates lead from the peristyle into the basilica: one, called the "Porta Santa" is usually built up, and the Sovereign Pontiff opens it himself on years of jubilee. Let us enter the holy place by the principal gate,—formerly covered all over with silver, but replaced under Eugene IV by the bronze gate we see to-day: let us advance with feelings that admit of no description underneath this vast roof, between these rows of pillars seventy-eight feet high, to the grand altar which stands in the middle of the church under the great dome and over the tomb of St. Peter. Look round and see the costly marbles, the bas-reliefs, the gilt bronzes, the immense pictures painted in mosaics, for every other species of painting has been banished from this temple as an art whose productions are of too limited a duration.

But, my dear friend, I don't deny it, I cannot undertake to describe one, even to enumerate all that is to be seen, the chapels, the altars, the statues, the tombs, the sacred relics, the sacristies lined with Brazil wood. I cannot, however, omit the celebrated statue of St. Peter. It is of bronze, standing near the high altar, at the right of the grand nave: it was erected in the fifth century, and the feet are nearly worn away from the embraces of the faithful.

Let us now ascend the dome. You pass through a door opposite the tomb of the Stuarts, and ascend an inclined plane of pavement of such a gradual ascent that horses can pass up without difficulty. After visiting the vast halls where the models are preserved, you come out on the roof and are astonished to find yourself standing before a fountain, and in the midst of a little village called San Pietrini, lifted up one hundred and fifty feet from the ground! Besides you still stands the wonderous dome, towering like a huge hill. Traversing the galleries that open into the interior of the church, as you wind round and round in your long ascent, you recognise with terror the prodigious distance that separates you from the floor. The men walking about down there seem no larger than flies. The statues and even the monuments seem only points of space: but on the other hand the personages in mosaic that decorate the interior of the cupola assume such gigantic proportions that they lose all their beauty.

Arriving at last at the external gallery, you command at once the whole city, and the country from the Appenines to the Mediterranean. Perhaps from no other spot on earth can a view be obtained so fertile in associations.

But do not imagine yourself yet at the end of your ascent You have still to make your way into that hall surmounted by the cross, which you perceive looks like a mere point in your engraving Eight persons can however easily find room in it. The kind of ladder which you must climb to reach it, winds in such a narrow passage that this journey is not the most agreeable part of the expedition. The Russian Emperor Nicholas, who was tall and stout, attempted it, but stuck so fast that he could neither advance nor retreat, and all the trouble in the world was found necessary to extricate him from his painful position.

Of St. Peter's now, I have nothing more to tell you except about the vatican, crypts, and the remains of the old basilica still preserved there. But I must not prolong a letter already exceeding all bounds. I reserve then for another opportunity the pleasure of accompanying you on a visit to the subterranean church, which I have obtained permission to examine when I please, though women, generally, are never allowed to enter it, only on two certain days every year.

RESOURCES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY FOR THE WORK OF INSTRUCTION.

Acquaintance with the history of religion in an age of general knowledge is both indispensable to the cause of public instruction, and even necessary to the maintenance of faith.

The following is the concluding letter of the series on the work of Catholic Instruction, addressed through us to the Catholics of this country, by the Rev. Father Formby. It is surely unnecessary to urge on the attention of our readers the subject that has been the theme of these letters. The merits of the undertaking and the inestimable advantages that must result from the work to our children, have been clearly and forcibly set forth by the learned and zealous author. The plan for putting the work in operation in this country, as set forth in the last letter, appears to us practicable. It is not the large contributions of the few, but the small offerings of the many, that accomplish great undertakings. The penny-a-week contributions to the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, show what can be accomplished by a united effort. Nearly a million of dollars are annually contributed towards promoting the ends of this noble association, still no one feels the mite that he has offered.

But now the subject has been fully discussed; we have read it; we have pondered on it; we have seen the great and good work, in which we are invited to coöperate, partially established abroad, and the question now to be asked is, will we accept the invitation? will we join in the noble enterprise? Or shall we turn a deaf ear to the appeal that has been made to our generosity by the zealous Missionary of Birmingham? Or shall we treat his proposals for placing in the hands of our children a series of publications at once attractive and instructive, as the dream of a visionary? We feel prompted to answer for the Catholics of the country, they will not. None have been more generous than they in every work tending to promote the cause of their holy religion. The monuments of their zeal and piety are everywhere visible in the numerous churches, the benevolent, religious and literary institutions which overspread the land. Let the work be undertaken; let it receive the approbation of our beloved bishops and clergy, and thousands and tens of thousands will respond to the call.

To the Editors of the Metropolitan:

As I am naturally anxious to win the concurrence of the active and rising Church of the United States, so I cannot but feel that the propositions that stand at the head of my letter demand from me my most careful consideration.

All that has hitherto been said, has been matter of necessary business, rather than a setting forth of the true motives for acting. We have been examining the nature of the resources that our century offers to us, with a view to lay the basis on which to proceed safely and securely through the chain of human operations which are necessary to bring the instrument in question into operation for the benefit of the faith. This chain of human operations, it must be borne in mind, is always a difficulty, and is exposed to the danger of rupture and disagreement at every stage of its progress. St. Paul and St. Barnabas, we are told, had a disagreement, and in the heat of their disagreement they came to separate for life, each afterwards pursuing his own course. How many Catholic undertakings have there not been which have experienced the same fate. For warm and active temperaments which, under divine grace, are the fittest to originate an enterprise, as regards boldness and daring, generally prove the least fitted for conducting one, until they have learned to unite thought and reflection to their zeal, and have been convinced how impossible it is to proceed with safety, without securing the clearest understanding, as to the nature and practical details of the thing that it is proposed to have done. David's death-bed advice to his son Solomon, to whom he was handing over the care of a rising kingdom, with a long list of works to be undertaken, was "*ut intelligas universa quæ facis,*"—or in ordinary phrase, to "*know what he was about.*" The fruit of which short maxim was, the building of the temple and a reign of unexampled prosperity.

With regard, therefore, to the actual employment of pictorial printing of our century in the service of religion,—if it has been wise to begin with considering the matter of business, through which alone the reality of what has been considered can be obtained, and if it has been in the spirit of David's maxim, to enter into such statements and specifications as would both secure the permanent good will, which results from a satisfactory understanding, and fence in future progress against the danger of rupture, which is the condition of all human undertakings—still this is not as yet that complete and perfect understanding of our work, such as King David would have required from his son Solomon in similar circumstances.

If what has been said suffices to show how and by what stages a powerful instrument can be obtained, this is so far good, indeed, indispensable; for without being able to proceed to act, a fine display of words would only bring a recoil in the form of disgrace, and reveal a real impotence. Yet something further still remains; viz. to understand the full reasons why such a power ought to be employed in the Church, and in what manner its resources can be so used, that Solomon himself might be fairly challenged to pronounce it a wise and understanding application of its unquestionable capacities.

Hitherto we have been considering pictorial printing as a thing as well of inexhaustible fertility as of undeniable powers of popular attraction, and we have seen how the catholicity of the Church, or, in other words, *that* in the Church which unbinds the curse of Babel, and reunites the people of different nations in the bonds of one common faith in one and the same divine revelation, by a wise application and combination, renders it possible to secure better pictorial printing for religion than the world can get. There remains then to consider upon what this vast and fertile power can be *best* employed?

Its powers can scarcely be said to bear limitation. They afford a field of legitimate enterprise for all who like to enter upon it. However, as I have mooted the question, and what is a wise application of its powers, I may reply, without hesitation, that I consider the *"illustration of the history of religion," studying in all things fact and veracity, and employing the skill of the artist and the patient research of the historian, with a view to make the truth of history visible to the eyes of the multitude,* to be the wisest application of this rich and prolific power.

It is the wisest application, for many reasons:

I. Because the history of religion is the common property of all nations. The Eternal Word made flesh was the promised prophet sent to all the nations of the world. All nations consequently who have any faith claim him as their own, and entirely identify themselves with him, as well as with all that was done to prepare the world for his coming, and with all that he has left behind him in the world, for the purpose of converting and reclaiming the poor neglected tribes of people that inhabit the face of the globe. Jesus Christ, with the prophets who preceded him, and the saints who have followed him, is, if we except the air they breathe, the one only property which nations have in common. If, therefore, the concurrence of nations be such an essential point, as it has been explained to be, this concurrence will be quite practicable for the illustration of their common property, in which, without mutual rivalry or jealousy, they have all one deep common stake and interests, and impracticable for everything else beside.

II. The principle of an illustration of the history of religion, upon grounds of religion itself, ought to be that of *truth.* God is truth, and the history of religion is the history of what God, who is truth, said and did, when he took our nature and came into the world. It is the history also of his prophets who foretold him and prepared the way for him, and of his saints who have continued his work. If the history then be the truth, the representation of the history should be the truth also, and therefore necessarily more than a question of beauty, or of an artist's fancy. But if the principle of truth of representation be a duty required by religion, it is also very clearly the course of wisdom. Let a series of illustrations really evince a search after truth, and they will have their reward in this, that the truth of history, from its being something that is definite and known, is qualified to pass current in every country where it presents itself; at least, as truth, it has a right to claim a reception every where. Were mere fanciful beauty, or artists' imagination, or certain fashions or traditions that are a century or two old, to be made the principle of the work, the immediate penalty would be, that no result could be arrived at, which might not be disputed and objected to by every one whose taste happened not to be satisfied. The concurrence of nations on this plan must be pronounced impossible. The attempts that have been made hitherto from their never having contemplated the possibility of coming under the observation of anything beyond a limited circle in a particular nation, and feeling at ease about their reception, have never aimed at anything more than an easy sort of imaginary picture made up of familiar details, eked out with a quantity of semi-classical heroes for the principal characters. A mode of treatment which, for a limited circle in its own day, perhaps answered its purpose, but which it would be preposterous in the exteme, as has been already said, to put before the keen, sharp-witted knowledge of a century of universal travel and intercourse of nations by the inexhaustible powers of the present art of printing.

Truth then as a principle of illustration is the really wise course, as it is the one only principle in which nations, as well as individuals, can unite. Any other which man can invent, would simply fail.

III. *Truth*, again, is the only wise course on another and a practicable ground. If perfect beauty of design and exquisite execution were the one condition required for the illustration of the history of religion, even granting the impossibility that multitudes could be found sufficiently unanimous in their ideas of beauty—the difficulties of execution, in a series required to be thus faultless, would be almost as insuperable as the cost would become proportionately intolerable. The human instrumentality, it is to be borne in mind, has to be considered, and for anything that could pretend to be faultless in point of beauty, an artist would be needed whom the world sees scarcely once in a century, and while the cost would be excessive, his whole life would be hardly sufficiently long for the work required. With the principle of truth it is otherwise. Artists with qualifications fully competent to do justice to truth, are by no means either too rare to be found or too high priced to be employed. The success of their work not consisting in compliance with any supposed rules of art, but in the truthful and life-like delineation of a real action, with a faithful rendering of the known circumstances that accompanied it, they can work with a secure aim. They know that their object will be attained when the reader is brought by the sight of the picture to a more vivid apprehension of the nature of the action than the description of the text alone could convey, and therefore they know what they have to aim at. The picture narrating the story in its own way with truth, rests its claim to be received upon its truth, which comes in a wonderful manner to the aid of the historian, who otherwise has words only at his command; and for the particular moment of the story the picture has the advantage, as the poet bears testimony:

Segnius initant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

In this way mere beauty comes to be forgotten in the superior charm of a vigorous, truthful and characteristic rendering of the scene. And thus on the principle of truth the work of illustration descends to the level of what may be made practicably successful, and comes within reasonable limits, as the skill of the artist to be employed, the cost of his labor, and the time required for the completion of his work,—with this particular advantage, that is neither to be overlooked or undervalued, that in the case of the failure of any particular design of the series, as time goes on it admits of being withdrawn to make way for another that is more successful, without detriment to the unity of the series, inasmuch as truth is at all times consistent with itself, whereas the creations of the human imagination can seldom, if ever, be made to match each other.

In all, however, that has as yet been said, the art itself has been the prominent consideration. And yet the art itself is but an instrument: and therefore nothing more than a means to an end. It may be perfectly true that of all possible applications of the art, the illustration of the history of religion may be the wisest—and still we seem to stop short of a complete view of our subject, from failing to know if the history of religion itself is really a point of such extreme importance, as to call for the employment of so powerful an auxiliary to its popular diffusion.

An objector may say, I will grant you that if you are to employ pictorial printing, the history of religion affords you its wisest application. But first show me why you should teach the history of religion, and then I will at once grant you your principle of its application, in the way of a confessedly powerful auxiliary to the end you propose to attain.

Now is the history of religion of this absolute importance as an element in the education of the people? Here lies the gist of the whole matter, as a question of practice. If it proves to be so, we then find the real motive for seeking to employ the powerful auxiliary of pictorial printing—if not, the case will break down. Since then here lies the issue, from its extreme importance I may reserve it for the subject of a subsequent and concluding letter.

The importance of the knowledge of the history of religion to the education of the people and to the maintenance of faith.

It is a common impression with a large class of persons, in all of the civilized nations of Europe, that the Catholic religion is averse to the spread of knowledge, from being supposed to be well aware that the only chance which a fabric of superannuated superstition and crushing spiritual despotism, can have, is with a population studiously kept in a state of hopeless ignorance, and consequent incapacity of resistance. The public opinion of Europe that is adverse to the Catholic faith appears to hold, that despotism on the one side necessarily implies serfdom on the other, and that there can be no supremacy of a priesthood possible, without a people rendered helpless to resist, through their gross ignorance; in short, that the interests of the Catholic Church are as necessarily identified with the helplessness and ignorance of the people, as those of the Emperor of Russia, or of any other despot, whose first principle is to keep the control over the people's knowledge in his own hands, in order that they may never have the chance of becoming sufficiently knowing to dispute his authority.

Knowledge it is said is power, and as knowledge spreads among the people, the same public opinion goes on to augur the certain downfall of the Romish superstitions. Thus the London Times newspaper, so recently as six months ago, after drawing a melancholy picture of the ignorance and superstition of Ireland in adhering to her ancient faith, congratulates itself that in the national education of the country there was a speedy and effectual remedy at hand, which would be certain as time went on to remove the oppressive yoke of the superstitious bondage over which it lamented. In other words, the Catholic faith is darkness and spiritual slavery, and knowledge is light and spiritual emancipation.

The kind of knowledge, which according to the purport of this public opinion, is intended to bring light to the soul and freedom to the spirit, and to take the place of faith, to become in the end the overthrow of the influence of the Catholic Church, cannot but merit the attention of those whose duty in the world it is, to maintain the faith. The power of this kind of knowledge to overthrow the influence of faith, may no doubt prove to be greatly overrated by those who confidently anticipate what they would hail with undisguised satisfaction, were the event to be in accordance with their hopes. Still these people are the world, and the world though capable of falling into a mistake, is usually extremely shrewd and keen-witted in its opinions, and if it has confident anticipations, these can seldom turn out to be so completely a fool's paradise, as not to merit a more careful consideration of the grounds on which they come to be so confidently held, on the part of those who have embraced the cause of faith.

The ground of this general opinion will I think appear upon investigation to be in a very high degree reasonable, and that within certain limits, and properly understood it fully bears out the character for sagacity, that in the matters with which they are conversant is usually attributed to men of the world. The fool's paradise, it should be remembered, is quite as possible on the side favorable to religion, as on the side adverse to it, and it must always be wise for religion to respect her adversaries for their sagacity, and to be at least willing to suspect a danger when they are already crowing in the anticipation of victory.

The state of the case appears to be somewhat as follows: The multitude of mankind live by labor—which for the time engrosses their mind and its thoughts, as Ecclesiasticus says of the smith: "He worketh at his anvil and giveth his mind to perfecting his work,"—but there comes the hours of rest, and the seventh day of rest,—when a man thinks of other things besides his work. According to Ecclesiasticus, "This is the time for a man to pray and to search into the law of the Most High," (Ecc. xxxviii, 39), but according to the school of popular opinion referred to, a man should do nothing of the kind. Lord Brougham would advise that he should betake himself to a mechanic's institute, and seek to slake his thirst for knowledge by reading publications on scientific subjects, and by frequenting lectures.

Here the policy of the enemies of faith becomes pretty evident. They propose to pit human knowledge against divine knowledge, the study of the creation and the world of men, leaving God out, to the study of the Divine Maker of creation and the Divine Ruler and Redeemer of men. In lieu of "prayer and the searching in the law of God," a man is to gain light for his soul and freedom for his spirit by searching in the book of nature, and by becoming learned in the history of man.

If the practice of prayer with the duties and consolations and refreshment of divine worship and the employment for the mind that is found in what Ecclesiasticus calls "searching into the law of God," were to be openly assailed, there would be something too plainly impious in this policy to make itself popular. Open impiety is not a popular cause, and the enemy is wise enough to know this. Moreover, suddenly to suppress religion would leave a void that it might be inconvenient to have filled up all at once. What he wants to effect then, is to draw people away from their faith in God, from their prayers, hopes and duties, and the employment of their time upon the law of God, gently avoiding any inconvenient abruptness. This he purposes to effect in a clearly sagacious way of his own. He must have popular opinion on his side, and must seem to espouse the cause of education. He cannot precisely decry religion, but he can hope to put it upon one side; and to do this he will admit that it was admirably adapted for an unenlightened state of society, but that its necessity has now passed away with the superior progress of modern times, which will very soon begin to see the perfectibility of the human race accomplished. And then enlarging upon the advantages of the study of natural sciences, he begins to bring his substitute before the notice of the public, having recourse to the accustomed policy of those who have wares to dispose of, by descanting upon their advantages in the loudest terms.

If people are to desert religion, the void that is thus created in their time which remains free from labor, will in this way be filled up. It would not precisely look well openly to recommend the public house and the gin shop, though these would really answer the purpose quite as effectually. A decent substitute has therefore perforce to be found, and one which will carry a certain amount of public opinion in its favor—and this proves to be the cry for "general knowledge and the study of natural sciences," as the natural antidote for the supposed crouching superstitions and the servile terrors of religion,—on a principle already familiarly known in the world before the times of Christianity.

> Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasque necesse est
> Non radii soles neque lucida tela Diei
> Discutiant, sed *Naturæ species Ratioque.* *Lucret.* lib. I.

Churches are to be superseded, and an enlightened pursuit of philosophy and knowledge is to supply the void created by their withdrawal.

Now with regard to this tide of public opinion thus encouraged to set in, in the direction of the pursuit of knowledge, it is obvious to say, that there is nothing whatever in divine revelation that is in any way the opponent of fair and honorable knowledge. The Creator has made all things good in their own order,—and consequently the knowledge of them is equally good and honorable in its own order,—it is only upon the point of the perverted use that is sought to be made of this knowledge that the Catholic Church has a controversy with the men of the world who are the adversaries of her faith. When the Catholic Church begins to find that what is a laudable, and its own degree even, an elevating pursuit, is falsely raised to the rank of a religion in order to be proposed to the world, as a substitute for the faith and worship of God, nothing can be clearer than that it is the part of wisdom to meet the enemy's policy by a timely counter movement.

If the people are bent upon knowledge, knowledge is a fair, open and honorable pursuit, and no motive of zeal on behalf of the faith would appear to justify any attempt to check or put it down. It would certainly not be desirable to interfere without necessity, on account of the calumny that has got wind with the public, viz. that the Catholic Church has an interested motive of the most sinister kind in suppressing all knowledge. A popular taste is always rather to be encouraged and favored than checked, wherever it can be fairly considered free from direct tendencies to actual vice and evil. And though to say that the Catholic Church favors ignorance, is extremely natural language in the mouth of an enemy; this is what she herself most distinctly repudiates.

If then the adversary of faith pursues his course by exalting knowledge into the place of religion, the Church, as the guardian and keeper of faith, will meet and overthrow his policy, not by incurring the odium of thwarting a popular taste, but in the far wiser way of conciliating the popular taste and charming it over to her own side. This will be easily done by showing to those who are in pursuit of knowledge, faith, that without limiting the knowledge of the world, opens a new and even far richer field of research proper to herself, than any one which the world has to offer. And that so far from its being true, that the praiseworthy appetite for knowledge necessarily leads people away from faith, which is supposed enviously to forbid its gratification, faith is the only true and safe guardian of knowledge for the people, being the nurse of secular knowledge and the sole keeper of the higher knowledge of God.

It is only because secular knowledge may, without difficulty, be made into a sort of idol, and as such substituted for God, that the Church is justly jealous that it should be kept in its place. And modern society shows the very strongest symptoms of willingness to lapse into an outwardly decent unbelief, filling up the void in its time, which the withdrawal of divine faith creates, by the substitution of an idol of its own, in the form of a kind of material knowledge and science worship.

This would then seem to be the character of the age upon which religion is now entering, and with which it will more and more, each year, find out that it has to deal.

I hope that I may have made my meaning clear, in showing how we come to require to take knowledge so much in hand. We have the calumny of being interested from a sinister motive in keeping the people in ignorance, to confute and to put to shame, and a strong, popular taste to nurse, to gratify, and to feed with a knowledge that will speak of God, and lead to God, instead of being made an object of worship in the place of God.

This knowledge, I am of opinion, is, in an especial sense, to be sought for in the *history of religion.* In an age where unbelief appeals to popular intelligence, faith will obviously make her counter-appeal. If unbelief put forth its knowledge of the material world, religion will put forth her knowledge of the world of divine miracles and faith. If unbelief makes her material knowledge pictorial, religion will also make the knowledge of her own divine history pictorial also. In times of external peace, and in a cultivated state of society, faith and unbelief are upon terms of open competition with each other, and if unbelief pursues the ordinary policy of seeking to blacken and damage the character of her rival, there is only the more reason why religion should put forth her whole strength to make herself known, and to seek to prevail by the force of truth.

The history of religion is no new discovery as applied to the purposes of education. It is as old as Abraham the patriarch, Moses the prophet, our Lord himself, his evangelists, his missionary apostles, the doctors of the Church, down to the teachers of our own times,—the history of the miracles of God has been in all ages the basis of instruction in the mysteries of divine faith. The creed of baptism is a short compendium of history. The only difference between our own times and preceding times is, that the state of society in which our labors are cast, seems, in an especial sense, to speak for itself. How greatly it would be benefited, what an accession of strength faith would gain, and what a discomfiture of unbelief would ensue, if the history of religion could be given to the people in the beautiful unity of its divine drama, the patriarchs and prophets preceding the Divine Prophet of the nations, and the martyrs, doctors, confessors, and missionaries of the faith following in his train, the whole of this sacred story made a household possession to every family of the faith, by a truthful illustration embodying all the available resources of the art and skill of our century. *In other words, a pictorial history of religion and of divine revelation, an antidode to popular unbelief and the remedy for popular ignorance.*

Will the Church of the United States, in the name of holy charity, suffer itself to be persuaded to lend its effective coöperation to this missionary work of an age of the general diffusion of knowledge and popular education?

HENRY FORMBY.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

Cure of the dumb man possessed—He teaches humility and child-like simplicity—He teaches forgiveness of injuries by the parable of the unjust servant—Charity by that of the Pharisee—Moderation—Prayer—and warns all against hypocrisy.

Our Lord had been transfigured before his chosen apostles, thus revealing some of the glory of his sacred humanity, which lay hid during his earthly career, as it does now in the sacrament of his love. Meanwhile his other apostles amid a crowd of questioning Scribes and doubting people were at the foot of the mountain, endeavoring, though in vain, to expel a mute devil from a possessed child; and as Jesus appeared ascending the slope of Tabor, the father of the afflicted boy, attended by many others, ran towards him. They suddenly paused and gazed in fear on that still radiant face, but the father whom anxiety and love made insensible to all else, approached him, saying: "Lord! have pity on my son: for he is my only one and he is a lunatic and suffereth much—and I brought him to thy disciples and they could not cure him." They had doubted in the power of his apostles, and Jesus, seeing in spirit how often their power and that of their successors would be denied and set at naught, exclaimed: "O unbelieving and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to me." They brought him writhing and struggling to our Saviour's feet, and while the poor father raised his hands in entreaty, Jesus saith: "If thou canst believe all things are possible to him that believeth." "I do be-

CURE OF THE DUMB MAN POSSESSED.

lieve," exclaimed the father with streaming eyes, "Lord, help my unbelief." Then Jesus rebuked the devil, and expelling him cured the boy."

His apostles asked him why they had failed, and he replied: "Because of your unbelief," but added, "This kind is not cast out but by prayer and fasting," clearly showing that some powers in his church depend on forms and ceremonies.*

Leaving this spot, our Lord next turned with his apostles towards Capharnaum, leading the way himself with no attendant but Peter. As they entered they were asked for the tribute, and our Lord, though he declared himself exempt, directed Peter to catch a fish in which he would find the money of the tribute. Meanwhile the other apostles were disputing which should be the greatest, and our Lord immediately asked them on what they had conversed. They hung their heads in shame, knowing full well how little he would approve of their ambition. Oh! blessed question, happy they who constantly hear their Saviour thus addressing them, and so converse that they can answer without a blush.

JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.

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* Matt. xvii, 19-21. Mark ix, 18-29. Luke ix, 38-43.

"Seek ye to sit enthroned by me?
Alas! ye know not what you ask,
The first in shame and agony,
The lowest in the meanest task—
This can ye be? and can ye drink
The cup that I in tears must steep:
Nor from the whelming waters shrink,
That o'er me roll so dark and deep?"

Then Jesus sitting down called the twelve around him and said: "If any man desire to be first, he shall be the last of all and the servant of all;" and taking a child he set him in the midst of them, and clasping him to his divine heart, said: "Whosoever shall receive one such child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me. And whosoever shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea, for I say to you that their angels in heaven always see the face of my Father who is in heaven." Then he warned them most earnestly against the sin of scandal.*

Once more he reminded them that they were to found his Church. "Amen I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven:" and he declared that whoever would not hear the Church should be to them as the heathen and the publican.

"I FORGAVE THEE ALL THE DEBT."

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* Matt. xvii, 24–26. Luke ix, 32.

As he explained the duty of forgiveness, Peter asked: "Lord! how often shall I forgive an offending brother—seven times?" "Not seven times, but seventy times seven," replied our divine Lord; and then to impress his doctrine more deeply he gave them this parable of the unjust servant: "The kingdom of heaven is likened to a king, who would take an account of his servants. And when he had begun to take the account, one was brought to him that owed him ten thousand talents. And as he had not wherewith to pay it, his lord commanded that he should be sold, and his wife and children and all that he had, and payment to be made. But that servant falling down, besought him, saying: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And the lord of that servant being moved with pity, let him go and forgave him the debt. But when that servant was gone out, he found one of his fellow-servants that owed him a hundred pence: and laying hold of him he throttled him, saying: Pay what thou owest. And his fellow-servant falling down, besought him, saying: Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not: but went and cast him into prison, till he paid the debt. Now his fellow-servants seeing what was done, were very much grieved, and they came and told their lord all that was done. Then his lord called him; and said to him: Thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all the debt, because thou besoughtest me: shouldst not thou then have had compassion also on thy fellow-servant, even as I had compassion on thee? And his lord being angry delivered him to the torturers, until he should pay all the debt. So also shall my heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not every one his brother from your hearts."

CHRIST SENDING HIS DISCIPLES TO PREACH.

Having taught his followers humility and forgiveness in this striking way, our divine Lord set out again for Jerusalem to participate in the sacred rites of the solemnity of Pentecost. As usual, some of his disciples went on to obtain lodgings and refreshments: on this journey a Samaritan town refused them entrance. Burning with indignation, the apostles prayed our Lord to consume the guilty city, but Jesus in a few words gave them a lesson which his followers should ever bear in mind: "You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save." When our zeal is inflamed at those who refuse Jesus an entrance into their minds and hearts, let us remember this: when our indignation is enkindled against those who, blind, unconscious instruments of a fearful tyrant, rage against the Church, let us remember this.

Calling several to join him, our Lord sent seventy-two disciples into every place which he intended to visit, giving them full and beautiful instructions, and endowing them with extraordinary powers, to expel devils, to heal the sick, to tread upon venomous reptiles.

OUR LORD DINING WITH THE PHARISEE.

They returned to him exulting in their power: but he told them: "Rejoice not in this, that spirits are subject to you, but rejoice in this that your names are written in heaven." He joined however in their holy joy, and raising his eyes and hands to heaven, prayed: "I give thanks to thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thy sight." Then turning to his apostles he showed them how indeed they had cause for joy. "Many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see and have not seen them; and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them."

In answer to a scribe who deceitfully questioned him, our divine Lord related the well known parable of the good Samaritan. Passing then by Bethany, he tarried with Mary and Martha; declaring the excellence of the contemplative life, and asked by his disciples for a form of prayer, he again enjoined that which he had given in the sermon on the mount. After inculcating the necessity of prayer he passed from instruction to action, and delivered an afflicted one from the bonds of Satan. The envious Pharisees again accused him of being himself an instrument of Satan, but he rebuked them so conclusively that a woman cried out: "Blessed is the womb that bore thee and the breasts that nurtured thee;" after that a Pharisee invited him to dine. Entering his house, our Lord, disregarding the custom of the Pharisees, who always washed before meals, reclined at once at table. The Pharisee was revolving this in his mind, but our Lord at once discovered to him his thought, and showed him the folly of those who gave all their attention to outward acts and neglected the weightier duties of the law. He did not forbid their strict observance of all those traditional exercises of piety which were customary among them, but by keen reproaches taught them that without an interior spirit, this was all hypocrisy and would be rejected of God. Hardness to the poor was evidently one of their cying sins, and as a remedy, a means of obtaining that grace of humility which they needed, he simply told them: "Give alms, and all things are clean unto you." Not the ostentatious alms which he had so often rebuked. "When thou dost an alms-deed, sound not a trumpet before

OSTENTATIOUS ALMS.

thee as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may be honored by men. Amen I say to you, they have received their reward. But when thou doest an alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee."

The lesson is no less necessary for us: how often are we strict in matters of supererogation, while we neglect what is of positive obligation, what we cannot pass by without sin. Let us make to ourselves intercessors by our alms, but keeping before us the ostentatious relief given by the Pharisee, imitate our Lord who seemed to do even his good actions by stealth, and forbid those who were the recipients of his charity to make it known.

THE FLIGHT OF YEARS.

We select the following beautiful lines from a number of the U. S. Catholic Magazine:

The flight of years
Bears on its wings all earthly hopes and joys,
And fear, and sorrow that the heart annoys,
And all our tears!

Deep in the grave
Is buried many a noble, loving heart,
With whom we've seen domestic bliss depart,
Which nought could save!

Departed year!
Much hast thou added to the sum of woe,
We poor ephemeræ of earth must know
While lingering here!

But still remains
The lofty soul, aspiring yet to know
More than the earth can offer or bestow
On mortal pains.

Thrice blessed power!
The power to elevate the soaring mind,
To leave the earth and all its crimes behind,
In wisdom's hour!

The grovelling love
Of wealth—of fame—of any earthly goal—
Is all unworthy of the noble soul,
That looks above!

Hail to ye friends!
The blest associates of full many a year!
Your silent voice is still to me most dear,
And wisdom lends.

Dark slander's sting—
The noise of faction, or the din of war,
Like lightning, on the iceberg, cannot mar
The peace ye bring.

O gift profound!
The tree of knowledge, heav'n vouchsafes to man!
What can compare, since first young time began
His ceaseless round.

The soul expands,
Fed on its fruit, and leaves the world behind,
And, like a meteor on the viewless wind,
Seeks brighter lands!

OUR CONVENTS.—III.

THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.*

The diocese of Burlington possesses a house of this new order, which like our own Sisters of Charity, is of American origin, and like it reveres St. Vincent de Paul as its founder, but has taken the distinctive name of Providence, from its chief house at Montreal, in Canada East.

That city, which like a truly Catholic town, has no poor house, affords relief to every shade of human misery by its hospitals where nuns and sisters devote their lives to the fulfillment of the great law of charity. With the growth of the city, however, the Gray Sisters, on whom the care of the orphans, the aged and infirm, devolved, as well as the visits to the sick poor, became unequal to the task. To relieve them of some portion of the almost endless duties which they had assumed, God raised up a new community.

In 1828 Madame Emily Tavenier, widow of Mr. J. B. Gamelin, began, with some other ladies whom she had won to her charitable project, to take care of aged and infirm women, and to visit the sick, especially the sick poor at their dwellings. The regulations which they adopted were wise and prudent; and she soon had the consolation of seeing her community solidly established, and achieving silently the object of her pious desires.

The holy bishop of Montreal, the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Bourget, approving of her zeal and institute, erected the community canonically on the 29th of March, 1844. Besides the venerable foundress there were then six other sisters in the house. The community now, however, took a rapid development, and as the numbers increased the sisters resolved to take charge of orphans and the deaf and dumb and the insane, to afford an asylum to aged and infirm priests, and finally to instruct poor girls.

In the typhus which ravaged Montreal in 1847, they devoted themselves, like all the sisterhood of Montreal, to the care of the emigrants, and three sunk under the fatal fever, and after its progress was checked they received nearly four hundred orphans, left by it destitute and without friend or relative.

At the present time the order comprises ten establishments in Canada; several houses, we may now say, in Chili, and one in the United States.

In 1852 they accepted the invitation which the Rt. Rev. Magloire Blanchet made them, to go and found a house in his remote diocese in Oregon. Five sisters, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Huberdeault, started from Montreal, and reached Oregon city on the first of December. Here, however, an obstacle arose: the gold mines of California had drained Oregon of its best settlers: every thing was in a state of stagnation: there was no house ready for the sisters and no prospect of such a change in affairs as would enable them to open one. Two courses were proposed, one to proceed to California, as the sisters of Notre Dame had done: the other to return to Canada. They decided upon the latter, and returning to San Francisco, enjoyed the hospitality of the sisters there till a sailing vessel was ready to sail for New York. Embarking at last they left the territory of the United States, but Providence did not intend them to return to their own land. The vessel stopped at Valparaiso, in Chili, on the 17th of June, 1853, and the Archbishop implored them so earnestly to remain that they could not refuse, and on the 30th of October were installed with great pomp, civil and religious, in their new house. The Superior at Montreal approved the step, and in October 1855, a number of Canadian sisters sailed from New York to open new houses of their order in that distant republic.

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* As we follow no chronological order in these notices, we give them as circumstances enable us to complete them. Difficulty in obtaining information delays some already far advanced.

Our own, however, was not to lose entirely these worthy sisters. In 1854 the the Rt. Rev. Louis de Goesbriand, taking possession of his new diocese and finding it destitute of religious communities, to rescue the orphans of his flock from proselytism, and instruct the young, invited the Sisters of Providence to come to his assistance. Accordingly, on the first of May three sisters arrived and soon took possession of the building which the worthy bishop had purchased for them, and which has since borne the name of St. Joseph's Convent. Others have since joined them and they now number eight, conducting an asylum with forty orphans, and a school of one hundred and sixty pupils. They also visit the sick at their residences, and receive some into their house. Indeed the establishment of the Sisters of Providence has in its modest proportions changed the face of Burlington, hitherto so bereft of the works of Catholic charity.*

MISSION OF WOMAN.

MARKS BY WHICH WE MAY KNOW IF WE BELONG TO THE WORLD.

The woman who wishes to guard against the dangers of the world, is not under the necessity of retiring into solitude or entering the cloister. All females are obliged by the Christian law not to be of the world; but the larger portion is called to live in the world, and to save their souls amidst the dangers found in it. Our Lord, in the discourse mentioned before, asks of his Father not that he should take his disciples out of the world, but that he may preserve them from evil; and he adds that they are not of the world, as he himself is not of the world. Hence the duty of those who desire to live like true disciples of Christ, is not always to withdraw from the world, but to keep from evil and to be not of the world, after the example of their divine Master.

It is then one thing to be in the world, and another to be of the world. One may live as a good Christian in the world, but no one can please God in being of the world. It is therefore very important for a young woman to know the great difference there is between these two situations, one of which is altogether incompatible with the duties of the Christian life, whilst the other may cause the display of the brightest virtues by giving occasion to the most difficult struggles.

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* We are indebted for the materials of this sketch to the work entitled "Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada, par C. de La Roche Heron," the work of our excellent friend and associate, Henry de Courcy, Esq.

In the article on the School Sisters one sentence needs explanation. Sister Walburga was not the foundress of the new order, but merely taken into it: the foundress was Sister Mary Teresa, the present Superior General, who was here in 1848.

Superficial minds are generally inclined to confound the means with the end, and what is external in the duties of Christianity with that which constitutes their spirit or their essence. This confusion may give room to many illusions and many dangers. A female could easily persuade herself that the only way not to be of the world, is not to be in the world, which is false; or that once out of the world, she has nothing to fear from its dangers, which is not true.

The throne of God in man, is the heart: what appears exteriorly should be only the reflection of the light within. And it is in this sense that our Lord says: "The kingdom of God is within you." In this sense also we may say: The reign of the world is within us. What we have to do, therefore, is not so much to leave the world as to make the world leave our hearts when it has taken possession of them: for as we may carry solitude and the reign of God in the midst of the world when we are obliged to live in it, so we may carry the reign of the world into the most solitary retreat and the deepest seclusion.

The world is not precisely the society which we frequent, or a particular class of men; it is that collection of maxims and customs which are in direct opposition to the maxims of the Gospel and the usages of the Christian life. It is that frivolity of mind and heart, that idleness of life which makes worldlings waste to no purpose the noblest faculties of their souls and its most generous instincts.

A female belongs to the world when, neglecting her interior, which she should adorn with grace and virtue, she is exclusively occupied to ornament her exterior. She belongs to the world when, putting aside the essential duties of home, she prefers to them the fictitious duties arbitrarily imposed by the world on its slaves. She belongs to the world when, caring little for the decencies of her situation and the requirements of her position, she blindly submits to the caprices and unreasonable usages of fashion. She belongs to the world when, overstepping the bounds set by her means, and disregarding the holy indigence of the poor of Christ, she displays in her furniture, in her dress, in her household establishment a fondness for luxury which reason and faith equally condemn.

She belongs to the world when, rejecting the salutary severity of the Gospel, she takes as the guide of her conduct the relaxed and corrupt maxims of the world; when, forgetting the other life, she confines to the present one the thoughts of her mind and the affections of her heart. She belongs to the world when, disdaining the labor which at the same time exercises and develops the faculties of the soul and the strength of the body, she allows both to languish in indolence. She belongs to the world when, instead of seeking to please God, by devoting herself to the happiness of those who surround her, and have been committed to her care, she strives to please men by external advantages which a superficial and worldly education has developed in her, and solicits from strangers insincere praise and unmerited esteem.

She belongs to the world when, instead of inspiring a husband or a father little inclined to piety with more religious sentiments to prepare him for the fulfillment of Christian duties, she endeavors on the contrary to turn his bad dispositions to the profit of her own vanity and passions. She belongs to the world when, instead of devoting all her attention to the Christian education of her children, or of her brothers and sisters, she, on the contrary, trains them up to the dangerous customs and the dissipated mode of life observed in the world; imitating those barbarous parents, who in ancient times delivered their children to the embrace of a burning idol to appease the anger of the god which it represented. She belongs to the world when she loves its laws and its humiliating slavery, when she runs after its parties of pleasure, when she approves what it approves and condemns what it condemns, when she judges as it judges, thinks and feels as it thinks and feels, when she lives of its life, and receives all its influences like the plant which draws its nourishment from the soil to which it adheres.

But a woman is in the world without being of the world when, compelled by the circumstances of her position to live in its midst, she knows how to transform into a virtue the necessity which she must obey: when forced to participate in its festivities and amusements, she carries to them the spirit of wisdom and Christian moderation which keeps the soul within proper bounds, and hinders it from yielding to the allurements of pleasure. She is not of the world, when she is in the world as if she were not in it, using the world as using it not, when she considers it, according to the advice of the Apostle, as a phantom or a fugitive shadow which passes with rapidity without leaving any trace after it; when she prefers to its pleasures the sweet joys of the family circle, or the holy comforts of solitude and prayer; when she readily makes a sacrifice of its arbitrary customs and artificial proprieties to the demands of duty and religion: when she is before every thing pious and submissive, a watchful and attentive mother, an affectionate and obedient daughter, a generous and devoted sister, a faithful and sincere friend; when she knows how to carry and preserve in the midst of festivities to which an imperious necessity leads her, that good odor of Jesus Christ whose sweet perfume embalms every one who approaches her, and causes holy thoughts and pious resolutions to rise in their hearts; when instead of attracting others to herself by a secret instinct of vanity to bind them to her car, she thinks only of winning them to God by inspiring them with the desire and love of good, and exercising towards them the offices of a sincere and disinterested charity. Every female may judge by these marks what is the nature of her intercourse with the world, and know whether she is of the world as its other slaves, or whether she is only in the world as the true servant of Jesus Christ.

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Persian Literature.—The following beautiful lines are translated from a Persian poet:

I saw some handfuls of the rose in bloom,
With bands of grass suspended from a dome.
I said—"What means this worthless grass, that it
Should in the rose's fairy circle sit?"
Then wept the grass, and said—"Be still! and know
The kind their old associates ne'er forego—
Mine is no beauty, hue, or fragrance, true!
But in the garden of my Lord I grew!"

BIRTH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

The Star is shining o'er Bethla's stall,
  The morn in the east is broken,
And the shepherds are 'biding the angel call,
  That breathing from Heaven awoke them.

Yonder it burns, that beacon of Heaven!
  Lighting the depths of the world anew,
With a faith new-born and sins forgiven:
  Behold the Saviour! born unto you.

An angel robed in empyreal light,
  Descends unto the lonely stable,
His radiant wings dispelling the night
  And breathing celestial 'round the cradle.

The kings of the east are gathering in,
  With their emerald jars of myrrh and treasure;
And the herd and his liege promiscuous kneel,
  In one blent homage together.

O'er mountain and crag, and deep ravine,
  Still doth the wise men bring
Their vessels of gold and gems supreme,
  And journeying, thus they sing:

Bring gifts, bring treasures, for Jesus is born,
  The Day-Star of Heaven is near us;
The long promised boon in an earthly form,
  Descended this night between us.

From the east to the west, let his praise be sung;
  From the south to the northern sea;
Where'er the light of the golden sun,
  Send hither thy rhapsody.

For the voice of the Lord is upon the earth,
  And the fullness of mercy is near;
Disclosing to us at his infinite birth
  The love that he bore for us here.

Joy unto man! rings the heavenly choir,
  While the gray vault of Heaven recedes;
And 'mid the blinding light of its dazzling fire,
  Ten thousand angels earth receives.

Joy unto man! and the echoing hosts
  Trembling amid the wild acclaim,
Acknowledge Him, infinity's most,
  Born of the earth and of God the same.

And the sky is blent with the wrapt hossannah;
  While myriad voices echoing on,
Proclaim the joy with notes undying,
  Of God made man and of Jesus born.

And e'en unto judgment shall it descend;
  The adorable praise of that holy hour,
And joyous anthems to his throne ascend
  Proclaiming the great Redeemer's power.

Hail Virgin Mother! supremely blest,
  By all that Heaven could e'er bestow,
In bearing Jesus thou hast won the best
  Of creatures places, above, below.

ALPHONSE.

MARY LEE:

Or the YANKEE in IRELAND.[*]

BY PETER PINKIE.

Edited by PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Weeks left his room soon after his cousin,—it being now somewhat advanced in the forenoon,—and with a cigar in his mouth, descended the steps of the hall door, and sauntered out to breathe the fresh air. It was a delightful morning. Every thing looked cheerful and pleasant. The new mown hay lay in long swathes on the lawn exhaling its perfume under the warm sun. The mowers swart with toil were slowly sweeping their scythes through the ripe grass, and moving onwards side by side with measured steps across the broad field. Over the tops of the trees which skirted the demesne below, and through the vistas which time or the axe had made amongst them appeared patches of Mulroy bay, now as calm and bright as a mirror. On its southern shore might be seen a little whitewashed building, showing a gilded cross on its gable facing the sea, and round about among the fern and hawthorns, with which it was surrounded, a number of white headstones peeping out here and there to mark it for a burial place of the dead. This was Massmount where our foreign friend first saw Mary Lee as she knelt at the altar. It was a solitary spot,—and as pleasant for the dead to rest in as could be found in the whole world. No house within a mile of it, and no noise to disturb its repose, but the twitter of the swallow about the eves of the little church, or the gentle wash of the waves amongst the sea-shells at its base. And if on the sunday morning, the silence which reigned there through all the week was broken, it only seemed to make the stillness that succeed the more solemn and profound. To the eastward of the chapel, and surrounded by a belt of trees, was located the modest residence of Mr. Guirkie, its white chimneys just visible from the windows of Crohan house, and trending away to the westward a long tongue of meadow land called Morass-ridge, on the tip or extreme point of which rose up the still majestic ruins of *Strannagh,* once a stronghold of the far famed O'Dougherty of Innishowen. Midway between these two prominent features in the landscape, appeared the old church-yard of Massmount with its little white chapel facing the sea.

Mr. Weeks, touched by the simple beauty of the scene, laid himself down half unconsciously on the green sward to enjoy it at his leisure.

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[*] Copy-right secured according to Law.

Dear Irish reader let us sit down beside him for a moment and view the picture also. There is nothing in it new to your eyes, to be sure,—nothing you hav'nt seen a thousand times before. It was only an old church-yard, and old church-yards in Ireland you known are always the same. The same old beaten foot-paths through the rank grass,—the same old hawthorn trees which in early summer shed their white blossoms on the green graves—the same old ivy walls over-shadowing the moss-covered tombs of the monk and nun. No, there was nothing strange or new in the picture—on the contrary every thing there was as familiar to you as your own thoughts. But tell us, dear reader—now that we can converse quietly together—does not the sight of such a spot sometimes wake up old memories? Do you still remember the place in the old ruins where the Prior's Ghost was seen so often after sunset, or the fairy tree beside the holy well which no axe could cut down, nor human hand break a branch off with impunity?—but above all do you remember the shady little corner where the dear ones lie buried—the grassy mound where you knelt to drop the last tear on bidding farewell to the land you will never see again? Oh, dear reader, do your thoughts ever wander back to these scenes of your youth? When in the long summer evenings, after the toil of the day is over, you sit by the porch of the stranger enjoying the cool night air, and gazing up at the sparkling heavens above you, does your eye ever roam in search of that star you should know better then all the rest, the bright one that shines on your own "native isle of the ocean?" When your heart feels sad under a sense of its isolation; nay, when it turns with disgust from the treacherous and the coldhearted, who, having wiled you to their shores, now deny you even a foothold on their soil,—does memory then ever carry you back to the old homestead among the hills, where in bye-gone years you have met so many generous souls round the humble hearthstone.? Alas! alas! when you look at those once stalwart limbs you gave your adopted country as a recompense for the freedom she promised you, now wasted away in her service—when you think of the blood you shed in her battles, the prayers you offered for her prosperity, the pride with which you heard her name spoken of in other lands, and the glorious hopes you once entertained of seeing her the greatest and the best of the nations of the earth—and yet to think, oh, to think, that the only return she makes for all this is to hate and spurn you. When thoughts like these weigh down your heart, tell us, dear reader, do you not sometimes long to see the old land again, and lay your shattered frame down to rest in that shady corner you remember so well in the old church-yard?

But they tell you here you must not indulge such thoughts as these. On the contrary, you must forget the past, you must renounce your love for the country that gave you birth, you must sever every tie that knits you to her bosom, you must abjure and repudiate her forever more; the songs you sung and the stories you told so often by the light of the peat fire, must never be sung or told again; all the associations of home and friends, all the pleasant recollections of your boyhood, all the traditions of your warrior and sainted ancestors, must be blotted from your memory, as so many treasons against the land of your adoption. Or if you do venture to speak of old times and old places when you meet with long absent friends round the social board, it must be in whispers and with closed doors, lest the strangers should hear you as they pass by. And behold the return they make you for these sacrifices! They give you freedom, freedom to live like helots in the land they promised to make your own,—freedom to worship your Creator under a roof which a godless mob may at any momont fire with impunity,—

freedom to shed your blood in defence of a flag that would gladly waive in triumph over the extinction of your race. Speak, exile, are you willing to renounce your fatherland for such a recompense as this? Oh if you be, may no ray of sunlight ever visit your grave, no friend or relation, wife or child, ever shed a tear to hallow it. If you've fallen so low as to kiss the foot that spurns you, and grown so mean as to fawn upon a nation that flings you from her with disgust, then go and live the degraded, soulless thing thou art, fit only to fatten on garbage and rot in a potter's field. Go! quit this place, for the sight of an old Irish church yard has no charms for you.

Mr. Weeks had now been sitting for half an hour or more contemplating the scene before him, when hearing the sound of approaching footsteps, he turned to see who was coming.

It was Rebecca Hardwrinkle, accompanied by the colporteur and two of her younger sisters, on their way to Ballymagahey.

"Well, there," said Weeks rising and shaking off the chips he had been whittling from a withered branch that happened to lie within his reach—"there! I thought you'd gone long ago."

"My brother detained me," replied Rebecca, "to select some tracts from a parcel he had just received as I was just leaving the house, and seeing you here, I passed this way to offer you one for your inspection. It's on the efficacy of prayer."

"Humph!" ejaculated Weeks, looking at the book, "I know what you're coming at, I guess; I hav'nt been at family worship this morning."

"Ah cousin, were it only once you absented yourself, we might find some excuse—but, to be absent so often—oh, dear!"

"Well now look here, I don't profess to be much of a Christian, you know, and consequently you can't expect me to get used to your tastes right straight off, without considerable training."

"And then your religious sentiments are so very shocking, Ephraim, that I tremble to think of your soul, and the end that awaits it if you turn not speedily to the Lord. Read that little book, however, attentively, and you will find it of great spiritual advantage. And then, dear cousin, I shall have you prayed for next sabbath."

"Me prayed for?"

"Certainly."

"Guess not."

"Why, can you have any possible objection to be prayed for by the God fearing, pious servants of the Lord?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I have—a slight one."

"How very strange! did you only once feel the benefit you would derive from the prayers of the elect."

"Just so—but I'm kinder green you know in that line."

"Brother Robert and Abigail there, and Hannah and all of us have been prayed for so often, and have always felt our strength renewed in so wonderful a manner."

"Not a doubt of it. But you see, I feel considerable strong as it is, and ai'nt disposed to trouble you just at present. Say cousin, whereabouts here is the priest's house? ai'nt that it over there west of the pond? I want to call on the old feller this morning."

"Yes, that's his house, that little cottage there; but what can your business be with *him*, Ephraim?"

"Well not much, if any, should like to ask him a question or two—that's all."

"Are you not afraid?"

"Afraid!—afraid of what?"

"To converse with him in the weak state of your soul."

"Why, what in creation do you take me for?"

"Don't be offended cousin, I speak to you for your own good."

"My own good—I ai'nt a fool, am I?"

"No, no, dear Ephraim, but you know you're weak."

"Nonsense!"

"I speak the truth, you will never be able to resist him. He's a most insinuating, dangerous man."

"The old priest?"

"Yes. You've heard I suppose how he converted the tutor at the parsonage?"

"No—can't say I have."

"And poor Kate Petersham, too," put in Abigail—"she's on the very verge of the gulf."

"There! by the way, I had almost forgotten it. I must call on these Petershams. What sorter girl, though, is this Kate you speak of? Kinder crazy, ai'nt she?"

"A little weak," responded Rebecca, "but still a good natured soul. Some of her neighbors, poor thing, have lately been telling idle stories about her, but I'm sure they're all false. For my part, I can't believe them. And I'm sure it's nothing to me if she turned Catholic to-morrow. Only people will talk you know, Ephraim."

"Well—nothing prejudicial to her honor, I presume."

Rebecca glanced significantly at her sister and Mr. Sweetsoul, but said nothing in reply.

"Excuse me," said Weeks, "I should'nt have put that question perhaps; but the fact is the young lady has invited me to Castle Gregory, and I can't very well refuse; besides, her brother, Captain Petersham, is most anxious to have me call on him."

"Did the lady invite you herself?" enquired Rebecca.

"Why, certainly. I had a note from her a week ago to that effect."

"Written by herself?"

"Well, her name was signed to it—Kate Petersham."

Rebecca again glanced at her companions, and tried to blush and look mortified at such indelicate conduct.

"Well, it did seem kinder strange, I allow," said Weeks, "but not being well posted up as to the customs of the country, I did'nt know but it was all right."

"Don't go, Ephraim," said Rebecca, laying her black gloved hand affectionately on his arm. "Don't go, if you take my advice."

"She can't hurt me, I reckon—can she?"

"No, dear Ephraim, she can't hurt your body, but she might your soul. You're weak you know—very week indeed, and she very captivating both in person and conversation. I do not like, my dear cousin, these visits to Miss Petersham and the Catholic priest, especially without some one to protect you against the dangerous influence of their society."

"You don't eh?"

"No indeed, dear cousin, I do not."

"Look at me, Miss Hardwrinkle," said Weeks, thrusting his hands down into his pockets, and hitching up his shoulders.

"I see."

"Is there any thing remarkably green about me?"

"Green! no, dear Ephraim."

"Ai'nt I a Yankee, born and bred, eh?"

"Certainly."

"And do you really think I don't know nothing—that I can't take care of myself among a parcel of Irish. What sorter folks d'ye think we Yankees are, any how?"

"Don't grow vexed with me, dear Ephraim, don't grow vexed. I would not offend you for the world. I only speak so for your own good, dear cousin. Mr. Sweetsoul here knows how often I have wept over your weakness, and how incessantly I have prayed that the light of truth might dispel the darkness ——"

"Stop! stop!—thunder! Hav'nt I been listening to all that long talk till I'm enamost crazy?"

"Oh! dear, he has grown so nervous of late, Mr. Sweetsoul," said Rebecca, turning to the colporteur, "that he cannot bear to hear a single word of advice."

"Nervous! and where's the wonder, with seven sisters of you talking religion at me from morning till night. Why, I can't smoke a cigar, by crackie, but I'm taken to task for it. It's too great an indulgence, or it's too worldly looking, or it's one darned thing or other."

"But, dear Ephraim, don't you feel that we have your spiritual welfare at heart, and don't you know that when we speak to you of religion, it is only because we love you too well to see you perish before our eyes. Oh, if the sweet dew of religion only once touched ——"

"The dew of religion. That's the talk—go ahead cousin, I shan't say another word on the subject—go ahead. I'll stand it out I guess, if any man can," and the speaker picked up the branch he had just been whittling, and set to it again, as vigorously as if he had been whittling for a wager. Mr. Weeks was evidently excited, but tried very hard to keep cool. "And now, Mr. Sweetsoul, you may judge whether we have reason or not to fear for our dear cousin," said Rebecca, again turning to the colporteur. "Just look at this trinket. Here is a pair of popish rosary beads, which the chambermaid found on the floor of Mr. Weeks' bed-room the morning after he first entered the lighthouse lodge at Araheera," and the speaker held them up between her finger and thumb for inspection.

"Dreadful!"

"This was his first lesson from the Romish light-keeper and his pretty daughter."

"I have already explained to you how I came by these beads," said Weeks. "I picked them up where they had fallen from an old bible at the light-house, and unthinkingly put them in my pocket. But no matter now; fire away."

"Don't grow angry, Ephraim."

"I ai'nt angry."

"I merely call your attention to the beads to shew you the danger you have to guard against in forming Catholic associations. Is there any thing in that to make you angry with me?"

"I ai'nt angry, I tell you, not a mite."

"You are angry. I see it in your countenance, Ephraim. Oh if you only experienced religion for one little week how easily you could repress this irritability. There now, see how you cut up that stick so pettishly. Just see how nervous you are."

"I tell you I'm *not* nervous," cried Weeks, at the top of his voice.

"And so excited, then."

"I ai'nt excited."

"Why, dear me, Mr. Sweetsoul, only look at him."

"There!" exclaimed Weeks at length, loosing his temper altogether, and flinging away both knife and branch, "there, good by; by thunder, if this ai'nt the most inhuman treatment that ever man suffered."

"Stay Ephraim, stay cousin; do, for one moment," entreated Rebecca, endeavoring to lay hold of his arm.

"Not a second," he cried, buttoning his coat and hurrying off, full of indignation at the idea of being treated so like a child or a fool. "By gracious," he added, halting for an instant in his step and looking back, "by gracious, you ought to turn to at once and spoon feed me."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Weeks on parting with his lady cousins (which he did rather abruptly as we have seen in the last chapter), returned to Crohan House, and lighting another cigar, mounted the sober animal he generally selected for a morning's ride, and set out for Father Brennan's. When he arrived at the Rev. gentleman's residence, he was somewhat disappointed to learn from the servant that he had gone some five or six miles from home on a sick call, and could not possibly return till late in the evening. Resolving however to have an interview with the priest with as little delay as possible, he drew a card from the richly carved case he always had about him, and having written a request to that effect on the back of it with his pencil, handed it to the servant, and then turned his horse's head in the direction of Greenmount Cottage.

Mrs. Motherly was sitting on the steps of the hall door, knitting her stocking, and looking quite happy as she plied her needles. The good woman was dressed as usual in her large well frilled cap and white apron, with her bunch of keys hanging by her side, as much perhaps for show as convenience. On the grass at her feet a gray cat lay stretched in the sun with half a dozen kittens playing about her on the green.

"Mrs. Motherly, how d'ye do?" said Weeks. "Mr. Guirkie at home?"

"Your sarvint, sir," replied the matron, rising and running her needles into the stocking, after she had waited to count the stiches. "Mr. Guirkie's not in, sir."

"Ai'nt?"

"No, sir; he left here about an hour ago for Rathmullen."

"Rathmullen—let me see—that's the place he visits so often?"

"Yes, sir."

"Goes there every week, don't he?"

"Every Thursday, sir."

"On business, I presume?"

"No, sir, not that I know of."

"Got relatives there, perhaps?"

"No, sir; he has no relatives living, I believe. People say though he's often seen sitting on a tomb-stone there in the ould grave yard."

"Well—must be some friend, I guess?"

"Why, if the gentleman was a native of this part o' the country, it might," responded Mrs. Motherly, "but he's not; he was born in Cork or Clare, or somewhere thereabouts, I hear."

"Does he never speak to you of these visits, Mrs. Motherly?"

"Niver, sir."

"You don't say so! It's odd, ai'nt it?"

"Oh, it's just of a piece with the rest of his doings. He niver thinks of telling me any thing, ov course; why should he—I'm nothing but sarvint, you know. I'm only here to do the work, slavin and sludgin from mornin till night, strivin to plaze him and humor him, till my heart's amost broke, and all the thanks I get is mighty easy told, Mr. Weeks, when all's over."

"Don't doubt it. He's a very odd kinder man in his ways, that's a fact."

"You may well say that, sir. He's the provokinest man that ever drew breath, that's the short and the long of it. But won't you light and come in, sir?"

"Well, guess I shall, come to think of it. Say, can't I write a note here, and leave it for Mr. Guirkie?"

"Sartintly, sir; come in, there's paper there and pens plenty in the parlor. As for the cratur on the sofa, he'll not disturb you in the laste."

"Hilloa! who the thunder is this?" cried Weeks, as he entered the parlor and beheld the African stretched at his full length on the sofa, and apparently fast asleep. "A nigger, ai'nt he?"

"Yes, sir; that's our new boarder," replied Mrs. Motherly, in rather a caustic tone of voice.

"But how the dickens did he come here?"

"Mr. Guirkie, sir, carried the gentleman home with him from the wreck."

"Ah, that's it. I have heard of a wreck lately somewhere here in the neighborhood."

"He's a very respectable boarder for a lone woman, is'nt he, Mr. Weeks?"

"Well, don't know exactly; that's all a matter of taste. Some folks like niggers very much. There's our New England ladies, for instance, they're terrible kind to niggers. I'd venture to say, if this here chap happened to be cast ashore any where along the eastern seaboard, they'd gather round and clothe and feast him like a prince, before he got well out of the water."

"You're jokin, Mr. Weeks."

"No *mam*, I ai'nt jokin a mite."

"And you tell me they're so fond of them as all that?"

"Fond, yes, guess they are fond—they're the most almighty fond creatures in that way in all creation."

"Bedad then, Mr. Weeks, I don't envy their taste very much."

"Well, it's not that their taste lies that way, either," replied Weeks, "for the fact is, they despise niggers as much as any people in the world. But it's a sorter philanthropy, you see, that's made up of a half sentimental, half benevolent kinder squeamishness, with a slight dash of the religious in it by way of seasoning."

"Yes, sir, of coorse."

"You understand me?"

"Oh parfectly, sir. They must be mighty charitable intirely to the creatures, God bless them."

"Very charitable indeed. That is, I mean to the slave portion of the race. Sometimes their philanthropy impels them even to pawn their jewels to buy a slave from bondage."

"See that now. Is'nt it wondherful to think of it, and still I often heard Mr. Guirkie say the craturs out there in America warn't so badly off after all."

"Well, no—guess they're pretty well off for clothes and food, and all that sorter thing. But they hai'nt got their liberty you know; and no American born ought to see a human in slavery and not try to liberate him."

"True for you, Mr. Weeks, you speak like a Christian, so you do. Dear knows it's a poor sight to see God's creaters bought and sould, as they say they are over there, just for all the world like a cow or a horse—it's onnatural, that's what it is."

"It's shocking!"

"And still," said Mrs. Motherly, "they tell us the poor Irish there is'nt trated much better than slaves."

"My dear woman, don't believe a word of it."

"Why, I have a letther in my pocket here, from a niece of mine, that's livin in a place called Boston, and she tells me it's tarrible to think of what they suffer. There it is," continued the good woman, opening it and pointing to a particular passage, "they're thrated here like slaves, and have more to suffer from the Yankees, specially in regard to our religion, than ever we had at home from the bloody parsecutin English. It's a wonder they're not ashamed to purfess so much tinderness for the slaves, and trate the poor Irish so manely as that."

"My dear woman, you don't understand the case as it really is. It's only the lower orders of our people act so."

"And why don't the upper orders make them behave themselves then?"

"Can't do it. It's a free country," replied Weeks.

"Oh bad wine to such freedom as that. I wud'nt give you a button for it. There's my niece, as dacent a reared little girl as ever crossed the water—I'll say that much for her, though she is my niece—and her mistress, whose nothin after all but a shop-keeper's wife, may be not as decent a father and mother's child either, and the best word she has in her cheek for the cratur is the 'paddy girl,' and the 'papist,' and the 'ignorant booby,' and 'go to the old priest, he'll forgive you your sins for a ninepence.' What kind of talk is that, Mr. Weeks?" continued the good woman, rolling up her arms in her apron and looking at him.

"Well that ai'nt right, I allow," responded Weeks.

"Right—behad if the girls would do as I would, they'd slap them in the face, and that's what I told Bridget in my last letter. Humph! pretty thing, indeed, because they pay their girls six or seven shillings a week, they think they have a right to insult and abuse them."

"Very few think so, Mrs. Motherly, very few indeed. I know many, very many families in New England who respect their help, and are as kind to them as if they were members of the family."

"To be sure you do, sir, and so Bridget says too in her letter here, but they're *respectable* people. I mane yer upsettin half and between fine ladies, that think they ought to take airs on themselves as soon as they can afford to hire a girl to do their work—that's the kind I mane."

"Just so, that's all right enough—but still, Mrs. Motherly, some of yure Irish girls are pretty spunky—no mistake about it."

"I don't doubt it, sir, in the laste, and may be there's plenty of them desarves to be turned out of doors too for their impudence. But can't all that be done without casting up their religion and their priest to them. Ah that's mane, sir, mane as dirt to insult a poor girl by abusin her religion."

"Well—I hai'nt got much time to spare now, Mrs. Motherly, let us put off this subject till another time. So I'll just set down here, if you hav'nt no objection, and write a note for Mr. Guirkie, which you'll please to hand him as soon as he returns."

"Sartintly, Mr. Weeks, with the greatest pleasure in life; I hope Sambo here won't disturb you, sir."

"Not in the laste, Mrs. Motherly. He's asleep, ai'nt he?"

"So it seems, and still I niver knew him to sleep at this hour of the day. He was sittin up a minit or two before you came. I'll see. 'Sambo! Sambo! wake up.' There's not a stir in him."

"Don't mind him, Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, dipping the pen in the inkstand, "don't mind him."

"Well, I niver saw him asleep but he snored strong enough to draw the sides of the house together. And see now, he hardly seems to breathe. 'Sambo,' she repeated, shaking him by the arm—'Sambo, wake up; here's the gentleman you were asking about th' other day.'"

"About me?"

"Yes, sir; he started just as if he'd been shot, when he saw you pass the window here last week."

"Last week—why I don't remember to have seen or heard any thing of him. I didn't know you'd got a nigger here 'til this minute."

"Well, he saw you, sir, any way and looked as frightened as if you came to drag him to the gallows."

"Indeed. Wake him up then and let's see what he's like."

"'Sambo, hilloa Sambo,' cried Mrs. Motherly, again shaking him roughly by the arm, 'look up, man, and speak to us'—he won't though, not a budge he'll do. Bedad, Mr. Weeks, may be he's dying."

"Not he—the fellow's comin possum over us, that's all; but hold on a bit, I'll make him speak—bet a fourpence," and striking the African a smart rap on the shin with his knuckles, the sleeper started up in an instant to a sitting posture, and bellowed as if he had been stuck with a bayonet.

"Shut up," said Weeks; "you ai'nt murdered, are you?"

"Oh, Massa Charles, Massa Charles," cried the African, rubbing the wounded part with his hand, "you know him place strike poor nigger."

"You see that," observed Mrs. Motherly, "he seems to know you."

"Massa Charles—why who the thunder are you—eh?"

"Oh, golly, there Massa Charles, not know Sambo!"

"What Sambo."

"Why, Jubal Sambo—gosh! that very sprizin, many time Massa lick'd Sambo on old plantation."

"Where?" demanded Weeks, his words growing few and faint as the negro's voice and features grew more and more familiar to him.

"Where! yah, yah, no remember Moose Creek, old Virginny? Massa Charles look him my back, him know Sambo better: ebery one knows him own marks."

"Moose Creek!—good heavens!" there! exclaimed Weeks, "well by crackie, if that ai'nt the most unexpected — "

"Yah, yah," chuckled the African, now that his shin no longer troubled him, "Massa no spect see Sambo, so far from home. Sambo no fraid massa now. Sambo free nigger, yah! yah!"

"Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, turning to the house keeper, who stood looking on apparently much interested in the conversation, "may I beg you to quit the room for a few moments, I should like to say a few words to this poor fellow—seems to me I have seen him before."

"Indeed then you have, sir, I'll warrant that much," said Mrs. Motherly, looking up at Weeks' face now as pale as a sheet of paper. "But sure if you have anything in private to say to him, I'll not prevent you. Strange how people meets sometimes so far from home, and when they laste expect it too into the bargain. Is'nt it quare, Mr. Weeks?"

"Very much so indeed—but you'll excuse me Mrs. Motherly."

"Sartintly, sir, I was only just goin to tell you how Mr. Guirkie, thravellin in America, once met with an ould rival of his in the same way, that he thought was dead twenty years before. It was the oddest thing in the world. Him and Mr. Guirkie it seems in their young days were both courtin the same young lady, but so lo and behold you, she went off at last with the other gentleman, and then Mr. Guirkie made a vow never to marry, seein he had no heart to give any one, for he loved the girl beyond all raison, and indeed to this very day he carries her picture about with him wherever he goes. Well he went across the seas to thravel thinkin to forget her among the strangers, and what would ye hear of it, but after leaving the West Indies and landin in the States of America, the first face he knew was that of his ould rival. There he was standin on the Quay right before him as he stept ashore from the vessel."

"Very strange, indeed," assented Weeks, "a very remarkable circumstance—exceedingly so. But won't you allow me, Mrs. Motherly ——?"

"Sartintly, Mr. Weeks, sartintly, sir."

"Gosh, dat bery quere," muttered Sambo.

"What?" demanded Weeks.

"Why, Massa Guirkie meetin him old ribal on de wharf."

"How so, Sambo?"

"Well old Massa Filbot just say same ting. Moder told me all about it long time ago. Massa walk on the wharf, and dere comes him old ribal right out of de ship afore him bery eyes, de man he tink was dead and burried. De sight almost knock him blind."

"Any thing else I can do for you, Mr. Weeks?"

"Nothing, Mrs. Motherly, nothing at present."

"Shor I'll leave you, sir, together, to settle your own affairs, only I would advize you, Mr. Weeks, before I go, to caution this foolish fellow not to call you Massa Charles any more, for the people of this wicked world are always watchin and peepin into other people's buisiness, you know, and ten chances to one but they'd say you wer'nt the man you purtended to be, at all, at all." So saying, Mrs. Motherly made her usual "courtesy" at the door, and closed it behind her.

Review of Current Literature.

1. The Day-Star of American Freedom; or, the Birth and Early Growth of Toleration in the Province of Maryland. By *Geo. L.L. Davis*, Esq., of the Baltimore Bar. New York: Charles Scribner. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The early colonial history of Maryland has of late years been a subject of deep investigation. This is doubtless owing to the efforts made by certain writers to wrest from the illustrious Calvert and his Catholic associates, the honor of having been the first to proclaim and reduce to practice on the shores of America, the doctrine of religious toleration. The investigation has engaged the attention of men of the highest talents in the country; men of gifted intellects and liberal views, professing a creed differing from that of Lord Baltimore, and who have been impelled to the task by no other motive than that of a disinterested love of truth. Among these we are happy to place the author of the work before us, Mr. Davis, of our own city. With indefatigable labor he has scrutinized every vestige of our early records, re-examined the famous Maryland Charter, and collated the various acts of the colonial assembly, and from these acts and monuments, establishes beyond a question, what Bancroft, McMahon, and other eminent writers have shown, that to the Pilgrims of Maryland belong the honor of having been the founders of religious liberty in the country; that the "Day-Star of American Freedom" in matters of religion arose from the shores of the Chesapeake.

The "Day-Star" comes exceedingly opportune at a time when we hear so much on the subject of religious toleration, and its circulation must and will be productive of good. The candor that pervades its pages, the earnest desire of arriving at the truth evinced by the author in all his researches, and the freedom from every expression or remote allusion that could offend the most sensitive mind, must at once render it acceptable to every reader. For ourselves, we can freely say, that we have seldom read a book with more pleasure than the one before us. We have read much in our time relative to the early settlement of our State, but we are free to confess that we found much in its pages both new and interesting; and we venture to say, that no one will read it without deriving from it additional lessons of information.

We will not, however, forstall our readers by further remarks, or mar the intellectual feast that they will enjoy from its perusal.

2 The Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Hanover. By Dr. *Doran.* In two volumes. New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The stately gravity of history does not become the good Doctor at all. He is by far too fond of a joke to remain as serious as his subject would require, and that subject seems to us to demand far more seriousness than almost any other portion of that blot upon the human character, the annals of England. The most indignant pen could scarcely drop as much gall and wormwood as were merited by those three royal beasts, that under the name of George I, II, and IV, disgraced England. Even the Pagan Cæsars, drowned in voluptuousness, could scarcely evoke as much indignation in a right-minded reader, who has any respect for his manhood. They could plead reprisals, but those Georges—it would be almost staining the character of their injured consorts to name them in the same page with their brutal husbands. Hence we think the good Doctor, whose kindly nature revels in fun, erred sadly in judgment when he selected this subject. He could not be indignant if he would, and his strongest efforts at censure only provoke a smile at their utter inaptness. Yet after all, perhaps this mild way of showing up the royal menagerie will have more effect in accomplishing the good Doctor's object, than any philippic, how eloquent soever and burning with indignation at their unworthy conduct it might be. The volumes are full of interesting incidents and give us a good knowledge of the customs and manners of the period.

3. Richard Hurdis; a tale of Alabama. By *W. Gilmore Simms.* N. York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

It would be difficult to find a more repulsive story than that which forms the basis of this novel. Two brothers are in love with the same woman. The elder, being unsuccessful, resolves upon the murder of the fortunate suitor, and employs a low villain to carry out his nefarious scheme. By a mistake, the desperado slays the intimate friend of the doomed man, who thereupon, without knowing the perpetrators, vows implacable vengeance against them, and devotes his life to their pursuit. He disguises himself, gets into the confidence of an organized gang of thieves, who have frightened his brother into joining them, and finally brings down the angry citizens upon a nest of the villains. During the fray his brother is killed, not by the hero, though he has been repeatedly on the point of satisfying the demands of justice with his own hands, and is only prevented by accidental intervention from accomplishing his purpose.

The episodes are of a similar revolting character. The manner in which the *dramatis personæ* are disposed of reminds us of those old tragedies satirized in the squibs of Bombastes Furioso and Chrononhoton Thologas. There are nineteen characters introduced, and eleven of them are killed off during the progress of the story. This strikes us as rather sanguinary, even for the southwest in John J. Murrell's days. A good many of the exploits in the book are manifestly founded upon the common stories of the feats of that atrocious scoundrel, and the rascally organization therein described is identical with that presided over by him.

We are sorry to say that we can discover nothing in the manner in which these materials have been managed to atone for the bad taste manifested in their selection. There is no character painting that is not of the coarsest and commonest description. The villains and hypocrites are the old stereotyped scoundrels we have met with from our earliest childhood, and the good people bear a marvellous similarity to those of a thousand novels. Some of the scenes, however, are graphically described with considerable rhetorical skill.

4. A Manual of Elementary Geology. By Sir *Charles Lyell,* M. A. F. R. S. Reprinted from the fifth edition, greatly enlarged. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

If any professor of science deserved to be *ennobled* for his contributions to science, that professor is our old acquaintance, whom we now see for the first time with the gentle prefix to his honored name. Devoted to a most engrossing field of science, he has explored it with an indefatigable industry, and has contributed more to the knowledge of its secrets than any that we are acquainted with. We are rejoiced to see that his success has been commensurate with his devotion. Five editions is a very large issue for any scientific work in these days, when so many are endeavoring to make to themselves a name in such pursuits. This new edition, in every thing except the wood-cuts, is an improvement upon its predecessors. But we are somewhat astonished that the enterprising publishers could not find in the city of New York, better engravers on wood than those who prepared the cuts for these pages. That city can certainly boast of more artistic skill, as more than one work of late years can testify. We do not include in this the mere outline engravings, though they are done coarsely enough, for their fidelity to nature is sufficient for the purposes of science. We refer to the views of scenery. Of the manner in which the main purpose of the work has been accomplished, to guide the student to a knowledge of the physical condition of the earth, the fact of this being the fifth edition speaks sufficiently. The time has gone by when the pious need fear any harm to his creed from the speculations of philosophers. Geology was, in its youth, like all young beings of modern times, somewhat restive under the authority of revelation, and wished to make itself independent, before it had attained to its majority. But the experience, that comes with age, taught it another lesson, and it is contented now to remain in its own sphere and serve that religion, as a handmaid, which it would have rejected as a step-mother and a tyrant. Those, then, who love natural science much but their religion more, may take up this work without fear of having their ideas shocked by any impious conclusions, although they need not, as perhaps they do not, expect to find any very religious sentiment in it.

5. The Life of Christ, or Meditations for every Day in the Year. By *F. J. Nouet*, S. J. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

An excellent compilation of an excellent work, which we would like to see in the hands of every Catholic. The works of F. Nouet, distinguished for their sweetness and unction, have long been known to European readers, but except a translation of his Octave of the Blessed Sacrament, they have not found their way to this country. This is to our knowledge the first attempt of a Catholic publisher here to introduce a portion of them to the American Catholic. It makes its appearance, to be sure, under the form of a compilation, but we are confident that, if it be once read with that attention which it merits, the publishers will find it a good investment to bring out the whole of the good Father's meditations. His character among his brothers in that illustrious order, which has edified the Church with so many valuable works, is perfectly shown in the tradition that speaks of his talent in writing of the Saviour as being communicated for an act of devotion to the foster-father of Jesus, performed in the early part of his religious life. No one can read and not feel the truth of this tradition in the wonderful variety and sweetness with which he introduces the meditating Christian to the secrets of the divine humanity. Would that we could induce every one to use even this compendium!

6. The Mysteries of the Faith.—The Holy Eucharist, containing part I, the visits and other devotions to the Most Holy Sacrament.—Part II, Novena of the Holy Ghost, short spiritual treatises, &c. By St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori. Newly translated from the Italian, and edited by *Robert A. Coffin*, C.SS.R. New York: Dunigan & Bro. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Tolle et lege—take up and read—were the words addressed to the hesitating Augustine by the angel, who was striving for his conversion. We would say the same to all our readers good and bad, hesitating and fixed, of these works of the indefatigable Saint Alphonsus. The new translation progresses favorably, and no better offering of filial devotion could Fr. Coffin make to the sainted founder of his order than by this task of love, which he has undertaken and fulfils so faithfully. The works themselves are not new to our readers, many of whom have many a time rekindled the fainting fires of their devotion in these furnaces of divine love. Copiosa apud eum redemptio.

7. A Visit to the Camp before Sebastopol. By *Richard McCormick*, Jr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The Eastern war has caused the Crimea to occupy at present an important position on the map of Europe. Every thing, therefore, emanating from that peninsula will be clothed, more or less, with a degree of interest. Hence, nearly every visitor to the scene of war has favored the public, in some shape or other, with accounts of what he learned or saw there during his sojourn. The author of the book before us is one of this class. He paid a visit to the camp of the allies about a year ago, and sojourned there for several months, while the armies lay in winter quarters. His account, which is chiefly confined to the English camp, is written in an easy style, and is possessed of considerable interest. He confirms what we have frequently seen stated in the journals of the day concerning the sad deficiency in the English camp in every thing relating to order, discipline and the comforts of the men, and the great superiority of the French in all these particulars. On the whole the book will richly pay the reader for his trouble in going over it. If he learns nothing from the text, he will certainly learn something from the excellent map of the Crimea, which it contains.

8. The Mysterious Story Book; or the Good Step-Mother. By *Whom?* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

There is really nothing mysterious in this book except the name. On the contrary it is a plain, simple and interesting series of stories, well calculated to please and stimulate children to read. But the chief aim of the work is to point out the duty and obligations of those who may be called to act the part of a parent towards the children of others. From the kindness and affection shown by Mrs. Morton, the heroine of the tale, to her step-children, many useful and practical lessons may be learned.

9. The Irish Abroad and at Home, at the Court and in the Camp, with Souvenirs of the Brigade—reminiscences of an Emigrant Milesian. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

Every page of this collection of anecdotes bears the impress of its newspaper origin. Unconnected frequently, and rambling in true Milesian style into parenthesis after parenthesis and reminiscences, that are *apropos* of nothing, it would not give the collector much fame as a book-maker, however it might please for its variety. Cousin Robert, if he had a real existence, which we very much doubt, was a member of a very different brigade from that which figured in the armies of France, and might very easily have formed other lines than those that wielded the sword and the bayonet on the battle fields of Europe. Notwithstanding this, the book is a very readable one and a valuable addition to the anecdotical literature of the day. We had a mind to select one or two specimens for the amusement of our readers and to give an idea of the narrator's talent, but we thought of the fool we had read of in our school-boy days, who carried about him a brick as the sample of the house he wished to sell, and we thought it better to leave the book alone for the judgment of those who would buy it.

10. "Dickens' Little Folks"—*Florence Dormby; Little Paul;* and *Oliver and the Jew.* New York: Redfield. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These three little books are the last of the series called "Dickens' Little Folks," or selections of characters from the works of the great author, adapted to the capacity of juvenile readers. The original have already stood the test of criticism, and have been universally received with almost unparalleled favor. These little volumes will be read with particular pleasure by those who have already perused the larger works, and are anxious to revive in their memories some of the most striking features of the style and portraitures of this great painter of human nature. The books are void of morbid sentimentality, and will afford a great deal of healthy enjoyment to the reader, old or young.

11. Uncle John's First Book, and also Uncle John's Second Book. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

These are two excellent little books, and admirably adapted to the capacity of the young. We know of no books of the kind (apart from those that are religious), that we can more freely recommend. The simple stories they contain are both pleasing and instructive, while the numerous illustrations with which they abound will make them gems to the eye of the youthful reader.

12. Out of Debt—Out of Danger. By *Cousin Alice.* New York: D. Appleton & Co. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is another readable volume from the same publishers. Under a title suggestive of many wholesome reflections, the authoress exhibits in truthful colors, the evils of debt and the folly of living beyond one's means, and the consequences that follow from such a course. It is lamentably but too true, that debt is the absorbing evil of the times. Hundreds will confess the truth of the language of the work before us: "We should do without a great many little things if we had to pay the money at once, *but it is so easy to get a thing charged.*" Yes, it is easy to get a thing charged, but pay-day will come some time. Many, too many, will realize what poor Mr. Bleeker, the hero of the tale, found to be true, and will, at the approach of the coming season exclaim with him: "Bills, bills, bills, now for a month, nothing but bills! That's all the good one gets of New-Year's."

13. The Oratory of the Faithful Soul, or Devotions to the Most Holy Sacrament and to our Blessed Lady. Translated from the works of the Venerable *Abbot Blosius.* By *Robert Aston Coffin*, Priest of the Oratory. Baltimore: Lucas Brothers.

Sweet flowers, redolent of that fragrance of the sanctuary, which filled the soul with delight in the "Ages of the Faith." The devout Christian could not do better than place them in his oratory, and satiate himself with the sweetness they will give.

Editors' Table.

THE NEW YEAR.

On entering upon the New Year the past and the future are both suggested to the mind. The old year has fled, leaving behind it the remembrance of many scenes of joy and sadness:—scenes, which as Catholics and citizens of this great Republic, we could wish to see erased from the page that will record them; scenes, on the other hand, to which we can turn with pleasure and gratification. We have witnessed with regret the increase and spread of principles adverse to the best interest of the country, and hostile to our holy religion. But while the pulpit, press and rostrum, have rung with invective against the Church of Rome, to which it is our happiness to belong, against her teachings, her ministers, her religious orders, Catholicity has increased in the country in an almost unparalleled degree. New churches have arisen in vast numbers, and in every grade, from the grand and imposing cathedrals which adorn our cities, to the rude and ungarnished chapel wherein the zealous missionary offers up the august mysteries, attended by the dusky sons of the forest; the priesthood has increased; new religious houses have been founded; literary institutions of various grades have multiplied in every section of the country, and hundreds of our dissenting fellow-citizens have sought peace from the troubled sea of error in the haven of Catholic unity. This is a pleasing picture presented to our view, as we turn to the year that is past; this is the grand panorama that passes before us at the close of '55.

As citizens we may regret the unhallowed and unchristian spirit that has been invoked against us, but as Catholics we have reason to rejoice. The shafts of our enemies have fallen harmlessly at our feet, and while they have weakened themselves in their vain efforts to impede the progress of Catholicity, the Church has acquired new vigor, has extended her domain, and has been abundantly consoled in witnessing the increased fervor, piety, and devotedness of her children. Thus it is that Almighty God has drawn good from evil, and has turned the very efforts intended by the impious for the destruction of his Church into occasions of exaltation and triumph.

Of the future what can we say? We will not attempt to raise the veil to see what may be concealed behind it. Reasoning from the past, however, we have but little to apprehend and much to hope for. Even if it were possible for the enemies of our holy faith to realize their worst intentions, still Catholics need have no cause for alarm. He who promised to protect his Church even to the end of time, will most assuredly redeem his promise, and bring her forth from the fiery ordeal more bright and vigorous than before.

Let us then on this solemn festival, go to the temple with the Immaculate Mother of Jesus, and offer to God the first fruits of the new year, and invoke his divine blessing upon ourselves, our families, our children, our altars and our homes.

MARY LEE: OR THE YANKEE IN IRELAND.

The author of this popular tale, PAUL PEPPERGRASS, Esquire, begs us to present his compliments to our readers, and say that it will be impossible to conclude with the present number, as originally intended, and asks the favor of continuing it for a few numbers in the next volume. While we cheerfully assent to his request, we feel assured that this will be welcome intelligence to his numerous readers.

The adventures of "the Yankee in Ireland," who had gone there, as we are told, on "a speculation in tobacco and matrimony," have been so far truly adventurous. It would not do then to let the curtain fall without seeing the end of his "speculation." No, no. We must see what is to be the issue of all his schemes, bargains and negotiations. We must see the finale of the amiable, the virtuous, the lovely *Mary Lee.*

We can only assure our readers that the concluding portion of the Tale will lose nothing of its former attraction. On the contrary, that each succeeding chapter will impart to it new interest, and draw more fully on that store of humor and pathos for which the author is so justly distinguished. Turn, for example, to the first chapter in the present number, and read his soul-touching view of the "old church-yard."

My Guardian Angel.

The reader will find much to admire in the following beautiful lines. That they are susceptible of improvement we are well aware, but we give them a place to encourage the fair authoress to try again. The theme is beautiful. We are too apt to forget the presence of that guardian spirit which keeps a ceaseless vigilance around us.

When o'er earth's dark pathway straying,
  O'er my heart there steals a calm,
While my fancy is portraying
  Every ill and every harm,
Methinks I hear my Guardian Angel
  Whispering gently in my ear:
Fear not, my child, for to shield thee,
  'T was that God hath placed me here.

Guardian Spirit, can I proffer
  Aught to ease this task of thine;
Is there aught I have to offer
  For thy love, so like divine?
Would the brightest gem of ocean
  Be an offering meet for thee?
Or the loveliest pearl, or amber?
  From the far off Indian sea.

Could I wrest a star from heaven,
  Shining in its beauty down
On a quiet summer even,
  To add lustre to thy crown:
Did I search earth, air and ocean,
  Every mine and every sea,
Could I in their deep recesses
  Find a gift to offer thee?

Naught so transient, gentle spirit,
  Would thy loving heart repay,
Mid the splendor of thy glory
  Dark would seem each fleeting ray.
Unto thee our tears are jewels
  If from sorrows fount they spring,
The soul which hears thy gentle teachings
  Is the purest offering.

Gertrude.

New York.

The Rev. Marcellin Peyrogrosse.

The following brief sketch of the life of the Rev. Father Peyrogrosse, who died at St. Paul's, Minnesota, on the 16th of May last, was sent to us by a friend of the lamented deceased.

The Rev. Marcellin Peyrogrosse was born at Monistral, in France. In his early years he was sent to the college in that city, where his piety, talents and amiable conduct soon endeared him to his teachers and fellow students. Having completed his course of theology before he was of an age at which he could be ordained, he determined to devote himself to the foreign missions. Accordingly he sailed for the United States, and directed his course to Minnesota, with a view of laboring among the Indians of the far west. After his ordination, however, he was attached to the Bishop's house as professor of theology, and as assistant priest to the congregation. His devotedness to his pastoral duties, his kindness and his fervent piety, gained for him the love and affection of all who knew him. His connection with his flock, however, was destined to be of short duration. His weak constitution soon gave way to the ravages of disease. For two weeks previously to his death he was compelled to keep to his bed. He prepared for the final stroke with a calmness and resignation that elicited the admiration of all who approached, and having been fortified by the sacraments of the Church, he expired on the 16th of May last. May he rest in peace.

BALMES' ESTIMATE OF VOLTAIRE.

One may thus comprehend how Voltaire took the lead of society and received to the last those plaudits which were showered upon him with such delirious enthusiasm. We are not wrong then in saying again that Voltaire was the living expression, the true personification of a large proportion of French society: France doubted, and Voltaire reduced to formula, and propagated the doubt; France had reached the highest degree of polish and cultivation; France, by the corruption of her morals, by the weakness of authority, the relaxation of all social ties, the fomentation of the most subversive ideas and the most dangerous sentiments, was upon the eve of social dissolution; and Voltaire was a powerful promoter of perturbation and of ruin. Any one who would wish to enter upon a profound study of the principal characteristics which distinguish this man, might complete his portrait by comparing him to a brilliant meteor formed of the inflammable vapors playing over a country just before a furious and destructive eruption of a volcano; the sinister light of his fame foretold the revolution which was just at hand to cover the face of France with impurity and blood.

L'Ecole de Voltaire.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

The following interesting statistics on the publication of the Bible, we subjoin from the *Dublin Telegraph:*

"In the year 1797 the New Testament was published in Edinburgh, with the approbation of the Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Hay; and in 1800 the same Bishop had the entire Bible published. The publisher (a Protestant) of that edition, in a letter dated 26th April, 1830, during a discussion in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, makes some remarks worthy of notice. He says—

"'I think it right to mention that, about 30 years ago, I printed two editions of the Douay Bible, of, I think, 3,000 and 2,000 copies. . . . I mention these circumstances in opposition to the assertion so often made by ignorant men—that the Catholic Church prohibits the reading of the Holy Scriptures.'

"So much for the testimony of a Protestant.

"In 1809 R. Coyne, of Dublin, published an edition of the Bible, of 5,000 copies; and in 1811 he published another edition of the Douay. In 1820 he republished an edition of the New Testament of 20,000 copies; and in 1821 25 or 30,000 copies. In 1825 another edition was recommended by the Catholic Prelates, of which, in a few years, 90,000 copies were sold. In 1841 another edition of the same, by the same publisher, octavo, 80,000 copies; 1841, quarto, 5,000 copies.

"The following figures will show the copies published by the booksellers—five out of the six names being Protestants:

Mr. Coyne, Dublin	230,000	copies.
" Smyth, Belfast	18,000	"
Messrs. Simms & M'Intyre, Belfast	18,000	"
Mr. Mairs, Belfast	9,000	"
" Greer, Newry	4,000	"
Total	279,000	" "

The above table ought to be sufficient to satisfy the most prejudiced mind, that the Catholic Church does not prevent, but on the contrary, encourages the reading and circulating of the word of God. It should moreover be borne in mind that previously to the relaxation of the penal laws in Great Britain and Ireland, Catholic Bibles and books of devotion were necessarily printed abroad. Indeed, we are not sure that any Catholic Bibles were printed at all in England or Ireland during the days of persecution. They were even consigned to the flames by order of the government, whenever found.

MOZART.

A good story is told of Mozart, the great composer, at the time he was pupil of Hadyn. Hadyn one day challenged his pupil to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a supper and champagne were to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Hadyn, handed it to him, saying—

"There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can. You are to give it the first trial."

Hadyn smiled at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and, placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity, he dashed away until he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once, he exclaimed:—

"How is this, Mozart? How is this? Here my hands are stretched to both ends of the piano, and yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music, not even the composer himself."

Mozart smiled at the half excited indignation of the great master, and, taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Hadyn began to think himself duped. Running along through the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart was endowed, as our readers may have heard, with an extremely long nose—a prodigious nose, which, in modern dialect, "stuck out about a foot." Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme end of the piano, and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which "nobody could play!" Hadyn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and, after acknowledging that he was beaten, declared that nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never before discovered.

WHAT ARE THE SOUND DUES?

As these dues may possible give rise to a serious dispute between the United States and Denmark, it will be interesting to know what they are. The "Sound" is a narrow strait lying between the Island of Zetland, belonging to the Danes, and the Swedish coast, and gives entrance to the Baltic Sea. The fortress of Cronburg Castle commands the passage, and exacts a payment from all vessels entering the Baltic; the ships of Denmark herself have to pay, as well as foreign tonnage. The origin of this exaction is, that in ancient times Denmark undertook to build and sustain certain lighthouses along the coast, for which the Hansetowns agreed to pay.

England, France, Holland and Sweden pay a duty of one per cent. on every cargo entering the Baltic. Other countries, including the United States, pay one and a quarter per cent.; even Danish ships are taxed at this rate. In the year 1826 a treaty recognizing this duty was concluded between the United States and Denmark. This treaty, however, according to one of its stipulations, may be dissolved by either of the parties, provided they give one year's notice of their intention.

During the Presidency of John Tyler, our Government determined to put an end to the imposition. Mr. Upsher, then Secretary of State, fitted out for a fleet of merchantmen and vessels of war, under Commodore Stewart, which he designed should force its way into the Baltic, and at once rid the United States of the Sound duties. Mr. Upsher's sudden death, however, by the explosion of a cannon, just as the fleet was ready to start, delayed the expedition, and it was finally abandoned. Other attempts were made to abolish the tax. While Denmark was at war with Schleswig-Halstein, Mr. Fenniken, the U. S. minister, offered on the part of his government to pay Denmark $250,000 for a ten years' suspension of the dues. Finally, on the 12th April last, the United States notified the Danish Government of their intention to cease paying the Sound duties, and the stipulation of the treaty will accordingly expire next spring. Should no amicable arrangement of the question be arrived at in the meanwhile, we may then expect to see our vessels passing the Sound under warlike convoy.

The Danes are much alarmed upon the subject, and fear the United States will seize upon their West India possessions, the Islands of St. Thomas and St. Croix.

Record of Events.

From November 20, to December 20, 1855.

I.—Foreign Affairs.

Rome.—Amid the innumerable cares and perplexing duties that devolved upon the Sovereign Pontiff as Supreme Head of the Church, he still finds time to inspect and examine in person even the most minute details of his government. The Pontificate of Pius IX is full of incidents which prove the deep interest he takes in the welfare even of the lowest of his subjects; but none exhibits more strongly the paternal kindness and benevolence of his heart than his visit to the new prison lately erected in the Eternal City. This visit which will long be remembered as prominent among many benevolent acts of the reign of the present Pontiff, is thus described by the Roman correspondent of the *Univers*, under the date of October 27th:

"His Holiness entered without being announced, and, consequently, found every one and every thing in the ordinary way. After having visited the chapels, he entered the infirmary, and approaching the beds, consoled and encouraged the patients individually, making particular inquiries regarding the care and attention they received. Even the prisons where the most desperate criminals were confined did not escape his paternal inspection, regardless of the danger which he thereby unquestionably incurred, being desirous of awakening feelings of religion and hope in the hearts of those unfortunate outcasts. All the apartments were carefully inspected, but the kitchen was especially the object of the charitable Pontiff. He examined the bread, and eat a morsel of it to ascertain the quality, and tasted the soup, wine and meat. After leaving the male prison his Holiness visited that of the females, and renewed with the same benevolence the inspection of every part with special solicitude. The work-room was carefully examined, and the Holy Father saw with pleasure that a large number of the condemned found therein a solace during their detention and a resource of their reëntrance into society after the expiration of their punishment. They are under the surveillance and direction of the good Sisters of Providence, whose introduction into the Roman prisons is unquestionably the best of all the measures taken for the amelioration of the penitentiary system. The Holy Father especially patronises them, and will by degrees introduce these angels of charity into all like establishments in the Pontifical States. This visit of his Holiness produced the happiest effects on the prisoners, impressing them with the conviction that their sovereign regards them with tenderness and compassion, and is deeply anxious about their reformation and happiness. All expressed their gratitude and joy at such evidences of paternal solicitude, and several received their pardon from the lips of his Holiness; while the most abandoned and desperate felt the influence of renewed hope. The entire inhabitants of Rome were delighted and edified at this new act of benevolence on the part of Pius IX, in whom they recognise a pontiff whose greatest happiness is to alleviate the sufferings and solace the afflictions of his subjects."

Other advices from Rome mention the visits of the Holy Father to several of the religious houses of that city. At the Carthusian Monastery, he dined in refectory with the religious, and knowing the rigid abstinence of the holy inmates, he expressed a desire to dispense with the letter of their rule on that occasion, but the good fathers did not wish to avail themselves of the favor of his Holiness, and dined on their usual meagre fare. He subsequently visited the house of Penitence for women, under the care of the good Sisters of Providence, and also honored by his presence the Penitentiary for female convicts, which is under the care of an order of religious ladies, whose zeal and care for the unfortunate inmates have been attended with the happiest results.

On the 3d of November a Secret Consistory was held, at which the Concordat with Austria was finally ratified. On this occasion his Holiness delivered an Allocution, relating chiefly to the important treaty which had just been concluded, and promised the happiest fruits.—The Archiepiscopal *pallium* decreed some months since to Monsignor Vincent Spaccapietra, the newly appointed Archbishop of Trinidad, has been recently sent to that distinguished prelate. And his Holiness, to manifest his high regard for the Archbishop, commissioned the Very Rev. M. Talbot, an officer of his own household, to be the bearer of the *pallium* to the West Indies.

Sardinia.—The king of Sardinia, at latest accounts, was absent on a visit to France, and which he had extended to England. Before his departure he opened the Piedmontese Chambers in person, at Turin. In his speech on the occasion, he alluded to his own domestic affliction and spoke of the Sardinian alliance with France and England, but said nothing in relation to the acts of the government in its violent proceeding against the monastic institutions, or of the proceedings which have been taken at Rome.

Spain.—A difficulty had arisen between the English and Spanish authorities in consequence of an English ship having been fired into by a Spanish vessel in the neutral waters of Tangiers. An explanation was demanded.—The papers announce the new colonization law, by virtue of which the minister is authorised to grant lands to any Spaniard or foreigner desirous of forming agricultural colonies in any of the waste districts of Spain. No grant over 600 acres can be made without the sanction of the legislature. Order had been restored at Saragossa, and the provinces were quiet.

France.—The grand Exhibition which had drawn to Paris so many thousands from the various nations of Europe, and even from our own country, was recently brought to a close. An address was read by Prince Napoleon, to which the Emperor replied as follows:

"In viewing so many wonders the first impression arising in my mind is, that of a desire for a lasting peace; however, peace must clearly settle the question for which war was undertaken. In order to be prompt, Europe must declare itself, for without the pressure of public opinion the contest between the great powers is likely to be prolonged; and on returning to your fellow-citizens tell them that if they desire peace they must declare for it openly—even their slightest wishes for or against it—for in the midst of the European conflict indifference is bad calculation, silence an error."

A great fire occurred at Paris on the 18th ult., which destroyed one of the large government buildings and a great supply of flour. The loss is computed to be nearly four millions of francs.—The foreign papers give lengthy details of the arrival and reception at Paris, of the king of Sardinia. He was met at the station on his arrival from Lyons, by Prince Napoleon, and proceeded in state to the Tuilleries.—The Emperor has lately issued a decree in which he declares that "being desirous of giving to the Empress Eugene, his well-beloved consort, a particular mark of his affection," he has decided that the educational establishments of the Legion of Honor, which are now to resume the name of "Maisons Imperiales Napoleon," are placed under the protection of the Empress, to whom a report of the situation and wants of these establishments is to be presented every year by the Grand Chancellor of the Legion.

England.—The bread agitation still continues. Large meetings were held at Staffordshire, Birmingham, and other places. At one of the meetings held at Staffordshire, it was resolved to send a deputation to the Queen to represent to her Majesty the grievances of the people on account of the high price of bread. Another meeting adopted a memorial to the Queen touching the same subject. What these demonstrations may ultimately lead to, it is difficult to foresee.—Sir Charles Napier was returned to Parliament for the borough of Southwalk without opposition, in place of Sir W. Molesworth.—The war excitement against the United States had nearly subsided.—Lord Codrington has been appointed to the command of the army in the Crimea.—Parliament will meet on the 18th of January, though an early dissolution is talked of.—Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is at present in London, and is about to give a series of concerts and oratorios.

IRELAND.—The political news of Ireland for the last month, presents nothing striking. A subscription for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell is being made, and now amounts to the sum of £1,012.—The odious and unjust "income tax" is beginning to attract more attention of late, and to awaken a firm but respectful opposition on the part of the clergy. The illustrious Archbishop of Tuam has addressed a letter to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, exposing the absurdity of compelling the Catholic Hierarchy to contribute their portion to the income tax, while the law of the land not only denies them aid in the collection of their just dues, but even formally and expressly ignores their very existence. A Catholic Bishop, as his Grace forcibly illustrates the case, is handed a document requiring him to enter therein the amount of his income, and whence derivable. If he comply, he is in truth bound to state that the receipts he returns are obtained by him in virtue of his episcopal office, and by making this assertion he subjects himself to the severe penalty provided by the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. If he decline, the officer of the crown is at liberty to assess him in any amount he deems proper, and mulct him to whatever extent his prejudices or his passions may dictate.

French Sisters of Charity —The French Sisters of Charity have been lately introduced into Ireland for the first time, and have established themselves at Drogheda. The reception they received was worthy of their high and holy mission. The Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland, with the clergy of the parish and vicinity, and a vast concourse of people, assembled to meet them on their entrance into the town, and to invoke the blessing of heaven upon those pious daughters of St. Vincent, and upon the charitable labors they were about to commence.—It is stated in some of the papers that the Archbishops of the four provinces are directed by a rescript from Rome to demand an explanation of certain parts of the evidence given by Professor Crolly and several others of Maynooth College before the late commission of enquiry.

Crops.—The crops of potatoes and turnips are generally good. The following instance of an extraordinary yield is worthy of notice Mr. French, the governor of Ballymena union work-house, is said to have gathered from a field which he sowed in the latter part of June last, twenty turnips which weighed together *two hundred and thirteen pounds.* Three of them weighed each *fourteen pounds.*

AUSTRIA.—Austria still holds a peaceful attitude amidst the belligerent powers, and apparently more inclined to act the part of a mediator between them than to join in the contest. It is stated that the government is again making efforts to bring about a peace between the Allies and Russia, with some distant prospect of success. Peace and quiet reign throughout the Empire.

PRUSSIA.—The government of Prussia also holds so far a neutral ground. Though well inclined towards Russia, policy still compels her to stand aloof from the contest. The king in reply to an address made to him by the municipality of Berlin, on his birth-day, used the following language:—"I thank the municipal council of the capital and royal residences for the good wishes which they have addressed to me on the occasion of my birth-day. Whatever pleasure my paternal heart may feel at receiving an assurance of the unalterable devotion and fidelity of the men who are placed at the head of the capital, and who enjoyed well-merited consideration, I cannot conceal from you the painful impression which the recent elections at Berlin for the Chamber of Deputies have made upon me. The loyal and devoted sentiments which you have conveyed to your king proves to me that you share in my regrets, especially at such a period as this, when the country knows the necessity of fortifying the government."

RUSSIA.—Whatever may be the ulterior designs of Russia, the most active war preparations are still carried on, and indeed if we may judge from appearance, the idea of peace is only a delusion. Advices from St. Petersburg announce that the Emperor has submitted to his council a plan for another levy *en masse* throughout the empire.—The new gun-boats invented by the Emperor of France, and tried with so much success at the taking of Kinburn, has somewhat alarmed the Russian Government for the safety of her sea-board towns. St. Petersburg, which it is expected will be attacked in the spring, is to be fortified with a double wall. The government is extensively engaged in the construction of railways, steamers, and the manufacture of arms.—Catholicity is still the object of bitter persecution in many parts of the empire, especially in Poland. In allusion to this subject the correspondent of the *Northern Times* thus writes:—"Next to the expulsion of the French and English armies, from what she calls her 'sacred soil,' Russia seems to have nothing at present so much at heart as the utter extirpation of the Catholic faith in her vast dominions, and more particularly in Poland, still a Catholic country, as it was of old the bulwark of Christianity imperiled by Turkish fanaticism. The sad state of the Church in Poland is more than proof enough of what we here advance. Of the ten episcopal sees of that ancient kingdom, only one, that of Lublin, is now filled by a bishop. The prelates who lately occupied the episcopal benches are gone—they died—some of age and infirmity, and others, broken and bruised, at least in heart, by the cruel hand of schismatic persecution. The last of these heroic men who fought the good fight, and gloriously finished his course, was the Primate of Russia, the Archbishop of Mohilew, of whose recent demise we have just been apprized. The only surviving prelate, Mgr. Pienkowski, bishop of Lublin, is now in his seventieth year. On him now rests the hope of the Polish Church; and should he, aged as he is, sink under a daily accumulating load of mental and bodily sufferings, ere new prelates be appointed to the vacant sees, the venerable hierarchy of this ancient and glorious kingdom will become extinct, and may be said to have followed him to the grave. We trust the Almighty has something better in store for the country of St. Stephen, of Sobieski and of Kosciusko."

Sweden.—General Caurobert, as Ambassador Extraordinary from the Court of France, was at latest dates at Stockholm. He met a most cordial reception from the King, but the object of his mission has not yet transpired. It is believed, however, that its chief object is to induce the government of Sweden to join the Allies in the prosecution of the war; or as others will have it, that it has reference to an alliance between a member of the imperial house of France with the royal family of Sweden.

Belgium.—The Legislative Chamber was recently opened by the King in person. In his address, his majesty made use of the following words, which breathe a paternal feeling, and evince the deep interest he takes in the humbler class of his subjects:—"The necessity of ameliorating the sufferings and supplying the wants of the poorer classes of my subjects, induces me to claim your support for measures to control the burthens which so severely press upon the humbler people."

Greece.—King Otho, in his speech to the Greek Chambers, which he lately opened, thanked the nation for the attachment it had evinced, and promised to maintain neutrality, at the same time to preserve the friendship of foreign powers. In this, however, his majesty would seem to make an exception in favor of Russia, as we learn from the correspondent of the *Catholic Standard*, writing from Athens under date of the 29th ult. "The devotedness to Russia no longer requires to be concealed. It is professed openly; it is a title to favor. You are already aware of the deplorable incidents which took place at the inauguration of the new Greek Church. In spite of all the excuses and pretexts employed to extenuate the affair, you may be certain that it is one of great importance. The King and Queen went with great pomp. The Minister of the Czar, M. Persiani, and all the *personnel* of the Russian Legation and clergy, received their Majesties with great honor. Hymns were chanted, in which the names of the Emperor Alexandria and King Otho were mingled together. You have no idea of all that is invented to neutralise the effect of the disasters suffered by the Russians. To attain that end the public are persuaded that Russia will definitively triumph by means of Germany. While this agitation reigns in the capital, where all bad passions are in full play, the accounts from the provinces inform us of acts of the most odious barbarity which the brigands practised. The village of Merali, situate at some leagues from Alatand, has been the theatre of a massacre. A furious band of brigands entered suddenly and destroyed it. These miscreants cut off both the ears of Jean Didi, tore out his eyes, and after mutilating him, forced his wife, by throwing her into the fire, to eat from the detached limbs of her husband. They burnt another man alive. Another man named Ganji, was murdered by them; they thrust a ramrod, heated red-hot, through his head from ear to ear. The whole of the inhabitants of the village were treated without pity, and the greater part will henceforth be incapable of doing anything for their living in consequence of their wounds. At the moment when the nomad shepherds return to their winter pastures, it is to be feared that the brigandage will assume a character so menacing that it will force the villagers to abandon their labor in the fields."

The Crimea.—The military operations in this region for the last month are unimportant, and consist chiefly in a desultory fire between the Russian batteries and those of the Allies. It has been determined, however, by the allies to destroy the part of the city which they occupy, and at last accounts large forces were employed in the work of destruction. Marshal Pelissier, in a late report to the minister of war gives an account of a successful *coup de main* effected on the 3d of November, by the expeditionary corps of Eupatoria, under the orders of General d'Allonville, for the capture of sundry large flocks, destined for the use of the Russian army, collected at El Tock, eight leagues north of Eupatoria. The operation had succeeded, and at nine o'clock Ali Pacha returned to Eupatoria, bringing with him two hundred and seventy oxen, three thousand four hundred and fifty sheep, fifty horses, ten camels and twenty vehicles, taken from the Russians.—The Sisters of Mercy are at length firmly established in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale resigned the superintendence of the General Hospital at Balaklava, in the early part of October, and the care of the institution was immediately confided to the Sisters of Mercy. Their arrival there is said to have caused the greatest satisfaction, and their presence commands universal respect. Scarcely, however, had they entered on the arduous duties of their new mission, than one of their number, Sister Winifer, fell a victim to the cholera. She was borne to the grave by a body of Sappers in token of their gratitude for her care and attention to them, and was followed by her surviving sisters, by Miss Nightingale, a large number of the soldiers, and the inmates of the hospital.—A heavy explosion of a store of powder at the French siege tram, took place on the 15th November, causing, besides the destruction of a vast amount of the munitions of war, the loss of some thirty lives, and a large number wounded.

Turkey.—Late advises describe a bad state of affairs at Constantinople. Murders and robberies were committed in the open streets, and there were evidences of increasing fanaticism against the Christians. The evil had increased so far that the allied commanders had called on the Turkish government to prevent the outrages, under a threat of taking the police regulations into their hands. The Tunisian soldiers had mutinied and killed several of the allied troops and wounded others.—Cholera had broken out with severity at Scutari, and has carried off many men of the Anglo-German legion.—The French are recruiting on a grand scale for their foreign legion.—The Tunisian troops are gone to Batoum.—Much scarcity exists in articles of consumption at Constantinople.—The Ottoman government has prohibited the export of grain until next harvest with the exception of what may be required for the use of the allied fleets and armies. This is in consideration of the increasing scarcity.—A waterspout burst in the harbor of Tunis, and sunk five ships on the 18th of November.

II.—DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. *Archdiocese of Baltimore.*

Religious Reception.—On the 4th instant, two young ladies, Miss Elizabeth Metcalfe and Miss Anastasia Doyle, were received into the order of the Sisters of Mercy, at the Convent of the Immaculate Conception in this city, the former taking the name in religion of Sister M. Josephine, and the latter that of Sister M. Veronica. Miss Metcalfe was admitted as Choir Sister, and Miss Doyle as Lay Sister. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's Church, which adjoins the Convent. The venerable Father Hickey presided, assisted by the Rev. Mr. McColgan, and several other clergymen. The Rev. Mr. Foley preached on the occasion. The ceremony was touching and deeply impressive. On the 21st November, at the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, Mrs. Laura Lusby, Miss Louisa Hoffman, of Baltimore, and Miss Mary McCauley, of Alexandria, were admitted to the religious habit, receiving the names of Sister M. Loretto, Sister M. Angela, and Sister M. Vincent. The Rev. Father Schmidt, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Caton, presided on the occasion. On the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, at the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick City, Sister Mary Ignatia (McDonald) was admitted to the holy profession by the Rev. Father Villiger, S. J. On the same occasion, Miss Mary Ann Cassidy, of Boston, received the white veil, taking the name of Sister Ambrosia; and Sister Euphrosia made her oblation.

Confirmation.—The Most Rev. Archbishop administered the holy Sacrament of Confirmation on the 28th of October, at St. Agnes' Church, near Catonsville, Baltimore county. This beautiful little church is under the pastoral care of the Rev. Father Caton, to whose zeal and energy the Catholics in that section are indebted for its erection.

2. *Diocese of Boston.*

Church Dedication.—On Sunday the 24th ultimo, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Boston dedicated a new church at Lynn, Mass., under the patronage of the Mother of God. The Rev. Dr. Cummings preached on the occasion. On the same occasion the Rt. Rev. Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about two hundred persons. Another new church was recently dedicated to the service of God in the thriving town of Lawrence, under the invocation of the Immaculate Virgin.

3. *Diocese of Newark.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Newark has published a Pastoral Letter to the clergy and laity of his diocese, announcing a jubilee in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, to take place during the month of December. The venerable prelate inculcates in the strongest terms, a tender devotion to the Queen of heaven. "Nothing," he observes, "is more remarkable as connected with the revival of piety in our days, than the increased devotion of all good Christians towards the blessed Mother of God. The definition of her Immaculate Conception has already added new fervor to this filial love, and will no doubt tend to draw down additional blessings from God upon us, and upon his Church. You will therefore, dearly beloved brethren, join your devotions to those with which the universal Church has received the dogmatic decision of this important truth."

4. *Diocese of Pittsburg.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, on the 25th of November, ordained Messrs. John Hacket and Matthew Carroll, priests, at St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburg, and on the same occasion the order of sub-deacon was conferred on Thomas Ryan.

New Church.—A new church was dedicated on the 25th of November at Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa.

5. *Archdiocese of New York.*

Within the last month, a letter from his Holiness, Pope Pius IX, to the Most Rev. Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, was published in the Catholic journals of that city. This letter of the illustrious Pontiff, was in reply to an address from the Prelates of the late Provincial Council of New York. His Holiness strongly recommends the establishment of an American Ecclesiastical College in Rome. This subject addresses itself not only to the Catholics of the Province of New York, but to the Catholics of the whole country, and is one worthy of their serious and earnest consideration. It would be attended with important and happy results. We insert the letter for the benefit of our readers and for future reference, and as an additional evidence of deep solicitude entertained by the Holy Father for the Church of America:

VENERABLE BRETHREN:—HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

The letter subscribed by you all, was delivered to us by our venerable Brother John, Bishop of Buffalo, whom we received most kindly, and listened to with great pleasure speaking of your affairs. Certainly it was no small joy to us to learn more and more from that venerable brother, as well as from your letter, how great piety, love and obedience you bear towards us and this Chair of Peter, the centre of Catholic truth and unity. Most gladly we learned with what episcopal solicitude you provided for the celebration of the first Provincial Synod of New York,—whose acts, according to ancient rule, you have sent us, and asked that we would vouchsafe to approve, or even, where need may be, correct. You will receive a fit answer from our Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, to whose attention we have referred the acts of the Council, and in the letter of that Council you will have a new proof of the great affection which we entertain constantly towards you, venerable brethren, and your churches. But while, in the meantime, we announce to you that your wishes have been gratified by us in the election of a new Bishop for Portland, we cannot but praise the pastoral solicitude with which, according to the Sacred Canons, you assembled, and invoking the light of the Holy Ghost, have striven by mutual advice to establish what may conduce to the discipline of the clergy, to more and more cherishing the piety of the faithful people, to rooting out the seeds of vice, to averting the dangers of seduction, and more correctly instructing the youth in the true faith and solid virtue.

But while we highly commend this your zeal, so worthy of Catholic Prelates, we encourage you anew that, leaning on the divine aid, you may proceed with yet greater alacrity to fulfil all the duties of your office, never leaving any thing untried by which our most holy religion, and its salutary doctrine, may receive greater increase in those regions, and that the unhappy wanderers may return to the path of salvation. But spare never, venerable brethren, any cares, any counsels, any labors, that, while there are any unbelievers to be found in your dioceses, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, you may be able to enlighten them with the light of the Gospel, and to gain them to Christ.

But that you may provide more easily for the wants of your dioceses, and may be able to have skilful and industrious laborers who can help you in cultivating the vineyard of the Lord, we most earnestly wish, as we already have intimated to some of your order (who to our no common gratification were here in Rome on the occasion of our dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God), that comparing your advice, and uniting your resources, you would please to erect in this our fair city of Rome a College appropriated to the clergy of your nation. For your wisdom will instruct you how great advantages may redound to your dioceses from an institution of that kind. Because, by this arrangement, youth chosen by you, and sent hither as the hope of religion, will grow up as in a nursery, and imbued here with piety and with an excellent education, and drawing from its very fountain a doctrine incorrupt, and learning the institutes, and the rights and holy ceremonies in the method of the Church which is the Mother and Mistress of all others,—when they return to their country, will be able properly to discharge the office of a parish priest, or of a preacher, or of a professor, and to shine as an example of life to people, to instruct the ignorant and to bring back the erring to the paths of truth and justice, as well as, by the armor of sound doctrine, to confound the madness and refute the fallacies of men of guile. If you will ratify this our desire, which looks only to the spiritual good of those regions, we certainly, as much as lies in us, will not omit to assist you with all diligence, that you may establish the said college.

Finally, we would assure you that we offer earnest prayer to the Most Gracious Father of Mercies, that he may pour out always upon you favorably the richest gifts of his goodness, that these also may descend copiously upon the beloved flocks committed to your charge. And as the pledge of these, and as a witness of our most thoughtful love towards you, we very affectionately bestow from our inmost heart, on each of you, and on all the clergy and faithful laity of those churches, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, January 1st, 1855, in the ninth year of our Pontificate.

PIUS, P. P. IX.

Church Dedication.—The Most Rev. Archbishop dedicated a new church at Port Jarvis, on the 19th of November, under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God. The illustrious prelate preached on the occasion.

Confirmation.—The same distinguished prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation on the feast of St. Gertrude, to four hundred and twenty persons at St. Patrick's Cathedral. Among those confirmed, a large number were converts. The Archbishop also confirmed three hundred and forty-five persons at New Brighton, S. I., and ninety at Port Jarvis.

6. *Diocese of Portland.*

The Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Bishop of Portland, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to about two hundred persons at Portsmouth, on the 25th of November. The distinguished prelate delivered an eloquent and impressive discourse on the occasion.

7. *Diocese of Hartford.*

On the 18th of November the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Rielly visited the church of the Holy Virgin of Mount Carmel, at Crompton, R. I., and administered the Holy Sacrament to about three hundred and fifty persons.

8. *Diocese of Milwaukie.*

The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Milwaukie, during the first part of November, visited a portion of his diocese, and conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on five hundred and eleven persons. On the 27th of October sixteen young ladies received the white veil from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, at the Convent of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukie. There were at that time thirty-eight Sisters in the institution, besides twenty others waiting to receive the white veil.

9. *Obituary.*

On Sunday the 2d inst. Mother Delphine departed this life at the Carmelite Convent in this city, after a protracted illness. The venerable deceased was in the 66th year of her age, forty-three of which she had passed in the community of which she was a member. Her family name was Smith, and her father was a prominent officer in the old Maryland Line.

We record with much regret the death of Mr. John McCloskey, a young man of talent and piety, at the College of All-Hallows, in the diocese of Richmond, on the 13th of October last. The deceased was in the third year of his theological studies, and had received Minor Orders. *May they rest in peace.*

III.—SECULAR AFFAIRS.

Meeting of Congress.—On the first Monday of the present month, the National Congress met at the Capital at Washington, and proceeded to organize by the election of Speaker, but without success. The members continued to meet day after day, from the 3d to the 21st, voted and met again, but each day with like result, and so far have been unable to elect a Speaker, having voted sixty-six times. Mr. Richardson, the Democratic candidate, stood at the last vote, 75; Mr. Banks, Free Soil Fusion candidate, 106; Mr. Fuller, American, 38, and several scattering votes. What the result may be, it is impossible to conjecture.

Troubles in Kansas.—A difficulty occurred in Kansas Teritory between the free soil and the pro-slavery settlers, which for some time wore a threatening aspect. The origin of the difficulty so far as we are able to understand it properly, grew out of an attempt on the part of several free soilers to drive a pro-slavery man named Coleman, from the territory. Coleman resisted, and in the affray that followed, shot one of his assailants. This greatly exasperated the friends of the latter, who assembled, armed with rifles, drove Coleman's wife and children from the premises, and burned his house, together with the houses of several other pro-slavery men, whom they ordered to leave. The deputy marshal arrested the leader of the mob and several others. The abolitionists assembled in large numbers at Lecompton, and demanded the release of their friends, and the surrender of Coleman. Upon this the governor issued a proclamation calling on the militia of the county to assist the officers. The excitement, however, still continued to increase, and in a few days several hundred, or as the papers say, several thousand men were under arms, the pro-slavery party being the more numerous. Governor Shannon, fearing the most serious consequences, and deeming his own authority insufficient to preserve the peace of the territory, applied to President Pierce for authority to call to his aid the United States forces at Fort Leavenworth. To this the President sent the following reply:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3, 1855.

Your despatch received. All the power vested in the Executive will be exerted to preserve order and enforce the laws. On the receipt of your letter the preliminary measures necessary to be taken before calling out troops will be promptly executed, and you will be then fully advised. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

The excitement, however, soon abated, and it was not found necessary to resort to these extremes. At present order is nearly restored.

Invasion of Nicaragua.—It will be remembered that a short time ago, Col. Walker, famous for his attempt to revolutionize a portion of New Mexico, invaded Nicaragua with a band of daring adventurers, overturned the Government and established upon its ruins an independent republic, constituting himself its head. This daring act of outrage perpetrated on a friendly state; a state having, at the very time, a minister residing at Washington, has been generally met with merited disapprobation. Mr. Wheeler, our Minister to Nicaragua, prematurely acknowledged Walker's government, who immediately sent a Mr. French as envoy to this country. Mr. Wheeler's conduct has not been approved of by our Government, and Mr. French has not been received in the capacity in which he has been sent; on the contrary, the President has forewarned our citizens from taking any part in Walker's movements, and has issued the following proclamation:

A Proclamation.—Whereas information has been received by me that sundry persons, citizens of the United States and others, residents therein, are preparing within the jurisdiction of the same to enlist, or enter themselves, or to hire or retain others to participate, in military operations within the State of Nicaragua:

Now, therefore, I, Franklin Pierce, President of the United States, do warn all persons against connecting themselves with any such enterprize or undertaking, as being contrary to their duty as good citizens and to the laws of their country, and threatening to the peace of the United States.

I do further admonish all persons who may depart from the United States, either singly or in numbers, organized or unorganized, for any such purpose, that they will thereby cease to be entitled to the protection of this government.

I exhort all good citizens to discountenance and prevent any such disreputable and criminal undertaking as aforesaid, charging all officers, civil and military, having lawful power in the premises, to exercise the same for the purpose of maintaining the authority and enforcing the laws of the United States. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

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JANUARY, 1856.

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